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SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

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A Magazine for the Household.

VOLUME I.

STATE LIBRARY
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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
1878.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——JANUARY, 1878.——No. I.

THE CREW OF THE SAM WELLER.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," "THE JERICHO ROAD," "THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST," ETC.

I.

IN days which are called old times, although half of the people who lived then still live, there were no railways west of the Alleghanies nor any telegraphs anywhere, yet there were everywhere mysterious channels through which passed from the East to the West nearly every thing by which the heart of one man might gladden that of another. And so it came to pass that many years ago there was wafted from the farther shore of the Atlantic, across the mountains, along the lonesome rivers, through dense forests in which even wild beasts might lose themselves and over broad stretches of prairie in whose trackless wastes men were often lost, the English story which has caused more hearty merriment than all other humorous tales ever written. It passed unharmed by many a fever-haunt like unto its author's own "New Eden," then along on the edge of a black swamp, up a doleful looking little creek, across a bit of dry ground, up a little hill and into purer air, and finally into the hands and heart of old Wesley Berryman, owner of one of the stores in the village of Blackelsville. Old Wesley, sometimes called "Uncle," but frequently designated by appellations not so respectful, was a Methodist class leader as well as a storekeeper; he was reputed a "close-fisted" man and the owner of the dismalest collection of religious books in that section of the country. Of late, however, men had seen him laughing a great deal as he read at his store door-step when no customers were by, and they feared—or hoped—that the old man was losing his mind. Finally, on a bright November morning, old Wesley walked, with a gait adapted about equally from the penitent and the sneak, down the main street and to the creek, carrying a paint-pot and brush; two hours later the town was shaken, almost as by a severe ague, by the information that old Wesley's new flatboat had a name painted on it, and it wasn't done in tar, either, as was the usual way, but with good black paint and on a surface smoothed for the purpose.

"Must be after somebody that's just died, then," suggested old Mrs. Longhouse, who was the first recipient of the news from the fisherman who had brought it from the creek. "Somebody who's just died, and that the old man has come it over in a trade some way, mark my words. What did ye say the name wuz, George?"

"Sam Weller," replied the fisherman, "I wuz askin' the fellers 'round the saw-mill if they knowed any such person, but they didn't. I don't remember the name about these parts."

"Nuther do I," said the old lady, "and I was born—well, 'twa'nt *last* year any how," she continued diplomatically, after almost committing the most unwomanly indiscre-

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tion of revealing her age. "Mebbe he was some of the old man's wife's folks," said Mrs. Longhouse, gazing fixedly into the foliage of a great oak as if it were the Berryman genealogical tree; "they say *she* brought him his money, an' there wuz some trouble about gettin' it. Any how, the old man ain't used up good paint *that* way onless ther's somethin' on his mind—mark my words, George."

"Just what *I* say, Miss Longhouse," replied the fisherman, and the remaining villagers agreed with the couple.

As for the craft whose name had been the cause of so much curiosity, she was typical of the country in which she was built—broad, rough, unsightly, but extremely useful. She was simply an enormous oblong box, with no interior space but what was useful for stowage purposes. Her bare ground constituted the "ways" upon which she was built, and the ceremony of launching was conducted solely by nature, for the November rains expanded the little creek until its waters reached the boat and lifted it. Nature also supplied its motive power, for it was expected to move only by floating with the currents of such streams as it drifted into. It had a long oar aft, and one on each side amidships, but these were merely to be used when it was necessary to change the boat's course, never to increase her speed. Her cabin was merely an unoccupied end of the boat, being separated from the stowage space only by a wall of corn in bags. The furniture, though not elegant, was sufficient; upon each side were two bunks, and against the wall of corn sacks was another, and these five beds accommodated the entire crew and its single officer. A plain wooden table stood in front of the officer's bunk, this latter being by day a seat, and against the broader wall of the boat reposed a brick fire-place and chimney. The walls were ornamented with culinary utensils, and about the floor, out of the ordinary center, were ranged the principal portion of the commissary stores.

"I reckon old Uncle Berryman 'll be sendin' his boat off pretty soon," suggested one villager to another after they had exchanged greetings and disposed of the weather. He's got that name on her, and he wouldn't have done that till the last minute, so's to save the interest on the cost of the paint."

The speaker's supposition was correct, whether or no its basis were sound. The Sam Weller had been raised from the ground by the swelling of the creek, her moistened planking closed its seams, she was pumped dry, her cargo, consisting of barrels of pork and sacks of corn, was put on board, and quite a number of loafers had stood idly about for several days so as to be ready to enjoy to the full the excitement of seeing the Sam Weller drift down the creek, when Deacon Ezra Packsitt, who had several months before been engaged as captain, pilot, mate and clerk, carried dismay and an anxious face into Uncle Berryman's store by stating that two of the crew had failed him at the last instant. One of them had gone no one knew where, upon a final spree in anticipation of several weeks of the correct habits which Deacon Packsitt always exacted from his crew, and the other had broken a leg while working in a "clearing."

"I had that drunken Sam Pyger on my mind, too," said the Deacon mournfully; "I'd meant to git him under conviction, anyhow, on this trip, while he was away from his old friends, and maybe, the good Lord willin', git him converted before he got back home."

"An' I," said the owner of the boat, resting his elbows on his counter and staring vacantly at a shelf of patent medicines, "I'd got him to agree to take half his pay in store goods, so he'd have cost me about five dollars less than the rest of 'em. It's hard on both of us, Deacon, but the crick may fall—taint rained much for a day or two—so I reckon we'll hev to leave our sorrers to the Lord, and look up a new man—two new men. Mebbe you can get some other feller that needs convertin' as bad as Sam Pyger did; you might tell him what the 'rangement was with Sam, an' git him to take half *his* pay in goods."

The Deacon wrinkled his brows and pursed his lips rather impatiently, but Uncle Berryman was his employer, there were no other flatboats building on the creek that season, and there were other pilots to be

had, so the Deacon speedily recovered his business temper, and remarked:

"Oh, yes; there's plenty that need it as bad, but there ain't as likely soil in 'em to work on. They ain't got the head-piece to understand the doctrines. How much shall I offer to pay?"

"Oh, Deacon," said the storekeeper, "there you go again on the wrong track. You're always expectin' people to git religion through their heads. I got mine through my heart, in the twinklin' of an eye, glory to God! an' so can anybody else ef they believe. I don't think I'd offer more'n twenty-five dollars. I know thirty's the regular price, but flatboats are skeerce this winter, an' there must be lots of fellows waitin' to go to Orleans."

"There's plenty that want to go," replied the Deacon, "but they ain't them that I'd take. Now there's Emory Rickins's boy—he's old enough an' strong enough, but let him once get to New Orleans, an' he'd go to the devil faster'n he ever rode a hoss in a scrub race. I heerd him talkin' about wantin' to go—it must have been the beginnin' of the season—an' he said he'd be glad to go for nothin', just to see Orleans."

"Why, git him, then!" exclaimed the storekeeper, straightening himself at once. "I never had such a chance but once in my life before—I'd be just that much ahead."

The Deacon straightened too. "I can't do it, Mr. Berryman. I don't mean to have the loss of that boy's soul laid on *me*."

The storekeeper turned toward a shelf of Bibles, and then turned rapidly back again. "Deacon Packsitt," said he, "taint your resk, at all. Whether a man standeth or falleth, he does it unto himself. That's good Scripture doctrine, I b'leeve? If a man falls, its his *own* sin; it ain't goin' to be laid onto any flatboat pilot—no, nor any flatboat owner, neither."

"Yes, that's good doctrine," admitted the Deacon after a moment of hesitation, "but if a man falls because somebody else puts a stumblin' block in his way, I reckon it isn't the fault of the man that falls, partickkilarly if the stumblin' block that's stuck out is as big as the hull city of New Orleans. Besides," continued the Deacon, "nobody ever could keep that boy from gittin' drunk just when he's a mind to, an' if he happened to git too much aboard when 'twas his turn on deck, an' he let her run her head on an island, there'd be the whole cargo spiled if the river should fall. You know I always *was* down on takin' drinkin' men onto crews—taint ever safe."

"That's so, Deacon," said the storekeeper, who had slowly resumed his listless position, "you always *was* safe—as you *ort* to be. But I kind o' think you dodged the subject of who'd be to blame if the boy went to the bad. I'll have that out with you, sometime; I've got the apostle Paul on my side, so *I'm* sure to beat you. But who can we get? Why—I declare!—how could I have forgot! There's old Lugwine, down in the Bottoms; he was beggin' me to let him go, but 'twas after the hands war all engaged; he said he wanted to go so's to cut an' bring back a hundred or two fishpoles,* that he thought he could get a quarter apiece for. He ought to be willin' to take twenty-five, yes, twenty dollars, an' even fifteen, for the chance of makin' money on a lot of fishpoles. An' he's never been gathered into the ark of safety, not he. There's your chance, Deacon."

"Well, yes," said the Deacon. "He isn't much of a man, but he'll do on a pinch. I don't know about convertin' them Bottom chaps, though; their dogs has got more sense, an' just about as much religion."

"You wouldn't talk so dismal about 'em if you was a Methodist instead of a Presbyterian, Deacon," said the storekeeper with animation. "The grace of God can find its way into the meanest heart, bless the Lord! Once *I* didn't think any more about religion than a Bottom feller, an' *now* look at me."

It was perhaps unconsciously that the storekeeper dropped his eyes as he concluded this speech, so that when the Deacon complied with his employer's request, the face of the latter was so nearly invisible that the Deacon could see little but a dull scalp insufficiently covered with dingy gray hair. It was better that it should be so, however, for the Deacon's peculiar gaze might not

*American bamboo, which grows very large in the swamps of the Lower Mississippi.

have fully pleased his employer. Suddenly the storekeeper raised his head and remarked:

"Well, old Lugwine's one, any how; it would be burying my Lord's talent instead of putting it to usury, if I lost him when there's a chance of gettin' him so cheap. You'd better go see him right off, while I look up somebody else; if I can find somebody with a soul to be saved, I'll do it, even though you an' me don't agree on how it ort to be done."

The Bottom, in which Deacon Packsitt was to find old Lugwine, had the reputation of being a hard place. Everything about it was hard, except the soil; this, as if to counterbalance the general hardness of the Bottom, was soft and yielding. Grass never grew under the trees in the Bottom, and prostrate trunks turned black and exuded ooze. The houses in the Bottom were small, and of logs; each of them consisted of a single room, the door of which was frequently the only window and was occasionally the chimney also. Furniture, except frying-pan, axe and gun, was almost unknown in the Bottom.

The inhabitants of the Bottom were in one sense aristocrats—they despised labor, and they persistently abstained from doing any. They would sit upon door-steps or the bank of the creek, but never as laborers in the market place. A Bottomite would occasionally fish, or chase a deer, or shoot a wild turkey, or cut down a hollow tree with the hope of finding honey therein, but all such efforts were classified as sports. In dress, also, the inhabitants of the Bottom were aristocrats, in that they were guilty of no servile imitation of each other. Each wore garments peculiar to himself, and which seldom or never gave place to those prescribed by tyrannical fashion. In matters of education, too, they were aristocratic; their pride in the ignorance of their children was, if not so poetically expressed as that of the aged Douglas, at least asserted by deeds the import of which could not be mistaken. While the county authorities were building a school house among them, the Bottomites declined even to sit upon its timbers, and when the building was completed, they quietly burned it to the ground. They were not annoyed to learn that the school house had been paid for by taxation in the county, for no Bottomite was ever known to pay taxes.

In religion, every man in the Bottom was a priest unto himself. The women occasionally exhibited sentimental weakness on the subject of preaching, and the men allowed them to do so—that was all. Old Elder Hobbedowker rode over to the Bottom one Sunday to smite the inhabitants with the sword of the Spirit, and walked home after service, his horse having disappeared, never to return. Then young English, a meek-eyed Episcopalian, read the beautiful service of his Church in the Bottom, with no responses except from a somnolent male or two. Brother Rungtite, the circuit rider, went to them as an ambassador bearing a message from his great King, but when he took from his pocket some neatly folded pieces of paper on which he had made notes from which to speak, the inhabitants took him for a deputy sheriff in disguise, and those who did not precipitately retire arose and cast him from their midst.

Consistent as the inhabitants of the Bottom strove to be, they were human, and they departed so far from their principles as to plant corn. For this offense against their unwritten creed they were not to be condemned severely, for the influence upon their lives of the beautiful cereal was almost as great as that of fate itself. Unlike other sorts of labor, the planting of corn was almost pleasurable. The ground was first prepared by a plow, and the horse (borrowed) who drew this implement always drew also the greater portion of the weight of the lord of the manor, as he followed in the furrow. The planting of the corn was done by the assistance of the neighbors, and offered nearly as many opportunities for conversation and conviviality as did perfect leisure. As the corn grew and waxed tall, the field formed for the inebriate Bottomite a perfect refuge from the reproachful eyes of his wife, or from the minions of the law who had frequent occasion to visit the Bottom; for a walk of a few steps into its leafy coverts would secrete a man as securely as a weari-

some tramp into the forest. Besides, the cultivation of corn was in some sense a matter of honor to the inhabitant of the Bottom; his highest ambitions, his most earnest exertions, his tenderest flights of fancy, his deeds of greatest daring, were all induced by whiskey; this stimulant was made from corn, and if men were to neglect to plant, where was the mainspring of life to come from?

His freedom from the thralls of education being as perfect as it was, it is not wonderful that the Bottomite never consulted an almanac; to this fact may be attributed his peculiar method of dividing the year into seasons. His seasons were three; the first, which began in May and was quite short, was the time to plant corn; the remainder of the year was divided into time to drink whiskey and time to send for the doctor. The duration and limits of the first season might be closely defined, but the others lapped and inter-communicated as lovingly as the isothermal lines along the line of the Northern Pacific railway.

The male inhabitants of the Bottom had one human weakness to an unusual degree —they worshiped their women. Their adoration was in many respects like that with which most worshipers regard Deity; it was always stupid and sometimes vulgar; it was full of negatives; it did not imply that the worshiper would put himself out to spare pain for the worshiped, but on the other hand it would never wilfully inflict pain. Obedience was as frequently and willingly rendered by the husband to the wife as according to the most irksome of conventional marriage vows. The women at the Bottom were characterized by many attributes of aristocracy; they were small, slight, colorless, and generally displayed the mud-colored hair, vacant eye, low forehead and retreating chin so frequently noticed in the descendants of families with inherited wealth. But the expression of lassitude peculiar to most aristocrats had in the women of the Bottom given place to a look which seemed to indicate a longing for heaven yet a fear to leave earth, and it was with this expression that Mrs. Lugwine greeted Deacon Packsitt when the old man, who, a magistrate as well as a deacon, enquired for her husband.

"I 'aint seed him lately," said Mrs. Lugwine; "he 'llowed this mornin' that mebbe he might go to town a bit."

The deacon scraped with his heel the dirt where the door-sill would have been had the house been almost anywhere else, and then he looked enquiringly and somewhat doubtfully toward the town.

"Nobody hain't sick, is there?" asked Mrs. Lugwine with hypocritical solicitude and with a trembling heart.

"Oh, no," replied the deacon; "I was only thinkin' that mebbe Cain, your husband, might like to go to Orleans with me on Berryman's flatboat."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Lugwine, first looking greatly relieved, and then more anxious than ever; "Orleans is a good ways off—way below Cairo."

"I reckon it is," remarked the deacon, applying a vigorous grind or two to his mouthful of tobacco—"about twelve hundred miles below."

"Sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Lugwine; "that's a *powerful* ways!" The announcement of the distance seemed to work upon her mind so forcibly as to occasion undue agitation, for the old lady abruptly and hastily filled and lighted a clay pipe. "Are you sure you can bring him back safe?"

The deacon looked quickly into the eyes before him, but dim and old as they were there was something in them which he could not gaze upon longer than an instant; then he looked into the barren hut, and around its dismal surroundings, and said softly, to himself,

"If I was sure I *couldn't*, what a God's blessin' I'd be to you an' your young ones!" Then he said aloud,

"Oh, certainly; make him to come back with me, an' I'll engage to bring him right side up."

"Well," said the old lady, with an agitated puff or two at her pipe, "I dunno. It 'pears to be a great resk. I wish Cain was here hisself. P'raps he *is* somewhere around —mebbe he didn't go to town after all. I'll see if I can find him. Sit down, Deacon—

if ye sit on that log thar, ye ken rest yer back agin the side of the house."

Mrs. Lugwine moved toward the little patch, called by courtesy a "field" of corn, and soon returned followed by her lord and master, who under the influence of an opportunity to do something he wanted to, was already looking considerably more manly than usual. The change in his appearance so startled the deacon that he determined not to beat him down in price at all, so he simply announced that he would like him for one of the crew of Berryman's flatboat, at the usual price, payable in goods.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Lugwine promptly, "'xcept I want five dollars of the pay in cash instead of goods. It'll cost me two dollars to come back, deck passage, on a steamboat, an' a dollar more to bring my fishpoles; a dollar for what I'll eat on the way, an' then," said Mr. Lugwiue, remembering his darling weakness, "I may git sick on the way, an' need some med'cine."

"Come back with me," said the deacon brusquely—almost savagely, "an' I'll doctor you free of charge."

"It's a game, then," said Lugwine. "Shake hands onto it."

The deacon took the outstretched hand rather gingerly; he had dug potatoes, the Deacon had, and without gloves, but there is generally but one kind of soil adhering to a potato, and it seems to belong there by divine right. Suddenly, however, this binding ceremony was broken by Mrs. Lugwine, who threw herself upon her husband's breast and exclaimed:

"Cain, ye haint never ben away from me that long before."

The Bottomite looked sheepishly at the deacon, and then, as if somewhat surprised, at his wife.

"Why, *that's* so, Almiry, haint it? I'll be gol durned ef it haint!"

"Well," said the deacon, "we want to get off to-morrer mornin', jest at daylight, so's to get out of the Ohio an' into the Mississippi before dark."

This announcement caused Mrs. Lugwine again to resort to the fragments of her husband's shirt front, from which she had temporarily retired, and to throw her arms across her husband's shoulders, beholding which indications of feeling the Deacon precipitately retired. When he rejoined his employer he found that gentleman despondent.

'Pears like everything was ag'inst me," sighed Uncle Berryman. "Ev'ry body I've spoke to is just doin' somethin' or goin' to do somethin'. Didn't it never seem to you, Deacon, as if the Lord sometimes withdrew his protectin' arm from us, jest perhaps to try our faith?"

"Like enough," conceded the deacon, who had long had his doubts as to whether his employer's interests were really committed to the care of the Lord or the adversary, but who did not care to argue a theological point when there was no time to be lost in reaching the Mississippi river. "But taint wise for us to stop tryin' at such times. Wonder who that strange feller is across the street?—he don't look as if *he* had any thing to do, an' yet he don't look like a loafer."

The question was speedily answered by the stranger himself, for he crossed the street as if moved by a sudden impulse, walked into the store and said:

"Mr. Berryman and Captain Packsitt, I believe?"

"Yours truly, sir," replied the deacon.

"Ah, thank you," said the stranger; "my name is Brown—Walter Brown. I understand you want a hand for your flatboat. I've never been on a flatboat, but I've sailed a schooner in a hard gale of wind. If you've no objection, I'd like to form one of the crew. The pay is no object. I want to go only for the sake of a new experience."

To have a man offer to work for nothing was a new experience to the storekeeper, but his tendency to find fault with an applicant for work had to be appeased in some way. so he said:

"I'm afeared you ain't strong enough."

The stranger snapped his eyes at the old man,—handsome, but restless and furtive eyes they were; suddenly he placed two bags of shot, weighing twenty-five pounds each, on his hand, and held them at arms-length, saying:

"Can *you* do that—either of you?"

"No," said the storekeeper hurriedly, "and I don't want to. Put 'em down quick, or mebbe you'll drop 'em an' spill the shot—you can't ever get shot out of the cracks in a floor. I reckon you're strong enough, but your hands look pretty soft—the skin'll come off of 'em, first time you help use the sweeps" (oars).

The stranger looked contemptuously at his small white hands, and briefly ejaculated, "Let it."

Both natives gazed so hungrily at the young man that they momentarily forgot their business; strangers were not numerous or frequent at Brackelsville, and shapely, handsome, neatly dressed men were never seen there unless they happened to stray from elsewhere. The staring continued, and so did the silence, until the young man started, turned, and moved toward the door, saying: "I beg your pardon—I did not intend to impose myself upon you."

The storekeeper recovered himself hastily from the extreme depths of contemplation, and exclaimed:

"Here—stop a bit, stranger—Mr. Brown I mean—don't be in a hurry. *I* don't see why you won't do; how is it, Deacon."

"I'm satisfied," briefly answered the Master of the craft."

"Then its a bargain," said the storekeeper, "and—sho! why we haint made no bargain at all."

"I leave that entirely to you, gentlemen," said the stranger.

"Well," said the storekeeper, lapsing into conservative tones, "thirty dollars is the usual price, but there aint many boats goin' this year, an' I s'pose there's plenty of fellers hangin' around that I could get for twenty, but——"

"Make it twenty, then," said the stranger; "when do you sail?"

"At daylight to-morrow," replied the Deacon.

"I'll be there," said the stranger with a bow; "good day, gentlemen."

The two old men gazed on the retreating figure until it disappeared from view—then they gazed blankly upon each other. The proprietor was the first to break the silence.

"I b'lieve he'd have gone for fifteen," said he.

"*I* b'lieve *he* needs convertin'," said the Deacon.

"Oh, well," said the storekeeper, somewhat vexed, "that's no reason why I should lose five dollars that I might have saved."

The night wore away, as nights will, even in lands where the inhabitants are too feeble of body and soul to long for the morning; the morning came as successfully as it could, considering the heaviness of the fog-blanket from under which it had to creep. Then came Rigley Soole, who had stayed awake all night that he might be sure to be up in time in the morning, and who consequently brought a heavy face with his portable effects. A few moments later came Deacon Packsitt with a well-stuffed carpet-bag and his navigator's instruments,—to wit, a tin horn with which to warn approaching boats. Then appeard Job Tanker, who had been flatboating before, and greeted the Sam Weller with as hearty a smile as a sailor long land-locked bestows upon the ocean. Uncle Berryman then jogged in his wagon down the road from town, and brought the final invoice of commissary stores, which consisted of a coop of chickens. In the wagon with him was also the newest and least known member of the crew, and at the same time there dropped down the creek in a canoe, old Lugwine and his wife.

"Who's that feller there with good clothes on, Cain?" asked Mrs. Lugwine as her eye rested on Brown.

Old Lugwine gladly rested an instant in the midst of the operation of tying his canoe, looked over the little party and an' swered, "Dunno; never seed him before."

"He looks green," remarked Mrs. Lugwine.

"Well," replied her husband, completing at last the knot in his canoe line, "some folks does, Almiry."

"Not that way, though," said Mrs. Lugwine, picking up the game bag in which her husband's single extra shirt was packed, and leading the way to the flatboat. "His eyes are looking ev'ry way to once."

"Had snakes in his boots," suggested Mr. Lugwine.

"No, 'taint that kind of a look, either," continued Mrs. Lugwine.

"Then *I* don't know nothin' about it," said Mr. Lugwine promptly and honestly, from the depths of his experience. By this time he had joined the remainder of the crew, his wife dropping inconspicuously to the rear. Old Lugwine the Bottomite was generally of a retiring disposition, but Lugwine the prospective boatman and traveler, was quite a different person. He shook hands all around and looked each man steadily in the eye, until he came to Brown, upon a single glance from whose eyes he instantly dropped his own eyes and his half raised hand also. To hide his agitation he addressed Soole:

"What yer goin' to fetch back?"

"Coffee," said Soole. "It's five pounds for a dollar here, an' the Orleans paper says its only half that much by the bag. That's the way us poor men that works gits cheated. (Mr. Soole neglected to state, perhaps for fear of irrelevancy, that all the coffee he had drank within a year remained unpaid for at the store of a rival of Uncle Berryman.) I'll sell most of it, lower than the storekeepers do, make somethin' on it, an' have my own for nothin'."

"Well, I'm fetchin' fish-poles," said Mr. Lugwine. "'Bout three months ago I caught a big cat-fish, an' he broke my pole, an' I haint had none since but big sticks I cut in the woods. What *you* fetchin', Tanker?"

"Sugar," was the reply. "A feller can always get rid of *that*, an' get his money back in a hurry. Folks 'll have sweet things if they don't have nothin' else"

"Sugar's mighty useful," remarked Mr. Lugwine, pursing his lips, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, "'specially when there's somethin' to drink that yer want to mix it into."

"Might as well be a-gittin', I s'pose," remarked the Deacon, deferentially looking around. Old Lugwine moved toward his wife as the others walked up the gangplank, and Mrs. Lugwine remarked, "Cain, that strange feller is the queerest I ever see."

"Thunder an' tar-buckets, Almiry!" exclaimed Mr. Lugwine rather pettishly; "I never see you so wrapped up in another man before."

"Cain, I ain't," replied Mrs. Lugwine, reproachfully, "only I can't help a seein' what's right before my eyes. I wish you'd watch him, Cainey, old man."

"Why, do you think he'd steal?" asked Mr. Lugwine in alarm. Then the extreme sarcasm of theft being committed upon his own effects struck Mr. Lugwine so forcibly, that he blushed and explained, "Steal fish-poles, I meau."

"No, I don't mean that," said Mrs. Lugwine, "but there's somethin' on his mind, au' taint *good* trouble nuther, an' yit he don't look as if he'd hurt any body. I wish you'd keep your eye on him, Cainey, old man."

"Last man onties the ropes," remarked Deacon Packsitt from the deck of the boat. Old Lugwine looked around in alarm, and exclaimed, "I reckon I'd better be leavin', Almiry; good-bye. Twenty-five dollars in store-goods, hez got a heap of comfort in 'em, old gal—hey?"

Mrs. Lugwine embraced and kissed her husband—she had not done so before since the last time he was taken to jail for assault and battery while drunk. Old Lugwine looked despairingly at the two heavy cables which he would have to loosen, and at length kissed his wife, released himself, and moved toward the stump about which one of the cables was wound. His wife followed him.

"Cain," said she, "don't git mad, but—watch that feller a little; he's on my mind."

"The devil he is!" responded Mr. Lugwine.

"Qntie 'tother line now," shouted Deacon Packsitt, "an' then hurry for the plank 'fore the boat drifts."

Mr. Lugwine obeyed orders, and actually ran to get aboard: the boat leisurely started, the plank was hauled in, the storekeeper started from town, Lot Tanker's small boy stared vacantly at the retreating boat, and presented to his father a picture of which a red nose and a set of chattering teeth were the principal features. Mrs. Lugwine waved her apron at her husband until the boat disappeared behind a bend; then she applied it to her eyes, and she and the shivering red-nosed boy took their separate ways for home.

THE GERMANTOWN RELIEF EXPERIMENT.

THE twenty-second ward of the city of Philadelphia still wears the name of the old borough of Germantown, and holds a population of about twenty-five thousand. The readers of *Sunday Afternoon* may perhaps be edified by some account of an experiment in the local administration of charity, which has been actively carried forward for the last four years.

Its working plan includes a Board of nine managers, all men; a Board of forty or fifty Visitors, all women, who are divided into groups of three to six, according to the size and populousness of their districts; and a salaried Superintendent.

Of supreme importance and quite indispensable to the whole business is this Superintendent, Robert Coulter by name, who keeps an office open at certain hours of every day, receives applications, notifies the proper Visitors thereof, and *personally visits and follows up every case himself*, looking into it with a skilled eye which seldom fails to read the real situation and its causes.

The policy of the Society requires that, except in cases of instant and pressing need, no help shall be given, save with the approval of the Superintendent and at least one Visitor; and so thoroughly are the cases investigated, that it is very rarely possible for the judgment of the two to disagree. There may be temporary deception; but the most plausible cheat is soon detected. Whenever a case of supposed or real suffering comes to the knowledge of a Visitor she at once consults Mr. Coulter, who often knows the whole story already, and recognizes the name as soon as he hears it. Through the Superintendent, the Society has gradually been able to put itself in connection with the Overseers of the Poor, the police department, and various asylums and charitable institutions to which chronic cases ought to be sent, thus rendering the sufferers and the community a service at once intelligent, delicate and important. He also keeps a look-out for those seeking employment.

The Superintendent's office is both the head-quarters of the Managers and the depot of supplies. Besides serviceable clothing and shoes, often second-hand, the Society purchases, at wholesale prices, the coarser articles of diet, as flour, oat-meal, corn-meal, hominy, beans and tea, which are done up in small packages. In special cases, a little meat is given, or coffee, sugar and molasses; and to the sick, milk and crackers. Coal is given cautiously; money, never. Both principle and policy require that relief should not be too attractive.*

Wherein does the Germantown method differ from others whose machinery is much after the same pattern? Chiefly in the spirit of its administration, which hardly appears in the foregoing statement of its working plan. It emphasizes and studies to apply what has been called the judicial principle in charity. It not only requires that every case shall be carefully investigated; it makes that investigation the main feature in the proceedings; it creates for the community something equivalent to a court or tribunal, which puts each case on trial, looks up the evidence, and seeks to guide its decision by some intelligent principle of reason which has the moral force of law. It assumes that a request for help is not in itself a ground for bestowing it, any more than a complaint lodged in a Court of Common Pleas is ground for giving a verdict to the plaintiff. If any man or woman asks relief, the Germantown Society says: "Your case shall have a fair hearing; the facts shall be sifted; the evidence shall determine what ought to be done and what ought not to be done." The diligent inquiries of the Visitor and of the Superintendent generally bring to light a state of facts which not only determines whether help shall be given or not, but makes it possible to measure out that help and accompany it with conditions which are intended

* Food given at the door often includes delicacies which stimulate a dainty artificial appetite, and make the beggar quite averse to a homely, nourishing diet, thus furnishing one more temptation to idleness and wastefulness. Who has not seen good food lying by the wayside, thrown away by the very hand just stretched out to ask "something to eat, ma'am, for the love of God!"

to produce a wholesome moral effect in each particular case. How the Germantown method attempts to accomplish this result, under what embarrassment it works, and how far it succeeds, will be seen in what follows:

1. It was necessary to secure the intelligent co-operation of the whole community. If other organizations would persist in administering charity on the same territory, after the old indiscriminate manner, or if the people generally would still go on giving alms at the door to all applicants without inquiry, the Society's work would be so far neutralized and void.

Fortunately the Society was officered by representatives of nearly all the churches. As the women conferred together they soon discovered that their own churches were ignorantly doing mischief. By offering charity as an inducement to bring the children of poor families into the Sunday schools they were corrupting parents and children, and encouraging idleness and deception. Some parents with large families were quartering their children on different schools in order to draw a revenue from each. The very object of religious instruction was being defeated by the appeal to a low and selfish desire of gain. "Do they give *suit* dresses?" asked one woman, on being told that her children would be clothed if she would send them to a certain Sunday school. Another said, "I took my child away from such and such a school, because they give second-hand shoes." One of the clergymen who had been accustomed to bestow a small sum on a woman, became satisfied that she had no claim. "Very well," said the injured innocent, "if you don't give it to me, I shall go to ——— church, where they *do* give money." Imagine the disgust of the visiting ladies, when they brought to light the case of a woman who was driving a prostitute's trade, yet had got herself confirmed in two different churches! She applied to the Relief Society also, and for a while beguiled the Visitors by begging them to read to her from the Bible.

In two instances, charitable organizations have had the good sense to merge their work and their funds in the larger method; and in one church it was unanimously resolved that the best means of helping the Germantown poor is through the "Relief;" but not all the religious people yet realize the wrong done to the community and to morality by the old system of separate and blind action.

2. It is still more difficult to educate the whole community out of the habit of indiscriminate almsgiving at the door. What avails the wise diligence of Robert Coulter and his faithful Visitors, if the very persons whom they are helping with caution, or refusing to help, can gather an easy abundance by begging from house to house? To prevent this waste, to detect imposition and to relieve those householders who can neither find time to follow up the beggars nor endure the thought that real misery may go unrelieved, the Society offers to each householder a quantity of cards, addressed to the Superintendent, with a request that whenever there is an applicant for alms, he shall be supplied with one of these cards, filled up with his alleged name and residence, and with the address of the householder; it being understood that the Superintendent will personally inquire into the case and report the result to the householder. This lets daylight into the minds of all concerned.

Only a small percentage of the cards given to beggars are ever presented at the office; and professional beggars often withdraw hastily from the door where they are offered. One lady demanded of Mr. Coulter, "Why do you never visit any of the cases I send you? Several persons have come back to me, saying you do not call on them, and will give them no help." A reference to his carefully preserved file showed that not one card filled up by her hand had ever been brought to his notice. On the presentation of a card, his rule is to notify the drawer thereof by a postal.

Recently a man called at the door of Rev. Mr. B. His story was pitiful; his wife was dying; no clothes, no food, no medicine in the house. The ladies of the family were touched by his appearance and manner, and would have given with free hand. But Mr. B. began to fill out a card. "It is of no use to give me that card," exclaimed the man;

"I have three of them now; but they won't help me." "Well, I am a member of the Relief, and I wish to know why they won't help you; come with me to the office." With apparent unwillingness the man went, but soon betrayed his ignorance of the location of the office. A little inquiry and a conference with a policeman, proved that this fellow was just out of the House of Correction, and had no wife in this country. The method "by card" thus helps to expose imposture, while it secures a prompt and considerate attention to every case of real need. And those who habitually use the card soon find their houses avoided by the beggars in their daily rounds.

3. But the Visitors themselves were found to need the education and discipline of their work. Between forty and fifty Germantown ladies volunteered for this service, and, at first, only a few of them felt or saw the importance of clear vision, sound judgment, and careful examination. Months and years of practice have taught them very precious lessons. At their monthly meetings, the cases have been talked over and made a practical study. It has become ever more clear that *wise relief is a kind of skilled labor;* and that each case must be approached with genuine sympathy, but also with a set purpose to do nothing till it is clear what ought to be done. Even the mistakes of Visitors have been useful teachers, and every fact has shed light on a principle.

Some results of the Germantown experiment deserve to be known and pondered:

1. The tramp nuisance has been greatly abated. It should be understood that the Society undertakes to look after the poor of Germantown only; not after the poor of all creation who may come thither. It does not seem uncivil or unkind to tell a traveling beggar that he must ask help where he is best acquainted. Now just so far as the people of Germantown have opened their eyes to the situation, they have fallen into the habit of directing all unknown applicants to the Relief office. If the direction is followed, one interview with the Superintendent settles the question; the professional tramp moves to other pastures.

A man with well-shaven face, and in shabby but clean attire, entered the office with a householder's card in hand. "I don't suppose it is of any use to come here, but this card was given me, and I thought I might as well try. But what do you do this sort of thing for? It ain't fair! If you hadn't interfered with your card, that woman would have given me something, and it wouldn't have hurt *you* any." By adroit questioning, the Superintendent drew out his story. He had been a business man in New York, but left the city in a hurry on account of some "irregularity," and was at first driven to beg, by hunger and need. He soon found he could make his way any where and every where; a fancy for "seeing the country," took possession of him. He had been West and South, stopping or moving on, as he pleased, and had come to like this way of life, which brought him all liberties, no duties, no cares, and the certainty of a living. In the towns, he could always sleep in a station-house; and at some neighboring door, a kind-hearted woman would give him a good breakfast. He could count on getting food always, clothing often enough, and now and then a little money. He had even driven a small trade in the clothing he had begged. He made plenty of acquaintances. Especially at the station-houses, he met men who had known better days,—some who had been merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen—all now on his own level, and some of them jolly. It was disagreeable to meet the lower grade of fellows, but one could choose his company. "And if it hadn't been for you I should now be eating my breakfast." "Exactly," said Mr. Coulter, "that is just what we want to prevent. The fewer breakfasts you get out of other folks in this way, the better we shall like it. We want to make your way of life so hard and unprofitable that you'll have to give it up and try something honest." Of course the card didn't bring relief, and of course the tramp soon found some lady who listened to his pitiful story of want of employment, and gave him a breakfast. And when, by-and-by, he breaks open a house, a store or a bank, it will never occur to her that *she* had a hand in it.

2. Much actual suffering has been relieved and much more averted. Many deserving households, pressed by sickness or temporary misfortune, have been helped to bridge the chasm and pass over to happier days. Families which would have been broken up, and their members made a permanent public burden, have been kept together.

3. For the first time, there is a clear understanding of the condition of the Germantown poor—their character, habits, needs, and exposures. The nightmare feeling that there may be a vast amount of unrelieved misery right around us, has been dispelled by daylight; and the public can rest assured that none who ask help will either receive it, or fail to receive it, unless for good reasons. It is known who are the poor, where they are, and what can be safely done for them. It is known that the actual amount of helpless suffering is limited and manageable. Outside the provision of the poor laws, there is no call for the expenditure in charity of more than two or three thousand dollars per year; and all beyond is wasteful and harmful.* At the same time, the defects and disorders of the public and legal administration have been made more obvious.

3. The causes of poverty have been brought to light. This is part of the inquiry, and a part of the preserved history, in every case; and is deemed necessary to a wise treatment. If a family suffers because of intemperance or other vices, or because of improvidence and wastefulness, or of ignorance, or semi-idiocy, or from a willingness to live by begging, or merely from temporary want of work, or illness, these facts are to be considered; either nothing at all is to be given, or help must be bestowed under conditions which operate as a discipline, so that habits of dependence may not be created or confirmed. Each case must be studied by itself, as a physician studies his patients.

This study of causes sheds light on the whole field of social science and assists to solve the question of prevention. The men and women of Germantown, who have thus been made acquainted with the physical, mental and moral *status* of their poor neighbors, have become profoundly interested in bringing about that better order of things which may come from the comprehensive education of all classes: justice and consideration on the part of employers, the training of children to honest industry, the fitting of girls for household life, the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, the supply of noble pleasures in the place of lower indulgences, and the under-draining of society generally.

4. Another valuable result appears in the opening of friendly communication between the poorer classes and their more fortunate neighbors. As each visitor makes it an object to become the personal friend of the few families in her care, she often finds it possible to suggest better modes of life, to encourage habits of economy and self-respecting industry, to advise about the children's welfare, and prompt their attendance at school, and to cheer the household through dark passages of sickness and trial. We may be sure that the heart of true charity is not less sensitive to real need because it becomes sensible of its conditions and causes, and learns to distinguish it from pretense.

It is soon apparent that there is a world-wide difference between the honest, struggling poor, who must now and then accept a little help, and those who are willingly dependent. The Visitors describe some whose manly or womanly self-reliance inspires them with entire confidence; and the annual reports must help to educate the wealthier class to genuine respect for all who are trying to earn honest bread. Still there is a large class who are paupers and beggars in spirit; but towards these also the Visitors have learned that it is possible to show a truer friendship than by confirming them in easy, willing idleness. *A constant moral pressure is brought to bear upon this class* to shame and encourage them into a habit of self-help—a pressure which can never be felt under the old indiscriminate habit of almsgiving, for it comes from fre-

* The average annual allowance to each person has not exceeded $2.25; the average to each family has fallen below $11 00, which shows both the careful economy of administration and the smallness of the need.

quent personal contact with the Visitors and the Superintendent, and from making the beggarly souls feel that they are capable of something better, and must try for it or sink still lower. When the need of help no longer exists, congratulations are offered as for a recovery from sickness.

5. A large body of facts has been collected to show how dangerous it is to give any aid, in ordinary cases, unless these humane moral impressions are made at the same time. "The taste of food that costs nothing is like the taste of whiskey: it creates a crazy craving for more," is the opinion of an intelligent woman, who has given the matter thought as well as time.

A man of industrious habits was out of regular work, but always on the look out for any odd job, and accustomed to go with his wife to the houses where she got an occasional day's washing, that he might help her in the harder part of the work, as in lifting the tubs, and wringing and hanging out the clothes. Kind, unwise people took notice of his strait, and began to give him *something for nothing.* Rev. Mr. —— enlisted the sympathies of a wealthy parishioner; and the poor man was told that, if he would call every Monday, he might carry off whatever was left of the Sunday's roast beef. Had he contracted some low personal vice, the effect would have been the same. He lost his grip; he grew lazy and self-indulgent; left off helping his wife and left off hunting for the small jobs of menial work. "John," said the clergyman, "I have done you a great wrong. I am sorry I ever tried to help you. You are not half the man you were. Now we'll go back to first principles. You must work for what you get, and get nothing but what you work for."

Another case is found in the family of R——s. The father is unenterprising, but has spells of working; the mother toils as she may; the large family of girls are clothed, in large part, by cast-off garments given by the mother's employers; and sometimes these garments are rather showy. In a little time, these things have become so necessary, that the children are tempted to ask for them; then it becomes easy to run about the neighborhood and ask for everything; while at the same time work of any sort grows more irksome. The neighbors already begin to forecast a moral tragedy in the case of growing girls, who live in poverty and dirt, but whose love of finery and aversion to industry have been developed almost to recklessness through ill-considered "charity." As the family have once applied for relief, the Visitors are doing what they may, half hopelessly, to undo the mischief. Except in cases where the parents are sick, the Society deems it wrong to send its aid by the hand of children, as they rarely get over an early familiarity with begging.

The depth of this pit, as well as the difficulty of carrying out the Society's judicious system without general co-operation, is illustrated in the case of Anna H——, a widow with six children, who was receiving help from the Relief, but still sending her little ones out to beg. When told that she could only receive the Society's help by giving up this practice, which was ruining her own children, she deliberately chose to withdraw and to keep on with the begging, as more profitable.

Another widow's case shows how the very expectation of help may operate to prevent frugality. She and her children were all receiving wages, and a Visitor sought to interest her in laying by a small sum for the purchase of coal next winter. "Indeed," she said, "the Guardians of the Poor shall give me my coal." "Why so, when you can save enough to buy it?" "Because I am a widow, and it is my right." All this came from being helped last winter under conditions which carried with them no moral impression.

One of the ladies cheers her work with a bit of grim humor when she says, "The method of dole works dolorous results." But she thinks this generation will not live long enough to learn better.

6. Something has been done to encourage a provident habit among those heretofore dependent. Until this year, the office has been closed and the Relief work mostly suspended from April to December. But the Board of Visitors resolved last spring to make a summer campaign, under new conditions. Of the 140 families helped last

winter, they visited 110, to observe more closely their industrial habits, and to stimulate in their minds the idea of saving, that they might not find it necessary to ask assistance this winter. They induced 34 of these families to join the "Fuel Savings Society," (instituted by Mr. Israel Johnston of Philadelphia,) which offers special advantages in the sale of coal to all depositors of small savings. This measure of success will lead to further experiments, before another winter, in the way of offering similar inducements in buying flour, or other necessaries. Saving is like spending— more and more easy the longer it is practiced. It is also a conservative moral habit, which helps to set in order the whole life. It is a great gain when these people are once aroused to the fact that they can save.

It is made certain that the amount of helpless dependence can constantly be lessened by the careful, painstaking, and *judicial* administration of local charity. In the season of 1873–4, help was given to 196 families, comprising 856 persons, at a cost of $2,115.27. In 1876–7, to only 140 families, comprising 600 persons, at a cost of $1,419.38. The difference is partly attributable to other conditions, but largely to the increasing intelligence and skill of those who have the work in hand, to the discrimination which has weeded out those who ought not to be helped, to the increasing co-operation of the community, and, best of all, to the *steady moral pressure brought to bear upon the applicants for charity,* which has made them less willing to ask help, and more inclined to take care of themselves. Thus helpless poverty is being continually contracted into narrower bounds, and a tendency sets in the direction of self-respecting industry and economy, by which the need of giving is reduced to a minimum. The supreme need is to give not only our dollars but ourselves, and to learn the business!

Fanny B. Ames.

MORNING.

Oh word and thing most beautiful!
Our yesterday was hard and dull,
Gray mists obscured its noontide sun,
Its evening sobbed and wept in rain;
But to and fro in hiding night
Some healing angel swift has run,
And all is fresh and fair again.

Oh word and thing most beautiful!
The hearts which were of cares so full,
The tired hands, the tired feet,
So glad of night, are glad of morn!
Where are the clouds of yesterday?
The world is good, the world is sweet,
And life is new and hope re-born!

Oh word and thing most beautiful!
Oh coward soul and sorrowful,
Which sighs to note the ebbing light
Give place to evening's shadowy gray!
What are these things but parables—
That darkness heals the wrongs of day,
And dawning clears all mists of night?

Oh word and thing most beautiful!
The little sleep our pain to lull,
The long soft dusk,—then full sunrise!
To waken fresh and angel fair,
Life all renewed and griefs forgot,
Ready for Heaven's glad surprise,
So Christ who is our Light, be there.

Susan Coolidge.

A DOUBLE THANKSGIVING.

"Girls don't know anything, anyhow!"

Sally laughed, though the tears stood in her bright eyes, as Grandma Jopp snapped out her formula of contempt; but the old lady neither minded the gentle laugh nor the shining tears, she had "fun liberty," and her voluble tongue took up the role again.

"You don't know what you're a comin' to Sally; you're only a girl; you think gittin' married is all honey 'nd posies, but I'm an old woman, seventy year old, married fifty year ago, and I know suthin'. Land! how yer granther used ter dance round me when I was a gal! There want nothin' too good for me them times, nothin too slick for him to say. I was a beauty and a poppet, and sweetheart, and dear knows what all. It's mawkish to think on't now. I don't say but what I was as big a fool as you be. I did set by him a heap, but land's sakes! 'twas over with quicker'n nothin', after we'd ben married a spell, an' settled down to stiddy grind.

"There wa'n't a lot o' honey and posies in gettin' a biled dinner, doing hay-makers' washin', bilin' soap, an' pig-killin' time. I tell ye its work, work, work, for poor folks; and if you know what's good for ye, you'll take up with Squire Simmons 'nd let Joe Hazard go to—sea."

"I hate Squire Simmons," ejaculated Sally, drawing up her slender figure to its height, and coloring with indignation. "I'd ruther be an old maid ten times over than marry him."

"Well: there's wuss things than bein' an old maid: ef you're capable, and pleasant, and smart, you'd jest as good be an old maid as be a poor man's wife."

"Depends on who the poor man is," put in Sally, demurely.

"Well, you know the old sayin' Sally, 'when poverty comes into the door love flies out o' the winder.'"

"That's because people open the windows," laughed Sally.

"Oh go 'long! you're a master hand to jump the fence, but some day you'll rek'lect what I tell ye, and wish you'd councilled with Grandmother Jopp."

"Well, Grandma, if I do, I'll tell you so."

"Shaw! you won't hev me to tell: I shall be in my grave long afore you get to that p'int, Sally."

"I never knew anybody die yet that was always expectin' to, Grandma. I'm quite certin you will live at least ten years after I'm married."

"Then you *be* a goin' to marry Joe Hazard?" eagerly retorted the old woman.

Sally sat down in the chair by which she was standing and laughed till the tears rose in her eyes, for just as Grandma Jopp faced round upon her with this question, neatly dodging the matter of her own living or dying, Sally saw Joe Hazard's curly, black head and laughing eyes thrust through the morning-glories before the further window.

"Yes marm, I reckon she is," shouted the undaunted Joe, and Grandma whirled round again to confront this unexpected visitor.

"Well! if you ha'n't got the most brass," was her breathless remark, as she glared at him over her spectacles.

"Good sea-goin' metal, ain't it?" inquired he with comic gravity.

"You've got enough on't to sink a ship. I advise ye to take to dry land," snapped Grandma.

Joe began to sing under his breath, "Cease rude Boreas," which sent Sally into fresh fits of laughter, and running out of the farm-house, she captured the offeuding party, and they both sat down on the south door-steps to hold sweet couverse together, for Sally was not in the least frightened by her Grandmother's grim experience and advice. She was filled with diviner lessons; dreams of youth and love that laugh at experience, and believe their world is *the* world, and their life *the* life of all humanity, that grief is the exception, and happiness the rule; that "now" is eternal, and love immortal.

Sweet souls! it is "a trailing cloud of glory" from their last home, aud it is to life what the flower is to the fruit, the calyx to the flower, the shoot to the calyx, the seed to the shoot But for its shelter, its folding warmth, its strong hope and faith, the buds, yea, the very germs of life would faint, wither, die, and we should reap no harvest, be gathered into no heavenly garners hereafter.

Grandmother Jopp was an ordinarily pleasant and sensible old lady, but, like most of her type, she thought as people said of her, that, "There ain't much she don't know, an' what she don't know, ain't worth knowin'."

It did not occur to her that a more affectionate nature, a gentler spirit, less selfishness and impatience on her own part, would have made married life easier and sweeter both for her and her husband; but Grandpa Jopp was a silent, slow, weakly sort of man, and while his wife scolded and found fault with him, he only looked wretched and kept out of her way as much as he could; so naturally enough, she thought herself in the right. He did it "for peace's sake," poor cowardly soul! unaware that in the wars of matrimony, as in the wars of nations, it is uecessary to conquer a peace. A good sound rating, or even a sturdy shake would have restored the balance of power, and given him his right position; but he dared not assert himself so, and went on into his grave, the subject and contempt of a wife who ought to have loved and respected him, and been a comfort instead of a curse.

Joe Hazard was not of this sort, nor was Sally Hart fashioned after her maternal Grandmother's type; her dark red hair, her soft, deep hazel eyes, her merry, cheery nature, and tender, faithful soul, all came from the Hart side of the family, and promised a safe harbor for even a sailor's roving heart. Sally had been "down to salt" at Matoonoc beach, three years in succession with Aunt Lyddy, Grandma Jopp's oldest daughter, a widow with some property and a great deal of asthma, for the relief of which she visited the shore every year, taking Sally with her for company, since she was the only niece the childless woman had. They boarded in one of the gray, weather-beaten houses that dot the meadows along the Rhode Island shore; houses so dim aud misty in their tempest-worn hue, that they seem like feeble mezzo-tints faintly outlined against the sparkling, heaving sea before, or the verdant stretch of grassy fields behind them.

But they were kindly people, and board was cheap; fish, chickens, eggs were plenty; vegetables grew for the planting; the great Narragansett swamp afforded blue-berries in abundance, and the hills were set thick with huckleberry bushes, and trailed over by bounteous dew-berry vines. It was a simple, quiet, homely place. Aunt Lyddy's husband had a sister living three miles back from the shore, and she had found them a boarding place with Sam Tucker, whose wife was glad enough to get a little money for her own and her children's adornment.

It was all very well for Sally at first, this quiet farm-house and this lonely shore; she spent her days out of doors entirely, though with the thrifty instinct of New England, she carried her knitting or her tatting along; but these were soon disposed of in her pocket, and while her Aunt sat on the fish-house steps, or made herself at home in the hot sun and the sand, glad enough of a free breath, and resting her tired lungs, Sally scoured the beach far and near, gathered stones enough to fill her basket; fished up sea-weed from the whispering fringes of foam; gathered "money-purses" and "salt cellars" by the dozen; wondered under which gray old boulder, planted deep mid

sand and sea, Captain Kidd's hoard lay sleeping; or, tired of roaming, came back and sat beside Aunt Lyddy, and watched the long green rollers come roaring up the sand, rearing their tossing, shining manes high in air, white and light with myriad foambells, only to dash them on the shivering shore, with the soft rush and crush of breaking bubbles and sliding seas, that recoiled for fresh assault, and returned with new splendors of beryl depths and fleecy crests, to roar and fall again. Splendid vision! which a worn and weary heart could watch forever, losing in this vast dumb force and glory, its own sense of present anguish or despair, and feeling in every fibre the sad sweetness of that mighty soul that fled from its temple in such a sea, but breathed out first in human words such human longing—

"I could lie down like a tired child
And breathe away this life of care,
Which I have borne and still must bear,
Till death-like sleep should steal on me,
And I should feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

But Sally was young and a girl! She craved life and variety, and she was getting woefully tired of the dull days before half her first summer at Matoonoc had gone, when luckily for her, the "Nancy Beers" sailed into Boston Bay from a China voyage, and her second mate, handsome Joe Hazard, came home to see his "folks," and saw Sally Hart too.

There was wailing and weeping among the beach girls when they saw Joe devoting himself, day after day, to this up-country creature.

Weren't his own sort good enough for him? Evidently Joe thought not. Cynthia Tucker, and Demy Hazard, and Bet Hazard, and Red Joe Tucker's twins—for they were all Tuckers or Hazards at Matoonoc, all these had set their various caps in vain at Joe, ever since he was a man and a mate on the Nancy Beers, instead of boy or common sailor; for Joe had taken to the sea since he was big enough to take to anything, and had worked his way up; but now, after all their fascinations had failed, after blue eyes, gray eyes, green eyes, had tried their darts in vain, after every feminine charm of his own neighbors and friends had proved useless, here was a girl from up-country, a white, slim thing, had but to look at him, and he was captured.

"I dono what he sees in that red-headed thing," snapped Demy Hazard. "She can't no more row a boat than she can stan' on her head. I scar't her to death most, 'tother day, when we was out a bathin', a pullin' on her out into a breaker."

"She aint no more into her 'n a piece o' rag-weed," chimed in one of the Tucker twins, "she can't dig a clam. I fetched her round to the salt pond a Saturday, 'n I'll be drownded ef she didn't ketch up a crab to look at it. Didn't it ketch her though? I tell you she hollered like a gale o' wind."

"Well, I expect Joe 'll suit himself; menfolks do, mostly," sighed Cynthia Tucker, who was occupied along with the rest in the pleasant amusement of clawing reluctant clams from their sandy bed, with a sort of tool compromised between a rake and a hoe.

Demy laughed, but Bet Hazard, who was the oldest of the crowd, and in virtue of her sense, her years, and her experience, something sarcastic, growled out in a deep voice:

"I expect they do! I dono who'd undertake to suit 'em. I'd ruther sail a pinky round Pint Judy Pint in a sow-easter, then pick out a man's gal for him. A man hed oughter git leave to choose his own boat 'nd his own wife, I say; an' ef he don't git it, he giner'lly takes it; 'specially ef he's a Hazard."

There was no doubt Joe belonged to that family. In any other, his inherited name of Josiah never would have been shortened into Joe; and his dark, crisp curls, his flashing, black eyes, his clear brown skin, attested convincingly his descent; for the "black Hazards" were as well known about the shore, as the Black Douglas in Scotland.

As for Sally, she found it mighty pleasant to have a devoted admirer fall at her feet in this desert; she was used to it at home, and thought little of three or four scalps dangling at her belt; but here she had been dull for a long time; the swains of

Baxter had not followed her, for the good reason that they were following the plow, or wielding the hoe just at present, and had no time to philander round the country in their Sunday clothes. But here was a handsome, bright, active, young fellow, who had capitulated at once, and become her devoted attendant; now there were no more lonely walks on the shore; under his guidance and care, she walked over the bare, gray hills to gather berries; was borne in a little row-boat over the tranquil bosom of the salt ponds, and taught to catch sprawling crabs with a scoop-net, not to take them in her fingers; for her Joe brought luxuriant clusters of great rhododendron blossoms, cool fair blooms of rose and white, from the borders of the Great Swamp; dripping armfuls of ivory water-lilies from its deeper recesses and frequent pools; spires of too fragrant clethra; garlands of pale, wild roses; quaint garnet blossoms of the dwarf pitcher plant; and rare, wild coreopsis flowers tinted like a shell, and shyly fragile as a dryad might be.

Moreover, he persuaded her so far out of her terrors of the sea, that she learned to enjoy a fishing-party in a whale-boat, and to draw in a big blue-fish as deftly as Demy Hazard herself; he taught her to paddle a canoe on the lonely, fresh ponds that hid their crystal depths in the forests of the Swamp; to trace those paths that wound their narrow and devious way from one of these desert jewels to the other; and even, (on a rainy day to be sure!) to learn the whole economy of a brig, from boom to jibber-jib, for the Nancy Beers was a brig and Joe's furlough was near its end.

Poor Joe! he longed to risk his fate too soon, and would have done so, but that Sally, with the tact of a woman, avoided and averted his declaration till he almost feared to speak, and then, just as he was getting desperate enough to throw himself at her head for certainty's sake, he was called away to Boston on ship's business; and though he hurried back, Aunt Lydia and Sally had gone home before he reached the beach, and the honest fellow took it for a finality, and departed on the long voyage, both sad and sore.

It must be owned that the youths of Baxter did not compare well in Sally's eyes with handsome Joe, though she found their devotion unabated; and it must also come to light that her eyes glistened and her heart beat suspiciously over a package that arrived for her by express from Boston, containing a delicate, China crape handkerchief, a chain of crystal beads, and a few rare and beautiful shells, all wrapped up in a paper which advertised the Nancy Beers' sailing on Monday, August 30th—and this was Monday!

Yet such is the involution and wonderful structure of the female character, that if Josiah Hazard had asked Sarah Hart to marry him, she would have refused without compunction, or reserve of hope; while by an unintentionally judicious silence, he awoke a mild pique, an indefinite uneasiness; and then had the wisdom—equally unconscious—to send her a nameless gift that yet named its giver, and kept him always in mind.

The long, dull winter did not serve to banish Joe from Sally's mind; she could not but think of him, when the storms howled frantically through the forest, and shook her mother's little brown house with invisible blows. When rain and snow blotted out the sweet skies, she transferred the weather of her inland town to the far-off Nancy Beers, and pitied Joe mightily. Well for her that she did not see the lucky fellow, sailing over warm and tranquil seas, scampering up and down the rigging, telling yarns and cracking jokes with the two or three passengers, and behaving himself generally like a man, as he was, and by no means the sentimental idiot Sally thought him.

Sally did not go to the beach with Aunt Lydia next summer, for her mother was seized with consumption early in the spring, and though she was only her step-mother, yet she had never known any other, and loved her dearly. Poor Sally! her father had long been dead, and she was the only child; for ten years she and her mother had lived there alone, and grown together as two lonely women will, unless they quarrel. Now she was so absorbed in her new fears, her unusual care, her wearing anxiety, that

it gave her scarcely a regret to see Aunt Lydia leave without her; but she took a special interest in the shipping news, and read with care every arrival. But the Nancy Beers made a long voyage of it this time; it was late in August when she was reported, and in the marine news was only a short paragraph stating the death of the first mate on the way home, killed by a falling spar in a gale, and the promotion of "Josiah Hazard" to fill his place; it was unusual enough to report such a small matter as this in a merchant vessel, and Sally blushed and dimpled over the paragraph, with a certain consciousness that it had been inserted to meet her eye, and she was really sorry she should not see Joe this year; Aunt Lyddy was home now, so there was no chance of hearing of him.

But Miss Sally reckoned without her host! The first days of September were warm and clear; the windows of the little brown house were set wide to catch the sweet air, a few late roses and a bed of luxuriant mignonette perfumed the gentle breeze that swayed Sally's rich curls as she sat on the door-step with her sewing, while her mother slept; perhaps it was the rustle of that breeze in the lilacs and rose-bushes close beside her, that prevented her hearing a step on the path; but she felt a shadow on her sunshine, and looked up to see handsome Joe Hazard standing in the soft blaze, smiling like a bit of sunshine himself.

Sally was gladder to see him than she meant to be, and showed it, and Joe sat down beside her on the door-step, lest they should waken the invalid. For the same reason their voices were lowered to a confidential pitch, and though Joe, being a native gentleman, forbore to harass Sally with an obtrusive exhibit of his own plans and hopes, he did contrive to get leave to come again before he sailed, and say good-bye; for his furlough would be short this time. So in a week he re-appeared, and persuaded Sally to take a walk with him to the Lake shore, where they sat comfortably down on a log and took counsel together; on what matters may be inferred from the parting words.

"You'll think on't now, won't ye Sally? I won't plague for a real yes or no, now, for I see you've got a stormy voy'ge afore you, and you aint clear how to lay your head yet. We aint a goin' to Chiny this year, only down to Rio; our owners hev changed their trade, or ruther we've changed owners; so's't Providence permittin', as Aunt Judy sez, I shall heave anchor in the Bay by next June sartain. Can I come an' see ye then?"

"We-e-ll," said Sally, slowly, tracing a square on the sand with the point of her parasol, as deliberately as if her life depended on making four right angles, "I don't know but what it's a free country, Mr. Hazard; I suppose you can go where you're a mind to," and with that she gave him such a distracting, bewitching, little side-long look from under her thick, dark lashes, that Josiah forgot himself entirely, and a faint, little scream from Sally might have given him the idea that she didn't like to be kissed, but he did not quite seem to understand it so.

And with that he departed, as sure of Sally as if they had been married a week; for the vanity and self-confidence of a youth like Joe are amazing. Sally was by no means so sure; she returned to her nursing and her anxiety, a little ashamed of herself and very uncertain as to what she had or had not tacitly promised; and it was not without some indignation that she received by mail, a few days after, a genuine love letter from Joe, and a tiny box with a pearl ring in it, both of which she consigned to the farthest corner of her locked drawer, since the Nancy Beers had sailed, and she could neither answer nor return the epistle or the gift.

Before winter her mother failed to an alarming extent, and by the New Year she was dead. Sally grieved long and deeply, but she was young; the springs of life and hope were still elastic within her; health fortified her spirits, and unacknowledged happiness consoled her; for Joe would keep writing to her, tender, manly letters, by every chance he got: letters that asked for no answer, but seemed to know her loneliness, understand her need, and bring her help just when and where it was wanted. Before she knew it, Sally Hart found her-

self "fathoms deep" in love, and when June came and brought Joe with it, there were few preliminaries to be arranged before she consented to wear the pearl ring on her third finger, and to give Joe the promise which he so saucily flung in Grandmother Jopp's face.

Sally did not mean to be married right away, but circumstances were too much for her. Joe was to have the post of first mate in a fine new ship in the China trade, owned by his old employers; but his next voyage would be a long one, though he did not sail till September, and he could not leave Sally homeless till such time as he should return; for though she was just now staying with Grandma' and Aunt Lyddy, he knew that the atmosphere in that house was by no means tranquil or cheering, and that Sally was neither mistress of her actions nor her time.

"What's the use, Sally?" pleaded Joe. "You won't have me round but a plaguey small share o' the time, let me be to home all I can fix it. Then if you're settled down to the beach, Aunt Lyddy can stay there jest as much as she wants ter. You won't need to be lonesome an hour, either, there's too many Hazards 'nd Tuckers down there to let ye pine for company."

"A hazardous sort of place, isn't it?" asked Sally demurely, but simple-minded Joe did not at once take the pun. He stared at her with blank eyes, then they suddenly lit up, and a loud laugh followed.

"Ain't you smart! I say for't: Sally, you be a clipper. Mebbe it'll be so hazardous you'll get tuckered out! There!"

And with a fresh explosion of laughter Joe launched his first and only pun. But it took little more persuasion to fetch Sally round to Joe's wish, so he left her to go home and furbish up the old gray house that had been his father's; and Sally betook herself to her own simple preparations, and the second week in July they were married in Grandmother Jopp's parlor, and went home, Aunt Lyddy, with preternatural tact, refusing to go with them, but promising a long visit in September, when Sally would need her more.

A happy couple indeed they were, in more than the conventional term, when they began life together in that old house; Joe had taken Demy Hazard to Boston with him to pick out some chintz for chairs and curtains, and with surprising taste for a 'long-shore girl she had not only selected the pattern and texture, regardless of Joe's pocket, it must be owned, but she had offered to get up a sewing bee and cover the furniture for him. Joe was such a universal favorite that the clan had already forgiven him for choosing an inland wife, and they all fell to work with zeal, so that when he and Sally alighted from the rickety wagon sent to the station to fetch them, the house stood open and homelike, and Demy welcomed them at the door, but discreetly slipped away; while Sally took off her hat and dust-cloak up stairs, and then went over the house hand in hand with Joe. It was an old house, built New England fashion, with two square rooms either side of the front door, a twisted staircase in the narrow entry, and a kitchen behind, off one end of which a bedroom was partitioned, and off the other a big pantry: there were two bedrooms up stairs, while a long loft or garret under the sloping roof ran from side to side over the kitchen and its end rooms. It is true the furniture was old and quaint; but Demy had covered the great stuffed sofa with soft, thick cretonne, a gray ground strewn with deep red carnations, and blue sea-pink flowers; the chairs were re-cushioned with the same stuff, and curtains of it hung before the windows; there was a dark gray carpet on the floor, with a coral pattern of scarlet in two shades, a red and blue cloth on the round table, where also were gathered Joe's foreign treasures,—a Japanese idol or two, a few shells, one of them holding wild roses in its pink convolutions, a Chinese basket of foreign nuts, and the big family Bible in the midst of all. The room might have looked gaudy but for the low ceiling, the gray walls, the small-paned windows; but as it was, there was only an aspect of cheer and warmth, and a delicate odor of roses. The other room was all of Joe's ordering: he had brought its slight bamboo chairs, its settee of the same type, the nests of tea-poys, the scarlet and black waiters that

leaned against the wall, even the delicate matting, home in the Nancy Beers; and the dreadful dragons, the puffy Mandarins, the toppling pagodas nailed against the wall, relieved one's mind, since they were pictured on rice paper, from a dread of their long and ugly endurance. A corner cupboard held a set of curious China for tea-drinkings, and a few old spoons, quaint enough to match the cups: this was the summer parlor. The kitchen shone with neatness; the tea-kettle sung already on the stove, the table was laid for two, and in the pantry good store of fresh bread, yellow butter, cake, berries and pies, contributed by friendly neighbors, promised more present solace than the ungainly pots of foreign sweetmeats Joe had thought it necessary to provide. It was a simple, clean, cheerful old house, set in the middle of a flat green field, but it seemed a little paradise to these lovers, and the mighty diapason of the sea did not daunt them, for they had each other.

But when September came, and Josiah had gone, Sally began to feel that there is a price to pay in this world for even natural and honest happiness.. She thought she had been lonely before, but what had it been? nothing to this! Poor child! she had not known her own measure, her own possibilities, nor were they yet fully tested.

Aunt Lyddy came on her visit, and had all the news of Baxter at her tongue's end to relate, and then all the hospitalities of the beach to receive and return; besides it was the year's busy season to a housekeeper; Sally had fruit to dry, herbs to gather, apple-sauce to boil down, cranberries to store, her few house-plants to pot for winter companions; she must see to the potatoes, the carrots, the cabbages, and put down her winter butter. Her deft hand, clear head, and good sense had won approbation and respect already from the housewives of Matoonoc, who were not the most skillful or provident of their kind, but too apt to live like their husbands, sailor fashion, from hand to mouth. But when Aunt Lyddy went home, when the bright, still days of October were gone; the hillsides that had glowed like fields of blood with red huckleberry leaves, swept bare and gray; the great swamp turned from a gorgeous mass of gold and purple, scarlet and green, to a low and leafless stretch of misty woodland; when the splendid sapphire sea became a livid, sweltering ocean beneath a threatening sky, and dashed its sullen anger on the shore, or lashed by mighty winds drove its mad tides high in air and far on land, with bits of wreck, and naked vessels; when fogs lay low and deep over land and sea, and the fog-horn from the light-house sent its wailing warning note through the dreary day and night; then Sally's heart failed her, and she thought she knew what it was to be a sailor's wife!

Thank God, our lives come to us only day by day! There are a few hours to endure, to work, to fight with dismay, and then there is a respite at night,—except for those who dream; and Sally did not dream, she was too healthy, too practical, too uninjured by trouble or pain to dream; sleep came to her as the night did, a blessing from heaven, and even the fog-horn ceased to keep her ears or her eyes open after a brief experience. But we who dream: we who rehearse every sorrow in new and ghastlier form; who recall the dead with their averted eyes and alien speech to mock our longing, and baffle our grasp; who predict our coming agonies and rehearse them, as it were, beforehand, even waking with the certainty of grief to come; or, worst of all, renew in sleep the joys forever lost; clasp with fond embrace and fervent caresses the little forms that land and sea separate from us; see face to face with tender recognition and welcoming kiss the shape and countenance alienated from us for long, lingering years; and then, from the keen rapture and joyful surprise, wake to find it all a dream; *we* know what wear and tear to soul and body mortal suffering can bring, but we too thank God that it is to-day's burden only we have to bear, and not to-morrow's; that we are taught and accustomed to pray only for our daily bread.

So day by day the winter wore away for Sally, she had her work to do, which helped her, as work always does; she had a chicken-coop behind her wood-shed, and the fluttering inmates amused and occupied her

somewhat; the neighbors were very friendly; she had a comfortable, pleasant home, and little care; and with unconscious philosophy she comforted herself, thinking how much worse off she might be—thoughts which are wonderfully consoling to all of us, if we can only think them!

Once or twice she heard from Joe, and more often she wrote to him, hoping some of her letters might reach him, much as she might hope a dry leaf, wind-whirled through space, would alight on any given shore; but still she wrote. Spring brought her the comfort of outdoor life, the cheer of springing grass, of budding trees, of soft winds and showers, of work in her garden, and new life in broods of bright-eyed chicks, fluffy yellow goslings, and queer little waddling ducks; she loved pets, from the cross old cat she had imported from Baxter and waited on all winter, to the neighbor's droning horse that carried her to and fro to the occasional meeting, or to get the semi-weekly mail. She wished in her secret heart, with all the shy fervor of a young and childless wife, that heaven would send her a little child of her own, to share her solitary, longing life and make it blessed; and for want of such a grant she loved all little living things, and felt hope bud and blossom in her heart as the spring went on and the birds came, and all things grew in life and strength; for the dear words of our Lord came back from Nature's interpreting —"if He so care for these," and it seemed to her clear as a special revelation that Joe would also be cared for and returned to her safely.

But it was a long year and a long voyage. Summer came and went, and Aunt Lyddy with it, but the Clio did not appear in Boston Bay; hope grew sick, and faith almost despaired, till in the middle of October Joe came in one day to the still clean kitchen and put his arms round Sally, who had heard his step coming up the path, but in a very agony of joy could not rise to meet him.

"Only one month!"

Sally looked into Joe's eyes two weeks after his coming, with a look of pain and surprise hard to bear.

"Well, Sally! I wish to mercy I could help it; bless you, my little girl, what in thunder would you do ef I was a whalin' cap'en? three years a v'yge, an' mebbe seven, I've knowed it so to be."

"Do! I'd go with you—"

"Ho! ho! ho! go with me! I'm blest if you would, dear; a whaler ain't no place for women folks, now I tell ye. Ef I was only owner of the Clio you could go along, easy; but a whaler! my eye! how do you think you'd stan' tryin' out?"

"But only a month, Joe?" Sally recurred with feminine persistence.

"That's the record, Sally, sure's you live."

And seeing she could not help it, she resolved to be as cheerful and sweet as she could while her husband did stay; she could cry and fret afterward. She had her reward.

"The good Lord bless ye, little woman," said Joe, in a very husky voice, as he held her tight in his arms, trying to say good-bye under difficulties. "You've made it fair weather and easy sailin' for me ever sence I come home, an' you might ha' laid an entire different course, a sight easier, too; but it's allers ben sunshine an' fair winds, though 'twas much as ever you could handle the ship. I shall think on't heaps o' times a keepin' watch, fair or foul, I tell ye."

And before Sally could speak he was gone, leaving her heart in a glow, heavy as the parting was.

This second year was not so hard for Sally, and when the Clio reached Canton there was a letter sent her that made her laugh and cry too, for it ran in this fashion:

"My deer Sally

"Here we be, safe to Chiny, after a kind of a dull vy'ge, never sightin' nothin' nor nobody so's to hail em, save an' except a Britisher whereby I sent you a letter, but like enough this'll get to you first. Also we had trouble aboard. Cap'en Green he fell down the hatchway one morning'; well, I don't say he need to, I dono's he did, 'n I dono *as* he did, but when a man crooks his elbow pootty often, and afore breakfast too, why he's liable to trip over cables and sech, and I don't think he's more'n too fit to boss

a vessel, which I never told you nothing about for fear you might get oneasy, but the end on't is he had s'uthin' on the brain or in it, an' he lay a ravin an' a tearin' a month, and then he up an' died two weeks afore we made port, so't I'm yours to command—Cap'en Hazard as sure as you live! P. S. You can go along next v'yage ef you want to. Your very luving husband—

JOE."

But when the letter got to Sally she knew very well she could go no voyages with Joe, there was another future before her, and one she by no means quarreled with, but fully meant to keep secret from him, actuated by the same reason that had kept him from telling her how incapable a captain commanded the Clio when she last sailed out of Boston.

Time went faster now: early spring brought Aunt Lyddy, eager to help, and full of interest, and the first of July actually saw Grandmother Jopp "lighting down," as old ballads have it, from the station-master's wagon at Sally's door, in company with an obsolete hair trunk and a big band-box much the worse for the wear and tear of baggage-masters and travel.

There was much bustle and sharp stir of preparation now in the old gray house, store of tiny garments fluttering in the hot sun and skillfully ironed by Aunt Lyddy after their due bleaching. Grandma took charge of the poultry and harried them to and fro till hens remonstrated, and geese came to open war, whenever her slat sunbonnet appeared out of doors. In short, the dynasty of the tranquil gray house was changing, and when on the second anniversary of Sally's wedding day a pair of sturdy, splendid boys appeared, the kingdom capitulated at once, and was given over to its double monarchy. If ever there was a happy woman in the world it was Sally Hazard; she had not even the speck in her joy of Joe's absence, for she pleased herself as she lay in the still cool chamber with thinking how much anxiety his ignorance had spared him, how delicious his surprise would be to find such a welcome when he came home. So she lay there and watched her babies, worshiping them with an undisguised fondness that scared Grandmother Jopp, but in obedience to tradition she treated Sally with great respect and tenderness, though it was mighty irksome to her soul to do so.

"Land o' liberty, Lyddy!" she exclaimed one morning, as she came into the kitchen fresh from a pitched battle with the geese, who would eat the chickens' food, and the belligerent old rooster, who would fight them to his own destruction. "I'm tired o' mixin' and mussin'! I wish ter gracious Sally'd git raound agin. I've ben a goin' delicately like that old cretur in the Bible, 'bout as long as I can stan' it, a whishin' here, an' a hushin' there, and a steppin' tippy-toe till my legs ache. I'd give two cents for a firecracker, jest to hear somethin' pop an' done with 't. I'm so tired of that everlastin' swash the water keeps up, an' that everlastin' 'hush' you keep up."

Aunt Lyddy flared up in a weakly way:

"Why, Mother Jopp! you do beat all! You know Sally must be kep' quiet, now don't ye?"

"Well, I s'pose so, but I tell ye I'm a goin' to stop till she's out door agin and pootty well smarted up, 'n then I'm a goin' to free my mind to her, you'd better b'lieve!" with which threat she strode once more into the ranks of greedy geese and sent terror and dispersion into their souls, by means of an old broom and a ragged apron wildly beating the air.

Poor Sally! only two weeks after she sat in the summer parlor watching her precious babies asleep in either end of a long cradle she had found stored away in the garret, a relic of previous twins in the Hazard family, when Grandma Jopp came in.

"Ar'n't they lovely, Grandma?" she began; "just see how soft those little arms are, like satin; and such pretty dimples on their hands; ar'n't their heads lovely, too, so smooth and round, and such mites of curls. I don't believe anybody in the world ever saw such babies."

"Sally, don't be a fool!" was the rapid retort; "there's ben heaps of babies in the world afore, a sight harnsomer than them little puckered things; 'n I tell you what you're a makin' idols on 'em; you love 'em

too much, you jest worship 'em! they'll be took away from you awful quick, you see ef they aint!"

"I don't believe it, Grandma!" Sally's eyes blazed, and her cheeks burned with maternal fury. "I don't believe mother's can love their children too much; if they don't love 'em, how can they take care of them day and night, sick or well, tired or not? I believe the Lord gave them to me to love. He ain't afraid I'll over love them; He won't take them away for that, I know. I'd be ashamed to think so hard of Him!"

"Why, Sary Hazard; aint you kinder profane? 'Pears as if you thought you was dredful intimate with the Lord's ways."

"Well, I know He is good," snapped Sally, with an unspoken doubt in her heart as to Grandma's own qualifications of that sort; and then Aunt Lyddy, hearing her mother's exalted tones, came in and intimated war among the poultry, and beguiled the officious old lady from her post; and the next day she went back to Baxter.

But Sally did not stint her babies of love; she took them into her heart as she did into her arms, with close and warm folding. Their gentle baby breath lulled her to sleep; she woke again and again to be sure of them, to spread their coverings straight, to turn them on another side for coolness, to kiss with soft passion the calm brows untraced by thought or care; and then she slept again like one who wakes from a happy dream and sleeps more happily finding it is waking truth. But she neither neglected her household nor weakly coddled her children; a young girl came to help her when Aunt Lyddy left, and to her Sally delegated the housework while she took her babies out in the air, one on either arm, in the fresh autumn days, or put them to sleep in an old hammock hung from two small trees by the shed door. The babies grew and thrived as babies will, and by November Sally began to make ready for Joe, but the month went on and on without him; other vessels that had sailed since the Clio began to come in, and in answer to Sally's questions the owners of the vessel could only reply that they had news of her leaving port on the proper day, but none farther. Slowly the year fell into its latter days but brought no more tidings. Sally was anxious, but all the shore people flocked to reassure her, and her courage did not fail. Granny Tucker, the wise woman of the clan, had found and worked the key to the poor little mother's nature.

"Keep your heart up, Sally," the bent and wrinkled old creature said; "I've come to see ye a good two mile jest to say that, keep your heart up; them babies 'll pine away as sure as ye don't; keep 'em pleasant an' you keep 'em well; bitter vittles aint good for nobody, leastest of all for babies, and them little critters is dreadful close to the ma; they're too little to know better. You're jest as good as God to them, an' how'd you feel ef the Lord above darkened his face to folks? You keep round; Joe'll turn up yet all right. Hazards don't drown in water, now I tell ye; they're a lucky lot."

And Sally was fortified more by this quaint advice than by all her own faith or sense, for it went to the heart of her heart, and flourished. It was a wonder to everybody how she kept strong and bright all that weary winter, and how the babies grew. If anybody hinted that Joe was lost, she resented it like an insult. Grandma Jopp sent her a letter of condolence and pious quotations, mixed with a great deal of complacent "I told ye so," and with it an old crape bonnet and veil of her own, laid aside as good as new, which Sally returned, with the letter inside, by the very next train, after a burst of angry tears but with no answer or acknowledgment.

Spring came, but no word from Joe; if Sally's heart sank she did not show it to the public; she fought her own battles in secret for her babies' sake, and rushed out from under the accumulating fears and doubts that threatened to crush her, to that safe fold of love her darlings inhabited, seeking rest and strength from their rosy brave faces, their clinging arms, their soft lips at her bosom, their shining heads upon her breast, and never seeking in vain. They grew in the keen salt air and broad sunshine, with incredible vigor, their great dark eyes were bright and calm, their dim-

pled cheeks flushed with health, their voices sweet as the bird-voices in the woods, and by the time their birthday came they were able to run about the house, to stand at Sally's knee, to call the "papa" they had never seen, to mimic the dog, the cat, the chickens; their growth and forwardness were the wonder of all the beach, and every man, woman and child loved Sally's babies, for by this time they all knew Joe was dead. But Sally never gave in.

"When be you going to wean them great children?" remonstrated Aunt Lyddy.

"When Joe comes home" was the quiet answer. "I want them to be babies till he gets here."

"Oh, Sally!" whimpered Mrs. Lydia, moved to tears.

"Aunt Lyddy, stop! Joe isn't—dead!" the word came out with an effort. "He's coming back. I know he is. It's no use for you to cry about it. I'm the one to cry, if I didn't know better. Babies, call papa!" and with a tiny, ringing shout the unconscious creatures uttered the name they could not know.

"There!" laughed Sally defiantly; "he'll come to hear *that*, Aunt Lyddy!" and the woman half believed her.

But the babies called in vain; the summer passed with no response. Autumn mocked the dying year again with idle splendors and elusive mists of glory; the frost nipped sharply all earth's tender things; the north-wind sounded its awful trumpet and hurled wild defiance at the surging sea; light showers of snow drifted across the blue distance and dropped their chill plumage on the earth, only to fade in dews in that salt air. It was November—it was Thanksgiving, and Sally, returned from dinner at Uncle Samuel Hazard's, where the twins had been the pride and delight of the day, sat alone by the dying kitchen fire; for her girl had gone home to her own people to celebrate the festival, and the babies lay sound asleep up stairs in their mother's bed hugging the spoils of the day that zealous cousins had heaped upon them; rag dollies, bright balls of worsted, knitted reins to drive the rocking-chairs by, all lay in their arms or scattered about the white coverlet. The beautiful curly heads, the dark-lashed eyes, the red lips, the dimpled arms, were all at rest, and Sally had left them at last to think her own thoughts beside the embers. Her weary hands were clasped about her knees, and with drooping head and eyes dim with coming tears fixed on the flickering blaze, she sat there in the quaint old settle a picture to make one's heart ache: longing, wearying, agonizing for the one presence that could alone make the day a real Thanksgiving to her hungry heart, and praying with a certain desperation for Joe's return. She heard yet did not notice the swing of the little gate, the soft sand-muffled steps she should have known. A hand on the latch roused her; she started up to see the door open—to find herself in Joe's arms!

It was a long time before she asked one question, had one thought but that Joe was there; and when at last she roused to make a few inquiries, it proved to be the old story, the sailor story that has broken so many hearts with grief or joy,—tempest, shipwreck, peril, rescue, and late restoration; but Sally was impatient of detail.

"Joe!" she cried, between tears and laughing, looking a very girl again, with quick blushes on her fair face, "Joe, it is Thanksgiving Day, and you have had no feast; come up stairs and put away these worn rags for your Sunday suit, and I'll get your supper."

"Jest as if it wouldn't ha' been Thanksgiving to me to-day ef 'twas July, Sally. But I am kinder sharp-set I allow. I've driv all day to git here, and had only jest a bite to a tavern."

But Sally was half-way up the stairs, and Joe, wondering at her unusual particularity about his dress, followed her to the bedside of his babies.

A long breath heaved his great chest; he looked at them, then at Sally, and fell on his knees at the bedside and hid his face in the pillow without a word. It was the triumph of keen emotion over the reticent New England temperament, but only the triumph of a moment; he lifted his head and looked at Sally, who stood crying and smiling like a rainbow, and a gleam of hu-

mor lit his suspiciously shining eyes as he spoke.

"T'aint fair to double up things on a feller so, Sally! One Thanksgivin' was all I could steer; two on 'em's agin chart an' compass. I vow ef I aint ship-wracked agin!"

But years after, when other children climbed to his arms or leaned against his knees, there was no story they liked to hear or he loved to tell so well as the story of his "Double Thanksgiving."

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE TRUE STORY OF ST. PATRICK.

All readers of English history know that England has twice been overrun by invaders who have established themselves permanently in the country, and mingled their blood with that of earlier inhabitants. In the eleventh century occurred the conquest by the Normans under William. These assailants from across the channel were Christians, of the same faith as the people whom they subdued. Nor were they very remote of kin. The adventurous race of Normans, or Northmen, who chose out for themselves some of the fairest portions of Europe which they seized and held by their military prowess, were of the Scandinavian branch of our Teutonic family. They established a dynasty of their own in Russia, and maintained themselves in southern Italy and Sicily for several centuries. In France they had adopted the dialect of the inhabitants among whom they had planted themselves; and in this way the French or Latin element was imported into our English tongue. But the Saxons, who in the fifth century possessed themselves of England, were at that time heathen; having substantially the same religion as that which prevailed among the other Germanic nations before their conversion to the Christian faith. It was the conquest of a Christian population by a tribe of pagans, who parceled out the country among themselves and created in this way the Saxon kingdoms. In process of time, not far from A. D., 600, Gregory the First, Bishop of Rome, who was a monk and a pope—in whom, in fact, the Papacy full-blown first appears—sent another monk, Augustin, with forty companions as missionaries to this people, for whom the interest of Gregory had been excited by seeing several fair-haired captives who had been taken from the Saxons, and were offered on the slave-market for sale. Gregory had wished to go himself among them as an Evangelist, but his election against his will to the Papacy prevented him from doing so. The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons was effected. At Canterbury there is an old church hardly less interesting to the historical student than the ancient cathedral itself; a Saxon church, but having thin Roman bricks inserted here and there in its walls; materials which may have been taken from a still earlier Christian edifice that stood on the same spot before the Saxons trod foot in England. Within this church it is thought reposes the dust of Bertha, the first Christian Princess of Kent, who gave a warm welcome to the missionaries from Gregory, and whose influence aided in the conversion of her pagan husband, Ethelbert, to the Gospel.

Thus the Anglo-Saxons became Christians, and like their brethren in the west of Europe, Roman Catholic Christians. They were even for a while especially subservient to the See of Rome, as might be expected from the circumstances of their conversion. The Sees of Canterbury and of York were established; cloisters and schools were founded; scholars arose like the venerable Bede in the eighth century, the most learned man of his age; and missionaries were sent forth to evangelize other peoples, Boniface, the apostle of Germany, being the most eminent. Modern Anglican Christianity is of Saxon origin. The ecclesiastical system which was set up under the auspices of Rome was maintained in its essential character after the Norman conquest, and in its external features was left intact at the Reformation. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Theodore and the other Prelates who held the same office in the Saxon church of the seventh century.

But the Saxons were the conquerors of a Christian population. The old Britons be-

longed to the Celtic race, which, in times too far back for any record to be left of them, had emigrated from Asia to Europe, had spread themselves over Gaul and the British islands, and, having crossed the Pyrenees, had mingled with the Iberians, the prior inhabitants of Spain. A portion of them, moving eastward, gained a permanent foothold in the district of Asia known as Galatia; and it was to a church made up of this Celtic tribe that Paul wrote the Epistle "to the Galatians" The Celts belonged to the Indo-Germanic division of peoples, in common with nearly all of the other inhabitants of Europe, but to a different stem from that of the Teutons. Julius Cæsar spent ten years in Gaul (from B. C. 58 to 49), and made two expeditions to Britain. His descriptions of the people of both countries are highly interesting, and, as concerns France, they answer well to the character of its present inhabitants. For instance, he characterizes the Gauls as brave and impetuous in assault, but as wanting in endurance and fortitude. Britain, though slow to be conquered, at length fell under the sway of the Romans, from the firths of Scotland to the channel in the south. Christianity was early introduced among its people, although the old legends which tell of labors of the Apostle Paul among them, and of the preaching of Joseph of Arimathea—in honor of whom the hawthorn at Glastonbury was thought to bud annually at Christmas—are, of course, fictions. Tertullian, the North African Father, early in the third century, speaks of Christianity as already established in Britain. In the last great persecution of the church by the Roman government, under the Emperor Diocletian (about A. D., 300), although the British Christians were shielded, in great measure, by the favor of the Roman Regent, Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine the Great, there were still some martyrs; among them St. Alban, a Roman soldier; after whose name, centuries later, a famous monastery was called, which stood in what is now the town of St. Albans in Hertfordshire.

After the Saxon invasion the Celtic Christians preserved their language in the mountains of Wales, where many of them took refuge. In Wales, in the highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and the Isle of Man, are still found the descendants of different branches of the old Celtic stock which formerly possessed the whole island of Albion, from shore to shore. The hostile relations that subsisted of necessity between the conquerors and the conquered prevented the Saxons from receiving an effectual Christian influence from the old British Church. It was not, therefore, until the mission of Augustin and his associates that the Saxons gave up their idolatrous services, received baptism, and came under the tutelage of a Christian Priesthood.

It was natural that the decay of the Roman Empire should first manifest itself in the relaxing of its authority in the remote provinces. From the beginning of the fifth century the practical control of Rome in Britain grew weaker, and the intercourse of that country with the continent became more and more restricted. The old British Church was isolated from its sister churches on the continent during the two centuries that preceded the conversion of the Saxons. The occurrence of this event brought the two types of Christianity and ecclesiasticism, the old British and the Roman, face to face. Agreeing in the fundamental articles of faith, the two classes of Priests, those of the Culdees as the British Christians were called, and those commissioned from Rome, found themselves at variance upon a number of points. Most of them pertained to the ritual; but, though of minor consequence in themselves, these were clothed with high importance in that age, when outward observances were so much valued, and the importance of uniformity in modes of worship so greatly exaggerated. First of all, the old British Christians had not learned to bow to the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and to own a supremacy which had grown up without any agency or participation on their part. They were not Roman Catholics, as Augustin and his coadjutors were. With these missionaries, the primacy of the Roman bishop was a principle of great moment. Then, there was a difference in the manner of celebrating Easter. This difference was not so great as many writers have

supposed; since it grew, in the first place, simply out of an adhesion to an old method or cycle for calculating the day of the festival,—a cycle which had been supplanted on the continent by one of later invention; and, secondly, arose from the circumstance that, whereas the old Britons let Easter come between the 14th and 21st of the month, (inclusive,) the Roman Catholics held to the interval between the 15th and the 22d. A misunderstanding of the nature of the old British observance has led many historians—as, for example, Neander and Thierry,—to infer that the early Christianity of Britain was planted from Asia Minor, where, in the first three centuries, there was a peculiar commemoration which gave to the Christians who adopted it the name of "Quartodecimans," or observers of the 14th day. The old Britons were not Quartodecimans; and there is no proof that the agents most concerned in the first propagation of the Gospel in England, were from Asia. It is more probable that they came over from Gaul. It is possible, to be sure, that some of them had been born and trained in the East, but this is not indicated by the rites or creed of the Celtic Church of Britain. However, the effect of the difference between Celt and Saxon on the matter of Easter was, that they observed the festival on different days, so that while one fasted the other feasted. We can see, at this day, that a grave quarrel on such a ground implies a spirit of intolerance. It must be remembered, nevertheless, in addition to what has been said of the superstitious temper of the age, that Easter was the grand festival of the Christian year, and an observance that ran back to the verge of the Apostolic Age. Each side urged in its own behalf the argument derived from what it mistakenly considered an immemorial usage. How much graver are some of the controversies which occasion bitterness and breed division even among Protestant Christians to-day?

Another point of difference between the Britons and the Saxons related to the tonsure. The Saxon priests had the round tonsure; they shaved off the hair in a circle upon the crown of the head. The Celtic priests had the crescent-shaped tonsure; they shaved the hair on the front of the head up to a boundary line drawn from ear to ear. When the two classes of clergymen met, they stared at one another with mutual surprise. The shaving of the head was a monastic custom, which, like many other usages, passed from the monks to the ordinary priesthood. The shaving of the head was of old, in the East, one of the natural and customary signs of grief, penitence, and withdrawal from the world. The monks gradually took it up, as a mark of their holy calling, and of their segregation from society. The method of shaving the head was not uniform in all places and times, and the old Britons, as in other things, had here retained an earlier fashion which had long before become obsolete among their brethren on the Continent. The Roman priests called their tonsure "the tonsure of Peter," just as they ascribed so many other customs to the authority of that apostle, or of those who sat in his chair. They stigmatized the tonsure of the Celtic priests as "the tonsure of Simon Magus," to whom, from early times, it had been usual to attribute heresies of all sorts, as to a common father.

The rule of celibacy which had now become established in the churches connected with the Roman Pontiff, was not in vogue in Britain. Subsequently, the Celtic missionaries on the continent came into conflict with the missionaries in the service of Rome, on this subject. But we do not read of any special dispute on this particular topic in the course of the early controversy between the Anglo-Saxon and the old British churches.

There were other differences of less consequence, pertaining chiefly to the mode of administering baptism, and conducting worship. The old British Church was, on the whole, nearer to the Scriptures in its spirit, less bound by human traditions, and more pure; although its superiority in these particulars, when compared with the Church planted among the Saxons, has been frequently exaggerated.

We have now to speak of the relations of the two Christian bodies. Augustin and his followers made strenuous efforts to induce the old British Christians to abandon their

obnoxious peculiarities, and come under the Episcopal superintendence and authority of the Pope. But this request they steadily refused to accede to. The result was mutual hostility for a time. The Saxons persecuted their non-conformist brethren. This resort to coercion, it is pleasant to know, was after the death of Augustin, as Bede informs us, and, therefore, without sanction from him. There were periods of peace, however, between the two sets of Christians. Celtic bishops and other preachers came in from Scotland, to aid in the good work of teaching the Gospel. Several synods were held for the purpose of settling the questions in dispute, and of effecting a harmonious union. At length, at Whitby, near York, in the year 664, there was a conference in the presence of Oswin, King of Northumberland, when Colman appeared as the powerful representative of the old British, and Wilfrid of the Roman Catholics. After hearing the arguments, the King gave his will for the latter, on the ground that Peter, having the keys of Heaven, might otherwise exclude him from admission within its gates. The Roman party no doubt brought forward their usual claim to the succession from Peter as resting in the person of the Roman Pontiff, and their doctrine of the precedence and supreme authority of the Prince of the Apostles, and of the transmission of these prerogatives to the bishop of the metropolitan ehurch which he was said to have founded and ruled. Colman retired from England, and confined his labors to his own people. The old British Church gradually melted away in England and Scotland, under the Saxon rule, or became, in process of time, absorbed in the body which had secular power on its side, and which stood in organic connection with the other churches of Western Christendom.

But in Ireland the Celtic Church long continued to flourish, and to manifest the independent spirit as regards Rome, which was one of the leading characteristics of the Old British Christians. The true story of Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, has been so overlaid with legendary rubbish by the fancy of devotees and the credulity of chroniclers, that he is almost regarded as a mythical personage by many Protestant Christians. The main facts of his history, however, as well as the traits of his character, are well ascertained; and he deserves to be held in honor for his noble services as a missionary of the Gospel in a comparatively dark age. Fortunately we have two documents from his own pen. Both are written in Latin. The first is of the nature of an autobiography. It bears the name of "Confession," and appears to have been composed for the purpose of confuting imputations of incompetency or unfaithfulness in his mission. It is obviously candid and truthful, and any one who reads it will see that its author was a sincere and godly man. The other is a Letter relating to Coroticus. This man was a Welsh chieftain who had stolen, on some piratical excursion, a number of Patrick's Irish converts, and had refused to release them. It is an earnest and stern rebuke addressed to this marauder, who, although he had made profession of the Christian faith, had not shaken off his lawless habits. These two brief works are the almost exclusive sources of our authentic knowledge of the life and labors of Patrick. We learn from the "Confession" that his father was a deacon named Calpurnius, and his grandfather a presbyter, in the south-west of Scotland. His father, Patrick tells us, had a farm at Bonaven, now Kil-Patrick, between Dumbarton and Glasgow, and there, probably, he was born. His name was *Succat; Patricius* being a Latin name afterwards adopted. He speaks with some compunction of his neglect of his studies in his boyhood, which accounted for his very defective knowledge of Latin. Although religiously trained, he did not experience conversion until his heart was changed through the sorrows and hardship that providentially befell him. At the age of sixteen, he was seized by freebooters who had landed on the coast, and was carried off to Ireland. Here he was sent into the field by his master—whose name, if we may trust here the later chroniclers, was Milchu—to tend cattle; and in this service he remained for six long years. While thus enduring the pains of exile and slavery, the

good seed which had been sown at home in his heart sprang up and bore fruit. He turned to God. His great joy was in prayer. Often, in one day, as he tells us, he would pray a hundred times, and in the night not less frequently. Not seldom he arose before daylight, and, in the mountains and woods, it might be in the midst of snow or rain, his praises and supplications were sent upward to heaven. "The Spirit," he says, "was burning within me." One night, in a dream he heard a voice saying to him: "Thy fasting is well: thou shalt soon return to thy country." Some time after, he had another dream in which the same voice informed him that the ship was in waiting, but was distant two hundred miles. There may be here an error in the transcription, which has exaggerated the distance. But Patrick left his master, and—"in the power of God," he says, "who directed my course for good"—he repaired to the sea-shore, where he found a ship. The captain at first roughly refused to receive him, and he turned away; but one of the sailors called him back, and he was then hospitably received in the vessel, without any demand being made for passage money. For three days they were at sea; and, after gaining the land, they were obliged to wander about for twenty-eight days, in danger of starvation. The prayers of Patrick were followed soon after by the appearance of a herd of swine, so that their hunger was relieved. They met with some wild honey, also; but Patrick declined to taste of it, fearing that it was tainted with idolatry,—one of the sailors having said: "This is an offering; thank God."

Patrick was at length restored to his relatives. It has been thought that he was again carried off by Scottish freebooters, and that he went to Gaul; but from the text of the "Confession" as it stands, it is impossible to decide these questions. He narrates clearly the version of his undertaking his mission in Ireland. He was at home with his parents. "And there," he says, "in the dead of night, I saw a man coming to me as if from Hiberio"—this is the name by which he designates Ireland—"whose name was Victoricus, bearing innumerable Epistles. And he gave me one of them, and I read the beginning of it, which contained the words, 'The Voice of the Irish.' And whilst I was repeating the beginning of the epistle, I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochet, which is near the Western Sea. And thus they cried: 'We pray thee, holy youth, to come, and henceforth walk amongst us.' And I was greatly pricked in heart, and could read no more; and so I awoke. Thanks be to God, that after many years the Lord granted unto them the blessing for which they cried." Again, on another night, he heard in his sleep a voice saying: "He who gave His life for thee is He who speaketh in thee." A third vision made it perfectly clear to his mind that Christ called him to the work of converting the people among whom he had toiled as a slave.

Of the particulars of his subsequent history the original documents are silent. The legend that he visited Rome and obtained the benediction of Pope Coelestine I. is groundless; since, in the first place, the "Confession" would not have passed over in silence an event of such consequence, and, secondly, the fact that the Irish Church remained for centuries independent of Rome renders it in the highest degree improbable that Patrick was himself subject to the Roman See.

The date of the mission of Patrick appears to have been somewhere between A. D. 430 and 440. Some things respecting the character and effects of his work are sufficiently well ascertained. He first addressed himself to the chieftains. No other method of reaching the clans into which the people were divided was possible. Had a portion of one of these tribes been converted, in opposition to the will of the ruler and of the rest of his subjects, the new faith would have been quickly extirpated by violence. Patrick succeeded in winning the attention and adhesion of some of these rulers. They adopted the Christian religion, and thousands of the people received baptism, and placed themselves under the tutelage of Patrick and his assistants. It was necessary, however, to encounter oppo-

sition and peril. The Druidical priesthood had been the accepted guides of the Irish, in matters of religion, as they were the acknowledged guides of the Celtic nations generally. They did not relinquish their influence and control without a struggle. The fact that the religious buildings which were erected under the auspices of Patrick and his brethren were fortified, shows that the Christians had to fear armed opposition. The seats of missionary effort, and of education, were the monasteries which the missionaries established. In connection with these establishments, the arts of civilized life, as far as they were preserved, were exhibited before the eyes of the natives. There learning was cultivated. Patrick may frankly lament his own defective training, which he was too truthful and humble to attempt to conceal; but to him belongs the honor of founding institutions in Ireland, which continued for centuries afterwards to be centers of light. From them missionaries and scholars went forth to the countries of Europe, by whom in dark times the torch of learning was kept from being extinguished, and the Gospel taught to those who were ignorant of it.

Patrick made it an important part of his work to raise up preachers from among the native converts. The Druids understood the art of writing, and had some literature of their own. But it would appear that the Roman alphabet was introduced by Patrick, and Christian letters in Ireland were the fruit of the instruction given in connection with the churches and cloisters of which the missionaries were the founders.

There was a greater degree of toleration towards the old superstitions than was generally practiced in the diffusion of the Gospel among the northern nations. Patrick did not demolish at once the pagan idols and structures: he wrote upon the pillar-stones the names and symbols of Christianity. In the room of the old festivals he substituted Christian commemorations. "Nothing is clearer," says a writer on the subject, "than that Patrick engrafted Christianity on the Pagan superstitions with so much skill that he won the people over to the Christian religion before they understood the exact difference between the two systems of belief; and much of this half Pagan, half Christian religion will be found, not only in the Irish stories of the middle ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry to the present day." It was largely on account of this ingenious accommodation of teaching and ceremonies to the condition of the heathen to whom Patrick preached, that his great success was due. A great part of his converts were, no doubt, at first, merely nominal adherents of the new faith. But they learned to revere their religious teachers, and by degrees were educated to a better knowledge, and often to a sincere acceptance, of Christian truth.

Patrick erected churches and oratories over the land. His religious establishments were frequently endowed with lands bestowed by the zeal and liberality of the rulers whom he converted. In this way, not unfrequently, the rights of chieftainship were acquired by the heads of the religious houses. They became themselves the leaders of clans, and by this mingling of temporal and ecclesiastical authority, the cause of the church was strengthened. In consequence of this arrangement, the monasteries were protected from violence and from plunder. The head of the clan, who was frequently either the Abbot himself, or a kinsman, could summon the body of his adherents to repel an attack. "The spirit of clanship readily transferred itself to the monastery."

It is impossible to arrive at any certainty respecting the date either of Patrick's birth or death. The story that he lived to be one hundred and twenty years old, rests on hardly better foundation than the tradition that he exterminated the snakes from the country of his adoption. The documents from his own pen to which we have referred, afford us the means of judging both of his intellectual character and his moral spirit. He made no claims to learning, although he appreciated its value. But of the warmth and earnestness of his Christian feelings, there is gratifying proof. In the epistle which he wrote on the occasion of the outrages of Coroticus, there is manifest a righteous abhorrence of wrong-doing. His first remonstrance to the robber chief had been

received with disdain, and the clergy by whom it was conveyed were dismissed with scorn and insult. Patrick concludes his letter thus: "I therefore earnestly request of every one, whosoever as a willing servant of God may become the bearer of this letter, that it be not withheld from any one, but rather that it be read before all the people, and in the presence of Coroticus himself. May God inspire them to return to a better mind towards Him, that, even though late, they may repent of their impious deeds. They have been murderers of the brethren of the Lord; but let them repent, and set free the baptized captive women whom they have heretofore carried off; so shall God count them worthy of life, and they shall be made whole here and forever. Peace to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen." To this doxology it is not unlikely that Patrick wrote 'glory' (*gloria*), and not 'peace' (*pax*), and that there has been an error in transcription. The tender love of Patrick to his Christian flock is strongly evinced in this same epistle. He rejoices that those who had been slain by the lawless marauders, had migrated to a land "where there shall be no night, nor sorrow, nor death any more." "Therefore," he adds, "shall ye reign with apostles, and prophets, and martyrs; and ye shall receive everlasting kingdoms, as He testifieth, saying, 'They shall come from the East and from the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and lions and perjurers; their portion is the lake of eternal fire.'" "The Church," he says, "weeps and wails over her sons, and over her daughters whom the sword has not yet slain but who are exiled and carried off to far off lands, where sin openly prevails and shamelessly abounds." "I grieve for you; I grieve, my well-beloved, for myself; but at the same time I rejoice within myself that I have not labored in vain and that my pilgrimage has not been in vain; and yet there hath come to pass this so horrible and unspeakable outrage." This is the conclusion of the "Confession": "But I pray those who believe and fear God, whosoever may condescend to look into or receive this writing which Patrick the sinner, although unlearned, wrote in *Hiberio*, if I have done or established any little thing according to God's will, that no man ever say that my ignorance did it, but think ye and let it be verily believed that it was the gift of God." If genuine humility before God, love to Christ, and willingness to suffer for His cause, make a man a Christian disciple, Patrick was one. It is a trite remark, but a remark which it is often necessary to make, that men must be judged by their relation to their own times. It is a folly to expect that in a superstitious age men will be free from superstition. The precepts relative to judging others, in the Sermon on the Mount, must be remembered when we are making up verdicts in relation to characters in the past. If we knew nothing of our New England ancestors except that they hung witches, we should have little respect for their memory. The spirit of men must be judged by their fruits, on the whole, and in the aggregate. Protestant Christians, keenly alive as they are to the evils of externalism in religion, and to the errors which the Church of Rome connects with the Gospel, are apt to pass hasty and superficial judgments upon the missionaries, and upon Christians generally in the mediæval period. They are in danger of failing to recognize the true piety which glowed in the hearts of men who had, to be sure, embraced an ascetic theory respecting the Christian life, and who exaggerated the worth and function of sacramental observances. Ignorance, unless it be willful, is not to be charged upon men as a sin; and there may co-exist with great ignorance, and with manifold misconceptions of Christian doctrine and duty, a deep and absorbing love to God, and to the kingdom of righteousness which is struggling for ascendency over the evil of the world. In the ages that ensued upon the fall of the Roman Empire, during the partial eclipse of learning and civilization, there was true piety not only among the great missionaries and schoolmen, and devotees—men like Bernard, Anselm, Boniface, St. Francis—but, also, in the humble walks of life. The succession of the early and primitive Church is not to

be sought chiefly in the sects which, here and there, broke off from the Latin Communion, nor is it to be sought in any hierarchial line, but rather in the multitudes of holy men and women, who, amid the disadvantages of ignorance and imperfect teaching, kept alive the flame of love to Christ, and of aspiration after the holiness and joy of his perfected kingdom. In the soul of many a monk, pouring out his supplications in behalf of the needy and sinful, or transcribing the Scriptures with patient and loving care, there dwelt a faith and love which blessed himself, and blessed all who knew of his spirit and his employments.

Among the many distinguished teachers who were trained in the ancient Irish Church, there are two who are entitled to special notice. The first is Columba, who was born about the year 520, and belonged to a regal family. In the earlier period of his life he traveled extensively in Ireland, and was active in founding churches and monasteries. While on a visit to relatives in North Britain, he resolved to consecrate his days to the evangelization of the heathen Picts in that region. His labors were successful in the region beyond the Grampian hills, and among the islands on the west of Scotland. The island of Iona (Iby) was granted to him by its possessors. Here he established a monastery which became celebrated throughout Western Europe for the devotion and learning of its inmates. At length old age overtook him, and his missionary work drew to its close. It is recorded of him that on the last day of his life he still persevered in his favorite employment of copying the Bible, and on that Sunday night, as he was praying at the altar, his strength left him, and, in the midst of the weeping brotherhood who were gathered around him, he breathed his last, being then in the 78th year of his age. Iona was deemed a holy isle, and kings sought for a sepulture here, feeling it a privilege to have their bones rest in its sacred soil, where they could not be molested without sacrilege. During the life-time of Columba monks and priests from afar chose this isle for the place of their abode. Order and sanctity reigned in the society over which Columba presided. His influence with barbarian chieftains, to win them to the religion of the cross, was potent. Along with the doctrine of the Gospel, he introduced into those northern regions a knowledge of the arts of agriculture and house-building.

The second of the great Irish missionaries of whom we would speak was Columbanus. He was born about the year 550, at a time when strenuous efforts were made in England by the Roman priests to bring the old British Christians into allegiance to Rome. In his youth he was a thorough student, and at length entered the cloister of Bangor, in Ulster, one of the most renowned of the Irish monasteries. About the year 590, accompanied by twelve brethren from his cloister, he gained the permission of the Abbot, to go over to Gaul, their design being to journey farther, and to carry the Gospel to heathen tribes. First, he settled near the Vosges mountains, and, after a few years, another missionary station was established by them at Fontaines. During a period of twenty years, these monks labored among the wild and rude inhabitants, teaching them, and ministering in all ways to their spiritual and bodily necessities. They gained great favor with the common people, but the boldness of Columbanus in rebuking the vices of the Frank rulers provoked their anger. He also declined to abandon the views in regard to the Easter festival in which he had been bred, and to fall in with the Romish observance. For these causes he was at length driven out of the country. He went first to Upper Italy, and then came northward up the Rhine, into the territory of the heathen tribe of Alemanni, with whom he remained for a time. Political disturbances drove him again into Italy, where he founded the cloister of Bobbio, on the Appenines, and there he died at the age of fifty-six. All the records and traditions in respect to Columbanus, present him before us as a man of holy character, equal to the most arduous labors and self-denial, of inflexible integrity in adhering to his convictions, and of too much independence of mind to be overawed by the authority of Rome, which even then

was becoming exalted in the Western nations.

The incursions of Northmen into Ireland after the ninth century, drove the people, to a great extent, away from the settlements on the sea-coast, and were very disastrous to the growing civilization of the country. The Normans, who invaded England under William of Normandy, undertook their conquering expedition by the authorization of the Pope, and bearing a banner which he had blessed. Much more willingly would the Papal See naturally concede to the Norman kings of England the privilege of subduing and ruling the Irish, who were still beyond the pale of the ecclesiastical commonwealth over which Rome exercised dominion. The Normans themselves would not lack the disposition to extend their sway beyond England to the neighboring island. The Normans from England first landed upon Irish shores in May, 1169. Pope Adrian IV., (the only Englishman who was ever made Pope,) had expressly empowered Henry, early in his reign, to subjugate and reform the Irish. The first conquests were made by the Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow. These he was compelled to lay at the feet of his royal master. Henry produced the bull of Adrian, and proceeded to establish his regal authority in Ireland. The follies of Prince John produced rebellion, and new conflicts were required before the Norman rule was permanently established. With this conquest of the country the independence of the Irish Church was lost. The English rule brought with it the reduction of all ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical institutions under the hierarchy of the Latin Church. In this way the old Church of Ireland, hitherto free, became Roman Catholic.

It is a strange chapter of history. That the Apostle of Ireland, whom all Roman Catholic Irishmen revere as the patron saint of their country, should not have been born in Ireland, and should not have been a Roman Catholic, is singular. Yet such is the undeniable historical fact. A Celt, indeed, yet a native of Scotland, was the prime agent iu planting the Gospel in Ireland. A man who did not acknowledge the rule of the Pope is the hero and saint of a people surpassed by none in zealous loyalty to the Roman See. When the other peoples of Western Christendom had owned the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, Ireland, alone, for centuries kept up its ecclesiastical autonomy. But the Irish, if slow of coming into the fold, have since made up for it by their abounding devotion to the Papacy. Of all Roman Catholic nations, the Irish are the most unreserved and eager in their obedience to the Pope. In Italy, in France, among the Catholics of Germany, there are manifestations of discontent at every new aggrandizement of the Papacy. Not so in Ireland. There, there are none who would abate a jot from the Holy Father's extreme claims of authority. We have not far to go for the reasons for this fact. Ever since Henry VIII. broke off the connection of England with the Papacy, Protestantism—the Anti-Papal cause—has been introduced at the point of the bayonet, and forced, as far as force could avail, upon an unwilling people. This long course of religious oppression could have no other result than to intensify the zeal of those whose faith persecution could not destroy. The Roman Catholic cause in Ireland has been allied for centuries with the feelings of patriotism. Hatred of Protestantism, and hatred of English tyranny have mingled in one stream. It is remarkable, however, that this tyranny should have started in the bull of a Pontiff; that the hated rule of the foreigner should have begun in the commission granted by the head of that religion to which the Irish of to-day cling with such absorbing devotion. Verily, Irish history has a tragic Hibernian quality throughout.

The present conditiou of Irish Catholicism illustrates the folly of all religious persecution which fails to exterminate the creed that it assails. In Spain, after the Reformation, the persecution of Protestants was a success, because it was thorough. It did not stop short of the entire extirpation of its victims and of the worship which they had introduced. This was possible because Protestantism had struck no very deep root in the heart of the Spanish nation. But in

Ireland, the Roman Catholic faith, since the Norman conquest, has been too deeply imbedded in the popular mind to be dislodged by violence. Yet, should the Irish ever abandon their unreasoning adherence to their traditional faith, and substitute the light of inquiry for sentiment and passion, and should they come to embrace the cardinal principles of the Protestant Evangelical system, they will be able to recur with special satisfaction to the earlier ages of the Irish church. They will then have a not less cordial, though it be a more intelligent, appreciation of the merits of St. Patrick. The mythical haze in which he is now enveloped, will, to be sure, disappear; but his real excellence, and the glory of his work as the Apostle of Ireland will remain. It must be confessed that there is no near prospect of such a transformation in Irish Catholicism. Nevertheless, an event has lately occurred which is more conducive to such a result than anything that had taken place for centuries. As long as the Protestant church was an establishment in Ireland, it was utterly vain to think of persuading the Irish to part with the Roman Catholic creed and embrace that of their English neighbors. No man can rationally hope to win men to his opinions at the very time when he is inflicting upon them a flagrant injustice. Protestantism in Ireland has been practically paralyzed by the false position which it has chosen to occupy towards the vast majority of the Irish. This great, though tardy, act of political justice has in truth liberated the Protestant religion from its fetters. It is not to be anticipated that the impressions made upon the minds of the Irish by this long-continued injustice will be at once, or for a long time to come, obliterated. Still it is gratifying to know that one insuperable obstacle in the way of the advancement of the evangelical reformed faith in Ireland has been removed out of the way. *George P. Fisher.*

SUNDAY AT MR. KINNEY'S.

We were talking, my wife and I, about the best way of keeping Sunday. We have had a great many talks on that subject. It is very apt to come up Sunday evenings, in the calm that follows the early stowage of the children in bed. I had been recalling various ways I had known of keeping it—or spending it, as the case might be.

There was the way of my boyhood in that little hill village in the Housatonic valley. Voices keyed to quieter tones, newspapers laid away. If all of us were well all of us went to church, without fear of tramps molesting the empty house. No child expected to understand the sermon. He could dispose of its first half hour very comfortably in counting and eating the seeds on a head of caraway. The last half was wearily long, unless a baby cried, or a dog walked up and down the aisle, for his diversion. Sunday school was held at noon. We went through its perfunctory exercises dutifully, as a part of the day's routine. The teacher read his questions from the question-book. I no more thought of asking *him* a question than of flipping a paper wad at him. There was little to do in the afternoon but to skim the library book I had brought home from Sunday school. Its story usually moved on high moral stilts amid the customs of English life, and its frontispiece portrayed an English lad, in a mannish silk hat, walking in a church-yard. A Sunday walk was not to be thought of. But there was some relief in the fact that the summer pasturage was a mile away, and I could dispose of an hour or more in fetching the cows. And on no other night of the week did I show such zeal in filling the wood-box to its utmost capacity. Evening brought me the alternative of wrestling with sleepiness at church, or fighting with fear under the bedclothes while the rest of the family were there. I never went to the evening meeting but I fully decided that I would stay at home the next time, and whenever I staid at home I resolved that I would never do it again. From first to last the day was decorous and—dull. It was by no means up to

the standard of Sabbath strictness held by my godly grandfather, whose children were taught that to crack a walnut would be cracking the commandment. But that could not have been the reason why I awoke Monday morning to such a sense of comfort, in the thought that there stretched before me six days in which free communion with eel-lines, and chestnut trees, and weekly *Tribunes*, and even onion beds and Algebra lessons was permissible.

Then there were the Sundays of that winter spent close upon Mason and Dixon's line. My genial host, pillar of the Disciples' church in the grove near by, never became reconciled to my habit of blacking my boots and shaving on Sunday morning. His faithful conscience would have whipped sleep from his eyes if he had gone to bed Saturday night leaving such secular tasks to be performed on the Lord's Day. But I found it harder than he to relish the large dinner parties—with their chat about neighborhood love affairs, the changes in the cattle market, and the prospects in politics —to which he and his neighbors betook themselves for the rest of the day as soon as the elder's benediction closed the morning service. His notion of Sabbath observance, was an Old Testament abstinence from all work, excepting always the housework of preparing the biggest dinner of the week. The worldly thought strangled spiritual impression, I fear.

There were the army Sundays, too, may they never return but in memory! Day for tedious inspections and clanging reviews; for policing quarters and filling requisitions; for changing camp, and beginning forward movements. What Christian colonel or chaplain so zealous that he did not soon surrender to the difficulties in the way of keeping up a Sunday service in the regiment. What multitudes of men first losing their hold of Sunday afterwards lost hold of everything good. This letting down of regard for the Lord's Day, is not the least nor the least enduring of the evil legacies which were left us by the war.

There came back, too, those September Sundays in that most delightful of old world cities, Edinburgh. How quiet the town is! How far away the rocky face of Arthur's Seat seems in that soft, morning haze! What a change comes over the silent streets as the hour for divine service approaches, and the crossing converging streams of people pour into the churches! How the penny offerings patter into the basin in the vestibule! How devoutly all join in singing those marvels of versification in the psalm book! What a flutter of leaves as every one follows the Scripture reading in his own Bible! How fresh they seem as they walk home from a two or even a three hours' service! No ale-houses are open; no train cars are running; no cabs wait on the streets for hire. But the scene changes as the afternoon wears on. The ten and twelve-story tenements of the Old Town pour their idle unkempt crowds upon the streets. Traces of the Saturday night debauch are written on almost every other face. The animal instincts are uppermost. The street preachers get but momentary attention. High street, to the very steps of St. Giles, is full of witless gabble. In no other city of the world do law and custom unite to secure such a strict observance of the Sabbath. But I suppose there is no other Protestant city in which drink does a more dreadful work. And last year—if last year was like the years that preceded it—nearly ten per cent of all the births in Sabbath-keeping Scotland were illegitimate.

Sundays in Venice, also. If sensuous delight were all one wanted for his Sabbath, he need go no farther. To glide in a gondola along the placid surface of the Grand Canal, past its old palaces and churches, and under its famed Rialto, is the revel of the eye, the poetry of motion. What gayly clad and merry voiced groups are idling on the piazza of St. Mark! What a picturesque sight as the pigeons, thousands upon thousands, flutter down among the people, when the bronze vulcans on the clock tower strike two, for the dinner which the city gives them! But whether one saunters among the pictures with which the old masters enriched the palace of the Doges, or is drawn into the dense current of promenaders along the Mols, or joins the scat-

tering and motley company that straggle through church doors here and there while mass is celebrated—a single soulless Sunday in this pleasure-loving city is enough to make the dullest service in a New England meeting-house, seem delightful.

"Well," said my wife—after our talk had rambled over various aspects of Sunday observance, stretching between the old New England Sabbath on one side, and the continental Sunday on the other—"the Kinneys have come nearer to my idea of the best use of Sunday than I ever came myself."

My wife and the two youngest children boarded with the Kinneys a week last year, while the rest of us "went to the Centennial." She was just beginning to give me some account of her Sunday with them when the baby signified his desire for her presence in the nursery, with such emphasis as to close the conversation at once. I was reminded of her remark the next morning by falling in with Mr. Kinney, as I left our gate for my walk up town. Repeating it to him, I notified him of my intention, then and there, to commit highway robbery on whatever wisdom he might have about him in reference to the best use to be made of Sunday.

"Really, I don't think I carry as much around with me as your wife has led you to suppose," he replied, with a smile. "The best way to keep Sunday was one of those subjects that I never really gave much thought until Tom and Ruth came to their teens, and I began to feel the need of taking my reckonings. Looking back to our own childhood, my wife and I both felt that the day was not all to us then that it might have been. Not that either of us was put into a strait-jacket of special strictness. But the day was dull. It wasn't a joy to us. We found no enlargement in it. We had to confess, too, that our use of it in these later years had not been altogether satisfactory. We had drifted on with no special plan for making the most of it. We determined to find a better way; and as we have felt around for it, we have driven a few stakes, one by one, where we felt sure of our bearings."

"That's it," said I, "now I want to know where you have driven some of them."

"Well, to begin with," he answered, "we fully believe that the day is meant for spiritual uses, in the best sense of the word; for spiritual influences as contrasted with the secular activities of the rest of the week. We try to put whatever occupies us on other days as far away as possible. If I were an editor, I wouldn't read even a religious newspaper on Sunday. It would keep me too much in my week-day atmosphere. If I were a farmer, I wouldn't tempt myself to plan about work by walking in my fields. If I were a theological student, I would put aside such religious books as tended to recall the studies of the week. Much less would I write even a religious editorial if I were an editor, or answer a business letter if I were in trade.

"So we clear the decks of work on Saturday night just as far as we can. The children take their baths; the Sunday changes of clothing are laid out; the meals are planned so as to make the girl as little work in the kitchen as may be. That saves us, too, from hurry and confusion in the morning, and gives us time for an extra hymn at family worship, and a little pleasant talk if occasion offers, about the chapter we read from the Bible, or upon the Sunday school lesson for the day. We lay aside one of our papers, the *Evangelist*, as soon as it comes, for Sunday reading, and for several years I have taken *Good Words*, which we have set apart in the same way as our magazine for Sunday. The children, also, while they are small, have their Sunday toys that they do not play with on other days; a Noah's Ark, one box of picture blocks, and a doll, which is dressed for church, and taken regularly to hear Johnny's sermon Sunday afternoon, in the south-west corner of the sitting-room.

"Our Sunday school comes at nine, and as Mrs. Kinney and I each teach a class, no one is left at home but Janet—our hired girl—and two-year-old Ted. We all stay at church."

"But I should think your smaller children would squirm out of the pew," I interrupted, as I remembered what a weari-

ness to the flesh the church service often is to youngsters, who have been bottled up in Sunday school for an hour and a half before it.

"That is one of the objections to holding Sunday school at that hour," he replied. "But the children are rarely uneasy, unless there is a strange minister in the pulpit. Our pastor succeeds better than some do in making the services interesting to little folks. He is not one of those who look on the rest of the exercises as merely the setting for the sermon. He thinks worship should be the central idea of the service, and that the congregation should take an active part in it. So, as well as anthems by the choir, we have familiar hymns that all can sing. Then we unite in repeating the Apostles' Creed, and in reading some one of the grand old psalms that are the very spirit of worship crystallized in words. Just before the benediction is pronounced all join in the Lord's Prayer. The children take part in all this with interest, and with real reverence, I think. And I confess that these slight liturgical additions seem to me an improvement to the traditional Presbyterian formula—so long as we don't go through them on a gallop, as if afraid of being late to dinner. Then we have the envelope system of weekly offerings, and each child drops in his own contribution, garnered in some way during the week. The minister always makes mention, too, of the needs of the little petitioners who are following him through his morning prayer, and no matter how short his sermon is there is always some illustration, if nothing more, for the children. Sometimes he preaches a little five-minutes' sermon for them before the regular discourse, and from the same text—an idea which he found in Newman Hall's service, he says, in Surrey chapel. The children are not only interested in it, but are sure to be more interested, because of it, in the sermon that follows.

"Our diuner comes soon after the morning service. We have a simple meal, but we try to make it the pleasantest of the week. Mrs. Kinney and Janet plan for as choice cooking then as for a tea-party. We aim to give it a special flavor of its own, to have something extra, if only two or three bunches of raisius. If we can have flowers on the table ouly once a week in wiuter, we have them on Sunday. We try to have the first dish of strawberries and the first green peas then, if we can. It is as leisurely, bright and happy a meal as we can make it.

"I think we have set no stake with more confidence than the one which fences out a second church service. I used to think that besides attending the Sunday school and morning service, I ought to go to church in the evening, and atteud an afternoon prayer-meeting when there was 'special interest' in the congregation. But I really can't find, in Scripture or reason, any warrant for spending so much of the day in church. I suppose the time was when the Sunday sermons were the special spiritual and intellectual stimulus of the week to the whole community. But that time has passed. There is too much good reading in reach of all of us. And while I am satisfied that one sermon on Sunday is euough for me to hear, I am doubly sure that one sermon a week is enough for my minister to prepare. What with meetings of presbytery, and conventions of all sorts, sociables and prayer-meetings, funerals and weddings, pastoral visits and Sunday school talks, what with newspapers and quarterlies to be skimmed and the whirling thought in science, philosophy and politics to be kept up with, all the sermons that the average minister writes beyond one a week will be below his best. And in these days he ought not to be asked to bring anything but his best to the congregation that has turned aside from all the wealth of current and classic literature to give him audience. And I can't see that the device of preparing but one sermon and supplying the other with a prayer-meeting talk—spread out a little longer and thinner—helps the matter.

"Mr. Giddings gives us good sermons, as sermons go, right along. But I am sure there was a lesson in the way his sermon *took hold* of his audience last Sunday. It was one that he delivered not long ago before the Presbytery. I suppose he put three times the labor upon it that he usually does

or can, upon a sermon. But it was so much more effective than his average discourses, that I could but say to myself, 'If you were only allowed to put all the week's strength into one sermon that you now have to divide between two, how much better it would be all around.'"

"Nevertheless, I don't see," said I, "how we can get along with only one service; there are so many who must stay at home in the morning. And if a second service is necessary it ought to be well sustained."

"Yes, I've thought of all that," was the reply, "Janet's is a case in point. When my wife goes she has to stay at home with Ted, and there should be a service that she can attend in the evening. But why shouldn't three or four churches unite in supplying it? As long as there is such an easy path out of the difficulty I don't feel, for my part, like going to church simply to help keep up three services in our neighborhood when only one is needed. The service was made for man, and not man for the service."

He looked up with a smile that seemed half an apology for speaking with such warmth, and half a query whether I would what to hear any more. "Well, you are just coming to that part of the subject that interests me most," said I, "what do you do with these afternoons from which you have fenced out preaching and prayer-meetings? Take a nap after dinner?"

"Sometimes, but not often," was his answer. "We find a little exercise better than a nap, for Sunday sleepiness. That's where we have driven another stake—that a ration of exercise is just as necessary on Sunday, as on a week day. It is astonishing to me that people will try to keep children, who are 'on the go' from daylight to dark all the rest of the week, utterly quiet all day Sunday. How many times I've looked at our wood-pile on Sunday and ached to snatch an axe and whack into it. I've had people tell me that they got enough work during the week and never ached to chop wood on Sunday. But what comfortable naps they would take during the sermon! So some way of getting a reasonable amount of exercise is one of the things we look out for on Sunday afternoon. We haven't come yet to Lyman Beecher's device —wasn't it? of a pile of sand in the cellar, to shovel from one side to the other, after church. Lately, though, I've been thinking of getting a health-lift to fall back upon in unpleasant weather. Generally we take a brisk walk, two or three of us together. I think it is better to have some errand than to merely stroll about for the sake of the walk. Sometimes we go to the cemetery to water the geranium on little Jamie's grave. Some of us always walk over to my sister's to see 'grandpa.' He doesn't get out now, and these Sunday calls from the children are one of his weekly treats. Last Sunday the two girls went with me to take some delicacies to an old Irish woman who used to wash for us, but has had a long spell of sickness this summer. It did the girls good to see how some of our poor neighbors live, and they came back from the walk with brain and heart freshened for the afternoon's reading. In lack of some such errand, or if the children get nervous and uneasy in spite of it, I take them to the back door and tell all hands to run down the gravel walk to the other side of the garden, and back, five times without stopping."

"But won't others, who see you taking these Sunday walks with the children, follow your example and go out for mere pleasure seeking?" I asked.

"There's no such example for them to follow," was his answer. "They have no more right to plead my decorous walk to the cemetery in the afternoon, as an excuse for nutting excursions, than they have my walk to church in the morning. I am willing they should follow my example in doing what I do."

"Still, I think you must grieve some of the brethren," I said.

"May be I do," he replied. "Just as those Scotch churches which use an organ grieve their brethren by such 'desecration' of the Lord's house. Sometimes you ought to defer to the narrow views of your brethren; sometimes you ought to show them the better way by walking in it. I do not find the strictness of the Puritan Sunday laid down in the Old Testament or the New.

But I do find that the Saviour took special pains to show his disapproval of the Pharisaical strictness of his day. He not only healed the sick and cast out devils on the Sabbath, but he walked in the fields, visited among his friends and accepted invitations to dinner from strangers. If he were stopping at our house, I believe he would be as ready to call on old Mrs. Maroney as he was to go and see Simon's wife's mother; or as willing to visit the cemetery with us, as he was to walk through the wheat fields with his disciples."

"And what do you do at home?" I asked, as he halted again in his story.

"We have no set routine. Each of us older ones expect to spend a little time by himself, with his Bible. The day always seems to lack something when we miss this 'still hour.' Our half hour or so of singing —Ruth is already beginning to take her mother's place at the piano a part of the time—will be one of the sweetest memories of the day with the children after they leave home, I think. We sing hymns and other sacred music for the most part, of course. But some choice old ballad or home song often chimes with the spirit of the hour. Tom has just gone away to fit for college, you know, and one of the new occupations of the afternoon or evening, is for each one of us to write something in the weekly home letter to the dear fellow.

"We read together a great deal—my wife or I reading aloud to the rest, or the older children reading to the younger. We find that this fellowship in reading is worth a great deal to the children. We are rather shy of the average Sunday school story and of what Pres. Porter calls 'goodish' literature, generally. I fully believe that Sunday reading ought to be intellectually as well as spiritually quickening. We older folks, at least, have no excuse for spending time on the gruelly sort of religious literature, when the best thoughts and fine expressions of Farrar, Bushnell, Stanley, Vaughn, Robertson and so many other robust Christian thinkers are within our reach; nor do I think that a book or magazine must be professedly religious to be suitable for Sunday perusal. A sermon may be full of the spirit of Christ in which his name is never mentioned. I think we often finish a scientific or philosophical article in *Good Words* with a consciousness that it has quickened us Godward —has made his wisdom and his works in the world seem more benign and more wonderful. And I fancy there is nothing better that our Sunday reading can do for us than to give us more of a *sense of God*, or a clearer view of our duty—in any one of a hundred practical problems of social science —toward his creatures. A good article on the tramp question, for instance, would be as appropriate to Sunday thought, I am sure, as the story of the Good Samaritan. We do not have much relish for the introspective meditations of diary-keeping saints as found in their memoirs. But such a biography as Guthrie's, or this recent one of delightful Dr. Arnot, we make the most of.

"We give the children some rope, too, in their reading, though we keep hold of one end. Last winter they went through 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Sunday evenings. It was all new to them and a great treat. Now they are reading 'John Halifax,' and I presume they will take 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' next. Then we often spend a pleasant hour in study and talk on some special subject. Not long ago we got out our stereoscopic views of Scottish scenery —Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood, St. Giles, Sterling, Dumbarton, etc., and I told them something about the old Covenanters. Another day a piece of honeycomb and the wonders of its construction sent us to the cyclopedias to find out all we could about the habits of the bees, and then we hunted up the most interesting references in the Bible to bees and honey."

We had reached Mr. Kinney's office and the conversation closed with his cheery good morning as he passed inside.

What he said has set me to thinking. I'm not sure he is right in all his notions. Yet the more I turn them over in my mind, the more I seem to like them. And I'm glad to get all the light on this subject that I can. *J. B. T. Marsh.*

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER I.

TOM PREACHES AND I PRACTICE.

TOM and I were inseparable up to the time that he began to study divinity and I medicine; when he went to Andover while I remained in New Haven. The first year letters flew thick and fast, but as each became absorbed in his own work and in the new friends professional interests brought about him, longer intervals elapsed, till, though we were still fast friends, the same thoughts no longer ran through both as light through two divisions of one telescope.

After receiving my diploma, I went to a neighboring city, opened an office, and waited for patients to manifest their faith by trusting their lives in my hands. At about the same time came an invitation to attend Tom's installation over a thriving country parish in Massachusetts. Circumstances prevented my acceptance, whereupon I sent a letter full of good wishes, and concluded by offering my professional services gratis. For the latter I received "Thanks," with the assurance that when he became weary in well-doing I should be summoned.

Later on I heard of him as a rising man, with restless symptoms, whom orthodoxy inclined to regard with solicitude; and at length, in consequence of changes to larger fields of labor, I insensibly lost track of him for the ensuing six or seven years. In fact, Tom and I had forgotten each other,—a result we once thought impossible, when one Sunday morning Sister Mary came into my office with:

"Doctor, have you an unusual number of patients on your list this morning?"

"No, we are having a spasm of health just now. Why?"

"Nothing, only John and Annie have gone crazy over their new minister, and to quiet their ravings I promised to hear him this morning, if you would take me over."

Now I knew this was more than half a desire to get me to church, for Mary, good soul, was not a little troubled by discovering in me what she called "a growing indisposition to attend divine ordinances." But after a moment's consideration, willing to gratify her, I said "Yes, if I have time."

We were a little late, and the new minister was speaking when we entered. Something in his voice drew my eyes to his face, and before we were fairly seated I recognized with glad surprise my old friend Tom. Yea, verily! Tom Peebles. Yes, that was the same dark face with its thin nose and sensitive mouth. Yes, even the refractory lock of hair that would fall into his eyes, threatening strabismus. The same, yet changed. Tom's face told that he had been thinking on his own account the past six or seven years. That restless metaphysical bias that began to crop out during our college days must have developed amazingly. It was evident that he had fought hard battles, not only with himself, but with powers that no man can weigh, measure, or take into account. It was also evident that he had by no means attained to a condition of absolute serenity. The old rumor that he was regarded by orthodoxy with solicitude was probably not unfounded. I could understand that he would kick like an untamed colt if the traces galled him, and I doubt not traces of man's clumsy invention would gall him sorely. But as he went farther into a discourse that claimed and held my close attention, I found that he had not only deepened but broadened, and was fearless and honest, a man thoroughly to be respected.

Before the services were half over Tom had recognized me, and at the foot of the platform began a renewal of our ancient friendship. Thereafter, scarcely a day passed that he did not scud across the park and invade my private den—a narrow room in the rear of my office, fitted up with a lounge, easy chair, book-cases and an open fire-place. Often I found him stretched on the lounge, twisting that refractory lock of hair about his long forefinger, an old trick of his when thoughtful or perplexed.

One Monday evening after he had become

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an *habitue*, I found him on the lounge turning restlessly from side to side, twistiug that lock of hair with unusual rapidity, a sure sign of perturbation. We rarely questioued each other; if either had aught to share it came out, in time; so uow I sat aud ruminated, while he fidgeted, till at length he came bolt upright, jammed both hands into his trousers pockets, and exploded:

"Doctor, do you know that if I couldn't come here and rush off my surplus steam, a catastrophe would be imminent? It is impossible to conjecture what frightful form the lateut heresy iu me would assume, but for this safety valve. Just now I am in an unusual ferment. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon;' but that private heresy of mine concerning a personal devil, has gone higher than a kite. I must subscribe to his personality, having seen him."

"Recently?"

"Last Sunday."

"Whereabouts?"

"In oue of my heathen."

"Tom, what did you have for supper last night?"

"Now, Doctor, none of that. I know what you are going to say, but I was never more free from dyspepsia in my life."

"That is not saying much."

"Doctor, you have a most absurd way of tracing everything to a man's stomach. If I were to tell you that the Republicans had been whipped in this campaign, you would say, 'Pie.'

"Very likely. But what about the heathen, Tom? There can be no heathen in your congregation."

"There is, though, and a more unteachable set were never seen. For three years I have laid myself out to Christianize them; taught, preached, prayed, labored like a ship in a storm, and Sunday after Sunday they come up smiling, self-satisfied, content, if only they have enough to eat, drink and wear, and some one to talk about. I am used up, and all to no purpose. I am going to beseech the A. B. C. F. M. to send up a couple of experienced missionaries, and if they don't find it the toughest job yet! Anything but a civilized heathen. A savage you can influeuce; he will 'scare' at least; but a civilized heathen, a man who has been to church all his days, knows the Bible from Geuesis to Revelations, accepts the creed at all hazards, gives of his filthy lucre because it is expected, but cares no more for the wants or woes of his fellow-men than if they were so many paving stones; for such a man there is no Christ, nor can be. Their lives repudiate His. Now there is one heatheu in my audience who is an especial exasperation, and there seems no way to get hold of him or get rid of him. He rides me like a nightmare. Sometimes he gets on my study table and prevents my writing at all; other times I shove him back and write a sermon that just fits his case, and go into the pulpit and preach it straight at him. And there he sits, cool and critical, as if he thought I was trying to amuse him, iuclined to be indulgent if I fail, or quietly pleased if I succeed. And when I get off something I think he cannot possibly withstand, he looks in my face and smiles—slowly—and I can feel him saying, "Well done, my lad! well done! That sounds fiuely, and I hope Judge Tompkius takes it home. It fits him exactly."

"Now, really, Doctor," continued Tom more quietly; "that man has a soul, and I almost know that it is an unsaved soul, and at times I long with an unspeakable longing to save it. I mean, to feel that it *is* saved, and I have used all knowu means and methods, and have signally failed. There is something wrong, somewhere."

"Did you leave the Lord out of your prescription, Tom?"

"No," slowly and in a lower tone. "He knows better than I cau tell, how I have besought His power and influeuce." After a pause he added, "One of the worst results is its disheartening influence upon me. Sometimes his cool, practical unbelief knocks all faith out of me. I go home in a thoroughly collapsed condition, feeling as if I would never write another sermon. Of course it don't last; of course the unbelief of any man, scientific or otherwise, ought not and would not betray me for any length of time. Still, not being so thoroughly

rooted and grounded in the faith as I ought to be—the result of some inherited tendency—and a little over-sensitive thereby, he troubles me seriously."

"Why do you look at him, then?"

"I cannot help it. He occupies a pew well up the center aisle, is always there, and always looks me steadily in the face with a gaze that brings my eyes to his whether I will or not. If I look off my manuscript I have *got* to look at him. Sometimes it is worse than others. Last Sunday, for instance, I don't think there was any one else in the church. At least I didn't see any one else."

"Who is this mesmerizing heathen?" asked I, not a little amused.

"You must know him — Joel Dyer, banker."

"That immaculate person with a grave, scholarly face, whom I meet so regularly on the streets?"

"Probably. They tell me that he has passed the post-office at precisely ten minutes past ten and ten minutes past three o'clock every week day the past twenty years. People keep time by him. He is far more reliable than the State House clock. And yet he goes just so leisurely, his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes on the pavement, as if in a profound study."

"I know him. But he is the last man I should take for a heathen. For a long time I supposed him a minister of the gospel of the most orthodox type. I remember that I was once called to his house professionally. There was a son born, and the mother died. I suppose he married again."

"No. And he still wears his weed, from habit, they say."

"I wonder what became of the son. It was a poor, wizened specimen of humanity."

"Dead, probably, as I have never heard of a son. There is an only daughter, a Vassar student, who comes to church with her father during vacations. She, too, is a heathen; probably by inheritance."

"Where is your charity, Tom."

"Haven't a particle, and I am going home before I say anything worse."

"Tom!" as he was closing the door.

"Well!" without looking back.

"Take a Seidlitz powder before going to bed to-night, and another in the morning."

He turned long enough to shake his fist at me, and sharply closed the door.

"Behave better when you come again."

No answer.

CHAPTER II.

A DOOMED MAN.

Tom was still in my thoughts, his earnestness, his honesty, and the, to him, unsatisfactory results of his labor: and especially the unwholesome influence of this cultivated heathen; and I was casting about for causes, when footsteps in the office suggested the possibility of his return. I opened the door to bid him enter, when to my amazement I saw not Tom, but Tom's heathen. I passed him and turned up the gas before I was fully persuaded that the object was really flesh and blood, and no optical illusion, growing out of Tom's talk and my subsequent reverie.

"Good evening, Doctor."

"Good evening—Mr. Dyer, if I mistake not."

"You are not mistaken;" and he uncovered, showing a fine philosophical head, fearless, and not over reverent. He took the proffered seat, adding, "It is some years since I had occasion to call upon you."

"Yes, a dozen or more."

"More. I found you discerning and honest, then, and if you are still the same, you are the man I want now."

"I blow no trumpets."

He smiled, slowly, bringing out the very expression Tom had described.

"Trumpets are not essential. You will hear what I have to say?"

"With interest."

"Then I will say that I have been well, quite well, all my life. My parents were healthy; one dying of an accident, and the other of old age. I have steered clear of excesses, having no taste that way." (I could believe him.) "Have cared for myself reasonably well; am yet middle-aged, and consequently at a loss to account for certain symptoms that manifest themselves with considerable decision of late. I have

consulted supposed authorities, written and oral, and am still in the dark. I wish you to search me thoroughly, and find out where the trouble is. If a man is about to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' it is a little satisfaction to know why."

"You look as if 'this mortal coil' would cling to you for some time yet. You are not a man to succumb easily. Mention the symptoms."

There followed as close an examination as was possible that night. And he came the next day, and at different times for several days; and though I became as keen and eager as a politician after office, the disease, whatever it was, continued to baffle me. At times it seemed in the heart or stomach, or nerve-centers,—but when I essayed to put my finger upon it, I found that the disturbed action was sympathetic, not organic. I should have been tempted to believe it wholly or in part imaginary, for it is a curious fact that when a supposed disease has taken fast hold upon the imagination it becomes in a certain sense a real disease, with like symptoms, and not unfrequently a like fatal result; only that this man was a clear, cool, practical man,—not given to whimsys or delusions. I told him my perplexity, and was reluctantly giving up the case, when I chanced upon something that set me off on a new scent, with greater zest than ever. Now it began to unravel. A few hours' investigation enabled me to form, as I believed, a correct diagnosis,—but one that I was loth to communicate. I ever made it a point to be rigidly honest with my patients, but it was often one of the most difficult things I had to do. In this case I knew that an unfavorable result was more than half expected, for he had studied his own case as if he was a disinterested observer, and that fact helped me to tell him my apprehensions. He demanded my reasons, and once in possession of all I could give, he looked me unflinchingly in the face, and said:

"Well! Doctor, if it is *that*, I am a doomed man."

"So are we all, sooner or later."

After a long pause, while he stood with his hands clasped behind him and his eyes fixed on the floor, burrowing mentally, he suddenly lifted his head with this remark:

"I should have preferred almost anything else. A reasonable disease, with a direct approach and attack, not an insidious foe, ready to grab at any advantage. However, others have gone by the same road, and probably I can trudge along without making a child of myself."

"But, Mr. Dyer, I may be mistaken, even yet; you should get the opinions of others. I will give you letters to physicians in New York and Philadelphia who make a specialty of this disease. Let them go to the bottom of the case. It is a duty you owe to yourself."

He took my advice. I ceased to meet him on the street. Watches ran down; people were behind in their engagements; accidents and misunderstandings occurred before the citizens realized that they must keep time by something else. I believe as a matter of history there has been no uniform time in the city since. As witness the discrepancies between the South, the Center, the State House clocks and the "City time," whatever that may be.

Four or five weeks later I found Mr. Dyer in my office awaiting my arrival. We exchanged greetings, when he said:

"You were right, Doctor, quite right."

"About what?"

"The case we have been investigating. Dr. Holdon says you have a novel way of getting at facts, but you get at them, nevertheless. The other doctors agreed with you substantially, but they all differed as to treatment."

A long conversation followed, in which I found him thoroughly posted as to supposed causes and details of his own case, and was amazed at the cool, discriminating way in which he spoke of himself, as of an individual in whom he had no concern. A unique patient, this heathen of Tom's—a petrifaction or a philosopher. Toward the close of our conversation he became more personal, asking this question:

"How long will it be?"

"What?"

"How long have I to live?"

"You ask me a question no mortal can answer."

"I know. But the probabilities?"

"That depends upon your constitution and mental equipoise, and the care you give yourself. It may be ten years, or it may be three months."

"Three months." He went off in one of his fits of abstraction, giving me leisure to study his face. There was a subtle change in his mouth, that most expressive feature, so far as suffering is concerned. He was evidently enduring great physical or mental pain. And was he altogether as indifferent to his fate as he seemed? "Three months—not a long time. Well, I can adjust myself to that, too, if necessary."

"It is not necessary. You are too sensible to fix a time which must be uncertain."

"Time is of little consequence. It is not even essential 'to *be*, or not to be.' I don't know of anything that is worth a prolonged struggle."

"And yet you have been a successful man."

"What do you mean by success?"

"This: A young man starts with some aim—generally to be rich, sometimes to be learned—and if after years of persevering toil he attains his object, he is considered successful."

"There are two sides to that, Doctor. A man may succeed and not be successful. Taken as a whole he may have made a contemptible failure."

"That cannot be said of you."

"But it can—just that. I feel like talking, and I will bore you a moment. I began life without a dollar, and now men say I am rich. Well, I shall leave it all soon, and how much better am I, that I have spent anxious days and sleepless nights, and toiled like a slave for what avails me nothing? I have had only what I have consumed. I should have had that any way."

"You have a family?"

"Only a daughter, and how much better will it be for her? If she marries, she will get some one who cares more for her money than for herself. If he is rich, he will be either avaricious or a spendthrift. If he is poor, it will spoil him, and they will quarrel. Better labor for her bread all her days. Really, I cannot see that either of us is to be benefited by what has cost me so much. If that is success, what is failure?"

"Who then is successful?"

"No one. I have bored you long enough," said he, rising. "About this case, I propose to be guided by you in the main. What are your orders?"

"Shut up your ledger; avoid care and anxiety; stay out of doors; be amused; and stop studying your case."

"And no medicine?"

"Not at present."

"If I need you, you will come?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER III.

JOEL DYER'S DAUGHTER.

The summer passed, and Tom's vacation likewise. His elastic step and ringing voice told that he came back to his work with a clear liver and a clear brain. But I was not prepared for the lively way with which he threw himself into my den one Monday evening, crying:

"Hooray Doctor! Help me exult."

"Because you have gone stark mad?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Tom, plunging his fist into the sofa-cushion as if he were pounding an adversary.

"What then? Explain, or I'll have you in a strait-jacket."

"Hold on, old Crusty!"—and Tom swung himself around, dropping his feet on the floor and his hands in his pockets, and looking me in the face, said soberly: "I verily believe I am getting the best of mine enemy."

"An unfair advantage, no doubt."

"How sympathetic! It makes me feel like turning my heart inside out for your inspection."

"Don't do that, Tom; don't. Leave me a little faith in human nature."

"What's the matter with you, old fellow? Has one of your best families called in a brother physician?"

"Tell me about your enemy, Tom."

"Perhaps I ought not to call him an enemy, since, strictly speaking, he may not be mine enemy at all."

"Worse and worse. You would have me exult because you are getting the best of your friend?"

"Neither can I call him exactly a friend, this heathen of mine. It is singular what an antagonism, a vindictiveness that man arouses in me, as if he had done me or mine a mortal injury. Of course I know that he has done nothing of that sort. On the contrary, he has ever treated me, personally, with the utmost consideration. And perhaps I ought to be grateful for his constant attendance on the Sabbath, and the liberal price he pays for his pew. And there are times when I feel that he is one of the sheep committed to my care, and desire that he should hear the great Master's voice, and follow in his steps. It argues ill for my Christianity, that I should harbor any but the kindest feelings towards any one, and especially towards a man who has done me no harm. While I was away this summer, I took myself in hand for this, and came home resolved to feel that he is in a sense my brother, whom I am under bonds to consider, love and spend myself for, with cheerfulness. And, strange to say, the very first Sabbath after my return, I detected a change in the man's face, as if he were a little less sure that he was entirely right, and I entirely wrong. Probably you will say that it is all in my imagination, or in something I had for my supper the night before. But I know there *is* a change in the man, and no slight change either. It was more than ever perceptible yesterday. He looked worn and troubled, and his eyes fell every time they met mine—a thing that never happened before; and the latter part of the service he was ill at ease, and could not look me in the face."

"How modest we are. The man was sick or tired; or, perhaps, you were not as interesting as usual." Of course Tom knew nothing of my professional relations with Mr. Dyer.

"Be that as it may, I know he is no longer invincible, and has got through riding me like a nightmare. Hence, I exult. Such is poor human nature."

For several weeks I heard no more of Tom's Heathen or my unique patient.

It had been a cold, rainy November day. Toward night the cold increased. The rain froze as it fell, coating walks, trees and fences with ice; and by dark it changed to a fierce, driving sleet that neither man nor beast could face with any degree of equanimity.

"There, Jack," said I, as we drove up to the office door, "Put up the mare. She shall not go out again to-night for love or money." And getting out of my envelopes, I gave myself over to sister Mary, to be comforted by her ministrations, for I had been surprised by that New England nuisance, an influenza.

An hour later, thoroughly warmed and refreshed, and as comfortable as such a cold will permit any one to be, I fell asleep in my chair, only to be aroused by Jack, with, "Doctor, there's a woman in the office, and she *will* see you."

I groaned as I lifted my sore head, and wished that I had been born anything but a Doctor.

"Who is it, Jack?"

"No one I ever saw before. And how she got here in this storm is a conundrum."

"Somebody's baby has a colic, and its mother don't know enough to give it a little hot water," I muttered, hoisting myself to my unwilling feet.

"You won't go out to-night?" questioned Mary, as I turned to go down to the office.

"Not for all Hartford."

My vexation cooled a little, and I heard the wind shaking the blinds and the sleet dashing furiously against the windows, and remembered that for the love of somebody, a woman had faced this bitter storm; and it fell quite to zero as, entering the office, I saw standing by the stove a slight figure enveloped in a dripping water-proof cloak.

"Good evening, Madam."

"Good evening, Doctor," and she came towards me, pushing, with a dainty ungloved hand, the wet water-proof hood from her head. It was a young, healthy face, and a well poised head. No bad blood, no weak spine there. She searched my face with large, serious eyes, as a tremendous blast spent itself against the house, and I remarked:

"A rough night, Madam."

"Yes," she answered, in a low, earnest voice, "or I should not be here. My father is in great distress, and needs immediate attention. I have done all that I can do for him, and come for you, fearing you would not come if I sent for you."

"Who is your father?"

"Mr. Dyer, a patient of yours."

This, then, was the daughter to be benefited or otherwise, by his money; the Vassar student Tom supposed a heathen by inheritance.

"What is the matter with your father to-night?"

"He is having frightful paroxysms of pain. They have increased in frequency and intensity for several days, till to-day they are almost incessant, and opiates are powerless. He told me that you studied the case for him, and that there is no help, but I am sure there must be a temporary relief."

"Chloroform."

"Yes, but I have never seen it administered. If you will come over and give it this time, I may not be obliged to trouble you again."

She saw me hesitate, listening to the storm without, and feeling the aches and pains in my own person, and without moving her beseeching eyes from mine, she added, almost in a whisper, "In the name of Him who suffered for us all, come."

It was a prayer that I could not withstand,and perhaps she knew it; for without waiting for an answer she replaced her hood and hurried out into the storm.

"That woman must be crazy to go out on such a night as this," remarked Jack, struggling to close the door that blew open after her exit.

"I don't know which is the crazier," said I, putting on my arctics with one hand while I held my aching head with the other.

"But Uncle Doctor, you are not going out in this storm, and sick, too?" cried Jack in dismay.

"Bring my heavy overcoat and fur cap, and tell your mother not to wait for me."

"Hadn't you better have one of the horses?"

"No."

But I repented before I was half way to Column avenue, for the sleet drove spitefully in my face, blinding me effectually; and the wind taking advantage of my breadth of beam and the slippery walk, forced me into a sitting posture more than once. How that slender girl had come and gone over the route before me, passed my comprehension. Tired, breathless, and feeling as if I had within me the whole army of martyrs from Stephen downwards, I clambered up the icy steps.

Instantly the door swung open, and I stood in a sumptuous hall, bewildered by the abrupt transition from the storm and darkness without, to the light and warmth within.

A servant was helping off my wrappings, when a voice at my elbow said:

"You *are* good to come out to-night," and turning I saw a daintily dressed young girl, looking like serenity itself, waiting for me to speak.

"Was it you who came to the office?"

"Yes; only don't tell papa. It might trouble him."

"How upon earth did you get there and back again?"

"I flew both ways," she answered, with a smile that lit up her face like sunshine.

"I believe you, and wish I had the same means of locomotion. Now I will see your father."

We went up the staircase together, and as we reached the upper landing I heard stifled moans from an adjoining room, and following her, stood at her father's bedside.

"Father, father!" she called, bending over him; "the Doctor is here and he will relieve you." He slowly turned his head till his eyes met mine. They were fierce with fever and deeply sunken, and his pinched nose and drawn lips, told of unutterable suffering. He stretched out a thin, hot hand, saying pluckily:

"Doctor, you see I am down, but if I could get a little rest I would soon be up again."

"Yes," said I, after a moment's examination, and I will see that you get a little rest. You are not afraid of chloroform?"

"Not in the least," and making an effort he continued: "Doctor, this is my daughter Agnes," looking fondly and proudly at the girl still bending over him. "She came home as soon as she learned that I was sick, and allows no one else to nurse me. If you want anything she will get it for you."

She looked at me with a smile and a nod, and stood waiting.

I asked for a handkerchief, and as she expressed a desire to know how to administer chloroform in an emergency, and as I was convinced that her intelligence and discretion could be trusted, I gave her minute directions, and saw that she counted his pulse accurately, from ninety down to a little above forty, when I laid aside the handkerchief signing for her to look at him. He had surrendered himself implicitly, having no fears, and had fallen into a deep, quiet sleep. It was pleasant to see the sharp wrinkles fading out of his high forehead, and the tense lines about the mouth relaxing in the absence of pain, even if the counterfeit death took on somewhat startlingly the appearance of reality. For a moment the color forsook her face, and her eyes sharply questioned mine.

"It is all right," I answered, with my finger still on his pulse. "A person under the influence of chloroform will look like that."

She was re-assured, and as she turned to him again her face was shadowed by a grave, sad tenderness, and the slight, tremulous motion of the full downcast lids, betrayed the gathering tears, though resolutely suppressed.

"Poor father!" she whispered, without raising her eyes, and as if speaking to herself. "He suffers so much and is so brave! It seems as if there ought to be some compensation, and yet—I know—" and broke off as if met by a conviction or a doubt that she could not answer.

"Are you his only nurse?" I asked at length.

"Yes," she answered, raising her head and returning promptly to her surroundings. "Papa likes me best, and surely it is my place."

"How long has he been confined to his bed?"

"Only a few days. He was about the house when I came home. I wished him to call a physician then, but he explained that it was useless." Here she looked at me as if she would ask a question, but instead she went abruptly over to the window, and parting the curtains stood half hidden and quite motionless, apparently listening to the storm.

She seemed to have fallen into one of her father's abstractions, or to have been communing with some unseen presence; for when, after a long silence, she returned to his bedside, there was an air of tender solemnity about her that I was loth to disturb.

"Will he remain in this condition through the night?" she asked at length.

"Probably; but he will need watching, and, perhaps, more chloroform.; and as I shall stay with him till morning, you had better go to sleep."

"But you are half sick, and ought to sleep yourself. I did not expect you to do this," said she, regarding me earnestly.

"I am better off here than I should be wandering about the city in this storm. For after my experience in coming over, I am no wise certain that I could find my way home before daylight."

"But you could sleep here."

"No; I prefer to watch him."

She went to the next room and drew in a large, easy chair, which she arranged with cushions and a foot rest till it was more like a lounge than a chair. "Take this," she said: "I have passed several nights here, watching father. You will find it comfortable," and bidding me good night, she disappeared.

THE TERRIBLE TEST.

SEPARATE upon the folded page
  Of myth or marvel, sad or glad,
The test that gave the Lord to thee,
  And thee to us, O Galahad!

"*Found pure in deed and word and thought*"—
  The creature of our dream and guess,
The vision of the brain thou art,
  The eidolon of holiness.

Man with the power of the God,
  Man with the weaknesses of men,
Whose lip the Sangreal leaned to feed,
  "Whose strength was as the strength of ten,"—

What figments of the fancy may,
  Thou teachest haply unto us;
What buried story coldly can,
  To living hearts incredulous.

We read—and smile; no man thou wast;
  No human pulses thine could be;
With downcast eyes we read—and sigh;
  So terrible is purity!

* * * * * *

O fairest legend of the years,
  With folded wings, go, silently!
O flower of knighthood, yield your place
  To One who comes from Galilee!

To wounded feet that shrink and bleed,
  But press and climb the narrow way,—
The same old way our own must step,
  Forever, yesterday, to-day.

For soul can be what soul hath been,
  And feet can tread where feet have trod;
Enough to know that once the clay
  Hath worn the features of the God.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

TWO CHURCH COUNCILS.

Two notable religious conventions have just been held—the "National Congregational Council," at Detroit, and the "Church Congress" of the Protestant Episcopalians at New York—between which, with wide differences, there are some curiously close and very instructive analogies.

The two Christian communions represented in these meetings, are the oldest Protestant communions in the country. A

hundred years ago, they were still among the foremost of all the Christian sects in point of numbers, and were in effect established by law; the Congregationalists in New England, the Episcopalians in the greater part of the remaining States. At the present day, they stand next each other when American sects are arranged in the order of numerical strength; but instead of standing at the head of the list, they are the seventh and eighth in rank—the Congregational body being in advance.* But each in its own way, they are influential out of all proportion to their numerical strength; so that it is a matter of interest to all Christian citizens to study their manifestations and tendeucies in their bearing on the general interests of the whole Christian commonwealth.

There is a like close analogy between the two meetings that have just been held. Both of them are confessedly and even ostentatiously without any legislative power whatever. Both of them have recently and contemporaneously grown into periodical institutions; the "Church Congress," notwithstanding the existence of a representative legislative body for its communion, and the "National Council" all the more for the absence of any such body. Each of them not being, effectively, a business organization, followed closely after the great business meeting to which it stood related —the Church Congress after the Triennial Convention, at Boston, and the National Council after that most magnificent of American religious festivals, the Annual Meeting of the "American Board," held this year at Providence. Add that in both cases the proceedings were marked by no very signal displays of ability, unless in some two or three of the papers presented at Detroit, and that in both there was an excellent spirit of mutual good will among the members; although at New York the somewhat timid precaution against a possible mauifestation of antagonistic feeling suggest a certain consciousness of walking *per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*

* See Professor Diman's article, "Religion in America, 1776—1876," in the North American Review, January, 1876.

So much for the points of resemblance between the two meetings and between the two bodies represented in them. The points of unlikeness are equally striking.

Whenever some clever student in Ecclesiastical History shall write the book that so needs to be written, on the history of the Roman Catholic Sects and of the Protestant Unity, he will draw the parallel between the "Orders" of the Latin Church, and the Protestant denominations. Perhaps the most malignant fruits of sectarianism never have been borne by the emulation of the sects, as they have been by the sharp competition of the Orders; though Heaven knows they have been sad enough in either case. And on the other hand, the advantages of diversity, and of special organizations for special services are visible in both. Capuchin, Benedictine, Dominican, Jesuit, are not more distinct in the history of modern Romanism, than Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian and Congregationalist, in the various developments of Protestantism, especially in America. Only, when this instructive parallel comes to be traced, it will be fouud that Protestantism suffers in the comparison, first for lack of some co-ordinating authority, and secondly, from the fact that its divisions, instead of beiug limited to the clergy, run down through the lowest strata of the people, and become denser and heavier as they go lower. Now among the Protestant sects there are none whose missions and methods seem more distinct and definite than the two that have just held their "Congress" and "Council."

The distinctive work of American Episcopalians, in the Commonwealth of the American Church, may be mainly included under the title, *The Conduct of a Parish.* They are happy in having kept, more clearly than most American sects, the idea of the parish. And in some departments of parish work they stand not only superior but almost alone. Chiefly, in the organization of public worship. In this, indeed, they have until lately done little but follow a well ordered traditionary routine; but even thus, they have been at vast advantage over others who had nothing but the negation of a tradition to follow, by which the medium

of common worship is committed to the off-hand dictation of an individual, whose sovereign authority in the matter is limited only by the right of the congregation to quarrel with him. It is both a proof and a promise of increased intellectual and spiritual vitality in the Episcopal Church, that its more enterprising clergy are no longer content with the mere grind of the old routine, but are studying the meaning and principles of it, with the intention of applying them—to the vast disgust of their conservative brethren. But meanwhile it is curious to observe how, by general consent, that whole study of the Methods of Worship is left to this one Order, none of the others having so much as a professor of *Liturgik* in any of their Theological Seminaries.

It is especially in the department of religious esthetics that this leadership of the Episcopalians is manifest. It is they, working from English models, who set the architectural fashions for all the rest; so that Methodist, Puritan and Presbyterian churches are built with chancel-apses which they do not know what to do with, and which task the ingenuity of the joiner to fill up with a big bulk of a pulpit and with sofas and chairs and other cabinet-work. It is they, too, that have drawn the churches of the country after them in the cultivation of fancy solo singing; and any one who will rummage the precious piles of rubbish that have been published for church quartets during the last thirty years, will be impressed with the proportion of it that is prepared primarily for the use of the "P. E. C.," and borrowed by all the rest. Now, at last, under the influence of transatlantic example, they are started in a way of musical reform, in which pray Heaven their example may be not less effective than in the corruption that has gone before.

Having an evident leadership in such important matters, the American Episcopalians are content, in other things, to be followers. They have no theologians and no distinctive theology. They have one famous and excellent preacher. They have no eminent scholars or authors. They never have had a first-class college. Their religious newspapers are made up with a double object—first, to instruct the reader on the affairs of the sect; secondly, to prevent his ever hearing of anything else; consequently their newspapers are not of much importance. Their missions to the heathen began tardily and developed slowly; though some noble work of late, in this field, has taken away this reproach. But in pastors well trained and equipped for the successful operation of a parish church, they are very rich.

It will be remarked that all the characteristic qualities and methods of this body are of the sort that tell incidentally on its own advancement. And when we add to this a certain notion of exclusive divine right, which is not seriously believed in the denomination to such an extent as to burden any one with a grave sense of responsibility, but only enough to deaden any scruples of good taste against vigorous proselyting, it is easy to see that here must be a most prosperous sect. All these elements are favored by the fact that for the time being it is "the fashion." The result is that for many years the draft from other denominations towards this once decaying and almost perishing body is strong and constant, and the return current almost *nil.*

If we had spoken further of that consolidated organization which brings the power of the whole denomination to the support of every part, we should have completed the contrast between the Episcopalians and the Congregationalists. For the special work of this latter sect, its peculiar function in the great vital growth of American Christianity, has been of a sort ministering vastly to the common good, but not especially to its own corporate advantage.

If one were to seek a Scriptural motto for the history of the American Congregationalists, it should be this: "Go, teach." How gravely deficient they have been in some things, we shall frankly show. But as educators to the American people they have a record the splendor of which has been veiled only by their own carelessness to write their names upon their own achievements. They have been the College-builders of the country, not only in New England, but at the West and South. The

founding of Princeton is due to them, as much as the founding of Yale or Western Reserve; and since the opening of the South, they have established there no less than eight chartered colleges, giving the highest education which the people are capable of receiving. To an extent out of all proportion to their numbers, they have furnished the great religious books and sermons of the country. The religious newspapers of the country, having general circulation and influence, have commonly been founded and conducted by Congregationalists. It would be interesting, although it would take too long, to illustrate these statements by particulars. In Foreign Missions, too, they were the first in time and have ever been among the foremost in labors and successes. And in all the combinations for common Christian labor for the general good, the Congregationalists have been eager to make large gifts and sacrifices, and content with a small share in the results. There has been that sort of evangelic chivalry among them which seemed to take all the more delight in works of charity and missions that were to minister to the common advancement of the kingdom of heaven but not to their prosperity. So far have they been from the vulgar spirit of proselytism, that they have ungrudgingly given away their own sons, for the upbuilding of other orders. Not incongruously, this habit of wide outlook has been associated with a disposition to broadcasting rather than hand-culture; and Congregationalists have been distinguished more in preaching, and in revival preaching, than in the thorough organization and conduct of parish work. But their preaching (speaking generally) and their church-institutions have tended commonly to attract and help persons of a certain grade of culture, and some of their writers have frankly accepted it as the mission of this order of Christians to maintain a certain high standard of religious thought and practice to which believers generally were not to be expected to attain. They have done noble work in Home Missions, but the great rough pioneering work at the West, and even, to some extent, the reaching of the less educated classes in their own original States, has been almost explicitly resigned to the Methodists and the Baptists. The Congregationalists, knowing and confessing that there must needs be other preachers than college-bred men, have stubbornly refused to provide or recognize such, in their own organization. They have delighted in whatever good work has been wrought by Methodist preachers; and even contributed largely to set on foot an army of evangelical book-peddlers; but the world might perish before they would bring down their standard of ministerial dignity by ordaining men with less than seven years' scholastic training or its equivalent, or before they would compromise their dogma of "ministerial parity" by ordaining inferior men to inferior work. It is needless to remark that all the characteristic traits of the Congregationalists have been of the contrary sort from those that tend to the wide propagation of the sect.

Both these bodies, then, (whatever may be the half-serious, half-jocose pretensions sometimes put forth for the Protestant Episcopalians,) do, by restricting themselves to certain lines of labor, certain ways of organization, certain uses of worship, that are confessedly not the whole of Christian service, plainly announce themselves as being not churches, but merely Orders in the Church. But any Christian man, whose interest and allegiance are attached to the whole brotherhood of believers, is interested, on such an occasion as these two meetings, to study the tendencies of two such important factors of American Christianity.

We think it will be observed, in comparing the reports of the two meetings, that both the bodies show a marked tendency to broaden, both in sentiment and in methods. They do not cease to be sects, and to cherish their sectarian traditions; but they show, each of them, a disposition to do a whole work rather than a partial one; and thus broadening, they tend to abandon some of their old negations and come nearer each other's positions.

In the "Church Congress" of the Protestant Episcopalians, for instance, and still more in some other manifestations of the

same body, may be remarked the progress which has been made in converting the Episcopal Church into a *revivalist* church. If any thing rather than another used to characterize this body, it was its earnest and constant protest against "spasmodic religion," and its happy complacency in commending its own calm, dignified and superior way of saving souls by the steady-going operation of the institutions of the Church. But the earnest piety and zeal of the Ritualist party have restored traveling evangelists, revivals, and "protracted meetings" to their due place, perhaps more than their place, among the methods of evangelical work; and are now laboring, through much evil report, to introduce, under another name and form, the "anxious bench" and "inquiry meeting." We may well look with anxiety to see what sort of use will be made, in these unpracticed hands, of agencies which, even under the most experienced revivalists, have been attended with serious drawbacks and dangers.

Another former characteristic of the Episcopal Church was its aversion to any dealing on the part of the pulpit with questions of political duty and morality. During the long conflict of the American Church with the drinking usages of society, and its still fiercer conflict with slavery, hardly a finger's weight of help came from the Episcopalian clergy. It was their chosen duty rather to sit by and rebuke their brethren of other communions for indecorum and excitement over these political questions, while offering a secure and quiet harbor of repose to those whose consciences had been too rudely rasped by "political preaching." It shows a great and noble advance of the whole denomination, on this line, to read of the debates—or rather the essays, for debate was not encouraged—in the "Church Congress," on Spiritual Forces in Civilization, and the Influence of the Pulpit on Modern Thought and Life, with eulogies on the agency of the Church in the abolition of slavery, and rebukes of the government's dealing with the Indians, and digs—yes, courageous and unmistakable digs—at some of the most respectable people in New York for voting for the Honorable Mr. Morrissey. But the most signal and honorable illustration of the progress of the denomination in moral principle and moral courage is its position on the subject of divorce. On this politico-moral subject it has set an example to all other Protestant communions by enacting into a canon the rule of duty which *ought* to be plain enough without—that (whatever the law of the State may do or leave undone) the Church and its ministers shall be governed in their dealing with marriage and divorce simply by the law of Christ. It is an honor to the Episcopal Church and a shame to all the rest, that it should have so much the lead in this bold and righteous interference with politics. But the expressions of many of the speakers on the Influence of the Pulpit on Modern Thought and Life are a happy recantation of the habitual language of the Episcopalian clergy in that forlorn *ante bellum* period which is sometimes spoken of as "the time of the Babylonish captivity."

One more tendency, manifest, not only in the "Church Congress," but in other recent Episcopalian meetings and documents, deserves mention to the honor of that sect. We mean its growth in courtesy towards fellow-Christians. It is a matter to which too much importance ought not be attached. Quite a needless amount of annoyance used to be felt by Christian folk generally, at the incivility and bad taste of their Episcopalian brethren; and no sufficient allowance was made for the circumstances and temptations by which this sort of talk was stimulated. It ought to be remembered, in excuse for it, that this habit of language grew up at a period when the denomination was just emerging from extreme moral and numerical weakness, and was apprehensive about its position. At such a time, a certain amount of bumptious self-assertion and innocent swagger about its grand relations in foreign parts, ought not to be reckoned to it as an unpardonable sin. Nothing is so good for this sort of thing as a generous allowance of substantial prosperity and genuine self-respect. And just in proportion as the Episcopal church has risen to its present assured place among the very foremost of the minor sects of America, and

grown in the sense of power and responsibility, it has put away these childish things, and learned to speak more with the dignity of a grown man and the courtesy of a gentleman. It would be an unworthy piece of ill-nature to remember against it the petty follies of its hobbledeboy-days.

To turn now to the "National Congregational Council," one of the first things that strikes the reader of the reports is that while the explicitly anti-revivalist Episcopal church is admitting into its system all the agencies of revivals, the Congregationalists, whose system of forty years ago was stigmatized by zealous young Mr. Coxe, not without a measure of justice, as "revivalism," are now turning, we will not say upon the opposite tack, but upon a thoughtful middle course. The "epoch-making" book of Dr. Bushnell on "Christian Nurture and Subjects Adjacent Thereto," was the beginning of this change; and the remarkable and large-minded sermon of Dr. Zachary Eddy on "The Rain and the Dew," heard with patience and acceptance by the Detroit Council, marks the accomplishment of it.

The natural result of this change of view is an increased attention to the conduct of the parish on the part of the whole denomination. Twenty years ago, the time of a National Council would have been largely occupied with questions of general public concern, matters of political morality, discussions of the forms of doctrine, and methods of preaching for the widest and most effective diffusion of the Gospel. Now, a very large part of the discussions is devoted to the methods of parish organization and culture. And the very existence of the National Council as a periodical meeting illustrates the growing corporate feeling of the denomination, and a disposition to bring to bear the common influence of the whole for the support of the individual churches. But it is amusing to see how tremulously the denomination treads in unwonted directions, as if there were danger for it from a centralized authority, from ministers doing a general or supervisory work, or from thorough parish organization and well ordered methods of worship. Whatever caution such instrumentalities may require in other circumstances, they are absolutely safe from abuse in a system so jealous for freedom as this.

But that the Congregationalists are not departing from their grandest traditions was made nobly manifest in the warmest debate of the Council,—on a resolution commending the secular State Universities, as well as the religious Colleges of the denomination itself, to the confidence of the churches. The *personnel* of the debate showed to what extent this sect is fulfilling its ancient mission as the great educating sect of the nation, by the fact that together with the heads of so many high-class denominational colleges, there were present also so many of the heads of State Colleges. And that it holds this conceded position from the general confidence not only in its power and culture, but also in its unselfish magnanimity, was clear from the high tone of the discussion. It is doubtful whether there is another such body in the world that would deliberately have entertained an argument for laying aside its chief corporate glory and defense out of regard for its "responsibility, as a denomination for the state of the people as a whole." *

It is from the position of one owing allegiance to the whole church in America,

* We beg to suggest a line of policy by which the interests sought in the denominational colleges might be completely reconciled with the high duty towards the State and people involved in the encouragement and improvement of the State Universities. It is the policy of maintaining, near these Universities, College Halls under distinct and specific religious control. If in the State of Michigan (for example) Olivet College should leave behind it in the country its preparatory department, and move down to Ann Arbor, with a corps of only three or four teachers, there to maintain a dormitory and a Commons Hall, with a small library for home use, and special facilities for pursuing the studies of the University, it would add to itself all the splendid advantages of the University without abating one jot of its high religious influence, but rather widening it without making it less deep and strong; and it would greatly enrich the University in the elements of spiritual and intellectual life. How admirably a College, under strict personal and religious direction, might adjust itself to most advantageous relations with the University, may be studied in the relation of College to University at Oxford or Cambridge. Such a College planted alongside of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, would repay a comparatively trifling expenditure with immense beneficial results.

rather than to any of its parts, that we have thus reviewed the broadening tendencies of two of its divisions. As the parties of the church now stand, the common interests of the kingdom of heaven are advanced by the emulous efforts of various parts. The mischiefs and the dead-loss of these "strifes and emulations" might be vastly abated if there were more who, whatever their special relations to sects and congregations, would hold high, despite all rebukes of zealous brethren, their paramount allegiance to the whole church of Christ, and look with friendly criticism and with apostolic good will "upon the things of others."

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

A LATE SUPPER.

The story begins one afternoon in June just after dinner. Miss Catherine Spring was the heroine, and she lived alone in her house, which stood on the long village street in Brookton—up in the country city people would say—a town certainly not famous, but pleasant enough because it was on the outer edge of the mountain region near some great hills. One never hears much about Brookton when one is away from it, but for all that life is as important and exciting there as it is anywhere; and it is like every other town, a miniature world, with its great people and small people, bad people and good people; its jealousy and rivalry, kindness and patient heroism.

Miss Spring had finished her dinner that day, and had washed the few dishes, and put them away. She never could get used to there being so few, because she had been one of a large family. She had put on the gray alpaca dress which she wore afternoons at home, and had taken her sewing, and sat down at one of the front windows in the sitting-room, which was shaded by a green old lilac bush. But she did not sew as if she were much interested in the work, or were in any hurry; and presently she laid it down altogether and tapped on the window-sill with her thimble, looking as if she were lost in not very pleasant thought. She was a very good woman, and a very pleasant woman; a good neighbor all the people would tell you, and they would add also, very comfortably left. But of late she had been somewhat troubled; to tell the truth her money affairs had gone wrong, and just now she did not exactly know what to do. She felt more solitary than she had for a long time before. Her father, the last of the family except herself, had been dead for many years, and she had been living alone, growing more and more contented in the comfortable, prim white house, after the first sharp grief of her loneliness had worn away into a more resigned and familiar sorrow. It is after all a great satisfaction to do as one pleases.

Now, as I have said, she had lost part of her already small income, and she did not know what to do. The first loss could be borne, but the second seemed to put housekeeping out of the question, and this was a dreadful thing to think of. She knew no other way of living beside having her own house, and her own fashion of doing things. If it had been possible, she would have liked to take some boarders, but summer boarders had not yet found out Brookton. Mr. Elden, the kind old lawyer who was her chief adviser, had told her to put an advertisement in one of the Boston papers, and she had done so; but it never had been answered, which was not only a disappointment but a mortification as well. Her money was not actually lost; it was the failure of a certain railway to pay its dividend, that was making her so much trouble.

Miss Spring tapped her thimble still faster on the window-sill, and thought busily. "I'm going to think it out and settle it this afternoon," said she to herself. "I must settle it some how; I will not live on here any longer as if I could afford it." There was a niece of hers who lived in Lowell, who was married and not at all well. There were three children with nobody in

particular to look after them. Miss Catherine was sure this niece would like nothing better than to have her come to stay with her. She thought with satisfaction how well she could manage there, and how well her housekeeping capabilities would come into play. It had grieved her in her last visit to see the house half cared for, and she remembered the yearning way Mary had said, "How I wish I could have you here all the time, Aunt Catherine!" and at once Aunt Catherine went on to build a little castle in the air, until she had a chilly consciousness that her own house was to be shut up. She compared the attractions of Lowell and Brookton most disdainfully; the dread came over her that most elderly people feel at leaving their familiar homes and the surroundings to which they have grown used. But she bravely faced all this, and resolved to write Mary that evening so the letter could go by the morning's mail. If Mary liked the plan, which Miss Catherine never for an instant doubted, she would stay through the early fall at any rate, and then see what was best to be done.

She took up her sewing again, and looked critically at it through her spectacles, and then went on with her stitching feeling lighter-hearted, now that the question was decided. The tall clock struck three slowly, and she said to herself how fast the last hour had gone. There was a little breeze outside which came rustling through the lilac leaves. The wide street was left to itself; nobody had driven by since she had sat at the window. She heard some children laughing and calling to each other where they were at play in a yard not far away, and smiled in sympathy, for her heart had never grown old. The smell of the roses by the gate came blowing in sweet and fresh, and she could see the great red peonies in generous bloom on the borders each side the front walk. And when she looked round the room it seemed very pleasant to her; the clock ticked steadily, and the old fashioned chairs and the narrow high mirror with the gilt eagle at the top, the stiff faded portraits of her father and mother in their young days, the wide old brass-nailed sofa with its dim worsted-worked cushion at either end—how comfortable it all was! and a great thrill of fondness for the room and the house came over our friend. "I didn't know I cared so much about the old place," said she. "'There's no place like home'—I believe I never knew that meant so much before;" and she laid down her sewing again, and fell into a reverie.

In a little while she heard the click of the gate latch, and with the start and curiosity a village woman instinctively feels at the knowledge of somebody's coming in at the front door, she hurried to the other front window to take a look at her visitor through the blinds. It was only a child, and Miss Catherine did not wait for her to rap with the high and heavy knocker, but was standing in the open doorway when the little girl reached the steps.

"Come in dear!" said Miss Catherine kindly, "did you come of an errand?"

"I wanted to ask you something," said the child, following her into the sitting-room and taking the chair next the door with a shy smile that had something appealing about it. "I came to ask you if you want a girl this summer."

"Why no, I never keep help," said Miss Spring. "There is a woman who comes Mondays and Tuesdays, and other days when I need her. Who is it that wants to come?"

"It's only me," said the child, "I'm small of my age but I'm past ten, and I can work real smart about house." A great cloud of disappointment came over her face.

"Whose child are you?"

"I'm Katy Dunning, and I live with my aunt down by Sandy River bridge. Her girl is big enough to help round now, and she said I must find a place. She would keep me if she could," said the little girl in a grown-up old fashioned way, "but times are going to be dreadful hard, and it takes a good deal to keep so many."

"What made you come here?" asked Miss Catherine, whose heart went out toward this hard-worked womanly little thing. It seemed so pitiful that so young a child who ought to be still at play should already

know about hard times, and have begun to fight the battle of life. A year ago she had thought of taking just such a girl to save steps, and for the sake of having somebody in the house, but it never could be more out of the question than now. "What made you come to me?"

"Mr. Rand at the post-office told aunt that perhaps you might want me; he couldn't think of anybody else."

She was such a neat looking, well mended child, and looked Miss Catherine in the face so honestly. She might cry a little after she was outside the gate, but not now.

"I'm really sorry," said Miss Spring, "but you see I'm thinking about shutting my house up this summer." She would not allow to herself that it was for any longer. "But you keep up a good heart. I know a good many folks, and perhaps I can hear of a place for you. I suppose you could mind a baby, could'nt you? —No, you sit still a minute!" as the child thanked her and rose to go away; and she went out to her dining-room closet to a deep jar, and took out two of her best pound cakes, which she made so seldom now, and saved with great care. She put these on a pretty pink and white china plate, and filled a mug with milk. "Here," said she as she came back, "I want you to eat these cakes. You have walked a long ways and it'll do you good. Sit right up to the table, and I'll spread a newspaper over the cloth."

Katy loooked at her with surprise and gratitude. "I'm very much obliged," said she, and her first bite of the cake seemed the most delicious thing she had ever tasted.

Yes, I suppose bread and butter would have been quite as good for her, and much less extravagant on Miss Catherine's part; but of all the people who had praised her pound cakes, nobody had so delighted in their goodness, as this hungry little girl, who had hardly ever eaten anything but bread all her days, and not very nice bread at that.

"Don't hurry," said Miss Spring, kindly; "you're a good girl and I wish I could take you: I declare, I do;" and, with a little sigh, she sat down by the window again and took up the much neglected sewing, looking up now and then at her happy guest. When she saw the mug was empty, and that Katy looked at it wistfully, as she put it down, she took it without a word and went to the shelf in the cellar-way where the cream-pitcher stood, and poured out every drop that was in it, afterward filling the mug to the brim with milk, for her little pitcher did not hold much. "I'll get along one night without cream in my tea," said she to herself. "That was only skim-milk she had first, and she looks hungry."

"It's real pleasant here," said Katy; "you're so good! Aunt said I could tell you, if you wanted to take me, that I don't hurt my clothes, and I'm careful about the dishes. She thought I wouldn't be a bother. Would you tell the other people? I should be real glad to get a place."

"I'll tell 'em you're a good girl," said Miss Catherine, "and I'll get you a good home, if I can." For she thought of her niece in Lowell, and how much trouble there was when she was there about getting a careful young girl to take care of the smallest child. Then it occurred to her that Katy was very small herself, and did not look very strong, and Mary might not hear to it; so, after Katy had gone, she began to be sorrowful again, and to wish she had promised less and need not disappoint the little thing.

Another hour had gone, and it was four o'clock now, and in a few minutes she heard a carriage stop at the gate. She heard several voices, and was discouraged for a minute. Three people were coming in, and she was so glad when she saw it was a nephew and his wife from a town a dozen miles away, and a friend with them whom she had often seen at their house. They came in with good-natured chatter and much laughing. They had started out for a drive early after dinner, and had found the weather so pleasant that they had kept on to Brookton.

"I don't know what the folks will think," said they; "we meant to be back right away." "Well," said the niece, "I'm so glad we found you at home, and how well you do look, Aunt Catherine! I declare, you're smarter than any of us."

"I guess she is," said her nephew, who was a great favorite. "I tell you she's the salt of the earth," and he gave her a most affectionate and resounding great kiss; and then they were all merrier than ever.

"What are you sitting down for without laying off your bonnets?" asked the hostess. "You must stay and get supper before you ride home. I'll have it early, and there's a moon. You take the horse right round into the yard, Joseph; there's some more of that old hay in the barn; you know where to find it;" and, after some persuasion, the visitors yielded, and settled themselves quietly for the rest of the afternoon. They had said, as they came over, that they were sure Aunt Catherine would ask them to stay until evening, and she always had such good suppers. Miss Stanby had never been at the house before, and only once as far as Brookton, and she seemed very happy. She took care of her step-mother, who was very old and a great deal crosser than there was any need of being. This little excursion would do her a world of good, and luckily her married sister happened to be at home for a day or two's visit, so she did not feel anxious about being away. She was a sharp-faced, harassed-looking little woman, who might have been pretty if she had been richer and less worried and disappointed. She was a pleasant and patient soul, and this drive and visit were more to her than a journey to Boston would be to her companions. They were well-to-do village people, comfortable and happy, and unenvious as it is possible for village people, or any other people, to be.

Miss Spring was a little distracted and a bit formal for a few minutes, while she was thinking what she could get for tea; but that being settled, she gave her whole mind to enjoying the guests. She regretted the absence of the two pound cakes Katy Dunning had eaten, but it was only for an instant. She could make out with new gingerbread, and no matter if she couldn't! It was all very pleasant and sociable, and they talked together for a while busily, telling the news and asking and answering questions; and, by and by, Joseph took his hat saying that he must go down to the post-office to see Mr. Rand, the storekeeper. Soon after this it was time to get supper. Just as Miss Spring was going out, her niece said, "I had a letter from Lowell yesterday, from Mary."

"How is she now?" Miss Spring meant to talk over her plans a little with Joseph after supper, but was silent enough about them now.

"Her husband's oldest sister is coming to stay all summer with them. She is a widow and has been living out West. It'll be a great help to Mary, and John sets everything by this sister. She is a good deal older than he, and brought him up."

"It is a good thing," said Miss Catherine, emphatically, and with perfect composure. "I have been thinking about Mary lately. I pitied her so when I was there. I have had half a mind to go and stay with her a while myself."

"You might have got sick going to Lowell in hot weather. Shan't I come out and help you, Aunt Catherine?" who said "No indeed;" and went out to the kitchen, and dropped into a chair. "Oh, what am I going to do!" said she; for she never had felt so helpless and hopeless in her life.

The old clock gave its queer little cluck, by way of reminder that in five minutes it would be five o'clock. She had promised to have tea early, so she opened a drawer to take out a big calico apron, and went to work. Her eyes were full of tears. Poor woman; she felt as if she had come face to face with a great wall, but she bravely went to work to make the cream-tartar biscuit. Somehow she couldn't remember how much to take of anything. She was quite confused when she tried to remember the familiar rule. It was silly! She had made them hundreds of times, and was celebrated for her skill. Cream-tartar biscuit and some cold bread, and some preserved plums; or was it citron-melon she meant to have?—and some of that cold meat she had for dinner, for a relish, with a bit of cheese.

She would have felt much more miserable if she had not had to hurry, and after a few minutes, when the first shock of her bad news had been dulled a little, she was herself again; and tea was nearly ready,

the biscuits baking in the oven and some molasses gingerbread beside, when she happened to remember that there was not a drop of cream in the cream-pitcher; she had given it all to poor little Katy. Joseph was very particular about having cream in his tea, so she called her niece Martha to the kitchen and asked her to watch the oven while she went down the road to a neighbor's. She did not stop even to take her sun-bonnet; it was not a great way, and shady under the elms, so away she went with the pitcher. Mrs. Hilton, the neighbor, was a generous soul, and when she heard of the unexpected company, with ready sympathy and interest she said, "Now what did you bring such a mite of a pitcher for? Do take this one of mine. I'd just as soon you'd have the cream as not. I don't calculate to make any butter this week, and it'll be well to have it to eat with your preserves. It's nice and sweet as ever you saw."

"I'm sure you are kind," said Miss Spring, and with a word or two more she went hurrying home. As I have said, it was not far, but the railroad came between, and our friend had to cross the track. It seemed very provoking that a long train should be standing across the road. It seemed to be waiting for something; an accident might have happened, for the station was a little distance back.

Miss Catherine waited in great anxiety; she could not afford to waste a minute. She would have to cross an impossible culvert in going around the train either way. She saw some passengers or brakemen walking about on the other side, and with great heroism mounted the high step of the platform with the full intention of going down the other side, when to her horror the train suddenly moved. She screamed "Stop! stop!" but nobody saw her and nobody heard her, and off she went, cream-pitcher and all, without a bit of a bonnet. It was simply awful.

The car behind her was the smoking car, and the one on which she stood happened to be the Pullman. She was dizzy and did not dare to stay where she was, so she opened the door and went in. There was a young lady standing in the passage way getting a drink of water for some one in a dainty little tumbler, and she looked over her shoulder, thinking Miss Spring was the conductor, to whom she wished to speak, and she smiled, for who could help it?

"I'm carried off," said poor Aunt Catherine, hysterically. "I had company come to tea unexpectedly, and I was all out of cream, and I went out to Mrs. Hilton's, and I was in a great hurry to get back, and there seemed no sign in the world of the cars starting. I wish we never had sold our land for the track! Oh, what shall I do! I'm a mile from home already; they'll be frightened to death, and I wanted to have supper early for them, so they could start for home; it's a long ride. And the biscuit ought to be eaten hot. Dear me! they'll be so worried!"

"I'm very sorry, indeed," said the young lady, who was quivering with laughter in spite of her heartfelt sympathy for such a calamity as this. "I suppose you will have to go on to the next station: is it very far?"

"Half an hour," said Miss Spring, despairingly, "and the down train doesn't get into Brookton until seven; and I haven't a cent of money with me, either. I shall be crazy! I don't see why I didn't get off; but it took all my wits away the minute I found I was going."

"I'm so glad you didn't get off," said the girl gravely; "you might have been terribly hurt. Won't you come into the compartment just here with my aunt and me? She is an invalid, and we are all by ourselves; you need not see any one else. Let me take your pitcher." And Miss Spring, glad to find so kind a friend in such an emergency, followed her.

There were two sofas running the length of the compartment; and on one of these was lying a most kind and refined-looking woman, with gray hair and the sweetest eyes. Poor Aunt Catherine somehow felt comforted at once, and when this new friend looked up wonderingly, and her niece tried to keep from even smiling while she told the story discreetly, she began to laugh at herself heartily.

"I know you want to laugh, dear," said she. "It's ridiculous, only I'm so afraid

they'll be worried about me at home. If anybody had only seen me as I rode off, and could tell them!"

Miss Ashton had not laughed so much in a long time; the fun of the thing overshadowed the misery, and they were all very merry for a few minutes. There was something straightforward and homelike and pleasant in Miss Catherine's face, and the other travelers liked her at once, as she did them. They were going to a town nearer the mountains, for the summer. Miss Ashton was just getting over a severe illness, and they asked about the place to which they were bound; but Miss Spring could tell them little about it.

"The country is beautiful around here, isn't it?" said Alice West, when there was a pause: the shadows were growing long, and the sun was almost ready to go down among the hills. "Brookton! didn't you notice an advertisement of some one who wanted boarders there, aunty? You thought it was hardly near enough to the mountains, didn't you? but this is beautiful."

"Why, that was my notice," said Miss Spring, and then she stopped and flushed a little. I believe if she had thought a moment she would not have spoken; and Miss Ashton saw the hesitation and the flush.

"I wish I were going to spend the summer with you," said she, by and by, in her frank, pleasant way; and Miss Catherine said, "I wish you were," and sighed quietly; she felt wonderfully at home with these strangers, and in spite of her annoyance when she thought of her guests, she was enjoying herself. "I live all alone," she said once, in speaking of something else; and if she had been alone with Miss Ashton I think she would have told her something of her troubles, of which we know her heart was very full. Everybody found it easy to talk to Miss Ashton, but there was the niece; and Miss Catherine, like most elderly women of strong character who live alone, was used to keeping her affairs to herself, and felt a certain pride in being uncommunicative.

When the conductor looked in, with surprise at seeing the new passenger, Alice West asked him the fare to Hillsfield, the next station, and after paying him gave as much money to Miss Spring, who took it reluctantly, though there was nothing else to be done.

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you," said she, "but you must tell me how to direct to you and I will send the money back to-morrow."

"No, indeed!" said the girl; but Miss Spring looked unhappy, and Miss Ashton with truer kindness gave her the direction, saying:

"Please tell us how you found your friends at home, because Alice and I will wish very much to know what they thought."

"You have been so kind, I sha'n't forget it," said Miss Catherine, with a little shake in her voice that was not made by the cars.

Alice had taken from her traveling bag a little white hood which she had seen in a drawer that morning after her trunk was locked and strapped, and had put it over Miss Catherine's head. It was very becoming, and it did not look at all unsuitable for an elderly woman to wear in the evening, just from one station to the next. And she was going to wrap the cream-pitcher in some paper when Miss Catherine said softly:

"Does your aunty care anything about cream?"

"She likes it dearly," said the girl, looking so much pleased. "I had half a mind to ask you if you could spare just a little;" and Miss Ashton's little tumbler was at once delightedly filled to the very brim.

Its owner said she had not tasted anything so delicious in a long time, and would not Miss Spring take some little biscuit and some grapes to eat while she waited in the station? Yes, indeed, they had more than they wanted, and she must not forget it was tea-time already. Alice would wrap some up for her in a paper.

And at last they shook hands most cordially and were so sorry to say good-bye.

"I never shall forget your kindness as long as I live," said Miss Catherine; and Alice helped her off the car and nodded good-bye as it started.

"I wish with all my heart we could board with that dear good soul this summer," said Miss Ashton, "and I believe she has been

dreadfully grieved because her advertisement was not answered; perhaps it may be yet. She looked sad and worried, and it was something besides this mishap. What a kind face she had! I wish we knew more about her. I'm so glad we happened to be right here, and that she didn't have to go into the car."

"Yes," said Alice; "but, aunty, I think it was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life, when she appeared to me with that horror-stricken face and her cream-pitcher."

And Miss Catherine, as she seated herself in the little station to wait for the down train, said to herself: "God bless them! how good they were! How I should have hated to go into the car with all the people, and be stared at and made fun of. They have been so courteous and simple and kind; why are there not more such people in the world?" And she thought about them, and ate her crackers and the hot-house grapes, and was very comfortable. It might have been such a disagreeable experience, yet she had really enjoyed herself. It did not seem long before she again took her seat in the cars, with the cream-pitcher respectably disguised in white paper, and herself looking well enough in the soft little white hood, with its corner just in the middle of her gray hair over her forehead. She paid her fare as if her pocket were full of money, and watched the other people in the car; and by the time she reached home she was her own composed and reliable self again.

There had been a great excitement at her house. The biscuit were done and the gingerbread, and the niece took them out of the oven and thought her aunt was gone a good while—and went back to the sitting-room. After a few minutes she went to the front gate to look down the street. Miss Stanby joined her, and they stood watching until Joseph Spring came hurrying back, thinking he was late, and ready with his apologies, when they told him how long Miss Catherine had been gone.

"She's stopped for something or other; they're always asking her opinion about things," said he, carelessly. "She will be along soon." And then they went into the house, and nobody said much, and the tall clock ticked louder and louder, and Joseph began to whistle and drum with his fingers, meaning to show his unconcern but in reality betraying the opposite feeling.

"You don't suppose she's sick, do you?" asked Miss Stanby, timidly.

"More likely somebody else is," said Mr. Spring. "Did you say she had gone over to Mrs. Hilton's, Martha? I'll walk down there and see what the matter is."

"I wish you would," said his wife. "It's after six o'clock."

"Hasn't got home yet!" said Mrs. Hilton, in dismay. "Why, what can have become of her? She came in before half-past five, in a great hurry, and she left her pitcher here on the table. I suppose she forgot it. I lent her mine, because it was bigger. There's no house between but the Donalds', and they're all off at his mother's funeral to Lancaster. You don't suppose the cars run over her?"

"I don't know," said Miss Spring's nephew, in real trouble by this time.

Thy went out together and looked everywhere along the road, apologizing to each other as they did so. They went up and down the railroad for some little distance, and it was a great relief not to find her there. Joseph asked some men if they had seen his aunt, and when they said no, wonderingly, and expected an explanation, he did not give it, he hardly knew why. They went to the house beyond Miss Catherine's, though Martha and Miss Stanby were sure she had not gone by. They looked in the barn, even; they went out in the garden and through the house, for she might possibly have come in without being seen, but she had apparently disappeared from the face of the earth.

It had seemed foolish at first to tell the neighbors; but by seven o'clock, or nearly that, Martha Spring said, decisively: "She cannot have gone far unless she has been carried off. I think you had better get some men and have a regular hunt for her before it gets any darker. I'm not going home to-night until we find her;" and they owned to each other that it was a very serious and frightful thing. Miss Stanby

looked most concerned and apprehensive of the three, and suggested what had been uppermost in her mind all the time—that it would be so awful if poor Miss Spring had been murdered, or could she have killed herself? There was something so uncharacteristic in the idea of Miss Catherine's committing suicide that for a moment her nephew could not resist a smile, but he was grave enough again directly, for it might be true, after all, and he remembered with a thrill of horror that old Mr. Elden, the lawyer, had told him in confidence that Miss Spring was somewhat pinched for money; that her affairs were in rather a bad way, and perhaps he had better talk with her, as he himself did not like to have all the responsibility of advising her.

"Poor old lady!" thought Joseph Spring, who was a tender-hearted man. "She looked to-day as if she felt bad about something. She has grown old this last year, that's a fact!" It seemed to him as if she were in truth dead already. "You had better look all over the house," said he to his wife. "Did you look in the garret?" He remembered the story that his great-grandfather had been found hanging there, and could not have gone to the garret himself to save his life.

He went hurrying out of the house, determined now to make the disappearance public; he would go to the depot; there were always some men there at this time. The church bell began to ring for Wednesday evening meeting, and she had always gone so regularly; he would hurry back there and tell the people as they came. The train went by slowly to stop at the station; it was a little behind time. He hurried on, looking down as he walked; to tell the truth, he was thinking about the funeral, and suddenly he heard a familiar voice say:

"Well, Joseph! I suppose you thought I was lost!"

"Heavens and earth, Aunt Catherine! where have you been?" And he caught her by the shoulder and felt suddenly like crying and laughing together. "I never had anything come over me so in all my life," said he to his wife and Miss Stanby, as they went home, later that evening. "I declare, it took the starch right out of me."

Miss Catherine looked brighter than she had that afternoon; the excitement really had done her good; she told her adventure as they hurried home together. When they reached the house Martha Spring and Miss Stanby kissed her and cried as if their hearts would break. Joseph looked out of the window a few minutes, and then announced that he would go out and see to the horse.

The tears were soon over with, and as soon as it seemed decent, Mrs. Martha said, "Aunt Catherine, do tell me where you got that pretty hood. I wish I had seen it when I first got here, to take the pattern. Isn't it a new stitch?"

"Dear me! haven't I taken it off?" said Miss Catherine; "well you must excuse me if I am scatter-witted. I feel as if I had been gone a week."

They had supper directly—that very late supper!—they were all as hungry as hunters, even poor little Miss Stanby, and the reaction from such suspense made the guests merry enough; while, as was often said, Miss Catherine was always good company. The cream-tartar biscuits were none the less good for being cold. Joseph hadn't eaten such gingerbread since he was there before, and the tea was made fresh over a dry-shingle fire, which blazes in a minute as every one knows. There were more than enough pound cakes, and Martha asked all over again how Miss Catherine made her preserves, for somehow hers were never so good; while Miss Catherine meekly said that she had not had such good luck as usual with the last she made.

At last they drove off down the road. The moon had come up and was shining through the trees; it was so cool and fresh and bright an evening, with a little yellow light still lingering in the west after the sunset. The guests went away very happy and light-hearted, for it seemed as if they had been spared a terrible sorrow.

"I saw the prettiest little table up in the garret," said Mrs. Martha. "It only needs fixing up a little. I mean to ask your Aunt

Catherine if I can't have it when I go over again."

"No you wont," said her husband with more authority than was usual with him.

Miss Catherine stood watching at the gate until they were out of sight. "I must settle down," said she. "I feel as if it had been a wedding or a funeral or something; and I declare if it isn't Wednesday evening and what will they think has become of me at meeting?" though she could have trusted Mrs. Hilton to spread the story far and wide—by which you must not suppose that good Mrs. Hilton was a naughty gossip.

The next morning Miss Catherine waked up even more heavy-hearted than she had been the day before. I suppose she was tired after the unusual excitement. She wished she had talked to Joseph; she must talk with somebody. She wished she had not been such a fool as to get on those cars, for she was sure she never should hear the last of the joke; and after the morning work was done, she sat down in the sitting-room with the clock ticking mockingly, and that intolerable feeling of despair and disgust came over her; there is nothing much harder to bear than that; if you know what it is I am sure you will pity her.

The afternoon seemed very long. It rained, and nobody came in until the evening, when Mrs. Hilton's boy came with a letter. Miss Catherine had been to the post-office just before dinner, to send the money to Miss Ashton, and this surprised her very much. "It must have come by the seven o'clock train," said she. "I never get letters from that way;" and she took it to the window and looked curiously at the address, and at last she opened it. It was a pretty letter to look at, and it proved to be a pleasant one to read. It was from Alice West, Miss Ashton's niece; and Miss Catherine read it slowly and felt as if she were in a dream.

"My Dear Miss Spring:

"My aunt, Miss Ashton, wishes me to write to you, to ask if it would be convenient for you to take us to board. We are very much disappointed here, and are glad we did not positively engage our rooms until we had seen them. It is a very damp house, and I am sure my aunt ought not to stay, and would be uncomfortable in many ways. We should like two rooms close to each other, and we were each to pay ten dollars a week here, but are perfectly willing to pay more than that. We are almost certain that we shall like your house, but perhaps it will be the better way for me to come down and see you, and then I can make all the arrangements. If Brookton suits aunty, we may want to stay as late as October, and should you mind if one of my friends comes to stay with us by and by? She would share my room. If you will write me to-morrow morning, and if you think you can take us, I will go down in the early afternoon train.

"We hope you reached home all right, and that your friends were not much worried. We begin to think that your adventure was a fortunate thing for us. With kind regards from us both,

Yours sincerely, Alice West.

Did you ever know anything more fortunate than this? Poor Miss Catherine sat down and cried about it; and the cat came and rubbed against her foot and purred sympathizingly, and was taken up and wept over, which I believe had never happened to her before. Of all people, who could be pleasanter boarders than these? They had won her heart in the half hour she had already spent with them. She had wished then, that they were coming to her; it would be such a pleasure to make them comfortable. And twenty dollars a week—that would surely be more than enough for them all to live upon with what she had beside. And there was Katy, who could save so many steps and could wait on Miss Ashton; she would have the child come at once. She could have Mrs. Brown come every day for a while, beside Mondays and Tuesdays, and how glad she would be of the extra pay. Miss Catherine even went up stairs in the late June twilight to look at the two familiar front chambers, with only the small square hall separating them. They looked so pleasant and were so airy and of such good size, they could not help being suited;

she patted the pillow of her best bed affectionately, and thought with pride, that they would find no fault with her way of cooking. And her house never was damp; there was not a better house in Brookton. Life had rarely looked brighter to Miss Catherine than it did that night.

Alice West came down the next afternoon, and found the house and the rooms and Miss Catherine herself were all exactly what wise Miss Ashton had said they would be. And the two boarders thought themselves lucky to have found such a pleasant house for the summer; they were so considerate, and became favorites with many people besides their hostess. They brought a great deal of pleasure and goodwill to sober little Brookton, as two cultivated, thoughtful, helpful women may make any place pleasanter if they choose. Miss Ashton is a help and a comfort and a pleasure wherever she goes, while Alice West is learning to be like her more and more every year. Miss Catherine remembered sometimes with great thankfulness that it was the loss of her money for a while, that had brought her these friends. Katy Dunning was so happy to go to live at Miss Spring's after all, and did her very best—a patient, steady, willing little creature she was! And I am sure she never had had so many good times in her life as she did that summer.

I might tell you so much more about these people, but a story must end somewhere. You may hope that Miss Catherine's fortunes bettered, and that she never will have to give up her home; that she can keep Katy all the time; that Miss Ashton will come back to Brookton the next year, and the next.

I am sure you will think in reading all this, just what I have thought as I told it—and what Miss Catherine herself felt—that it was such a wonderfully linked together chain. All the time she thought she was going wrong, that it was a series of mistakes. "I never will be so miserable again," said she. "It was all ordered for the best, and may the Lord forgive me for doubting His care and goodness as I did that day." It went straight to her heart the next Sunday when the old minister said in his sermon: "Dear friends, do not let us forget what the Psalmist says: that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. He plans the way we go; and so let us always try to see what He means in sending us this way or that. Do not let us go astray from willfulness, or blame Him for the work He gives us to do, or the burdens he gives us to carry, since he knows best."

So often, in looking back, we find that what seemed the unluckiest day of the week really proved most fortunate, and what we called bad luck proved just the other thing. We trace out the good results of what we thought must make everything go wrong; we say, "If it had not been for this or that, I should have missed and lost so much." I once happened to open a book of sermons and to see the title of one: "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." I did not read the sermon itself and have never seen the book again, but I have thought of it a great many times. Since it is true that our lives are planned with the greatest love and wisdom, must it not be that our sorrows and hindrances come just from our taking things wrong?

And here, for the last of the story, is a verse that Robert Browning wrote, that Miss Ashton said one morning, and Miss Catherine liked:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;'
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Sarah O. Jewett.

THREE OLD BIBLES.

As the visitor in Rome stands at the opening of the massive colonnades which circle outward from the front of St. Peter's, his eye sweeps over a scene not more wonderful in its present appearance than in its historical associations. Before him rises the mighty dome of Michael Angelo, its vast height half hidden by the heavy pillared *facade*, from the top of which gigantic statues of Christ and the Apostles look down. The great square, glittering with fountains, is pierced in its center by that needle-like obelisk of red granite which first stood amid the temples of Heliopolis, then in the circus of Nero, and was removed three centuries ago to its present position to adorn the scenes of Christian worship as it once did those of the heathen rites. Adjoining the cathedral on the north is the spot where Caligula used to walk in his gardens, amusing his evening hours with the murder of Roman nobles and ladies, and where Nero afterwards looked on the living forms of Christians bedaubed with pitch, and fired for the imperial recreation. Here Charlemagne resided, during his Roman visits; and here the eye now glances over the long walls and red-tiled roofs of the Vatican palace, a huge mass of buildings occupying a square of 760 by 1150 feet, and comprising nearly 5000 different apartments.

Passing down the right colonnade, the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2000 feet long, in the walls of which are set 3000 slabs, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right, are confronted on the left with early Christian epitaphs. While walking through this gloomy corridor towards the heavy iron doors near its further end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the pagan and Christian epitaphs, forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the *Libreria Vaticana.*

The scene bursting upon the view, as the visitor enters this library, is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large, ornamented pillars; its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes, and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors; its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries, each as richly adorned as the main hall; the whole displaying a line of over half a mile of magnificent paintings; while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art.

There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures of the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in the day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous church festival days. The Vatican library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of the treasures which it shuts up from public use.

The oldest and most precious copy of the Christian Scriptures, the *Vatican Bible*, has remained hidden in this library four centuries, its guardians during the most of this long period neither using it themselves nor suffering others to use it. Within the last half century their jealousy has been somewhat relaxed. In 1843, a German scholar was allowed to stand between two keepers for a few hours and look at the book; but, if the attendants saw him noticing any passage with special attention, they would snatch the volume away. Twelve years later, Dr. Tregelles of England, though armed with a powerful letter of introduction from Cardinal Wiseman, found that the

two *prelati*, who had been ordered to watch him, acted as if they had a criminal in charge. "They would not let me open the volume," he says, "without searching my pockets to deprive me of pen, ink and paper." They sought to distract his attention by rude talk and laughter. If he began to look closely at a passage, they would roughly snatch the volume away. The fortune of Dean Alford, in 1861, was scarcely better. Although he had gained from the very highest authority, the papal prime minister, Antonelli himself, a special order authorizing him "to verify passages," it would seem that the custodians must have had a secret hint that the order was to be rendered practically worthless. For Alford found, to his surprise and chagrin, that the librarian insisted upon interpreting the order to mean "that he was to *see* the book, not to *use* it." But the world moves, even at Rome. Five years later, Tischendorf secured the privilege of studying these wonderful pages for fourteen days, of three hours each; and, by the aid of his accurate paleographical learning and marvelous memory, succeeded in giving the world a far better copy of this bible than had yet been known. The failure of Mai's disgracefully imperfect edition has resulted in the authoritative production of a new reprint, copying the words letter for letter.

Let us imagine now that we have secured the orders necessary for a view of this priceless volume, and that the watchful attendants have opened its locked cabinet and placed the book on the table before us. We behold a heavy quarto, bound in dingy red morocco covers, containing 759 leaves of very thin and delicate vellum. The appearance of great antiquity speaks to the eye at once of the countless years of use through which the book has passed. But if we ask what is known of its history before it was brought to this "magnificent mausoleum of dead books," the answer is disappointing. Its external history previous to A. D. 1475, when it was first enrolled in the Vatican catalogue, has entirely perished.

No one can tell who brought the Vatican Bible to Rome, or whence it came. Was it conveyed thither by the learned John Bessarion, the patriarch of Constantinople, who contributed so largely to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, and turned his own residence into an academy and home for literary men? So some have thought. Was it written in Alexandria, fifteen and a half centuries ago, when that splendid city was the chief seat of Christian learning, and its bishop, the powerful Athanasius, was entitled the "Judge of the World?" Many great scholars have so conjectured. Or did it originate in Southern Italy, the Magna Grecia of old, when its cities were so celebrated for their literary culture? So the most recent investigators infer, arguing from the peculiar similarity between its style of handwriting and that of the Herculaneum papyri, and from the extensive agreements between its readings and those of the other most ancient manuscripts of South Italy, some of which they think must have been copied from this very book. But these, with all other theories of its origin and early history, belong to the realm of conjecture. From what source it issued; what hands wrote these faded lines; in what palaces, castles, monasteries, it has lain from age to age; along what currents it has floated down the centuries; through what perils of wars and conflagrations in different countries it has passed unscathed —these are inquiries which offer wide room for the activity of the historic imagination; but the facts that would answer them are shrouded from us in the oblivion of forgotten things.

Our chief knowledge of the Vatican Bible is derived from its own pages; and these, though they cannot tell us the story of its origin and lines of transmission, exhibit manifold evidences of its extreme antiquity and value. The six narrow columns of small, square, precisely written letters shown by each open double page; the continuous writing, without breaks into words or sentences; the absence of capitals, accents, breathings and punctuation marks; the retouching of the original handwriting, now much faded by lapse of ages; the peculiar paleographic division into sections, antedating the Euthalian, Eusebian, and even the Ammonian canons (A. D. 340)—all

justify the conclusion that this very copy of the Scriptures must have been written during the first quarter or half of the fourth century. Such scholars as Dr. Scrivener agree with Dr. Tregelles in placing the writing between A. D. 300 and A. D. 325. Davidson and Tischendorf would put it nearly at A. D. 350; while Westcott and Alford assign it to the same century without indicating more precisely the date.

The Vatican Bible contains the Greek Septuagint translation of the Old Testament except the first forty-five chapters of Genesis and Psalms 105–37, which have been lost. In the New Testament the portion after Hebrews 9 : 14, and with it First and Second Titus, Philemon, and the entire Apocalypse are wanting, these missing parts being substituted in a comparatively recent handwriting of the fifteenth century. Dr. Tregelles, a consummate paleographist, told Dr. Scrivener that he was "deeply impressed with the general appearance of the manuscript, as being far more venerable than anything else he had ever seen," and said that, while he felt quite sure that it was already written at the time of the council of Nice, A. D. 325, he did not like to say how much earlier it might well have been written.

While the seclusion of the Vatican Bible in its splendid repository at Rome is a distinguishing fact in its history, the most striking circumstance in our knowledge of the *Sinai Bible*, is the strange place and story of its discovery. The Vatican palace is encircled and filled with the monuments of human art, and its air is tremulous with the chantings of papal worship, or the incessant footfalls of devotion and curiosity crowding thither from all the world. But about the lonely fortress convent is spread the perpetual silence of the desert, and over its walls and towers frown the awful crags of Sinai. Among human abodes a center of busier concourse could hardly be contrasted with a spot of more utter isolation.

The convent stands in a valley so narrow that, while its lower wall touches the dry bed of the torrent, which sweeps down the wady for a few weeks only in the year, its side walls mount steeply along 250 feet up the slope of the mountain. On each side rise fantastic mountain peaks, not dull and uniform in aspect, but glowing with gorgeous colors, streaked with crimson, green, lilac, purple and pink, varying from the dark red of granite, or the dead black of basalt to the dazzling white of limestone. The convent buildings are enclosed within heavy walls of red brick and granite. They are rude and irregular, constructed in different ages, and many of them now unused and half ruined. The chief building is the great church, probably thirteen centuries old. Its interior is profusely decorated with pictures, hung with silver lamps, and enriched with costly offerings.

The convent has its library in a large, plain apartment, rarely visited by the monks, and, on account of their jealous suspicions, usually closed against strangers. It is this ancient library which has turned the eyes of the world of scholars with such marked interest towards this decaying, and almost deserted, monastery. For it has furnished a more precious contribution to Scripture learning than the proudest and wealthiest capital of Europe could make. Its preservation of one book through so many centuries is a service to Christianity of such value as to inspire grateful recognition of the Providence which buried it so securely from the perils of the past, and has disentombed it so signally in our day.

In the year 1844, Constantine Tischendorf, a young German scholar, made a journey into the East to discover ancient Scriptures, which might be reposing unknown in its dilapidated monasteries. In the course of his explorations, he visited this ancient convent at the base of Mount Sinai, and was hospitably received by the monks, who even admitted him to their neglected library. In the middle of the room was a large waste basket heaped with torn pages and fragments of old parchment. While Tischendorf was looking them over, he was told that the contents were worthless, having been gathered to be burned. But in that basket he discovered 120 leaves from one of the most ancient Greek Bibles he had ever beheld. He asked for them, but was allowed to keep only forty-three;

nor would the monks, whose suspicions were now aroused by his evident sense of the value of these fragments, permit him to copy a word of the pages they withheld.

Nine years later Tischendorf revisited the convent, hoping to secure the rest of these precious leaves; but they were hidden away. He, however, chanced upon a single fragment of the book, containing eleven lines of Genesis, and departed, feeling that the volume itself had long ago perished. It afterwards appeared that the monks, using as samples the leaves they had kept from him, had found their companion pages and secreted them with the fragments first discovered.

The last days of January, 1859, found this indefatigable explorer again among the peaks of Sinai, and before the walls of its convent. This journey was made under the powerful patronage of the Emperor of Russia, the head of the Greek church. As the caravan drew near to the convent walls, the cord was let down, as usual, from the high door at the top of the wall, for letters of introduction. The unexpected impression made by the imperial documents sent back was shown by the immediate appearance of the steward to take the Russian commissioner through a separate entrance on the ground, by way of the garden. The rest of the party were hoisted through the air into the convent, as are all ordinary visitors. At the close of this visit, Tischendorf was invited into the cell of the steward, and a parcel, wrapped in red cloth, was laid before him. On opening it, he was astonished and delighted to discover, not only the fragments taken away from his hand fifteen years before, but also the entire Bible, of which they were a portion, henceforth to be known to the world as the Sinai Bible, second only to the Vatican in antiquity and value. He begged the privilege of taking it to his room, and spent the night in transcribing, lest the opportunity might never recur.

After considerable effort, Tischendorf secured permission from the reluctant monks to take this precious Scripture to Cairo, where it was copied. On his return to Russia, he made such representations of the unique importance to Christian learning of this ancient Bible, that the imperial influence was turned towards removing it from its obscure and neglected depository, which was finally accomplished.

The year 1862, the one-thousandth anniversary of Russia, was celebrated by the publication of this Bible, under imperial auspices. It was issued in four large folio volumes, each leaf of the size and form of the corresponding leaf in the original, the color of the ink, size of the type, spaces and lines, all closely imitating the appearance of the ancient Scripture. Only 300 copies were allowed to be printed, two hundred of which have already been distributed to the chief libraries of the world, by the Emperor of Russia.

The Sinai Bible contains the New Testament, the Epistle of Barnabas, a portion of Hermas, and twenty-two books of the Old Testament. The whole is written on fine vellum, made from antelope skins into the largest pages known in our ancient manuscripts. While most of the oldest manuscripts have only two columns to the page, and the Vatican Bible has three, the Sinai Bible alone shows four. The letters are somewhat larger than those of the Vatican, and much more roughly written. The book contains many blunders in copying, and there are a few cases of willful omission. Its remote age is attested by many of the same proofs which have been mentioned in the description of the Vatican Bible; but the appearance here of the Eusebian canons shows that we cannot place its writing much before the middle of the fourth century.

It has been thought by some that this book is the single venerable survivor of the fifty issued by Eusebius, A. D. 331, by order of the Emperor Constantine. The extreme costliness of the volume, its magnificent size, its form of writing, and the probable date of its appearance favor this supposition. Its pages, during their long existence, have undergone at least ten different revisions, some of them occurring soon after the original writing, but most of them having been made several hundred years later. The various hands in which these alterations, corrections, interpolations

and notes have been written, are noticeable among the evidences of the antiquity of the original writing.

The first *fac-similes* of the Sinai Bible had hardly been issued when a curious attack was made upon it. A certain wily Greek, named Simonides, declared that the book, so far from being a relic of extreme antiquity, was merely a piece of his own handiwork. He said he had written it between November, 1839, and August, 1840, for his uncle, then Superior of a monastery, on Mt. Athos. It was to be a copy from a Moscow Bible, in antique style and uncial letters, and upon vellum. He afterwards gave it to the archbishop of Sinai, who had sent it to the Sinai convent, where he himself had since seen it twice.

This extravagant story was at once tested more rigorously than its author relished. Simonides was proved to be a perjurer and a forger in some of his previous exploits. He could produce no living witness in behalf of his tale. Both the archbishop and the "uncle," whose names he had made use of, had conveniently died before the Greek concocted his narrative. The librarian and brethren at Mt. Sinai testified that Simonides had never been seen at the convent, and declared that the Bible had certainly been in the convent throughout their memory, and that its title stood duly entered in all the ancient catalogues. Further examination showed that the story of the Greek involved the curious improbability that this pretended copying took place at a time when, according to his own previous statements, he could have been only fifteen years old. A little calculation showed that this precocious boy must have written at the rate of 20,000 large, separate uncial characters (which are peculiarly slow of construction) every successive day for nine months. When this difficulty was brought to light, Simonides took refuge in the perfectly safe offer to do the same task for the trifling sum of $50,000, which he knew was not likely to be raised. It was noticed, however, that he did not consent to prove his ability by sitting down, in the presence of competent examiners, and doing one day's copying at the rate at which he pretended to have written the whole. Finally, a critical examination of the Sinai Bible, the worn and decayed appearance of the volume, the fading of the inks in some places even to indistinctness, the many interlineations by different hands, and in the styles of writing characteristic of different ages, and even the peculiar *blunders* of the scribe and the marked similarity of readings to those of the few other ancient bibles which are extant, made it perfectly certain that the Greek's extravagant claim was utterly false. The one useful result of his preposterous attack was to turn the attention of scholars so strongly upon the abundant proofs of the great age of the Sinai Bible, that its position and value were thenceforth impregnably established in the world of letters.

It is an interesting fact that each of the three great divisions of the Christian church possesses one of the three most ancient and valuable Bibles in existence. The Roman church holds the Vatican Bible; the Greek church has secured the Sinai Bible; and the leading Protestant nation, the English people, are using the Alexandrian Bible. Such a division of these three important Scriptures will be regarded by many as a mere coincidence, but by some as a Providence.

The name of the Vatican Bible recalls its long and close seclusion in its splendid palatial tomb; that of the Sinai Bible, its strange recovery from the crumbling convent at the foot of the mount of God; while the Alexandrian is associated with the thoughts of scholarly use, with the open doors, the frequented halls, and the silent but ceaseless industries of scholarship in the British Museum. Within these walls students are gathered from all parts of the world. Germans and Italians, French and Americans, Greeks, Persians and Hindoos — all are welcomed and afforded the amplest facilities for work in the grandest scientific, historic and literary collection on the globe. Such an experience there as that of the writer of these lines, deserves grateful mention. He was cordially received, introduced to the ancient manuscript department, provided freely with the services of competent assistants, and

proffered at once the full use for weeks, months or years of that vast and royal collection which the British government has been gathering at such heavy cost for the last hundred years. Here were over 40,000 manuscripts and 750,000 volumes, any one or any number of which were open to the use of any foreign or English scholar without expense, trouble or needless restriction.

Among the great number of other ancient and time-worn Scriptures examined there,—papyri enclosed in glass plates to stay the progress of decay; palimpsests, the early writing of which afforded only such faint traces as could be discerned through a magnifying glass; royal gospels on purple vellum inscribed with letters of gold; pages of the black, cramped, heavy script of the dark ages; exquisite volumes with curious arabesque borders and glowing full page illustrations scarcely dimmed by the lapse of centuries; manuscripts of all classes and ages from Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Italy, Spain, Hungary, India, Ireland, Iceland, all quarters of the globe,—the crown of all was the old *Alexandrian Bible.*

We sometimes say of a precious book that it is worth its weight in gold. But their weight in gold would sustain no appreciable proportion to the real value of the four volumes which contain this old Scripture. They are entirely unpurchasable and can be balanced in preciousness by the few other Bibles which have also escaped the ravages of time, and offer for the use of Christian learning Scriptures as ancient, rare and important.

The Alexandrian Bible is contained in four quarto volumes of 773 leaves. It was written upon thin, fine vellum, which has decayed in many places, leaving holes in the sheet. The red ink in which the opening lines of the different books are inscribed, holds its color well; but the black ink in which the main portion of the book was written, has long since faded into a yellowish-brown, and scales off from the page unless the leaf is handled very tenderly. The close of each book is marked with curious arabesque drawings of a border partly enclosing the title, which is placed at the end of the books, not at the beginning. The writing is in two columns to the page, the letters being the ancient square uncials, not quite so simple as those found in the Vatican and Sinai Bibles, larger than the former but a little smaller than the latter. A few of them have been pared from the edge of the page by some ignorant and careless book-binder.

This Bible contains the Greek Septuagint version of the Old Testament, (only ten leaves of which are lost,) with the New Testament, (from which, unfortunately, several fragments are gone.) the Apocrypha, the Epistles of Clement, and one of Athanasius. Each of the three oldest Bibles extant contains other books and epistles than those now included in our canon of Holy Scripture, showing that they were written before the time when the limits of the Scriptures were closely and exactly defined. The Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, the Shepherd of Hermas, and some other Scriptures were long read in the churches, and inserted, although it is thought not upon equal terms, among the other books of the Bible.

The Alexandrian is the most ancient Scripture we have in which capital letters are used. They are written here at the opening of each section and book. We also find on these pages the primitive punctuation mark, a simple dot followed by a break in the writing. The appearance of the Eusebian canons denotes that the copy was not made earlier than the last quarter of the fourth century; while a number of considerations indicate that it had come into existence before the middle of the fifth. Dr. Scrivener says, "The Alexandrian has been judged to be carelessly written, but that is the case to some degree with nearly all the old copies, with the Sinai Bible most of all. Besides other corrections by later hands, there are not a few instances in which the original scribe altered what he had at first written, and these changes are to the full as weighty as the primitive readings which they amend. The Alexandrian is at perpetual variance with the Sinai and the Vatican Bibles in their characteristic and more conspicuous various readings, and being thus

shown to have had an origin perfectly independent to these cognate copies, its agreement with either or both of them supplies great strength of probability to any reading thus favored." This Bible, the third in antiquity, was the first to receive thorough scholarly examination and contribute to the correction of the errors in the common Scripture text.

Its external history is brief It was presented to Charles I. through Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassador to Turkey in 1628. The giver was Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople, whose European education incited him to attempt reforms which ended in his being strangled on the charge of high treason in 1638. He had previously been patriarch of Alexandria and had brought the book from that city. The earliest inscription in the book is a Moorish-Arabic scrawl found at the foot of the first page in Genesis, denouncing a curse upon any one who should take it away from the patriarchate of Alexandria. There is also a Latin note upon one of the fly leaves declaring that the book was presented to the patriarch, A. D., 1098. Cyril wrote a note in it, indicating the tradition that the book was copied by Thecla, a noble Egyptian lady, a little later than A. D., 325. But Dr. Tregelles acutely conjectures that this tradition arose from the fact that the first of the remaining leaves of the Gospels forms part of the Scripture for St. Thecla's festival day and was therefore marked with her name. The Bible was presented by the King of England to the British Museum in 1753, and it has since remained there the most valuable manuscript in that vast collection, or indeed, within the possession of Protestant Christendom.

Frank P. Woodbury.

TOM NOBLE'S CHRISTMAS.

WHAT do you suppose Tom Noble had in his stocking on Christmas morning?

"A new jack-knife?"

No.

"Skates?"

No.

"Pocket-book? Pencil case? Game of authors? Dominoes? Jack-straws? Smashed-up locomotive? Bag of candy?"

No.

"Some kind of a book then?"

No; no book of any kind.

"Cold potato?"

No.

"Pair of clappers then? O, Drum?"

O dear, no: I should hope not. Besides, I don't see how you could get a drum into a stocking. I have sometimes thought that I might and could, and would put my stocking and my boot too, into a drum, but I never heard of anybody's putting a drum into a stocking.

"Well—then—perhaps it was a-a-a-jumping-jack!"

N-n-o, it wasn't exactly that, but you've come pretty near it this time; it was something that could jump.

"O, acrobats; Dancing darkey!"

No. But I don't believe you'll ever guess. I'll give you a hint or two, and then perhaps you will think.

The thing that was in Tom's stocking that morning was put in by Tom himself. It isn't very common, I know, for boys to fill their own stockings, and Tom had not always done it in exactly this way; but there was a good reason why nobody but him should do it this time, and I presume if you had been in his place, you would done just as he did.

The thing that was in Tom's stocking was worth a great deal.

"Worth a dollar?"

More than that.

"Ten dollars?"

More than that.

"Hundred dollars!"

O yes, much more than that: if you had been in Tom's place you would not have sold it, I'm sure for many hundreds of dollars.

"Wasn't he a lucky boy, though?"

Yes, he was: not however in just the way you think. But you haven't guessed yet

what it was that Tom had iu his stocking. Give it up? Well then I'll tell you.

It was his foot. He put it iu when he jumped out of bed. Now you know why it was like a jumping-jack, and why Tom put it into his stocking himself, and why he wouldn't have sold it for a good deal of money.

But you thought it was a present. Yes, but Tom didn't expect any present in his stocking that morning. I suppose he would have been as glad of one as you or I, but there was no oue to make him a present on this Christmas day. He thought it all over before he went to sleep on Christmas eve. The year before there were presents enough. They were living then in the old home in the city—Father aud Mother and little Sue and baby Dick; and they had a Christmas tree in the parlor, and on it was a new dressing-gown for father, and a new chaiu and locket with father's picture in it for mother, and a doll's house for little Sue, and a jack in the box for Dick, and many other things too numerous to mention; not the least amoug which was a splendid new sled, latest tooth-pick pattern, painted blue, with its name "Streak" in gilt letters ou the top; a genuine blue streak it proved, too, Tom said, "Give it a good day and a good track."

Tom remembered that day very well. He thought it all over—how bright his father's eyes were, and what an eager look there was on his face as he watched the children at their play, and how hard he seemed to be trying to make the day a merry one for all, and still how it sometimes seemed as though he would cry, even while he was laughing. Tom did not know, then, what this all meant, nor why his mother was so sad; but when, two months after, his father died, he understood that they were full of sorrow because they knew that it would be the last Christmas they ever would spend on earth together.

Tom loved his father dearly; and when one day they called him in, and he sat down by the bedside, and took the thin cold hand in his, and heard the slowly whispered words: "I'm going away, my boy. Be good to your mother. Take care of little Sue and Dick. I leave them with you! Always tell the truth. Don't do a mean thing. Father trusts you. Jesus will help you"—when Tom heard these words, slowly aud painfully spoken, and went out of the room knowing that he never again should see his father alive, it seemed to him that his heart would break. He thought he should never be happy again like other boys. But young hearts are not often crushed by sorrow, aud Tom soon saw that there was need that he should be braver and more cheerful than he had ever been before.

In the spring their house in the city was sold, and Tom's mother, with the children, moved into the farm house where his father had lived when he was a boy. It was an old-fashioned house with a sloping roof in the rear that reached almost to the ground, and there were five large elms in the yard with a swing hanging from the branches of one of them, and there was a nice garden with currant bushes and asparagus beds and pie-plant in great abundance, and there was an orchard with twenty or thirty old apple trees, and a pasture with woods in the rear and a brook running through it with a good many dace and minnows in it, and now and then a trout. There could not have been a better home for a twelve-year-old boy, and Tom had enjoyed it, though he had been obliged to work pretty hard, for his mother was not rich. The care of the garden and of old Betsey the cow, and of the pigs and the hens fell pretty much on Tom, and in looking after these things his mornings and evenings and holidays and vacations had been fully occupied. I suppose he had sometimes been idle when he ought to have been at work, and sometimes careless and roguish; but I am bound to say that Tom had tried hard to act like a man. All the neighbors said, at any rate, that that widow Noble's boy Tom was just the manliest little chap that ever was.

"Handles a hoe," said farmer Brown, "as if he had been born with a hoe in his hand."

"Ye oughter see his iuyun beds," said farmer Green. "There aint a weed in 'em anywhere big enough for a grasshopper to roost on. Pusley don't stand no show at all in his garden."

"And that aint the best on't," said farmer White. "Blamed if he aint the most fatherliest little fellow to them younger children that I ever see. And he's jest as tender and good to his mother as a boy could be. 'Taint often you see a woman treated by anything of mankind as he treats her. Seems jest like as if he was a courtin' on her; he's so kind and thoughtful like.

It did the neighbors good to praise Tom, I am sure. And if they did not say these things to his face, he knew that they thought well of him, and their good opinion helped him mightily to be a better boy.

I have told you all these things about Tom, that you may understand a little how he felt that Christmas eve, as he lay there thinking about the last Christmas day, and of all that had happened since. He felt sure there would be no presents; for his mother was going to Brookville, the week before, but she had been taken suddenly ill and had neither been able to purchase nor prepare anything for Christmas. Now she was better; grandmother had come to take care of her, and all was going on well. But though Tom was very thankful for this, he couldn't help thinking how different things were the year before; and because he was a real boy and not one of Mr. Hiram Hydraulic's boys, I guess (though I don't know, because I was not there to see,) that he cried about it a little before he went to sleep.

The next morning all this sorrow was bravely put away. Tom was up betimes, and it was plain to begin with that if the day failed to be a merry one it would not be for the want of Tom's wishing it to be merry early and often.

"Merry Christmas, Sue! Merry Christmas, Dick!" he shouted, and the little folks sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"Where's Mawy Quismas?" said Baby Dick, "I want to see her."

Dick's ideas of the Children's holiday were vague. He had heard something about it and his notion was that Christmas was a young lady, perhaps a daughter of Santa Claus, of whom he had also heard; that her pockets were full of good things for children, and that her first name was Mary. "Where's Mawy Quismas?" he demanded.

"O you're a knowing youngster," laughed Tom, as he rolled up the cherub in the blanket and tossed him over his shoulder; "Christmas isn't a woman, Dick, it's a day. 'Tisn't *Mary* Christmas, it's *Merry* Christmas." Dick still looked dubious.

"Well," said Susie, "there was a Mary that had something to do with it; perhaps he's thinking about the story in the Testament. But say, Tom, *is* this Christmas day, truly?"

"You're right, it is," said Tom, the rale ginooine Christmas day. But look here, ducky, we're not going to have any presents to-day; because, you know, mamma has been sick, and she hasn't been able to get anything ready for Christmas, or even to think about it. Now don't you say a single word about presents: that would make her feel badly, you know. Let's see if we can't have a jolly old Christmas all on our own hook. That 'll do her lot's of good. Come on, let's go down and wish her Merry Christmas! Softly! we won't wake her if she is asleep."

They knocked gently at mother's door.

"Come in," said mother.

"Merry Christmas," chanted the trio in unison.

Mother was sitting up in bed with her breakfast shawl round her shoulders. She was much better, but her face wore a troubled look, that quickly passed away when the happy little group stood by the side of her bed.

"Where's Mawy Quismas?" persisted Dick. The irrepressible youngster was determined to spoil Tom's plans.

"O mother!" he laughed, "this baby thinks Christmas is a girl, and her name is Mary."

"Well, children dear," Mrs. Noble began, "I'm sorry"—

"Now, mother, dear," said Tom, gently putting his arm round her neck and stopping her mouth with a kiss, "don't you say another word. I'm not sorry a bit. I was, a little, but I've got all over it. Are you, Sue?"

"No," said Sue, bravely.

"Are you, Dick?"

"No, I isn't sawy," crowed the little cherub, flapping the wings of his night-gown, "but I's hungwy vough. I wants my bextuf."

"Bless his heart," said grandma, "his breakfast he shall have right away."

"Now just let me fix this thing," cried Tom. After breakfast I'm going up to the woods to cut a nice little Christmas tree and get it ready for evening. Christmas evening is just as good a time for a Christmas tree as Christmas eve. Then we 'll all go out and have some jolly fun sliding down the little hill behind the house. After dinner, I'll pop a good lot of corn, and Sue and Dick can string that while I go up to Holmes's Hill, if Mother says I may, and have an hour or two of royal coasting. All the fellows are to be there this afternoon. Then after supper, I'll build a roaring fire in the big sitting-room fire-place, and we 'll bring in our Christmas tree, and festoon it with pop-corn, and hang some of those bright balls on it that we had last year, you know, mother, with some apples and things, and I know we can make it look as pretty as a picture. Then we'll crack a lot of walnuts and butternuts, and make some molasses taffy; and we'll play some games, and sing "We Three Kings of Orient," and I shouldn't wonder if we would all feel as happy as kings."

"Very good, Tom," said Mrs. Noble; "your programme is a capital one. My children have been so good, all summer, and especially my dear boy, that I felt very sorry because I was not able to prepare for their Christmas; but I know that if each one tries to make the rest happy, we shall all have a merry Christmas. I'll ask the doctor when he comes, and perhaps he'll let you and grandma help me into the big rocking-chair, and draw me out into the sitting-room for a little while this evening."

"Do it mother!" shouted Tom. "Good for you! Won't that be staving to have you round again."

With his heart full of his plan to make the most of his Christmas, Tom put on his cap and mittens and sallied forth into the frosty air to do his chores before breakfast. The sun was just looking over the top of Holmes's Hill, and the meadows beneath, white with snow that rain and frost had enameled with a glittering crust, shone like a crystal sea. Tom thought there was glory on the earth, this Christmas morning, almost as bright as the angels saw in the sky. No doubt it was partly because his heart was so full of good will that the world looked so glorious.

"Merry Christmas, old Betsey!" he shouted, as he mixed an extra allowance of meal for her breakfast.

"M-m-m-m!" replied the cow.

I don't know exactly what she meant by that; but I know that the dumb creatures would be very thankful on Christmas day if they knew enough; for it is the Lord Christ who had a manger for his cradle, and on whom the large eyed cattle looked wonderingly before ever the shepherds worshiped Him, who has taught his disciples to be merciful and kind to "man, and bird, and beast."

"Merry Christmas, Grunter and Greaser!" shouted Tom again,as he looked over the side of the pig-pen, with a basket of corn in his hand. Greaser and Grunter were of Dick's mind; they wanted their breakfast, and no nonsense; and they put their forefeet up on the side of the pen, and said so in the plainest Hog Latin. Tom gave it to them, and by this time the Prince or Pasha, or Highcockolorum, or whatever you call him, of the hen-house, was on hand with his numerous family.

"Merry Christmas to you, old Rooster!" said Tom; whereupon that worthy stood a moment on one leg, cocked his head first on one side and then on the other, and then flew up to the top of the pig-pen, flapped his wings and answered—

But you know what *he* said much better than I can tell you. It sounded to Tom a little like: "Ditto to you!" At any rate the funny way the old rooster said it made Tom laugh heartily, and he went into breakfast in the best of humor.

After breakfast, the day's programme was carried out just as Tom had arranged it. Taking his hatchet and a rope, he loaded the little children on his sled and went to the woods for the Christmas tree. The one

he picked out was a trim little spruce about six feet in height; and after he had chopped it down, he fastened it to his sled with the rope he had brought, and started for the house. From the woods to the garden gate was one long hill, and Tom had no need to draw the sled home; with Dick before and Sue behind, his sled skimmed swiftly over the crust, and little Dick screamed with delight to see the Christmas tree come sweeping after. Tom said it all looked like a green comet with three heads.

After the tree was brought into the woodshed Tom sawed off the trunk, nailed on a block for a standard, and, after whipping off the snow, set it aside for the evening. All this work the little folks watched with eager eye. Then the corn was popped, and then came the fun that Sue and Dick had been waiting for all the morning—the coasting on the crust of the little hill behind the house. Jolly day it was for coasting, too. The crust was as solid as a floor and as smooth as ice; anything would go, whether it had runners or not. Tom and Sue put the sled through all its paces. They rode front-face, side-saddle, filibuster, (or some such word;) they rode backwards, they got barrel staves and put a board across them, and went down on them famously; they tied streamers to sticks and waved them as they went, and shouted and screamed till they were tired. Little Dick was not neglected. He rode till he was weary, and then went afoot. He fell down any number of times, but it didn't hurt him any; once he rolled half-way down the hill, but he picked himself up at the bottom and only wanted to know what made the "fensh go wound." After all this fun the children were ready for their good Christmas dinner that grandmother had prepared for them, and the little ones were content to stay in the house while Tom went over to Holmes's Hill for his afternoon's sport with the boys.

Just above Mr. Holmes's house the road to Brookville turned to the left, going round the corner of his yard, while the direct road was the road to Millbury. The boys with single sleds started on the Millbury road, only a little above the house, and went to the bottom of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below; but Bill Harrison and his crew of eight large boys, with their double-ripper, went round the corner and up the Brookville road more than half a mile above the house. The road was smooth and icy, and the ripper came down like the wind. Bill said that they had made the three-quarters of a mile in a little less than a minute and a half. The small boys all watched out for this dangerous craft, and never started when it was due at the corner.

Tom had made the short trip two or three times on his good "Blue Streak," that wouldn't take the dust of any small sled, and was waiting with half a dozen other boys at the top of the hill on the straight road, for the ripper to come down the other road. The warning cry of the crew had been heard, and they would be at the corner within a minute. Nearer and nearer came the cry: "Clear the track! Clear the track! Clear the track!" The ripper was within a quarter of a mile when suddenly little Harry Holmes, a curly-headed four year old, who was playing in his father's yard, slid through the front gate down upon the road, and rolled from his sled, which went on and left him sitting there composedly, right in the track of the terrible ripper, brushing the snow from his sleeve. The crew could not see him, and could not avoid him; he was just around the corner from them. Every boy in Tom's group saw him, though; and there was a sudden outcry of alarm, but nobody stirred save Tom. Quick as lightning he flung the good "Blue Streak" down upon the road, and himself upon it, steering straight for the unconscious child.

"Clear the track!" yelled the ripper's crew. It was frightfully near. Now Tom was at the corner. He glanced up the road; there they were, right upon him, already bending in to keep the craft upright as they went round the turn! But he was ahead! One moment more, and deftly steering to the left of the child, he passed his right arm round him, and giving his left foot a powerful dig into the snow, swept the little fellow out of the track and over a little bank by the roadside. Tom's sled tipped over and he and the child rolled down the bank together, but neither was hurt. The crew

of the ripper turned pale with fright, as they saw the sudden danger of the child, and his marvelous escape; the stern of the "Blue Streak" was grazed by the prow of their craft as it went round the turn. "Good boy! Tom!" "Bully for you!" they shouted as they swept on down the hill.

But if the crew of the ripper were thankful, what do you suppose were the feelings of little Harry's father, who was just coming out of the door as Tom plucked his child out of the jaws of death. He had heard the cry of the ripper crew, and looking out, had seen little Harry sitting there; then rushing out of the door had also seen the rescue. "You brave boy!" he said with swelling heart, as Tom put the child into his arms. "You saved his life! God bless you! Come in!" But Mrs. Holmes had fallen fainting in the doorway, overcome by the sudden peril of her child, and Tom simply said, "Thank you, sir! not unless I can be of some use. I must go home after this trip." And he climbed back to the starting place where the other boys were still standing breathless.

"Three cheers for Tom Noble," cried Charley Green,—and the boys gave him three, and a tiger.

"There, fellows, that will do;" laughed Tom. "I'm not running for office, and it is not worth while to make yourselves hoarse about so small a matter."

"But it isn't a small matter," said George Lincoln. "Look here, old fellow! You know I called you a coward two weeks ago, because you wouldn't go skating on Brown's pond when the ice was thin"—

"And you know," broke in Will Stebbins, "that *I* said that you was mamma's boy, and that I wouldn't be tied up to any woman's apron strings as you were to hers."

"Well," said Tom, "what of it?" I didn't lay up anything against you on that account."

"No matter if you didn't," said George, "I take it all back. That's the best I can do. And if anybody calls Tom Noble a coward after this—why,—it won't be true, that's all."

"And if anybody calls him mamma's boy in my hearing," said Will, "I shall only say that I wish my mamma had as plucky a boy, that's all!"

"All right, fellows," said Tom. "You're all very generous. "I'm glad of your good will, and hope to merit the continuance of the same, as the papers say. But now I must go home."

And mounting again his good sled, Tom was soon at the foot of the hill, and speedily reached his home.

I must not take long to tell you of what happened that evening. After supper, according to programme, mother came out into the sitting-room; the Christmas tree was brought in and dressed, and it was just as pretty a tree as merry children ever danced around; the nuts were cracked, the games were played, and just as the first verse of "We Three Kings" was finished, there was a sound of sleigh bells outside, and somebody stopped at the gate.

"Mr. Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, and Harry," said Tom, as he looked out into the moonlight.

"What can have sent them over here this evening?" queried Mrs. Noble.

Tom blushed, but said nothing. When he let them into the sitting-room his mother noticed that the lady caught hold of him, and kissed him, looking very much as if she were going to cry. All this was a riddle to Mrs. Noble, but she remembered in a moment that Mrs. Holmes's boy Phil had died only two years before, and she thought that Tom had probably brought him freshly to her mind.

After a few words Mr. Holmes said to Mrs. Noble: "I suppose you know, madam, how much we owe to your son?"

"No," said Tom's mother, with a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

"So he hasn't told you," said Mr. Holmes. "No, on the whole, I didn't suppose that he would. It wouldn't be like him." And then Mr. Holmes went over by the side of Mrs. Noble and told her all about it, while Tom and the other children took little Harry aside and regaled him with walnut meats and pop-corn. When he happened to glance over toward his mother he noticed that her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes moistened at hearing Mr. Holmes's story.

Pretty soon the gentleman came over to him, and taking from his pocket a good-sized package said, "Tom, I have brought with me something that I hope you will accept as a slight token of my gratitude to you. They belonged to my dead boy, and I haven't cared to part with them; but if it hadn't been for you, our only other boy might not have been ours to-night!"

So saying he put the package into Tom's hands, and wishing all a merry Christmas, the visitors took their leave.

"What is it, Tom?" cried Sue, before they were out of the gate.

Tom opened the package and both of his eyes very wide at the same moment. It was a splendid pair of silver-mounted club skates, beautiful as a picture and just Tom's size.

"And here," said his mother, is a box of building blocks for Dick, and a box of kindergarten gifts—weaving—for Sue, that Mrs. Holmes has brought; so that all my children will have something after all to remember this Christmas by.

The presents were hung on the tree, just to see how they would look you know, and then they all danced round it once more and then they sang the other verses of "We Three Kings," and then the little folks went to bed.

"I'm glad, Tom," said his mother when grandma had gone out with the little children. It was all she could say.

"I'm glad that *you're* glad mother, dear," said Tom, tenderly, as he crept up to her side and laid his head in her lap.

"Tom," after a little silence.

"Well, mother."

"Has this been a happy Christmas?"

"Yes, mother."

"It would have been, would'nt it, if these gifts hadn't come to-night?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"It would have been, would'nt it, even if you had'nt had the chance to do that—what you did this afternoon? I'm glad that you were able to do it; but then, that was not the reason of all your happiness to-day, was it?"

"No, mother."

"What was it then?"

"Well," said Tom slowly, "I suppose it was because I tried a little to help other folks to have a good time."

"That was it, my boy. You forgot yourself in trying to make others happy. And he who does that finds that Christmas lasts all the year round; for good will and peace are always in his heart, and in blessing others he himself is richly blest. Good-night, my darling."

"Good-night, mother."

And wiping away the thankful and happy tears that fell from his mother's eyes upon his face, Tom Noble went to bed.

Washington Gladden.

THE MAN THAT NEVER WAS FOUND OUT.

There had been a scandalous affair in the city of P—— which was much talked of throughout the country. A man enjoying unlimited confidence, having a fair name in business, in society and in the church, had suddenly been convicted of forgery. "No one becomes very base all at once," says the adage, and the disclosure was made that this man of trust had for many years been carrying on his business by the aid of forged paper, but had until now been able to conceal his steps. A full confession was made to the court by the guilty man, and this with his subsequent conduct after sentence to the penitentiary were made the occasion of a good deal of comment in the newspapers and among business men or those who were socially connected with the forger.

Two gentlemen, among others, were talking the matter over one day, shortly after the prison doors had closed upon Holcroft, and he was lost to sight for five years. They were sitting in the private office of the elder of the two near the close of the business day. The feature of the case which most impressed the elder was the culpability of the banks which had for a long time received Holcroft's paper without any examination, from the general trust which they reposed in him.

"No bank or person has a right," he exclaimed, "to accept any securities without the closest scrutiny. In the interest of the community they are bound to ignore entirely the character and reputation of the man who offers his paper, and to exercise the same care as a goldsmith who is asked to buy or advance money on any precious stones which may be offered to him. It is not the name on the face of the paper only, but the names on the back which should be inspected and tested with the utmost precaution."

"What you say, Goldthwait," said the younger man, "has just at this moment the weight of this disaster to enforce it; but you know very well that in ordinary times no one can maintain such a vigorous guard. You do not yourself look sharply at every bank bill which passes through your hands; you take it for granted that the bulk of money in use is good, and only now and then are you on your guard against a counterfeit issue. What is to me most remarkable about Holcroft's case is the courage with which he and his family accepted the consequences, and let the law take its course. He made no effort to escape, and his friends made none to keep him out of prison. They had money enough, and I suppose they could have taken advantage of legal quibbles and staved off the final trial and perhaps got him free after all."

"I doubt if it was altogether courage on his part. I heard that he had made up his mind whenever his affairs should be discovered to commit suicide, but when the time came he could not bring himself to it. No, depend upon it, to a man of Holcroft's nature, a man of generous impulses, refined tastes, and weakened will, there could be nothing so torturing as to face his old friends after the discovery; he would far rather accept the solitude of the penitentiary; and besides, having a meutal perception of the operations of law, he would regard a term of years in the state prison as likely to expiate his crime, and satisfy his outraged conscience, but it would not, it would not."

"No, it would not," said Farley, the younger man. "A crime like Holcroft's reaches a great deal farther than you or I can trace it, and the man himself carries a mark in his consciousness which he cannot erase. I have always thought that Shakespeare sounded the depths of human sinfulness when he made Lady Macbeth even in her sleep try in vain to rid herself of the blood which the world did not know to be on her hands. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." No one can believe that any good act he does afterward will blot out his sin. He may believe this theoretically of some one else, but he will not himself sin and believe it. There is a case in my mind now of a man who carried about for years the remembrance of an undiscovered sin, a sin which he believed wholly concealed, and at length the confession was forced from him by the pressure from within and not from any external force."

"What were the circumstances?"

"These, if you will hear them. He was a young man in business here in town, and doing fairly well. He had many friends, and one in particular, a man a little older than himself with whom he was in the habit of exchanging accommodations. His friend endorsed for him and he endorsed for his friend. It chanced that his friend was burnt out in the great fire, and having no office he used this man's safe as a depository for some bonds and other papers. He went off also for a journey, saying that he should have no occasion to disturb his deposit during his absence, which was to be for a month. About a week after he left, this man, whose affairs had became somewhat embarrassed by the shrinkage in value of considerable insurance scrip which he held, got into a very tight place. A note of his was coming due, and he had no funds with which to meet it. His own securities were nearly worthless, and he was at his wit's end how to raise the necessary sum. He could foresee two payments due him in a fortnight, which would be sufficient, but he never yet had asked to have a note renewed, and he had a pride about it which made him now refuse that relief. Then it occurred to him that his friend's deposit would be available if his friend were on

hand. He had received temporary relief in this way before. That his friend was absent was an annoyance, and he could not reach him, for he was on the water. Under the circumstances, as he said to himself, he was as much justified in borrowing five of his friend's bonds for security in raising four thousand dollars as a boy would be who should shake a tree for apples, in the accidental absence of the farmer, who had often given him as many as he wanted. However, he left this for a last resort; but when the day came he had not succeeded in raising the money by any other means, and he took this method. A few hours afterward the original holder of the note came to him almost with tears in his eyes; he had had the note discounted a month previously, and now, knowing the critical condition in which every one stood, he had been in terror lest the maker of the note should be unable to pay it, and the bank should call upon him, which would be the only thing needed to string him up, as he said. There really seemed to be a sort of special Providence in it all, said our friend to himself, for he had begun to feel a little uneasy.

"Meanwhile the loan which he had raised by means of these bonds was a short one, and he expected to meet it by the two payments shortly to fall due. What was his dismay, when the day for them came, to learn of the failure of the house largest in his debt, and to be waited upon by the smaller house with a request for an extension. His friend was to return in three days, and something must be done at once. The day was discount day at his bank. He drew up a note for the necessary amount, and went with it to the bank; he was told that though his own credit was good, the bank had made a rule that an indorsement would be required in all cases. The President whom he had seen said as a suggestion, 'Get Mr. ——'s name on the back,' meaning his friend, 'and we will take it.'"

"But he will not be back for three days," he replied. "He would give it to me then, most assuredly."

"Then you had better wait."

"I cannot," and with these words he hurried away. He knew very well he could not wait three days, that he could not wait until his friend came back. But somehow or other he must get over these three days. He could get a note discounted at the bank after his friend's return, but how meet the immediate difficulty? He went back to his office. The uppermost thought in his mind was: "I must get those bonds back at once." Then he thought of his friend's name as a security. "I am accepted," he reasoned, "because the people know my friend will back me, and I know he will back me. He would back me just the same if his name were not on my paper, but the bank of course requires that. They won't take my word for it. It is a mere form, any way, something by which they can hold us both. They simply want to protect themselves. Well, they do it when they have my name and his. I'll protect him. I tell them that he'll back me, and I tell them so by writing his name on my note."

"Accordingly he tore up the note and wrote a new one, dating it a month previous, and imitating his friend's name on the back as indorser. The question then arose how he could offer this to the bank when he had just told the President that his friend was away. He had antedated the note to get over the difficulty, but he saw at once that it would be absurd for him to assume that he had returned to his office and suddenly remembered this note. Moreover, his friend was well known at the bank, and the matter might be mentioned. The circumstances were peculiar, and he resolved to take a step which was very disagreeable to him, but apparently unavoidable. He would go to one of the bill brokers on the street and get the note shaved. He had a slight acquaintance with one of the least unpleasant of these men, and he went to him. He assumed a tone of frankness.

"'Mr. Roberts,' he said, (I use a fictitious name), 'I have never had any direct dealings with you, and I should not come now, as you probably know, but I have a special reason. My bank has given me a good deal of accommodation, and I shall have to ask for more shortly; they have been very

obliging, and I wish naturally to stand well with them. Now, I want to raise a matter of $4,000 for a week or so only, and just to tide over a sudden call, and I would rather make a special provision. Can you favor me? I suppose your rates are a little higher, but that I have considered.'

"Mr. Roberts gave a little laugh, and took the note in his hand. He turned it over and looked at the indorsement. He went to a gas light, for the office was rather dark, and looked at it again. At that moment the maker of the note had an instinctive belief that he was detected. He was obliged to steady himself by the desk. Mr. Roberts looked up.

"'Fifteen per cent' he said.

"'That's a pretty high tune, but I'm not going to make the rounds for this. I'll do it,' Nothing more was said. The money passed into his hands and he left the note with Roberts. He hurried off and redeemed his friend's bonds, returning them to the safe in the same condition in which he found them with a 'Thank God, that is done.' There remained now this note. His friend returned in three days, and readily lent his name to the indorsement of a note, which he offered at the bank. The note was accepted, and with the proceeds he took up the forged note which he had left with Roberts. The forged note! Only after he had thus covered the two transactions did he think of that word and dare to say it to himself. Under the pressure of the few days which covered the whole transaction he had been too intensely absorbed in one thought, the recovery of his position, to sit down at all and think of the matter. The release brought him an unspeakable lightness of heart. Just at this time also, a successful venture brought him quick returns; in a short time he was on his feet again, and in his subsequent business, was never again subjected to a like strain. Riches came to him; he was prosperous, and had unimpaired credit. Add to this that a few weeks later, Roberts died. This was the only man who could possibly have been aware of the act, and there was no reason to suppose that he would ever disclose his suspicions, for besides being a very reticent man, his own share in the transaction would have been culpable."

"Well, now, Goldthwait, judge if this man, with his narrow escape, with his secret buried in his own breast, had need to feel other than thankful as he saw other men fall into the same snare and without a like good fortune. Yet the man was like a dyspeptic. He carried this load about with him and could get no relief. Often and often he was ready to declare that his misery was greater than that of men who had done the same wrong and had been discovered. His friend treated him with the old frankness, but he never could receive it simply; every expression of trust was like a stab. The excuses and palliatives which he had used at first were utterly empty to him now, and if he repeated them to himself they seemed the veriest mockeries.

"If he could only be suspected, he sometimes thought, there would be some relief; but to have no one suspect him, to be spoken of as upright made him utterly loathe himself. Before Roberts died, the man had a certain fascination for him. He was afraid of him, yet he used to watch him in the street, and once took pains to walk with him. It seemed as if men would think less of him if he were known to be Roberts's companion, and yet though he walked boldly down the street with him, he was seized with a sudden fear lest Roberts should himself accuse him of his crime, and he left him abruptly. Roberts gave a little chuckling laugh as he left him; at that moment he saw his friend coming toward him. He fled from him as he had fled from Roberts."

It was now that he began to seek some relief in religion. He had long been a member of the church, but for a while after his deed, he had kept away from church. He went again, and took his seat also in the prayer-meeting. The pastor one evening proposed that the meeting be given up to the telling of experiences, and he heard one and another get up and confess their religious reverses. He suddenly thought—"O, if I could only get up here among my brethren and make confession of my guilt. He stood up; a cold perspiration started to his forehead; he began in broken tones; he

told them what a miserable sinner he was; how faithless he had been; how false to his vows. He spoke in an agony and then he asked them to pray for him, and sat down. He had confessed sin, but not his sin, and as he left the room he heard some one whisper, 'How beautifully he spoke!'

"Then he tried to work it off. He gave himself to his business and was very prosperous; he was a liberal giver; and he made a special point of seeking the families of men who had betrayed trust and helping the innocent victims. The hardest thing was to hear these men talked about. Every idle jest, every coarse reproach seemed to come to his ears; he always apparently was in the thick of it. He began to look upon himself as a monomaniac, for he was always leading conversation to the point of these betrayals of trust, and discussing them with his friends. There was a horrible fascination about every defalcation, and he entered into the particulars with a morbid penetration, and once or twice thrust himself into the society of the men who had fallen, to hear from their own lips the story of their degradation. His sin seemed gradually to overshadow his entire life. He had a wife and children. He would sit and look at them silently, and wonder what would happen if he were to tell what he had done. How they would receive it; how other people would look upon him.

"That was a terrible experience," said Goldthwait, as Farley paused "I do not understand why he did not make confession to the man he had wronged."

"I do not wonder this perplexes you, but the reason is simple. He had not the courage. He was a coward, and faced the secret consciousness of his guilt rather than the open confession to his friend. No doubt his brooding over his undiscovered guilt had rendered his mind diseased, and that was to him a horrible thought, that he had by this sin undermined his whole moral health. There rushed over him the thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and he had a fiendish desire to commit some open, terrible sin which would sweep away the recollection of this. Something held him back. I think he said that it was the face of his friend which was very gentle and seemed at this time to have an unusual expression of affection for him."

"He probably saw, Farley, that this poor man was suffering; for it is hardly possible that any one with such an experience could wholly conceal it."

"No doubt, no doubt; and one day when he was talking with his friend, and the conversation gave an opening, he began, without previous intention, and poured out the story of his sin, and the suffering which he had undergone. His mind was clear enough as to the facts, and he told them simply, without undertaking to analyze his own thoughts greatly; but when he came to describe his own experience afterward, he felt all the time that there was a certain insincerity about him; that he was not really confessing, that it was not 'hard-pan' which he had reached. To speak more distinctly, he told all this as of a third person, and did not once mention himself."

"Such ways are rarely so blind as the teller thinks," said Goldthwait. "Besides, he must finally have told all, or else you would not know the story."

"Very true," said Farley, rising to go; "but one cannot always tell all secrets." With that he left the office, which had grown dark during the talk. His friend remained behind to attend to some business. Farley, as he left the door, stopped irresolute a moment, as if he would return, but he changed his mind and walked away. He walked faster and faster, leaving the town behind until he was on a long bridge which crossed the river separating the city from one of its environs. The lamps were lighted, and as he leaned on the rail, he saw their reflection in the water. Far off on the distant bank a row of lights marked the ascent of a hill, and he watched, too, the moving steam cars which carried a steady glimmer with them.

"He must have understood; he cried to himself. "He must have known who these two friends were. What a fool I am that I did not say the three words which would have made the whole matter as plain as daylight." He walked on moodily, crossing the bridge. It was Saturday night,

and he was overtaken or met by many persons going to market or to church. Two women who passed him were going to confession, as he overheard from them. He followed them with a suddeu thought, and kept not far behiud, uutil they came to the door of a Roman Catholic church. They entered, and he, restraiued by a vague sense of strangeness iu such a place, stopped at the entrance. They would roll off their week's sins, he reflected, receive absolution and depart. He had often heard the folly and superstition of this custom denied, but at that moment it seemed to him that there would be a most sweet relief in the act of confessing to one, an entire stranger perhaps, who yet held the office of priest. He took a step toward the church. Then he checked himself.

"Why do I not confess to my own minister?" he asked, and the answer was that he had courage only to tell a man whom he did not know, and who would hold his confidence sacred. And what were these ministers and priests? why make confession to them? It was because in some way they heard for God To God all final confession must be made. Then came into his mind a passage of scripture which was familiar enough to him, but of appareutly no connection with his present trouble:

"*He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?*" He repeated it mechanically, when suddenly as one turns a precious stone to the right angle, and receives an unexpected flood of light, the simple truth shone upon him; the confessiou which he had so often made to God, with great particularity, could not bring absolution and peace, because he kept back the confession from the brother whom he had wronged. He turned and hastened back to the city. He began to ruu, for fear some doubt should catch him. He buttoned his coat about him, planted his arms at his side and raced over the bridge. He struck across the city for Goldthwait's office. It was dark. Of course he had left for home, and Farley started for his friend's house. He was eager to tell him, as eager as if he had some glorious news for him. He ran up the steps out of breath, and trembled with excitement. The servant who opened the door saw him standing there, his face agitated, so that he could not speak.

"Mr. Farley," said he, "it is all over. Mr. Goldthwait has just died.

"Died!" gasped the man. Some relations who had heard of his sudden death, at that momeut came up the steps and heard the same intelligence. They asked Farley in, but he shook his head and turned away.

"Poor fellow!" said one of them. "He was John Goldthwait's most trusted friend."

Among the papers found in Mr. Goldthwait's desk was his will, executed the very day of his death, and not only that, but on the very eveuing. He had called in two of his clerks to witness it, and had displayed a singular solemnity at the time.

"It is my will," he said to them, "which I have just drawn up, having canceled an old one," and it was but a moment after they had left the room that he was heard to fall from his chair. The old will lay by the new one. The only difference between them was that he had associated William Farley with his wife as executor. The intelligence was giveu to Farley as an added proof of Goldthwait's confidence in him. He received it with his head bowed.

"It is an absolution," he said; but uo one quite understood the meaning of the phrase, which was indeed soon forgotten.

Horace E. Scudder.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

A SKETCH FOR REMARKABLE BOYS.

If you lock up the idlest and most stupid tramp in a dungeon, he will work night and day to get out. He will be more than industrious. Often he will show himself exceedingly smart in deceiving his keepers, in filing off his chains, in unscrewing locks, and tunneling through stone walls; clever enough, had his work been rightly and steadily applied, to have got himself a medal at the Centennial Exhibition, and perhaps a large fortune. And so of any young man who is good, honest, industrious; only lock him up in the dungeon of deep poverty, and, in order to get out, he will show the most wonderful skill and ingenuity. Let a story be told to illustrate this.

Once upon a time there lived in Fall River, Massachusetts, a young man named Alvan. He worked hard as an engraver of designs for calico prints, and was one of the quietest and most childlike of persons. There was a certain Manlius Sargeant who was universally known in those days as a public speaker; and Alvan, who had had no instruction whatever in painting, and who had only seen Sargeant upon the streets and on the platform, painted a picture of him. It was said to be so good that he went to Boston, rented a small room, hung out his sign, and waited for Boston to crowd to him to have its many portraits painted. Waiting was for a long time all the work he had to do, and of all work it is the hardest. Many a weary day and sleepless night did he wonder where the money was to come from upon which to live. At last, in sheer desperation, he one day took his picture of Mr. Sargeant and went on the streets to find a buyer. Seeing some persons in a place of business, he went in and held up the likeness. It was instantly recognized and declared to be very good, so good that a Dr. Bemis, who was one of the gentlemen, sat to Alvan himself and brought all his acquaintances to do so too, becoming his warm friend.

The young artist had plenty of pictures to paint henceforth, but his way of doing it was peculiar. He had a mirror so fixed as to throw the face of the sitter upon the bottom of a desk at which he sat, the bottom being covered with canvas, upon which he traced the outlines. Next he would dot the drawing all over with numbers, each of which designated the exact shade of color in the sitter's face to be placed there. It was a mechanical process, but the portraits were truth itself. By way of exercise, he made an air-gun and shot at marks upon a wall. From that he made himself the best marksman with a rifle in Boston. Observing that it insured the accuracy of the ball to do it, he made a very short tube which he fitted on the end of the rifle, in driving the cartridge down, taking the tube off before firing. Still more ingenious were the telescopic sights which he made for his rifle. That was the origin of the work which has made him famous. From the smallest experiments when about forty years old, he began to manufacture telescopes. In 1857 an achromatic telescope was imported for the use of Harvard College, and he immediately made another which proved to be far superior. This was intended for a College in Mississippi, but the war breaking out, it went to the Chicago Observatory.

I spent a delightful day yesterday at his factory in Cambridge, near Boston. Upon the grounds, near the houses in which he and his sons live, is a wooden building twenty-five by forty-five feet in size and two stories high with a basement. Here is the engine and the simple machinery by means of which the best telescopes in the world are now made. It is Alvan Clark of whom I am speaking. His two sons are associated with him, there being a mutual affection among them as well as a simplicity of manners which charmed me greatly.

"I happened," said Mr. Alvan Clark, the youngest son of the old gentleman, who is now seventy-two years of age, "to be looking through one of our largest telescopes at Sirius one night in 1862. You know that Sirius is the brightest star in the heavens.

It is one hundred and twenty-three billions of miles away, and is four hundred times the size and power of our sun. M. Bessel had said that there must be something to make Sirius vary from its line of motion, and that night, sure enough, I saw the planet of its system which did it."

Young Mr. Clark was whittling a stick when he told me, and did not think it was anything very remarkable; but the French Institute awarded him a medal for it, and it made him and his father's glasses famous forever. It was with one of these telescopes that Asaph Hall lately discovered the two moons of Mars. Queer moons they are, not more than five or ten miles in diameter, and revolving about Mars every seven hours. It took but a small pebble, however, to slay Goliath and it is not impossible that those little brick-bats, so to speak, of moons may kill the grand nebular hypothesis, which has been a sort of religion of astronomers for so long. The moons move altogether too rapidly to be accounted for upon that theory, Mr. Clark told me.

In the factory I saw the telescope being made for Princeton College, which is to cost $4000, and another for the Portuguese Government, to cost $6000. Mr. Clark is also building another, which is to be a present from Mr. McCormick of Chicago, to a Virginia College, which is to cost $25,000. Mr. James Lick of California, applied to them to make the largest telescope possible for him, but did not persist when he learned that it would cost $180,000. The son who discovered the planet of Sirius told me that he hopes to make one which will have an object glass some thirty-six inches in diameter, which will be by far the very largest ever made, and who can tell what it may not reveal?

In the yard are great tubes pointed to the heavens in which glasses are tested, and there is a tunnel two hundred and thirty feet long, one foot in diameter, for the same purpose—a candle at the end looking exactly like a star. Old Mr. Clark has so formed the habit of work that he can never cease working as long as he lives. He and his sons were grinding away in their shirt-sleeves at glasses when I arrived. Red paint is the only thing used to grind with, and after a month of grinding with the hand, the glass gaining in power every day, not a tenth of a grain will have been ground off. It took a steady year at it for the glasses by which the moons of Mars were discovered, and their power can be understood when it is remembered that a microscopic photograph illegible to the eye was easily read through them at a distance of three hundred feet. Not work only, the utmost patience and care is required. A lens will be made untrue, and so as to distort a star seen through it, by its own weight, by the warmth of the hand touching it, or of a breath—by the animal heat, even, of a person standing near. As Mr. Clark told me of this I wondered if, in like manner, it is not from some perhaps unconscious fault in us, that celestial things seem to us so unlike what they really are.

I have not space to tell of the ingenious electric arrangement by which the foot of a burglar in the building at night, or the heat of a kindling fire will arouse the sleepers in the homes near by. Nor can I speak as freely as I would like of the white-haired, bright-eyed old gentleman who is, his old friends tell me, as childlike as he was sixty years ago. Upon the whole, although Mr. Clark's telescopes are the best in the world, I was less interested in them than in the processes by which he was made what he is. He is vastly more remarkable himself than any telescope he will ever make.

William M. Baker.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON will not often trouble its readers with talks about itself, nor with promises of the great things that it means to do. The publisher may say what he truthfully can about his magazine; the magazine will ordinarily find topics enough for discussion, without discussing itself. But it may be permitted to us, at the outset, to indicate, a little more fully than is possible in a prospectus, the field that we mean to occupy, and the work that we desire to do.

We have undertaken to furnish Sunday reading for the household that shall be at once wholesome and entertaining. That all the contents of this periodical will be of a meditative or devotional type, must not be expected. Something of that sort will appear in every number, but the hours of Sunday are not all closet hours; and we hope to provide for the needs, not only of worshipers, but of thinkers who find leisure for profitable study on that day, and also of those to whom much study is a weariness of the flesh, and who crave some kind of mental diversion. We do not promise that all the reading of SUNDAY AFTERNOON shall be technically religious reading. "The Sabbath was made for man," and whatever reading helps a man to a better manhood is good Sunday reading. A large portion of every number will be devoted to stories; but we mean that the pictures of life thus presented shall be only such as are fit to be seen, and that the lessons of conduct thus taught shall be only such as ought to be learned.

No distinct children's department is provided; but bright boys and girls will do well to look sharply through every number; for they might happen to find something worth their reading in almost any part of the magazine.

Topics for more serious discussion will be selected freely from a wide field. Questions of social life and of national well-being will be always in order; only these will be studied in their relations to the moral law, rather than to the customs of society or the exigencies of parties. Whatever touches character comes within our field. Whatever current events seem to have a direct bearing upon the interests of righteousness and truth will be regarded as fair subjects of comment in these pages.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON will have no quarrel with science. It regards the truth of science as the truth of God; and while it will not make haste to accept the unverified theories or the impromptu guesses of scientific men, it will be ready to welcome every clear result of scientific investigation.

Questions of practical philanthropy will, however, occupy the largest space in SUNDAY AFTERNOON. How to mix Christianity with human affairs; how to bring salvation to the people that need it most; how to make peace between the employer and the workman; how to help the poor without pauperizing them; how to remove the curse of drunkenness; how to get the churches into closer relations with the people to whom Christ preached the Gospel; how to keep our religion from degenerating into art, or evaporating into ecstacy, or stiffening into dogmatism, and to make it a regenerating force in human society,—these are questions which our readers are likely to hear most frequently and most urgently asked.

We have no theological battles to fight in these columns. Such fighting must be done, doubtless; but not here. New statements of the philosophy of religion may be needed; we shall content ourselves with making a faithful application to the lives of men of that law of love whose authority is not disputed.

For such a magazine as we have described, there seems to be an opening. Whether SUNDAY AFTERNOON will fill it remains to be proved.

HOW NOT TO PROPAGATE PAUPERISM.

No business is more bunglingly done than the business of charity. The waste of money and of labor and of sympathy is lamentable; the results of this reckless almsgiving in demoralizing and pauperizing those who profit by it are simply appalling.

The relief granted by the municipal authorities is generally given without any sufficient investigation; indeed, the officials employed to do this work are so few in number that they cannot make any careful inquiry respecting the condition and character of the person applying for aid. And, not infrequently, the power committed to the overseer of the poor is corruptly used by him. A man who is ambitious to push his own political fortunes gains a constituency, in this way, among the idle and vicious classes. Through the carelessness and the perversion of official outdoor relief it has become a fruitful source of pauperism and of crime. By feeding and clothing intemperate and indolent persons, the State is, undoubt-

edly, doing a very large business in the promotion of mendicancy.

The volunteer charities are not much more wisely mauaged. In most of the cities each church does considerable of this charitable work on its own hook; and there are also Young Men's Christian Associations, and Young Women's Christian Associations, and Charitable Guilds, and Societies for Ameliorating the Conditiou of the Poor, all working without concert, having no division of the territory among them, and no clearly defined principles of actiou. Such a coudition of things is paradise to the professional pauper. If he should chance to be persecuted in one society he can flee to another; but he has not much reason to fear persecution; he knows that his claims will nowhere be narrowly looked into; and it is uot an uncommon thing for him to be drawing what he calls "relief" from three or four different charities at the same time.

This overlapping of orgauizations has, of late, been felt to be a great evil; and efforts like that described in these pages by Mrs. Fanny B. Ames have been made in a few places to bring the charitable workers into co-operation. This is often difficult to secure. Local or denomiuational or personal jealousies hinder many from comiug heartily into the association. And when the organization of a voluntary association has been effected, it is often difficult to manage it. The question immediately arises as to the divisiou of of the field between the association and the city authorities, and that is not an easy matter to settle. It is true that there are always a considerable number of the poor in every place for whom the overseers of the poor are not legally bound to provide; and these naturally fall into the hands of the voluntary orgauizatiou.

But one great reason for this voluntary organization is the careless and mischievous work of the legal almoners; and in some way, therefore, the volunteer workers ought to put themselves into communication with the officials.

The thiug to be aimed at, undoubtedly, is the entire abandonment of outdoor relief by the municipalities. All that the towns or cities do for the poor ought to be done in almshouses; and all able-bodied persons receiving aid from the authorities ought to be kept at hard labor. To this it must come, soouer or later. But there are persons in every community who through sickness or misfortune are in temporary distress, and who ought not to go to the almshouse, but ought to be helped, judiciously, in their own homes, until they are able to take care of themselves. This help ought never to come from the State; it ought always to come from their ueighbors. *Chronic and incorrigible paupers should never receive private charity;* they should always be kept in almshouses, under confinement; and, if able-bodied, should be compelled to work. *Worthy persons, in temporary want, on the other hand, should never be thrown upon the town;* there ought to be an organization of their neighbors who would find out and relieve their present needs. When we get the business of poor-relief on the right basis, we shall work by this method; but for the present, in most places, we find the authorities administering outdoor relief, and when the voluntary association is formed the question at once arises how the volunteers and the officials can work together.

If the officials would invite the volunteer visitors to investigate applications for aid made to the town, many abuses might be prevented. When this direct co-operation is not encouraged, the visitors may still be able to make many discoveries respecting the condition and habits of the persons receiving official relief, which they may report to the overseers. If the officials are carelessly or corruptly maintaining any individuals in idleness or in vice, that fact may be ascertained and made public.

There are two things to be done in this business of poor-relief. The one is to find out and care for the worthy poor; the other is to put a stop to the maintenance, by taxation and by careless private gratuities, of an army of professional paupers. The latter is quite as important as the former. The preventiou of the almsgiving that demoralizes is quite as urgent a duty as the promotion of the charity that wisely blesses its recipients.

Every volunteer organization for the relief of the poor ought, therefore, not only to take judicious care of those for whom the officials do not provide; but ought, also, to keep a vigilant eye upon all the public expeuditures, that the propagation of pauperism and crime by the State may, as far as possible, be prevented.

CUT-THROAT COMPETITION.

THE Rev. Dr. Sturtevant, of Jacksonville, Ill., in an article in the *Congregationalist*, takes exception to language recently used by Mr. Joseph Cook on the wages question. Mr. Cook has spoken strongly of "cut-throat competition," and "unprincipled competition grinding the face of the poor." Dr. Sturtevant replies to this that "true competition" is "a beneficent force, impartially friendly to the buyer and seller, to the laborer and the capitalist." We have the greatest respect for Dr. Sturtevant as a thinker, but it seems to us that he does not see all sides of this question. If human nature were what it ought to be, all the social forces would be beneficent; but it is not what it ought to be, and therefore the result of the working of economic laws is often injurious to large classes. "True competition," indeed, does not exist. The competition that does exist is of a very imperfect kind, and while Mr.

Cook's expressions may be objected to, it would be a great mistake to call it beneficent. Consider these words from Professor Walker's admirable work on "The Wages Question,"—a work that no student of these problems can afford to neglect:

"Competition, to have the beneficent effects which have been ascribed to it, must be all pervading and unremitting; like the pressure of the atmosphere, of which we are happily unconscious because it is all the while equal, within us and without us, above us and below us. Were that pressure to be made unequal its effects would soon become crushing and destructive. So it is with competition; when it becomes unequal, when the ability of one industrial class to respond to the impulses of self-interest is seriously reduced by ignorance, poverty or whatever cause, while the classes with which it is to divide the product of industry are active, alert, mobile in a high degree, the most mischievous effects may be experienced."—p. 163.

This is precisely the condition in which the laboring class often finds itself, and as Professor Walker abundantly shows, the whole tendency of the economic forces is to increase a disability once incurred. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath," is the law of distribution that prevails when the laboring class is degraded by ignorance and poverty.

It is true that there are certain natural checks upon organized capital when it pushes its advantage over degraded labor: such was the outbreak of last summer. That was only the result of a natural law. When laborers are steadily sinking down toward a level with the brutes it must not be wondered at if they begin to act like brutes. Of course when they resort to violence they must be sternly put down; but the violence, let it not be forgotten, is the natural fruit of a policy that steadily impoverishes and degrades them. And one of the results of the deplorable occurrences of last summer will probably be to show the railroad managers that brutalized labor is sometimes a costly economy.

The political economists of the Manchester school have always insisted that the law of supply and demand is the only law of the distribution of the rewards of labor; but the refutation of their theories by Professor Walker in the volume to which we have referred is simply overwhelming. Considerations enter into this problem the force of which they have not at all estimated. Competition, as at present realized, is as often a destructive as a beneficent force; the element of intelligent good will must be constantly brought in to modify its working. Fallen men are not saved by law, not even by the law of competition, from the miseries of their state; they are saved by grace. And the condition of the working classes can only be improved by mixing with the laws of political economy a good deal of Christ's Gospel.

DRIFTING.

The recent startling disclosures of financial and social crime may be explained, no doubt, with more or less reason, by referring to an inflated currency, and to the social and domestic extravagance which it has been breeding. But the roots of this evil run deeper than this. There are intellectual as well as economical reasons for the defalcations and the scandals.

Certain false beliefs are current; beliefs that are at war not only with natural science, but with the first principles of ethics. That is a subject into which we cannot go in this place. But we shall not overstep the limits that we have assigned to ourselves in the discussion of theological questions, if we say that not only are bad beliefs the source of bad conduct, but that the want of belief often produces precisely the same result.

This is a time of transition in religious thought. Many persons are gradually letting go of the doctrines they have held hitherto, and they have not yet got any firm hold upon any better doctrines. There has been, it must be confessed, a little more eagerness to destroy than to rebuild; the old has been quite summarily dismissed, and the new has not been very cordially invited. The age is critical rather than constructive.

It is a great misfortune for any mind to be caught in these tides of transition. One needs to have a firm grip on some fundamental truths—truths that satisfy the reason and the moral sense. If a man believes the theology of Augustine heartily and wholly, that will serve to steady him. The ideas of God and of man that he gets from it may not be the highest, but they give him an explanation of life and a rule to go by. On the other hand, a man who has gone as far on the way toward Atheism as some of our modern philosophers have gone; whose faith in personal immortality and in a conscious God has wholly departed; whose future existence, as they expect it, will be only the effects of the causes they have set in motion in this world, and whose deity is simply "all outdoors,"—even such a man may have a theory of the universe to which he can adjust himself, and out of which he can derive some practical rule of life that, so far as outward morality is concerned, shall not lead him far astray. But a man who holds to nothing at all; who is neither a theist nor a pantheist; who believes neither in creation nor in evolution; who is simply a tramp in the domains of faith and philosophy,—such a man is in a very dangerous position.

It is impossible for the human mind to fix upon a creed that will not have some elements of truth in it; and by that truth it will be drawn toward the ways of righteousness; if a man believes many things that are true he is likely to do some

things that are right; but one who believes almost nothing may do almost anything.

This condition of simple skepticism in which a good many minds are found in these days must be nnmbered among the causes of the prevalent immorality. It is a dangerous condition for any man to be in; and those who are snffering themselves to drift with the tides had better bestir themselves aud find some fixed star to sail by and some compass to guide them, lest they be driven upon the rocks.

THE observaucе of the week of prayer is happily becomiug more and more general. The uses of such a sustained season of devotion, during which the thoughts of worshipers are directed to certain great themes of religion, are evident enongh. In this daily public service there is often a steady increase of ferveucy and zeal which result in a decided forward movement on the part of the churches participating. Such an access of interest is often waited for by the chnrch, and this observance may do a little good if it shall teach ns not only to strike when the iron is hot, but to heat it by striking.

THE General Conveution of the Episcopal Church, lately in session in Bostou, made provision for the establishment of an order of deacouesses, or sisters, whose work "is declared to be the care of the Lord's poor and sick, the educatiou of the young, the religious instruction of the neglected, aud the work of moral reformation." No woman under twenty-five years of age is to be set apart for this work, except by special dispensation of the bishop; and in uo case is auy one under twenty-one years of age to be admitted. Vows of perpetual obligation are not allowed; the ecclesiastical anthority of the diocese may at any time suspeud a deaconess, and she may at any time resign her office. The design is to form these deaconesses into commnnities or sisterhoods. The thing has been done alrcady to some extent; this action only legalizes it. The difference between these and the Roman Catholic nuns is that their vows are not perpetual. The sister has the power to abandon her work and lead about a husband whenever she may choose (or be chosen). Deaconesses have also been appointed, of late, in a few Congregational churches; but these are not formed into communities; they are simply helpers in Christian work of the local church to which they belong.

IN Dr. Dexter's paper, on Churchless Pastors and Pastorless Churches, read before the Congregational Conncil at Detroit, there is a feeling descriptiou of a chnrch that has become involved in debt and in disconragement through its pnrsuit of sensations and architectural extravagances, and that, finally, abandons its house to the mortgagees, goes off into a school-house, reorganizes, and begins life anew in a very modest aud humble fashion; after which revolntion in its affairs, all goes well. It is to be hoped that this sketch will not encourage the practice, which is becoming quite too common amoug churches encumbered with debt, of going into bankrnptcy, and leaving the holders of the mortgages with the depreciated property on their hands. It is quite worth while for churches, as well as individuals, to pay their debts, eveu thongh it may cost long and painful sacrifices. Many churches could, no doubt, save money by disbanding, giving up their property, reorganizing and rebuilding; for their edifices are mortgaged for a larger sum than wonld be reqnired to replace them; bnt this would not be very good morality. Mauy a chnrch feels, no doubt, that in running in debt for an extravagant edifice it has done a foolish and even a wicked thing; bnt running away from its debt would not mend the mischief, no matter how humble and pious its operations might afterward appear to be.

THE Pope's last days, so marvelously lengthened, have been somewhat disturbed by the apostasy of one of those who stood nearest him—Father Cnrci, editor of *Civilta Cattolica*, the organ of the Vatican. Not only as a journalist, but as an orator, Father Curci was regarded as the greatest light of the order of the Jesnits, and, indeed, of the whole chnrch. But he has ventured to dissent from the doctrine of the Vatican abont the temporal power; and now, by command of the Pope, he is expelled from the Jesuit order, and forbidden to preach. At the last advices he was said to be in confinement. It is not likely that the anthorities would have proceeded to this extremity in the case of such a man, withont first exhansting all efforts for a reconciliation. The annonncement is made that Father Curci will publish a statement of all his differences with the Vatican, beginning with 1871, and that he has facts to reveal which will cause great scandals. This is the most significant note of rebellion that has been heard for many a day in the Papal head-qnarters.

THE qnestion of disestablishment is looming up in England. The Liberal leader, Lord Hartington, made a speech in Edinburgh the other day that sqninted toward the adoption of disestablishment as a Liberal party measure. Yet the great practical difficulties in the way of this reform will nndonbtedly defer it for many years.

THE English company of New Testament revisers had, at the last advices, completed the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter. The work of these revisers may be very valuable if it is thorongh and honest. We have heard unwelcome hints of the retention of phrases that

are known to be inaccurate and misleading, out of deference to an apprehended popular unwillingness to part with them. It is to be hoped that these rumors are not well founded.

"I COME here to Scotland," said the venerable Doctor Monod, in the Pan-Presbyterian Council, "and find yon convnlsed over the question whether you shall sing hymns or not. In France we are absorbed with the question whether there is a God or not." Let the Scotchmen pursne their quarrel zealously aud they will soon find themselves face to face with the issue of the Frenchmen. Nothiug weakens the faith of men in the eternal verities more surely than a persistent squabbling over the miuutiæ of doctrine and ecclesiasticism.

LORD HARTINGTON was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University a few weeks since by a considerable majority over Mr. Cross. The canvass of the students is described as "very animated; peas and bags of flonr being freely used as missiles." The universities of Great Britain, like those of America, emerge from barbarism but slowly.

WHAT is the matter with the Duke of Argyll? He wrote to the London *Times* the other day to say that he, a Liberal, "cannot consent to oppose measures founded on principles which are Liberal in their nature merely because they are proposed by a Tory government." Does not his grace know that it is high political treason to vote against any measure proposed by your own party and *not* to vote against every measure proposed by your opponents? We manage these things better in our House of Lords. We have found out that the supreme allegiance of every man is dne to the party to which he belongs; love of country, love of justice, love of humanity are paltry motives compared with loyalty to party. It is pleasant to think how superior we are in this respect to the effete monarchies across the sea!

THAT tremendous flogging which France received at the hands of Germany was not joyous but grievous to the people who suffered it, but it seems to have beeu working in them the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The steadiness and self-control which the French republicans have exhibited under the excitement of the late elections and the exasperating conduct of their chief magistrate are as exceptional in French history as they are gratifying to all lovers of good government throughout the world. Those who were familiar with the history of France, had no strong expectations of the permanence of the Republic; but, in spite of the folly and madness of the man at the head of affairs, the people have kept the peace and the power, too; and the prospect of the continuance of popular government is much brighter now than it was five years ago. The uses of adversity in developing national character are thus made manifest. France to-day is stronger aud sounder than before the humiliation of Sedan.

THE work of exterminating the Indians goes prosperously on. This Christian nation will very soon have made an end of the whole race. The process is a very simple one: treaties are made; white men violate them; the Indians resist the violation and are slaughtered and driveu from their lands for resisting. The pity of it, the dishonor of it, what American historian will wish to tell? It mnst not be said that the treachery and savagery of the Indians are to blame for it all. Just across the line in Canada the same Indian tribes are dwelling, and the government on that side has no trouble with them. The Indians that we drive over the border are peaceable enough as soon as they settle on British soil. Lord Dufferin said in a speech at Winnipeg a few weeks ago: "Instead of being a cause of anxiety and disturbance, the Indian tribes of the Domiuion are regarded as a valuable adjnnct to our strength aud industry. Wherever I have gone in the province—and since I have been here I have traveled near a thousand miles within your borders—I have fonnd the Indiaus upon their several reserves, pretermitting a few grievances of a local character they thought themselves justified in preferring, contented and satisfied, upon the most friendly terms with their white neighbors, and implicitly confiding in the good faith and paternal solicitnde of the government." Even the Sioux, with whom onr warfare has been fierce and constant, in Canada, as the Governor General testifies, are "uot only peaceable and well-behaved, but have tnrned into useful and hard-working laborers and harvest-men." There is only one reason for this contrast between the behavior of the Indians in Canada and in our own territories, and that is the fact that Canadians have kept faith with them, while we have not. It is a bitter and humiliating confession.

"INASMUCH as ye did it not" is a ground of condemnation, of which Mr. Robert L. Case, late president of a rotten insnrance company, will feel the force. He has been sentenced to the state's prison for five years for swearing to the truth of a statement which he did not know to be true, because he had not examined it. It is a most righteous judgment. The managers of our institutions of trust cannot be too vigorously taught that the violation and even the neglect of their obligations will be punished with the utmost severity.

ONE way of settling the dispute between science and religion is to abolish religion. That is a method which seems to have many advocates. But another proposition has lately been made,

looking in the same direction, and that is the abrogation of science. We have a circular from a gentleman who seems to have enlisted in this enterprise, who announces that he has repealed Kepler's laws, and the "so-called universal laws of inertia and gravitation," and that he is the author of "the third grand attempt to define the system of the world, in which it is made out that from the beginning the plural motions of the heavenly bodies have waited for an American interpreter." That is very good and patriotic in these "plural motions," assuredly. Prayer is requested of all ministers before their congregations, for the objects mentioned in this circular. But we fear that the faith of many ministers in some of its statements will be weak, when they stand in the presence of their congregations. If the law of inertia has been repealed, some of our church members do not seem to have found it out.

"MANKIND," says a writer in the *North American*, "are divided by nature into believers and unbelievers almost as distinctly as they are into males and females." Is that a fair statement? Are unbelief and belief equally normal conditions of the human mind? Is an act of doubt as nutritious as an act of faith? Unbelief is certainly salutary, and often, indeed, imperative, as things now are; but is it not because things are now in a morbid condition? Is it not by believing, rather than by disbelieving; by accepting truth, rather than by rejecting error, that the soul gains in moral health and in mental vigor? A man who disbelieves more than he believes is necessarily weak, and probably wicked. Doubt is the soul's surgeon; faith is the soul's purveyor; and it is by food more than by surgery that the soul lives. Let the usefulness of unbelief be frankly recognized; but let it be clearly understood that it holds a lower rank than belief in the mental economy; and that, while he who shows us what we ought not to believe may sometimes do us a valuable service, he is a greater benefactor who shows us truth that we can believe.

THE straits into which the faithful are brought by Providence are sometimes sore, but there is generally a way out for those who are shrewd enough. Here, for example, is the proprietor of a newspaper in serious trouble. The paper is published on what is known as the "faith" method; but the faith of the publisher has not, of late, been effectual to convict delinquent subscribers, and there has been a great stringency in the counting-room. In this distress "we have prayed," says the publisher; "but the Lord has not supplied the means just as he does for George Muller's work. But it comes *indirectly*," and the manner of its coming is explained. "We have taken extra advertising for the last few weeks, in some cases which we did not quite approve, but we must have the money. . . We have never taken one advertisement that we *knew* to be a humbug, but we have taken some to which we should have given the benefit of a doubt had we possessed the money that is due to pay necessary bills." This, then, appears to be the *indirect* way in which the Lord answers this publisher's prayers. He sends questionable advertisements, and the publisher prints them and pockets the money for them, asking no questions for conscience's sake. "If any feel inclined to say," continues the devout publisher, "that the —— —— had better fail than take a second-class advertisement, we are not with them in opinion." This sentence would seem to be not only a hint for cavilers, but a notice served upon the chancery of Heaven. It serves also to re-assure all those whose hearts are in the work to which this journal is devoted, that the work shall not fail so long as the pious publisher can secure "indirectly," in answer to prayer, blind advertisements from swindlers and quack medicine men.

THE letter of Mr. George William Curtis to Mr. Evarts, declining a foreign ambassadorship, exhibits, in a strong light, not only the unselfish character of the writer, but also the altered conditions under which influence is exerted and good work is done at the present day, as compared with former times. It would appear that Mr. Curtis might have had his choice among the foreign courts, but his deliberate decision was that he could serve his country more usefully as editor of *Harpers' Weekly* than as the minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. Curtis is not an enthusiast, but a man of great practical wisdom; and his judgment in this matter is no doubt entirely just. The editor of a respectable and widely-circulated journal holds in his hand a more effective weapon than any diplomat can hope to wield. Things are not settled in these days by diplomacy, nor by political intrigues at home; they are settled by open and fair discussion; and the journalist who has the power to see and state the truth, and who has the courage of his opinions, ought to feel that he is not promoted when he is called to political office.

IT is a curious fact that some men who go deeply into political intrigue contrive to maintain a fair character outside of politics. The politician sometimes has a partition in his conscience; one side of it is for politics, and the other for ordinary affairs. What it would be utterly wrong for him to do as a neighbor or a tradesman he does without compunction as a politician. He would not suffer his customer to be wronged by neglecting to tell him of the rottenness of a piece of goods he was selling; he does allow the whole community to be wronged by refusing to expose the rottenness of one of the candidates of his party. He would not lie to a client, but he has

no scruples about lying to his constituents. To misrepresent or malign a rival in business he would consider infamous; but his rivals in politics he slanders without stint. In every considerable community men may be found who are scrupulously honest in their business transactions and who are known as kind-hearted neighbors and public-spirited citizens, yet who pack caucuses without compunction, and carry their points in politics by the use of the vilest instrumentalities. All this seems to result from the habit of regarding politics as a species of warfare. As everything is fair in war, so, the politician argues, everything is fair in politics. And it must be owned that Tennyson's lines apply, with great force, to this condition of things:

"Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think,—and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword."

It will be a good day when the usages of war no longer rule in politics; and when veracity and fair-play and the ordinary rules of good breeding are substituted for them.

KARS has fallen, but the battle of the Cyclopedias still rages. On both sides it is a petty and disgraceful squabble, and nobody is likely to gain anything by it, except the newspapers, whose reading columns it has filled with blind advertisements. And they ought to lose by this fraud upon their readers.

LITERATURE.

"A STUDY in a Story," is the sub-title of Dr. Holland's last novel.[1] Those readers who object to novels with a purpose are thus warned off from the threshold. Not many, however, even of the wise or of the mighty, will feel themselves called on this account to eschew the book. The rule of criticism that forbids a novel to have a purpose is a rule that was never yet established. To call it a conventionalism would be inaccurate, because nobody except a few literary transcendentalists has agreed to it. Novels with a purpose have been written in all periods by the best writers, and have been read with approval by the most cultivated readers. There is room for both kinds of stories, for those that show us life as it is, and for those that undertake to show us what it ought to be. Thackeray commonly wrote without having any ethical purpose in view, Dickens generally had a very distinct one, and both are good artists. William Black aims to please us; Charles Reade is bound to persuade as well as to please; literature admits of both kinds of service. Such at any rate is the Anglo-Saxon theory of art. Mr. Taine may protest against mixing morality with fiction, but we may hope that French ideas will not yet prevail in any department of our art.

The habit of Dr. Holland's mind is peculiarly ethical. It is impossible for him not to think of the questions that underlie all social phenomena. To look upon life merely as a spectacle, and simply to make a picture of it, however accurate, would seem to him an unworthy task. He looks upon society as the school in which character is formed; and if the school is badly managed he will say so. It must be admitted that his observation of the social disorders is close and keen, and that his judgments about them are generally sound. In this story the question that he urges respects charitable work among the poor, especially those of the large cities. Dr. Holland is a confirmed skeptic concerning many of the methods usually employed by charitably disposed people; and he gives in this book some good reasons for the unbelief that is in him. That city missions often have the tendency to weaken the self-respect of the people who attend them, and to pauperize and degrade the lower classes, is no doubt true. The whole method of the administration both of religion and of charity in the cities is vicious in the extreme. What Miss Coates says, with strong emphasis, about the churches of New York, is every word true:

"I mean that there are churches here in which no poor person ever feels at home, with the exception of one here and there who is unwilling to be grouped with the poor, and who is content to get a little reflected respectability from his surroundings. There are such people in fashionable churches, and very poor sticks they are; but the great multitude of the poor are as much shut out from these houses as they are from the houses of those who control and attend them. In what are called by courtesy the houses of God, the distance is as great as it is in the houses of men. In fact, God doesn't hold the title-deeds of half the churches here. Men own the pews and trade in them as if they were corner lots in Paradise." —(p. 146.)

The words put into the mouth of Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, have also too much justification in the facts of the case. The whole tendency of the city mission work as frequently administered is, as he declares, to pauperize the people. "You foster a spirit of dependence. It is a part of the business of your church to support a mission; and it is the policy of your church to keep it dependent on you. . . . . You find your

[1] Nicholas Minturn: A Study in a Story. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

children mainly paupers and you keep them so. . . . We have our choice between pauperism and heathenism, and I haven't hesitated to choose the latter. A heathen may maintain his self-respect; a confirmed and willing pauper never."

No one who is at all familiar with the methods of religious work in the cities will venture to call in question the essential truthfulness of this complaint. The poor are fenced off from the rich in mission chapels; they know that they are not wanted in the churches on the avenues; the religion that is taught there is a religion of caste; they are pitied and patronized, and, in the end, pauperized. It is a terrible indictment. And the question of questions for the Christians of this day is whether this state of things is to be continued. Dr. Holland puts the inquiry pretty sharply in this story. What shall the answer be? Unless some means can be found of revolutionizing the relation of the church to the poor, the church will lose its hold, more and more, not only upon the poor, but upon the whole community. The church cannot live unless the life of its Founder is at once its inspiration and its law; clubs for the promotion of oratory or of sacred music or of sound theology are not Christian churches, and cannot, in the nature of the case, do much to purify or to reform society.

Not only is the work of the church among the poor criticised in this story, but the whole business of poor-relief, as managed by the State and by voluntary organization, is subjected to censure. Dr. Holland denounces it all as confused, fragmentary, and mischievous; and his opinion that what is misnamed charity is largely a device for the encouragement of mendicancy, will be embraced by all who will acquaint themselves with the facts.

We have dwelt upon the "study" more than upon the "story"; partly because the problem studied is one of those to which SUNDAY AFTERNOON means to give much attention. But the story will be enjoyed even by those who do not care for the study. It is rather more dramatic than Dr. Holland's stories usually are; and some of the characters are very well drawn. Nicholas is, on the whole, the best of his heroes; the most improbable thing ascribed to him is his falling in love with Grace Larkin instead of Jenny Coates, who is by all odds the more lovable of the two girls. Mr. Coates is an amusing and not unreal sketch, and the pop-corn peddler is quite a philosopher in his way; while the study of Mr. Benson, the truly good, and of his decline and fall, shows a subtler reading of human motives than we have been wont to look for in Dr. Holland.

MR. WARNER has written nothing better than "Being a Boy"[1] since his "My Summer in a Garden." The absolute realism and the quaint humor of these sketches will bring a very pure delight to the heart of every old boy whose earlier boyhood was spent upon a farm. The first chapter, which has had some newspaper currency, and the chapters on "The Grindstone of Life," "The Boys' Sunday," "John's First Party" and "The Coming of Thanksgiving" are exceptionally good; while the chapter on "John's Revival" portrays in a racy but not irreverent way experiences through which many an honest boy has gone, and out of which his spiritual profits have been small.

IN "A Counterfeit Presentment,"[1] Mr. Howells is less successful than in "Out of the Question." The plot consists of the falling in love by a young lady with a man who bears a striking resemblance to a villain who has broken her heart. The psychological complications into which this leads are not always deftly managed. Constance, the young lady in the case, is a slight character, and neither of the personages is very consistently drawn. Nevertheless, there is much of that subtle humor, and that crisp colloquy which render Mr. Howells's dramatic sketches delightful reading.

As a work of art "The Story of Avis"[2] is Miss Phelps's masterpiece. In some of her shorter tales her dramatic power is, indeed, more clearly manifest; but her latest novel exhibits a sustained energy, and a carefulness of elaboration that we find in nothing else that she has written. The style of Miss Phelps was always somewhat overstrained in occasional passages, and that fault is seen here and there in this story. For example, when the old professor's young wife puts up "both lithe arms to be caught, to be clasped, to be devoured against his heart," we feel that something too much has been said about it. "The irrational outcry of a creature rasped and wrung by the friction of her own nature upon herself," is a strong expression; too strong, perhaps. The hero is once said to have been "intoxicated by this peculiarly beautiful lowliness into which her unstooping spirit now and then surged over, and spent itself, like the foam upon the crest of the wave." Men who are in love are extravagant, of course; but extravagant things need not be said of them. Adjectives are sometimes overburdened also; as when the "opulent self-control," and the "quarried loyalty" of Avis are spoken of. These faults are not, however, conspicuous in this volume; the style is often quiet, and full of unspent power. In no other writing has Miss Phelps revealed the artistic side

[1] Being a Boy. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[1] A Counterfeit Presentment: Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

of her nature as in this story. Not only in the remarkable visions that Avis saw on the night when she drank the wine of the orange flowers, but in many another vivid touch of realistic description, the author's keen delight in all things beautiful makes itself felt. The character of Avis is a remarkable creation; for her purity, her elevation of purpose, her noble reticence, and her queenly dignity and modesty all young maidens will do well to sit at her feet. Nevertheless, it is not clear that the feelings of Avis respecting the conflicting claims of art and affection are quite healthy; nor that the lesson of the book is one that can in all respects be commended to young women. The story teaches that the girl whose ambitions lead her toward the intellectual life cannot make the most of herself if she marries. The men who are capable of appreciating and encouraging such an ambition in their wives can scarcely, in the view of this author, be said to exist; and if they did, the conditions of the married life are fatal to the highest pursuits. The troubles of Avis Dobell began when she turned away from her high devotion to art and became the wife of Philip Ostrander. He was, no doubt, a contemptibly weak and selfish fellow; but whether better or worse than the average man we can scarcely infer from the story. His late repentance does him little credit, and he only serves to show forth the greatness of his wife's forbearance and forgiving love. Avis had, it is true, some compensations for her losses in thus sacrificing her art upon the domestic altar; but the story gives the impression that her life was a very sad failure, and that the life of any young woman of genius and ambition is likely to be a failure if she marries. If the effect of the book would only be to restrain such young women from marriage there would be less reason to complain of it; the trouble is, however, that with the story of Avis in their hands most of them will do the very thing that Avis did; and if they are taught to feel as Avis felt, when it was too late, that the gains of marriage are a poor equivalent for the hindrances which it puts in the way of a woman's intellectual development, the sum of the world's happiness will not, by this teaching, be visibly increased. But suppose it is all true; shall not the truth be told, even if the world is not made happier by knowing it? So Miss Phelps thinks, and it may be that she is right.

Of gift books of the season some of the choicest come from the house of Messrs. Osgood & Co. "The Scarlet Letter"[1] is, perhaps, the most elegant of these, the illustrations being from the hand of Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, and exhibiting a degree of power attained in none of her previous work. The delicacy and beauty that have always characterized her drawing are here, and in addition a wonderful vigor. The knot of old gossips discussing the sin of Hester; the faces surrounding the pillory when she stands upon it; the midnight scene in the same place, and the death of Dimmesdale all show strong imagination and faithful study of character.

Another elegant volume is "Christmas Tide,"[1] containing four familiar poems, "The River Path," by Whittier, "Excelsior," by Longfellow; "The Rose," by Lowell, and "Baby Bell," by Aldrich. These poems are profusely and for the most part intelligently illustrated, though the meaning of the "River Path" seems to have been curiously apprehended by some of the artists; as for example when Mr. Wand gives us a picture of Calvary and its crosses with Jerusalem in the distance to illustrate the line:

"We gazed upon those hills of God."

Indeed, we have four pictures, one apparently in New Hampshire, one in the Housatonic valley, one on Long Island and one in Jerusalem, all representing the single scene that was in the mind's eye of the poet. The attempt to adjust the pictures to the text involves a considerable mental strain. Nevertheless the pictures are beautiful, especially Mr. McEntee's:

"While dark, through billowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between;"

and Mr. Anthony's tail-piece. Some of the illustrations of Excelsior are quite effective; that of Mr. Moran upon the line,

"In happy homes he saw the light,"

being especially noticeable. Mr. Homer's youth with the banner does not captivate our fancy: he looks too much like a brigand. "The Rose" contains on the whole the best work of this collection: the pictures do not overlay the text, the subjects are well chosen, and the drawing is imaginative and spirited in nearly every picture. The water sketches are peculiarly vigorous. "Baby Bell" is also tenderly pictured, the greater number of designs being by Mrs. Jessie Curtis. These four beautiful poems are each published separately; and the sumptuous paper, the admirable engraving and the perfect printing make them all a little more beautiful than they were before.

A beautiful anthology for the use of those in trouble is the little volume[2] compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours." It is intended for all who need comfort and strength, and especially

[1] The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[1] Christmas Tide: Containing Four Famous Poems, by favorite American Poets. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Sursum Corda: Hymns for the Sick and Suffering. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

for invalids. The selections embrace some of the best of the common hymns of hope and consolation, and also a variety of other devotional lyrics, chosen from many languages and all the ages of the church. The headings under which they are arranged are these: Out of the Depths; Aspiration; Morning and Evening; Trust and Peace; Submission in Sorrow; Sickness; The Last Hour. For a friend in sickness or in sorrow the little book would be a most appropriate gift.

THE biography of Dr. Kirk[1] is valuable to the general reader not so much because of any mental quickening that he will receive in the reading of it, as because of the sincerity and manliness of the character that it brings before us. Dr. Kirk was not the statesman and philosopher that Arnold was, nor the brave and penetrating thinker that Robertson was, nor the genius that Macaulay was, nor the exuberant and royal soul that Norman Macleod was; but he was a conscientious, faithful, resolute, affectionate Christian pastor, who made himself a warm place in the hearts of those nearest him, and who by his gifts of winning and impressive speech, gained a large fame as a preacher throughout the country. It is plain that this fame was the result of the evident sincerity of the man, and of his exceptionally graceful and musical utterance, rather than of any unusual mental gifts. His career as has been sketched shows him to have been a man of great courage and of true consecration; so far as he saw the truth he was loyal to it; and often, as in the conflict about the new theology and the "new measures" in the early days of his ministry, and in the beginnings of the temperance reform and the anti-slavery agitation, he risked much for his fidelity. It is curious to note that this sturdy champion of the faith was openly denounced as a "heretic" by his brother ministers; and that for a long time the clergy of Albany, where he was first settled, with a single exception refused to exchange pulpits with him. "For three years," he said afterward in his farewell sermon, "I walked the streets of this city feeling as if by God's command I was an intruder here. I have felt as if their very houses frowned upon me." All this was because Dr. Kirk embraced what is now known as the "new school" theology of the Presbyterian Church, and also because he united with men like Finney and Nettleton in the revival methods employed by them. The services of Dr. Kirk as an evangelist, and as an advocate of missions, made him widely acquainted with the churches, and his unswerving patriotism during the war gave him a claim upon the gratitude of the whole nation. His pastorate in Boston was remarkably successful, and the story of his life will be especially useful to ministers as showing them something of the spirit and the methods of one of the best pastors of the American church. Mr. Mears has done his work acceptably, on the whole, though portions of Dr. Kirk's journal might have been spared. The lines quoted on p. 420 are not by Mrs. Browning, but by Mrs. Barbauld.

[1] Life of Edward Norris Kirk, D. D. By David O. Mears, A. M. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

THE man who is called to the Lyman Beecher lectureship at New Haven must have grave doubts, at the outset, whether anything worth saying has been left unsaid by his brilliant and profound predecessors. Whatever misgivings of this nature may have been entertained by Mr. Brooks or by his auditors when he addressed himself to his task,[1] those who listened to him must have been reassured before they had listened long. It is no slight praise to say that he has given to this hackneyed topic a treatment at once fresh, individual, and full of spiritual power. Those who have read the preceding lectures of this course will not be moved to complain of surfeiting when they read this. It is, indeed, a book that no preacher can read without profit, no matter how wide may be his experience, nor how thorough his furnishing for the pastoral work. "Truth" and "Personality," Mr. Brooks tells us, are the two essential elements of preaching. If it cannot be said that this volume gives us a great amount of newly discovered truth, it surely brings us into contrast with a singularly real and vigorous personality. The spirit of the book is of the very highest. The nobility of the estimate here taken of all life and work, and especially of the life and work of the preacher; the evenness and justness of the thought; the largeness of the view, the strength of the conviction, all will help to make it a spiritual tonic to every thoughtful minister who reads it. Nobody can wonder and no good man can help being thankful, that the author of these lectures is a preacher whom the people gladly hear.

Two volumes of sermons are before us, from leading English Unitarian ministers, which, it may be hoped, are representative expressions of English Unitarianism. Doubtless many doctrinal statements would be found in these books that would widely differ from the philosophy of religion accepted and taught by most preachers of what are called the Evangelical denominations; but no Christian of intelligence and of catholic spirit could read these volumes without confessing himself greatly a debtor to their authors for wise suggestions concerning religious truth and stimulating presentations of the great themes of faith

[1] Lectures on Preaching. Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College in January and February, 1877. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

and duty. The first of these volumes,[1] by Dr. Martineau, is the better of the two. In the style of this writer we find a rare blending of poetic grace and philosophic insight; the rhetoric is ornate and sometimes elaborate, but it is the luxuriance of life rather than of art, and it bears the reader on, as it must have borne the hearer, upon a flood of earnest feeling. There are phrases that will lie in the memory, revealing and enriching life through all coming days; there are heights of vision from which the reverent thinker will go down with a larger purpose and a better hope. Take this sentence from the Sermon on "The Discipline of Darkness": "There is no Epic of the certainties; and no lyric without the surprise of sorrow and the sigh of fear." And these from "The Unknown Paths": "Take away the divine symbolism from our material existence, and let it stand for only what it can make good on its own account and what is there to redeem it from selfishness and insignificance? The home sinks into a house; the meal into a mess; the grave into a pit; honor and veracity are appreciated chiefly as instruments of trade; purity and temperance, as necessities of health; justice, as the condition of social equilibrium; mercy, as the price of a quiet time. Does this literal aspect satisfy you? Does it give any literal account of your natural feeling toward these several elements of life? If this were all, would they stir you with such passion of love, of awe, of admiration as sometimes carries you off your feet?" No more vigorous opponent of the utilitarian philosophy exists than Dr. Martineau; and though his theology does not affirm all that many good Christians wish to hear, he holds fast the chief spiritual truths, and his spirit is as reverent and devout as that of the most orthodox believers. The other volume[2] is by the late principal of Manchester New College, London; and while it indicates less poetic genius and less comprehensiveness of view than that of Dr. Martineau, it reveals a healthy and vigorous mind. Some of the titles of the sermons will show that the kind of Unitarianism which it teaches is by no means of the radical variety: "The Divinity of Christ;" "The Transforming Power of a Faith in Christ;" "Access to the Father through the Spirit of Christ;" "Spiritual Relationship with the Invisible Christ," etc. The reader will find, too, that these titles are not of the *lucus a non* variety, but that they describe discourses in which glory and honor are given to the person of Jesus Christ, and a most reverent discipleship is taught.

WHAT Hugh Miller assayed to do in his "Testimony of the Rocks," and what Guyot and Dawson are endeavoring to do at the present day, Dr. Campbell has attempted in his "Story of Creation."[1] The reconciliation of the Mosaic account of creation with the facts of modern science seems a large undertaking; and the inclination of many Christian scholars to regard the first chapters of Genesis rather as an allegory, or a hymn of creation, than as a statement strictly historical and scientific, is at least excusable, in view of the difficulties attending the other view. Nor is any interest of spiritual religion sacrificed by such a concession. An inspired allegory may have as much religious value as an inspired history. The story of the Prodigal Son is worth more to the world than the story of Joseph. Between the parable of the Good Samaritan and the history of Samson it would be easy to choose. Even, therefore, though the historic or scientific accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony should fail to be established, the foundations of the Kingdom of God in the world would not be perceptibly weakened. But Dr. Campbell does not find it necessary to make this concession. His belief is that the story of the Bible is in the closest correspondence with the most trustworthy conclusions of science. Not only does he bring Genesis into harmony with geology, he is ready to accept the theory of evolution—even Mr. Darwin's version of it—and the doctrine of spontaneous generation, if that be made out; for he finds in the Mosaic narrative what seem to him confirmations of these theories. The nebular hypothesis he accepts without hesitation; indeed, he appears to think that the narrative in Genesis cannot be fairly interpreted to mean anything else. The words of his preface are worth quoting:

"I offer great latitude here to the speculations of modern science. This will not strike all my readers favorably; but time, I think, will justify the course I have taken. I have lived to see the nebular hypothesis proponnded, disputed, and at last quite generally accepted. The development hypothesis seems passing the same ordeal. It has not yet, by any means, been established,—but it is every year gaining ground with scientific men; and the question is already upon us, whether, in case that hypothesis were established, we could maintain our faith in the Bible. Some scientific men say no; some zealously religious men say no. Others, equally wise and good, say yes: the Mosaic economy and the development hypothesis may be so interpreted as to stand in perfect harmony. In this work I take my stand with the latter class, and make my appeal to all earnest inquirers and earnest workers, whether in the field of biblical interpretation or in that of scientific research. Whether we read from the rock-record or from the inspired Word, the story of creation is the same."

Dr. Campbell writes with great clearness and and simplicity; and his book ought to have a wide reading, because of its reverent spirit not

[1] Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. By James Martineau, LL. D., D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[2] Last Series of Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses by John James Taylor. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[1] The Story of Creation. By S. M. Campbell, D. D. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

only toward the Bible but toward truth that is not in the Bible.

THE "Wisdom Series," publishing by Roberts Brothers, may serve as a partial antidote to the demoralizing slops with which the book market has been flooded during the last year. Three little volumes of selections, taken respectively from the works of Epictetus, from the "Thoughts" of Marcus Antoninus, and from the "Imitation" of Thomas a Kempis, will give to hasty readers something of the flavor of each of these holy and noble men. They go well together, too; for the asceticism of the Christian monk needs to be balanced by the stoicism of the noble freedman and the philosophic king. The true theory of life lies about midway between them. These volumes are edited by the compiler of "Quiet Hours" and "Sursum Corda," who also gives us in this "Wisdom Series" a choice little volume of poetical selections entitled "Sunshine in the Soul."

FOLLOWING the volume of sermons by Thomas Starr King lately published, we have a volume of his lectures.[1] The fame of Mr. King as an orator of the platform was wide and bright twenty years ago; and, on reading these nervous and thoughtful pages, the wonder grows that such a speaker could have had such a hearing. No doubt the grace of his speech did much to commend what he said; but graceful and forceful speakers have not, in these days, much chance upon the platform, if they undertake to deal in a manner at all serious with ethical or philosophical questions. The lyceum must have been twenty years ago a wholly different institution from what it has been of late, or a lecturer of King's quality could never have been so famous. This does not argue intellectual degeneracy: it may be that the intellectual public has learned to find elsewhere the stimulus it once sought in the lyceum. Mr. King's lectures are full of a cheerful and wise philosophy, a bracing moral sentiment, and much luminous and rarely extravagant rhetoric. The lecture on "Substance and Show" is a good antidote for the current unbelief; that on the "Laws of Disorder" is a clear statement of the relation between uniformity and liberty; and that on Socrates is an extremely realistic picture of the great philosopher.

ALL of a sudden our American public has been waked up to a remarkable interest in art. What did it? Was it the centennial, or the chromos, or the heliotypes? Whatever the cause may have been, the fact is plain that works of art and the literature of art are claiming the attention of the public at present to a quite unprecedented degree. To supply this demand a series of artist biographies is now issuing from a Boston publishing house. They are prepared by Mr. M. F. Sweetzer; and the first volume of the series[1], which is devoted to Raphael, is an intelligible and pleasing sketch of the great painter's life. It is becoming almost a social necessity to possess some elementary knowledge of the lives and the works of the masters in art; and one can with very little labor gather from this small volume sufficient knowledge of Raphael and his chief paintings to keep him from sinking out of sight in the currents of art talk that surge through all our drawing-rooms.

MR. and Mrs. Peloubet's Eclectic Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons[2] have been in use now for three years and they have worn well. The editors read widely and quote judiciously; and there are few points of difficulty in the lesson that their selections do not cover. The opinions quoted are not, of course, always infallible; but the name of each author is appended to the quotation, and the personal equation can be calculated when it becomes necessary. Among the multitude of "helps" in the current Sunday School studies we know of none more valuable than this inexpensive volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Table Talk. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Tom: A Home Story. By George L. Chaney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag: My Girls, etc. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

The Queen of Sheba. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

His Grandmothers: A Summer Salad. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Six Sinners; or School Days in Bantam Valley. By Campbell Wheaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the Sun? A Journey through Planetary Space. From the French of Jules Verne. By Edward Roth. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

One Year Abroad. By the Author of "One Summer." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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1 Substance and Show, and Other Lectures. By Thomas Starr King. Edited with an Introduction by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

1 Raphael. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

2 Select Notes on the International Sabbath School Lessons for 1878. By Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——FEBRUARY, 1878.——No. II.

THE CREW OF THE SAM WELLER.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," "THE JERICHO ROAD," "THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST," ETC.

II.

MRS. LUGWINE was not the only person in the world who desired to know more about Walter Brown, yet those who seemed most interested in him were apparently well informed about the young man, as may be inferred from the following extract from the advertising columns of a prominent Eastern journal of the day:

"WANTED!

"The defaulting receiving teller of the Domestic Bank, of New York. He is thirty-two years of age, five feet and seven inches in height, light complexion, and with considerable color, reddish yellow hair and whiskers, dark blue eyes, manners refined and pleasant, yet brisk and decided. The initials R. D. are tattooed upon his left arm, his name being Richard Dorell: it is probable that the name or initials may be found upon some of his clothing. One thousand dollars will be paid by the bank for such information as may lead to the apprehension of the criminal."

Mr. Lugwine's opinion of literature being what it was, it is not surprising that the journal containing the advertisement quoted had not shed its refining and informing influence in the Lugwine mansion; even had the paper itself reached the Bottom, the fate of the fugitive would have remained undecided by anything that Mrs. Lugwine might have done, for the good lady was unable to read, and none of her neighbors could have done anything toward making amends for her deficiency.

As for the defaulting teller, he had the advertisement to thank for the only moments of jollity he had enjoyed since his flight from the bank. Secure in the disguise of a clean-shaven face and an assumed name, he had in the reading-room of a Western hotel heard the advertisement read and discussed by a couple of business men, and not even the uncontrollable shudder which followed his hearing of the word "criminal" was able to prevent the satisfaction with which he heard the couple, after relieving their minds freely on the subject of dishonesty in bank officials, pass naturally and with their entire hearts to the concocting of an enterprise which was morally a hundred times worse than robbing a bank, but against which neither law nor business sentiment would be likely to raise a dissenting hand. His time being all his own, he perused certain portions of newspapers very industriously, and by applying a certain line of logic to what he found there, he gradually succeeded in assuring himself that he was no worse than many business men for whose apprehension no rewards were offered. His conclusion was perfectly correct, in point of fact; and his logic being, like that of most other men, exercised only in certain special pleas for himself, he grew elated at his comparative respectability, instead of being cast down at the comparative rascality of such of the business world as he compared himself with. The effect upon himself of these

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conclusions seemed to him to be altogether happy, for it enabled him to hold his head higher and breathe freer than he had done in late days, though whether those who loved him best would have been satisfied with the peculiar changes which his countenance underwent during its progress from the shamefaced to the erect, is a question to which the veracious historian cannot respond in the affirmative. It occasionally seemed possible that Walter Brown himself was not fully satisfied with the change. A man cannot always be in the receptive mood, or the observing mood; nature has ordained a sort of mental clearing-house in the heart of every man, and whether its operations be regular or whether they be fitful, it attends to all necessary work. And so it was that Walter Brown, in spite of every possible attempt to kill time, frequently found himself consulting a mirror, with results that never tended toward hilarity. He had always been very well satisfied with his clear, bright blue eyes, but now he studied them with a countenance earnest almost to anxiousness. There were spots and stripes in their pupils;—were they there before—before he—before he committed his irregularities, or were they not? A fine, an almost invisible line or two below them and at their outer angles—were those there in other days? For years his mouth had been hidden by a moustache; now that it was bare he wondered if the sides of his lower lip had been so prominent in other days as they now were—so obstinate in their determination that they would not submit to any endeavor to draw them in?

On the Sam Weller he had more than ever of time for reflection, for the men who composed the crew were not engaging subjects for study, and Deacon Packsitt's Bible, the only printed matter which was publicly exposed, seemed to lack attractiveness. Upon the deck of the boat were stacked some barrels of pork which the overloaded hold could not accommodate, and in front of these, invisible to every one but the helmsman, and displaying to him only the top of a felt hat, he used to sit for meditation and self-examination. His mates preferred the cabin, and he heartily rejoiced thereat; he trusted they might continue to do so, and leave him to the unchanging landscape, and his own equally unchanging thoughts. But on the second day out, when the boat reached the Mississippi and deep water, and Deacon Packsitt's duties as pilot were intermittent and light, compared with what they had been on the Ohio, the Deacon gladly turned from his duty to his employer to that toward his Maker, and started in quest of his stranger-hand. He found him in front of the barrels, with a small pocket-mirror in his hand. The Deacon considerately looked the other way for a moment, and when again he turned his head the mirror was invisible.

"Nice mornin', ain't it?" remarked the Deacon.

"Very—very," replied Brown, getting briskly upon his feet, and remarking to himself, "Hatchet-faced old bore!"

"It'll get nicer ev'ry day, too, the farther South we get," continued the Deacon. "Clouds ain't so plenty down South as they be up here."

"All the pleasanter for the Southerners, I should say," returned the strange hand.

"Well, yes," said the captain, meditatively, and engaging with a shred of bark on a barrel-hoop; "that is, it *would* be, if they 'preciated it, but they don't 'pear to. Just like the rest of us, though, 'bout other things."

"The old fool has *some* sense," remarked Brown to himself. The captain drew his knife from his pocket, carved a letter X or two on the head of a barrel, and continued, disjointing his sentences whenever the exigencies of the carving required, for a moment, the entire attention of the artist.

"I tell our folks——in meetin'——that instead of grumblin' about what——what they hain't got, they'd——a mighty sight better be a thankin' God for——pshaw!" interrupted the captain savagely, for the point of his blade broke and flew away and over the side. The captain scanned the water carefully for a moment, as if expecting to see the blade rise penitently to the surface and ask to be restored again to confidence and duty. The unreasonableness of

such a hope soon became apparent, and the Deacon concluded his sentence,—

"Better be a thankin' God for what they've got—youth, an' health, an' time to repent, for instance."

"Very true! very true!" assented Brown. "That blade isn't all gone, is it? There's a stone in the cabin, you know, and you can grind a fair point upon it again," continued Brown, with visible eagerness.

"Shouldn't wonder," said the Deacon, pocketing the knife, but failing to act upon the hint.

"I'll turn the stone for you myself, if you like," said Brown, after noting the failure of his suggestion; "that is, I'll do it after I write a letter which I want to have ready to mail at the first possible opportunity." And Brown started after his writing materials, leaving the Deacon in possession of a field without a victory. The Deacon looked after the retreating figure as it went down the cabin ladder, and then he mused aloud:

"Wonder if he suspected? He can't always dodge me, though: there'll be rainy days an' nights when he'll have to sit below, and listen, at least. I *would* like to hear him talk, though; he's got headpiece, that fellow has, and it's out of its place, too. Like enough religion's the very last thing he cares to hear about, but that's the very reason he *should* hear about it."

The remaining members of the crew paid scarcely any attention to Brown, and the young man became at once as displeased by their conduct as he was by that of the Deacon. At home everybody noticed him, so to submit to neglect from boors was no easy task. Had they exhibited ordinary curiosity about him, Brown would have been satisfied, for he did not crave conversation with either Rigley Soole, or Job Tanker, or old Lugwine. But when Brown caught the glances of these gentlemen, he generally found them filled with distrust, and this enraged and alarmed him. Had he known the real cause of their feeling, his mind would have been at ease, for his neatly fitting clothing, his bright eye, his clean-shaven and frequently washed face, and his agility of motion showed him to be of mold unlike that of his companions, and whatever was unlike them was unknown to them, and therefore, according to one of humanity's most inflexible rules, distrusted by them.

Brown speedily determined to avenge himself upon his messmates, or, rather, upon Soole and Tanker; for Lugwine did not notice him at all except with a vacant stare which might mean anything or nothing. And the young man's method of avenging himself was that one which ladies are supposed to monopolize under similar circumstances; he devoted himself to that member of the party who was least interesting and who cared least for him—to Lugwine. The task was no easy one, for Brown could not converse intelligently of any of the difficulties which had taken place in the Bottom, nor of the sprees which at the same place had become historic, nor could he curse the Brackelsville storekeepers with that fluency which Mr. Lugwine's experiences had seemed to justify and demand. But he could offer an occasional pipe of tobacco, and this was a courtesy which old Lugwine always accepted at its full value, and the cumulative effect of several attentions of this sort was to move Lugwine to stand one day on the deck near Brown,—instead of selecting some position where he might have something to lean against, as was his usual wont, —and to confide to the young man a condensed and somewhat partisan historical sketch of society at the Bottom, from its beginnings down to the time of this relation. And Brown, instead of being disgusted, was amused and supplied with considerable food for thought and for subsequent self-gratulation. Like many another man whose character or inclinations have fallen below the standard which has been established for him by ancestry or society, Walter Brown had been speculating with much industry though little ease upon the possibility of sacrificing his character so that he might preserve his respect. He had recalled to the uttermost the characters whose acquaintance he had made at college, through the aid of Homer, Virgil, Juvenal and other classical writers; these respected themselves and won, sometimes merited, the regard of later generations; yet they committed actions which the world of to-day would not

excuse. Might he not become a Pagan himself, and live with a happiness which now was impossible to him? But his mental experiments in this direction had not been at all successful. Defaulter though he was, fugitive from justice, and ostracised by society, he nevertheless encountered, at every point where he attempted an assault upon his old self, a quantity and quality of moral sense from which he could not divest himself. He had cursed its existence, but it had remained unshaken by his anger. It was not, as he at first fondly imagined, a set of mental abstractions which he had assumed and put on, like his theory of politics or his last suit of clothes; it was a very element of his life, obtained by inheritance, and, though susceptible to abuse, it was superior to all attempts against its existence.

In Lugwine, however, Brown found hope. Here was a Pagan, absolutely and without modification, yet he was a man of the present generation and the neighbor and acquaintance of moralists of the nineteenth century. Right and wrong apparently were meaningless terms to him, except when translated by his own selfishness. He spoke as coolly of offences against moral and social law as if they were not offences at all; and although those he alluded to were seldom of any magnitude, the thoroughness of his approval of them clearly indicated that virtue as a motive of conduct could never find favor in his eyes. And yet, he did not seem to be vicious; he wished harm only to his enemies, and seemed to be willing that the rest of the world should be as comfortable as he himself desired to be. He was not a model for the young defaulter who had been reared on a social plane infinitely removed from that of the Bottom, but he was that which to the enquiring mind is sometimes dearer than a model; he was an indication. It is often inconvenient to follow a model, but around an indication the most wayward and erratic mind may play at will. Where would a large class of our scientists be, had Mr. Darwin pronounced the ape a model instead of a mere indication, a suggestion?

So fascinating and consoling were the thoughts created by the contemplation of Mr. Lugwine, that Walter Brown soon found himself an earnest student of this representative Bottomite. Mr. Lugwine's conversational powers were few, and such as he possessed were safe from annoyance by their owner's languid will. His facial organs, however, not being subject unto will, expressed a great deal after the tongue had ceased to speak, and Brown therefore studied the old man's face with an earnestness and persistency which might have frightened Lugwine had his almost phenomenal indifference ever allowed him to realize what an object of interest he had become. Whether, could he have been for an instant endowed with his companion's acute powers of perception, and employed them upon his companion's countenance, he would not have been more than frightened, does not clearly appear.

Meanwhile the invisible powers were preparing an answer to the pious pilot's prayer for bad weather. The Deacon was roused one morning by information that the mist was so thick that the steersman could not tell whether he was in the channel or in shore. The Deacon came on deck at once, listened upon either quarter for sounds which should indicate how far distant either bank of the stream might be, threw the lead repeatedly, and did all that careful flatboat pilot could have done, and yet, he seemed remarkably cheerful. Then rain began to fall through the mist, so that the Deacon had to don an oil-skin coat, and still the Deacon was cheerful. As the rain increased the mist disappeared, daylight came, the rain poured in torrents, and the Deacon's joy was complete; for the boat was safe, the rain promised to fall all day, so that all hands but the man on deck would be obliged to remain under cover, and Brown's "watch" was twelve hours off.*

The victim had been awake but a few moments before he clearly foresaw his doom. He tried to determine upon a day of exercise upon deck; surely he had hunted ducks many a day, in the East, when the weather was worse than it was on the Mississippi on this particular day. Somehow, though, a

* On flatboats the day is divided into four watches of six hours each.

man's determination is not so powerful when there is to be some hunting done in which he himself is to be the game instead of the sportsman, and when he tries against such odds, to excite the determination before breakfast. As he could not stimulate an honorable passion to assist him against the Deacon, he tried to get thoroughly angry at the old man, but in this attempt also he failed, for the Deacon looked neither solemn, nor pugnacious, nor any other way but perfectly cheerful and manly. Then Brown attempted the part of the beaten cur, and sulked successfully for a few moments; but that part of human nature which makes some men superior to the brutes, rescued him from this humor only to drop him into a lower one, for Brown determined to play the part which is the favorite of all highly intelligent sinners—he would sharpen his wits and prostitute them in any way if only he could beat the Deacon. This resolve did not trouble his conscience in the least, for he was probably as ignorant as every one else is of the existence of any great number of people who would not cheerfully prostitute logic to any extent for the sake of gaining an intellectual victory.

The Deacon talked very little during breakfast; his mind seemed to be soaring above the common plane of breakfast-table conversation on the "Sam Weller." Soole, who added to his nautical duties the profession of cook, noticed that the Deacon took a cup more than usual of coffee; it would have augured ill, too, for the intellectual prospects of any one but a flatboat pilot, that the Deacon consumed an immense quantity of fried pork and buckwheat cakes. As for Brown, he became so nervous that he could hardly eat at all. A man who is going to fight against his inherited instincts always realizes that he has a hard fight before him, even when the instincts themselves are bad and their owner's intention good; how faint must be the heart of the man who prepares to war against the better part of his real self? The Deacon went on deck to fortify himself with a silent prayer; the defaulter stayed below and fortified himself with a pipe of tobacco. A few moments later the Deacon descended the cabin ladder just as Brown was knocking the ashes from his pipe; the eyes of the two men met, and then the Deacon learned for the first time that his proposed attack would not be unexpected. The effect was that the Deacon became temporarily demoralized and repulsed, while his antagonist grew elated and careless, allowing his hurriedly organized wits to disperse to their various quarters and their ease.

But the Deacon had often pondered upon and profited by the scriptural injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents." To his mind the wisdom of the serpent consisted of dissimulation, so with this faculty he had become remarkably proficient. He postponed his intended movement for an hour or two, chatted upon matters pertaining to the boat and the river, told a few good stories, and finally had the defaulter and the remainder of the crew in excellent humor. Then he picked up an old newspaper, apparently by accident, and read various headings in a desultory manner. Finally he read, as if to himself,

"H'm—'the Campbellites intend to erect a church edifice at Brackelsville, and to call a pastor.' Well, well! There are more church edifices and pastors in town now than people can make use of."

"That is natural enough," laughed Brown. "Churches and preachers in general aren't what the people want so much as they want somebody who will talk to them in their own way in particular."

The Deacon had not expected so prompt a response, but the spirit of Brown's reply was such as to destroy the pleasure which the readiness of the answer might have called forth. The Deacon mused earnestly for a moment, though with as straight a face as if he were simply absorbing additional items of local news from the paper; then he replied:

"There's a good deal of truth in that, and yet people bein' as they be, there's an excuse for it. Even the apostle speaks well of 'the foolishness of preachin,' you know, so it isn't wonderful that folks should prefer to worship God in their own way."

"They're not so fond, though, of the foolishness of doing right; and of insisting

after they get into churches, upon their privilege and duty to live righteously."

"H'm!" breathed the Deacon to himself, "*that's* what I should call 'abusin' plaintiff's attorney.' He's weaker than he thinks, but there's no knowin' how he may feel when he finds out his shakiness." Then the Deacon said aloud:

"That's trne—that's very true. A good many people only get far enough into religion to save their souls, or to think they save 'em. An' when they some day do somethin' outrageous, they're a good deal worse scamps than other men, just because they promise to be better. But *they* don't know it, poor sinners."

The Deacon's concession had been made for the purpose of disarming his enemy, but it did far more than the old man knew, for Walter Brown had been one of the model young men whose names are always on church-rolls,—or were, less than a generation ago. The wound hurt the young man severely, and the only way he could avoid showing his pain was by langhing at it.

"All that is because men came to wonder whether they understand clearly what is right and what is wrong. Right and wrong are merely relative terms."

"Not according to Scripture," interposed the Deacon.

"That's bad for Scripture, then," said Brown.

The Deacon groaned inwardly. He knew little of philosophy, except from suclr attacks as his own denominational jonrnal made upon it from time to time. But he now had no doubt that his antagonist was a philosopher. The good old man speedily recovered his courage, however, for was not a philosopher a person who reasoned? Could a teacher of the Word ask for a better listener than a man of the reasoning habit? (The Deacon should not be too severely blamed for this blunder, for he had never before met an *avowed* philosopher of that very common type which makes reason the bondman of rascality.) The Christian religion, as a logical system, was always on the Deacon's tongue, ready for instant use; but never before had he met any one who seemed intellectually so competent to receive it. Indeed, the Deacon could not imagine how Brown, with such a habit of mind, had not long ago been brought under conviction, unless it was that the Lord had reserved him as a special gift for the Deacon: on suspicion that such might be the case, the good old man breathed a fervent thank-offering to heaven, and began work in earnest.

"I s'pose you don't believe in the Bible, then?"

"Not as a safe guide for business men," said the defaulter, filling his pipe anew.

"Just what *I* say," remarked Lugwine, looking longingly at Brown's tobacco-ponch. Brown accepted the hint, while the Deacon cast a withering glance at the Bottomite, and proceeded:

"Jesus thought it good enough."

"But Jesus wasn't a business man," suggested Brown.

The Deacon winced, but continued:

"He was better; he taught something that included everything else—business and all."

"But his followers don't reach him when he talks of business."

"Abusing plaintiff's attorney again," said the Deacon to himself. "That's just where he was before, but bless me! where am I? I don't get along any faster than *he* does." The Deacon made a mighty effort to say something that would put him upon the track he wished to follow, and at last he said:

"Don't you believe in Jesus?"

The defanlter wanted to answer boldly, but he did not find lying so easy an operation in a discussion as it was in business, so he hid his face with a cloud of smoke before he answered:

"No."

The Deacon would have suspected the young man of untruthfulness had he not suspected him of being a philosopher. At length he said:

"Do you believe in anything in place of him?"

"Yes—myself," answered Brown.

"Well," drawled the Deacon, concealing his horror with great success, "it's first rate to believe in somebody that you're well

acquainted with, and that you know is all right."

A telling shot hurts us less when it is fired at random, than when it is the result of deliberate aim. Brown glared at the Deacon with eyes like those of a wild beast about to spring, and the fact that the old man was still leisurely looking up and down the columns of the newspaper was more enraging than if he had seemed to have made his remark maliciously, and with full knowledge of the facts. The silence was becoming extremely unpleasant to Brown, who could devise no appropriate retort; and when it was finally broken, the defaulter would have preferred it intact again, for it was old Lugwine who spoke, and he uttered only the words, "that's so."

The Deacon finally spoke again, and unfolded, modestly, sincerely and ably, the orthodox idea of Christ and his work. He did it without interruption, for Brown's temper in subsiding, left its owner perfectly listless, though once or twice the habit of the scholar made him wish he might be other than he was, that he might improve in certain points the Deacon's statement of doctrines which he himself had many a time enunciated more clearly than the Deacon was doing. The old man closed his exordium with prayer (silent) and went upon deck, from which position he shouted that the boat was nearing Memphis, and he should lay her ashore long enough to go to the post office. Lugwine volunteered to accompany him, and when the couple returned to the boat, Lugwine's movements were so full of mystery that Soole and Tanker cautiously snuffed the air to ascertain, if possible, whether their messmate had been drinking. Finally, the Bottomite edged gently toward Brown and whispered:

"You kin read writin', can't you?"

"I think I can," replied Brown, after mature deliberation.

"Well, I used-to could do it, too," said Lugwine, but my eyes ain't as good as they wuz. An' here's my wife gone an' sent me a letter—I dunno who she got to write it, but she said she wuz goin' to send me one to Memphis. Would you mind readin' it to me? I *might* git the Deacon to do it, I spose, but then—well, he ain't exactly my kind."

Brown meekly swallowed the compliment implied by Lugwine's closing sentence, but stated that he felt delicate about hearing family details of which he had no right to know.

"Oh, never mind that," said Lugwine, cheerfully. My gals ain't big enough to git married, nur the boys to go to jail, so I reckon ther hain't no secrets in it. Fire away."

Thus assured, Brown read the missive, of which the following is a painstaking copy:

"'DEER KANE, i take mi pen in han ur Mriar Trugg duz to say im well an the childeren tu. Jim mudley shot a painter.* it bit him fust an he dide aftur. emery Ginnison is in jale fur shutin ——'"

"Shuttin'?" queried Lugwine, "why, a man can't be put in jail for shuttin' anything."

"Shooting is what is meant, I imagine," said Brown, scrutinizing the letter closely.

"That's more like," said Lugwine, "shootin' is sometimes likely to git a man in jail—if he gits caught. Gosh!—I most forgot—who did he shoot?"

"'Shutin' bud Peters,'" continued Brown.

"Hooray!" exclaimed Lugwine; "shot a deppity sheriff! Mebbe, though," continued Lugwine, suddenly calming himself, as he noticed a peculiar look on Brown's face, "mebbe *you've* been a deppity sheriff?"

"Never!" exclaimed Brown, earnestly, and continued:

"'Nance Biurd is run away weth Sy Green. i wish you wuz home tante the sam plase wethout you. i hope god ell bring you bak safe. im a ——'"

"Got stuck?" asked Lugwine. "Mriar Trugg ain't over-handy at writin', I s'pose."

"I guess I can make it out," said Brown. "'I'm as ever, your loving wife.' That's all."

"Much obliged," said Lugwine, taking the letter, looking it over with some curiosity, and then folding it awkwardly and put-

* Panther.

ting it into a box in which he generally kept fish-bait. "Mebbe I ken do you the same naberly turn some day when *your* eyes breaks down."

Brown turned away, and walked forward. The last words he had really read in Mrs. Lugwine's letter were:

"—— im prane tu God fur that stranger feller fur i no theirs sumthin trublin his mind."

WAYS OF SAVING THE CHILDREN.

One of the evils that challenge the attention of observing and benevolent people in every village, is the condition of the poor children. It is somewhat remarkable, but it is true that the problem of their treatment, education and reform, is more easily solved in the city than in the village. And yet to city and to village it is equally important, and the solution equally an effort of religious and humane duty. These ragged, vagrant, hungry, untrained children, will inevitably be the criminals of their communities; they will hereafter prey upon property, threaten personal safety and life, tempt the children of the virtuous, by their crimes and diseases poison their neighborhood, and if female children, become like "Margaret, mother of criminals," the ancestors of a line of paupers, thieves, prostitutes and murderers. Society has neglected them, and they will recompense society tenfold in offences and crimes.

Moreover, these children of poverty are the "little ones" of Christ, and heirs of immortal life. The Christian is bound to forget his own personal comfort and to seek to bring them under the light of his Master's truth. How shall he do it?

We will sketch some of the modes found serviceable in the cities, beginning with *The Industrial School.*

A poor district is selected, where there is much over crowding, and much consequent poverty, misery and crime. Some ladies of influence in other quarters, are induced to associate themselves together, with two or three of them as officials, to form an "Industrial School Association." Then a plain room with a basement or other room for kitchen and dining-room is chosen, furnished with school desks and table, and an agent sent out to pick up the children. One teacher, a missionary, and, if possible, a good "object teacher," is employed steadily, while the ladies assist, according to their convenience. At the appointed hour, a crowd of ragged, dirty, impudent little girls and noisy boys, gather at the door of the school-room, having heard of "free soup" and garments given out. They assail the teacher with slang words, they fly over the benches, and now and then a missile goes through the windows. The teacher, if an expert in these matters, maintains an unruffled calm. Soon she has flattered a big boy, and secured his assistance; one she shakes, and another she coaxes; at length, order is secured, and the first duty is performed, of registering names.

Now, first of all, cleanliness is to be obtained. The boys are sent to wash hands and face, and comb or cut their hair, under some one who can oversee; the girls are despatched afterwards to the wash-room for a similar purpose. Larkspur and carbolic soap are freely applied. The girls are put soon at plain sewing on material for their under-clothes, and here the assistance of ladies is indispensable. A skillful object lesson on animals, enchains the boys, and then they are led to the first lessons with "sounds" (instead of letters), and the first counting of beans or objects.

If they can read, the teacher gives them interesting chapters in the reading-book, or sets them at their first writing. A plate of soup at recess is something which they all appreciate, and they are made aware that they can earn shoes and garments by good conduct, and industry. In the afternoon, they are put at some industrial branch, like box-making, printing, or even sewing. If they are obliged to go from school at an

early hour to earn their living, they are encouraged to it, and even money is advanced to aid them in starting their street trades. The teachers soon enter into the life of these poor children, find what their struggles are, and what their troubles and wants, and acquire an influence over the little vagrants. The young vagabonds are like all other children. They are won over by sympathy and kindness, and feel at once words of praise or commendation. Their wild habits insensibly drop from them. They are unconsciously touched by the influence of pure and refined women near them. The girls become ashamed of their foul language and bold manners. The boys govern their tongues and their tempers. They learn the first steps of civilization, in learning to control themselves, in being orderly, and in doing steady and regular work. At first they cannot understand why persons in a comfortable and fortunate position should come down among them to teach them and help them. They suspect some sinister motive. But gradually the thought dawns on them of disinterested kindness, and they no doubt get glimpses in their souls of something higher than they have ever been used to. In the girls' minds, there rises up an ideal of purity and goodness which was unknown before. The basis of all improvement with the vagrant and semi-criminal class, is the habit of regular labor. This, at first, with both boys and girls, is very hard to implant; but the pleasure of working together, the fondness for the teacher, the effect of festivals, prizes and gifts won by good conduct, gradually attract them to ways of regular work. Cleanliness and decency, too, begin to have a new charm. The frowzy and forlorn little girl of the street has a new pleasure in her own appearance with a clean dress, well-brushed hair, and washed face. For the first time, decent under-clothing gives her a new sense of self-respect. She has a pleasure, too, in handling the needle, and in learning to make her own little articles of dress. She is beginning thus, in the Industrial School, the natural and proper life of woman. Good food, too, changes her pallid and sharp appearance, and the rosy color and the rounded cheeks of childhood come back to the little worn face. It is many a day since she has had a warm covering against the winter blasts, or good shoes and stockings for the wet and snow. All these things gradually civilize her. Though subdued, the teacher has still to be careful in managing her. She is liable to sudden outbursts of temper, and wild and ungoverned ways. Other and older girls, too, are continually seeking to lead her astray to the haunts of vice. There are also, in every poor quarter, men, brutish in appetite, who have an abnormal and fiendish pleasure in degrading these young children of poverty. Their enemies are innumerable. Then their homes are no safeguard. They are often damp and uncomfortable cellars, or crowded attics where several families live together. Then the smell, the close air, the quarrels and foul vices of the lodgers naturally make the home the most disagreeable place which the poor girl can frequent. She longs continually for free air and new scenes, and without doubt it is the overcrowded tenement house, which, more than any other cause, by its bad examples and disagreeable surroundings, has driven the poorer young girls of the city into vicious courses. The teacher in the Industrial School has an uphill work in resisting the influence of these various surroundings, but she tells the wild little girl of better and sweeter homes, where people really love one another, and where they are pure and good. She reads to the child of One who especially loved the poor and unbefriended, and who bore our sorrows and shared our temptations, that He might raise us to a better life.

The poor girl finds it not difficult to believe that there is a mighty and unseen Person, sympathizing with every calamity and misfortune of the children of earth. She goes back from the school to her squalid home, inspired with a new life and able to bear the ills of poverty and resist its temptations as she never was before.

We know one instance of an Italian girl from an Industrial School, living in an overcrowded attic with several families where, as she said, she could hardly bear to live, going out every night to sell flowers at

the theaters. The girl was sweet in manner, very pretty, and at the most dangerous age; she was constantly catching glimpses on the stage, of a strange and brilliant life; she was full of imagination and romance, and though gentlemen were constantly kind and attentive to her, and some seeking to lead her astray, we have no doubt that this young flower-seller has led as pure and virtuous a life as any maiden of the city. She said once, "Oh, I see so many bad sights! But whenever I have any temptation, I think to myself, 'What would Miss Lattine (her teacher) say, if I should do this? and that keeps me all right.'"

In the Industrial School, everything tends to order, industry and purity. Perhaps its best influence is from the self-denying ladies who leave their comforts and come down for one or two afternoons in the week, to help these unfortunate children. They assist in sewing, or teach book-lessons, or read little moral stories to the girls. The teacher is strengthened by their sympathy, and the scholars feel especially the influence of their refinement, and of the self-denial of their efforts. The contact gives the young girls a new conception of goodness and disinterestedness: the lady has a new experience in thus coming close to poverty. It cannot be wondered at, that a gradual influence, such as this of the Industrial School, continued on year by year, should finally reform the youth of the whole district near it. Such influences are pervasive and almost irresistible. As class after class of young girls go forth from such schools, to become domestics or factory and shop workers, they are found not to fall into idle, vagrant, or dissolute modes of life; they do not inherit the intemperate habits of their parents, and they almost uniformly grow up as honest, decent and respectable working girls. Not one in a thousand, though born amid vice and intemperance, becomes a prostitute or drunkard. The effect of the School, tells immediately on the records of crime. The sources of supply for female criminals are diminished. Thus, in New York City, twenty-five years ago, when the Industrial Schools were founded, an army of female vagrants was committed to the city prisons every year, and it should be remembered that in this catalogue of crime, "Vagrancy" includes all who were arrested for street-walking, drunkenness, or for any of the acts connected with prostitution.

In 1860, 5,880 girls and women were committed for vagrancy. In 1870, only 671, or a reduction of more than 5,000 for this single offence. Yet during that time the population of the city has increased fifty per cent.; the stream of foreign immigration has left here its weakest and poorest subjects, and we have suffered in the civil war, and in great business panics, all the special influences which cause the increase of crime.

Why cannot some similar effort to this be put forth in our villages and small towns? Almost every community, of any size, is cursed with a number, greater or less, of vagrant and marauding children. They spend their days nominally doing chores, tending cattle, running errands, and wandering through the streets and orchards. At night they are often thieving, or joining in bad company on the village corners, and gradually growing up as criminal children. They have more against them, unfortunately, than similar little ones in the cities; they are usually of some notorious family, where crime and pauperism have been transmitted for generations, and all bad tendencies have acquired a reduplicated power from transmission.

They are known and marked, too, as of bad blood and bad name. Respectable people have little faith in their ever doing well, and so they fall gradually into the position of a fixed vagrant class.

It is not so easy, either, to organize a combined movement for their improvement. People in villages do not like to interfere with other people, even if these are poorer, and though they do it for their benefit. The idle and bad are left more to themselves than in cities. Religious differences, too, come in more intensely in small communities, than in large. If the poor children are Roman Catholic, the priest may not approve of Protestant efforts of charity among them. Then the ladies themselves, from different sects, are united with more difficulty than in the city. Still earnest and

humane people could overcome all these obstacles. They have only to hire a plain room, make such arrangements as were spoken of in the City Industrial Schools, employ a missionary woman at moderate cost, collect the children through the exertions of the ladies, and they could soon establish an agency, which would diminish the number of young growing criminals, as much as similar enterprises have done in New York—the same influences would produce the same effects.

The young scapegraces of the village, the petty thieves, little beggars and bold girls, would soon be found transformed into decent, industrious, law-abiding children. The girls would, probably, early take situations as domestics in families, or places of work in factories. The boys would soon be employed on the farms, or would go forth to seek for honest work.

The enterprise would, indeed, be expensive, but it would pay its cost in lessening the expenses of crime and pauperism. We usually estimate that a school with an average attendance of fifty scholars, where the children have one meal a day and are partly clothed, would cost for rent, food, supplies, teacher's salary, and everything, a little less than one thousand dollars per annum. This expense could, of course, be greatly reduced in money, if benevolent people sent in supplies.

With reference to the cost of crime, it should be remembered, that a single neglected vagrant girl, near Kingston, N. Y., is estimated by careful computation, to have cost by crimes and offences of her and her progeny, *over one million dollars* to her county.

There is another class of children in our large cities, who require quite different measures of relief. They form that considerable body of youth who are drifting about without home or friends. They are a nondescript class, made up of all sorts of elements. Young girls come to the city from the country, following some wicked advertisement, or expecting to get work immediately, and find themselves on the street without a shelter; children are driven from decent homes by the quarrels of parents, or by the ill treatment of step-mother or step-father; others cannot bear a home where drunkenness and vice prevail; others are orphans, set suddenly adrift; others are boys from the canals, or who have come here from the country to make their fortunes, or have landed in emigrant ships.

The thousand chances of life in a city, with over a million of inhabitants, and the *entrepot* of a great immigration, are continually leaving boys and girls on the streets without a home or shelter. This class will grow up naturally to be the youthful criminals of the metropolis. Such a class exist in large numbers in New York, but they must also be found in smaller numbers in other cities. The first effort should be to provide a decent shelter for these children. They cannot be put in a place of legal restraint, for they are not legally vagrant, having all some nominal occupation.

The best plan is to open a plain room, which may be used at once as school, chapel, sitting-room and dining place. With this, let there be connected sufficient bath and wash-rooms. Then there needs to be a small room for the kitchen, another for a laundry, and a large, plain loft with many windows, and, if possible, a shaft through the roof for ventilation. This loft should be equipped with double iron bedsteads with one bed over the other, as in ships' bunks. The beds should be of straw or husk, and the bedding warm and comfortable. In the school-room there must be a set of little lockers, each with a separate key, in which the boys could stow their clothing and valuables. A table should also be added, with little boxes in which each boy could deposit his savings. The room should be warmed by stove heat, and steam had better not be employed. There must be a plentiful supply of hot and cold water in the house, and an incessant washing and scrubbing of everything connected with it. When the lads are admitted, the first struggle of the establishment will be with the vermin. These can only be exterminated by forcing each lad to bathe, and compelling his under-clothing to be thoroughly washed.

Great care must be taken to make the

place thoroughly cozy and comfortable, giving the sort of accommodations that working boys like. There should be plenty of light in the room; a place to dry wet clothes and warm the feet, and facilities for thorough washing. The habits of these lads are very extravagant, so that an effort should be made, at once, to induce them to save their pennies. A night-school must be provided and attendance rigidly enforced. But the teaching should be lively and essentially practical. After school hours, innocent games of chance should be permitted, or, if the room can be provided for a gymnasium, the lodgers should be allowed a play at gymnastics. The meals should be merely tea and bread and butter, with oatmeal or an occasional meat stew. Small payments should be required for all this, and collected as strictly as possible. The lads should not feel that they are the recipients of charity, but lodgers in their own hotel. Those who are very destitute can have their lodgings and meals advanced to them till they are able to repay, or can be fitted out with blacking boxes or newspapers to start them in business. There will be no great difficulty in such a house, with a judicious superintendent, in maintaining thorough order, as the boys get "a great deal for their money" and are quite aware of that fact.

The great evil with all such institutions is, that they seek to keep their subjects and show them to the public as an evidence of their work of charity. The aim, however, ought to be constantly to diminish the number of lodgers and to scatter the children abroad in homes and in natural occupations. The best place for a child is never an institution, but a home; and the more the poor are thrown on natural laws and under individual influence, the better for them.

A lodging-house of this kind, whether for boys or girls, is not usually attended with great expense. If each lad pays in his 15 or 18 cents per day, it will be found that the net expense for the whole year to the public for sheltering, feeding, instructing and caring for him, with all items, except those for permanent expenses of construction, will only be about thirty dollars. In a prison, the cost is about one hundred and forty dollars per annum.

The effect of such an agency as this on drifting, homeless boys and girls, is almost inevitably to convert them into steady and industrious youth. Those who would have been thieves become honest workers. Those training to be idlers and vagabonds acquire, unconsciously, working habits. The incipient burglar grows up a steady mechanic, and the lawless rover of the city streets becomes a decent western pioneer. The girls are the most difficult subjects to improve. The radical troubles with them are laziness, shiftlessness and want of self-respect. Such qualities should have no sentimental treatment. When an "erring child of poverty" burns her under-clothes rather than wash them, she must be taught by whatever means that work is the first condition of goodness. A lodging-house for girls will seek immediately to teach its lodgers common things. They must learn how to scrub and sweep, to set table and cook, to wash and iron; then, if intelligent, they may be trained to work on the sewing-machine, or in dress-making, or nice laundry work. Self-respect has to be implanted by insisting on the most absolute cleanliness. The peculiar defect of such girls is their want of thoroughness; and, in every way, thorough work must be inculcated. Great efforts should be made to break off the relations of these young girls with all kinds of doubtful characters, male and female. The aim must be, as soon as possible, to remove them from the temptations of a large town, and place them as domestics in families.

It is probable that often in these lodging-houses the only word of religious truth which ever reaches the street boy or girl is heard in their little religious meetings. Nothing can be more impressive than to stand up in the Newsboys' Audience Room of New York and watch the sharp and intelligent faces of three hundred of these lads of the streets as they listen for the first time to some earnest practical religious teaching. One cannot but feel that a boy may be there on the verge of great temptation or crime who may never appear there again, and on whose darkened soul a little

ray of divine truth may produce a change and moral reformation which no words can estimate. Such establishments, by their various influences, act upon the children of the street as certainly and beneficently as the spring sun upon the frozen soil. They have saved to society in New York city thousands of quick-witted boys and girls. Why should not similar houses on a small scale be opened in all our large towns? The same class of children, though in smaller numbers, must exist there, as in New York. The charity is cheap and most effective.

As an example of its influence in New York we would mention only one, out of hundreds of instances—the case of a boy who was growing up as a petty thief in the Five Points. He was received into one of these houses and then, after a time, sent to a farmer's home in Indiana. Here he earned money and educated himself, became a teacher, and finally, came on to Yale College to work his way through by his own labor. He was graduated, and then entered the Union Theological Seminary; he will soon, in all probability, be a missionary among the Indians on the Pacific coast.

Cases like this can be found, in great numbers, on the records of the Children's Aid Society of New York. They prove how profound and how successful the influence of religious reform is, if begun early, even with the most neglected youth of the great city.

Christianity has only begun its conquests with the poorer classes of civilized countries. It will yet organize its forces so as to reach all the outcast, ignorant and destitute persons who form the great army of unfortunates in every Christian country. It will found and establish Industrial Schools, Reading Rooms, Lodging Houses, Model Tenements, and Chapels for the poor—all guided not merely by religious impulse, but by the great principles of political economy; and will produce such effects with these and similar instrumentalities that the great tide of vice and misery in all civilized lands will be arrested and turned back. We have not at all seen as yet in the world's history what can be accomplished by Christianity supported by science. It is not at all incredible, that even in this century, prostitution may be diminished by a combined effort in civilized countries, as much as intemperance has been, and that the great evil of organized pauperism may receive as heavy a blow as that of organized slavery has done in this generation.

The world, since the time of Christ, has seen certain habitual unnatural vices completely pass away from civilized society, under the influence of the teachings of Christ, until they are scarcely known even by name. Why, in another two thousand years, may it not see the more open evils of Pauperism, Prostitution, Intemperance and Slavery completely disappear? Or, if this be too short a period to expect so great changes —for "great is the leisure of heaven"—we may still look forward at the close of yet other centuries to a more complete Christian social reform, and be assured that the prayer of ages will, at length, be answered, and "the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven." *Charles L. Brace.*

ALL ROUND THE YEAR.

All round the year the sun shines bright,
The pale moon sheds her softer light;
The day a brilliant beauty shows,
The night in drowsy stillness goes;
The massive links of mountain chains,
The dimpled swells of fertile plains,
The boughs of trees, the roots of flowers,
At least are always here,
And Nature keeps her sacred powers
All round the year.

All round the year the brave hearts beat,
The ruddy limbs are strong and fleet;
With youth and health the tokens lie
Of glowing cheek and flashing eye;
No chilling influence need we know
In Summer's shine or Winter's snow;
Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press,
Warm friends forever dear;
Warm life, and love, and happiness
All round the year.

All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The eye of Faith once firmly stayed
No doubt can move, no sorrow shade;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lesser sphere,—
As ever pure, and calm, and bright,
All round the year.

Then mourn not, friend, the cutting air,
The fields so white, the trees so bare;
Let no false grief employ your tongue,
Nor wish the year forever young:
The flower must fade, the leaf must fall;
But one great Power is over all:
If, thro' the ceaseless round of change,
One changeless Will appear,
Unmoved, undaunted may we range
All round the year.

Elaine Goodale.

TO THE ELECT LADY.

SOLOMON said, "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." This is good authority for believing that argument and exhortation are not made for everybody, but only for the elect. The principle knows no sex, and, with all our chivalry and gallantry, we must expect to see some women resolutely wearing the cap and bells. Our comfort is in knowing that feminine instinct and acuteness are on the side of wisdom rather than folly, and we may hope for a larger number of elect ladies than of wise men. It is to these elect ladies we desire to address some hints touching their personal habits in society, of which they form so influential a part.

A Christianity that does not affect the social life must be a barren sentiment instead of a pervading spirit. It can neither renovate the man nor convert the world. A mummy is very good in a museum, but quite useless in the street and market-place. A Christian lady ought to be a very positive force toward improvement in the region where her faculties have chief play and power; and any yielding on her part to the false methods around her is so far a renunciation of her Christianity. Any excuse

that she is only one, and can therefore accomplish nothing, is altogether unchristian; for the cardinal axiom of the Christian is that God is the majority, and that He is on our side. A Christian lady can afford to be brave, and, single-handed, act the true reformer.

It is a singular thing in our civilized condition, that in families that are raised above the necessity of hard labor for their maintenance the boys are always brought up to work and the girls as surely brought up to be idle. The boys after leaving school or college naturally gravitate to commerce, law, medicine, science or divinity; but the girls at a like period begin to play the fine lady, spending their day in pretty idleness. Dressing, visiting, attending receptions or parties, reading *very* light literature, playing upon the piano—these are the staple modes of using or abusing the best hours of life. The only question that seems to be asked is, "How can I best amuse myself." You see at once what a hot-house culture of selfishness this is. Is the girl ever going to be married? Then she is here preparing to be an encumbrance, not a help-meet, to her husband. The thousand and one occasions of married life which call for self-denial will only provoke discontent and fretful opposition in a mind thus trained to self-indulgence. I have no doubt that much domestic misery comes from the harshness and unsympathetic nature of the husband, but I also have no doubt that a full share of it comes directly from the utter selfishness of the wife, brought up to have nothing to do but to seek her own trifling gratification. Many a time, indeed, the husband's lack of sympathy is the result of the carelessness of the spoiled young wife.

Now, elect lady, put the axe at the root of the evil. Teach your daughters to perform some useful tasks daily and regularly. If your housekeeping does not afford seope enough for this, apportion to them useful works for the neighbors. There are the poor to visit and assist, there are the sick to whom they may minister, if it be only to carry a cheering bunch of flowers. Lay out each day's duties for each on the evening previous. Bring up the maidens to the great idea that life is for work, and that play-time is only for recreation, and they will soon discover that there is a higher happiness in work than in play. Young women thus trained will attract sensible young men, and not perfumed beaux, and marriages may be expected that will ensure domestic comfort and harmony with mutual helpfulness of husband and wife. Can it be that to such a scheme you prefer the butterfly life of a fashionable girl for your daughter? To your eyes is there a fascination in the ball-room and its childish prattle? Is talk of dances and dresses your ideal of conversation? Do you count costume and decoration subjects on which the mind grows strong? You are old enough to have a better judgment. But, perhaps, you are willing to endure these follies in your child and to encourage them for the sake of winning a rich husband for her as the prize. I would first like to ask you, elect lady, if rich husbands are confined to fashionable society. And then I would suggest the question whether rich husbands are generally the best husbands. If you can make out an affirmative to both these questions, then I will grant that you have some color for your course. Now the lack of a rich husband does not imply the getting a poor husband. There is a large region between riches and poverty, the region which Agur considered the happy land; a region where a sufficiency to sustain does not become a redundancy to enervate; and it strikes me that the best material for husbands is found in this *vita media.* Moreover the youth who is never so happy as in his party dress is not apt to appreciate anything that has a soul in it, and I believe your daughter has a soul; or am I mistaken?

Perhaps you have another reason for endorsing the butterfly theory. Perhaps you have a notion that if your daughter is out of "society" she might as well be in Sahara or Kamschatka, and you have brought yourself to believe that the only "society" on earth is that which is distinguished by white kid gloves and "germans." Did you ever soberly think of the possibility of life outside of the charmed circle? It is humbly believed by some that men and women, both

old and young, who have had brains and hearts, have managed to enjoy life without initiation into the mysteries of fashion. Some have even dared to think that true refinement is best cultivated in a less artificial atmosphere than that of a ball-room. Possibly you would find for yourself and daughter a sense of independence in parting company with "society," which would itself be a new and pleasing sensation, closely allied to the sense of power. Then there are other pleasurable trovers in this successful rebellion. You would find that the purse was not so emaciated. The tax on mothers (or rather fathers) for the butterfly system is formidable. Laces and silks are very expensive, and the expense grows marvelously when they reach you through the French *modiste*, who alone can make them presentable. Carriage hire (for walking would ruin your standing at once) makes a most unsatisfactory bill. Your own entertainments (for you cannot be receiving without giving) must be prepared in a style that is afflictive to economy. And then you can scarcely refrain from a little luxury in your parlors fitted to the eyes of your fashionable friends rather than to your own; and then, you know, that a man waiter costs you twice the price of a comely maid. Now, to be freed from these expenses is no small triumph of the inward man. Then think of the precious time rescued from the relentless demands of a fashionable visiting list, time for improving your mind in wholesome reading and for valuable house enterprises!

Now I take it, elect lady, that you will have a more respectable opinion of yourself and daughters when you leave the vulgar crowd of fashion, and seek truth rather than show. You will wonder why you ever exposed your life to the petty envies, jealousies and ambitions of "society," when the nobler sphere of King Lemuel's mother was open to you. I have said nothing of your Christianity as yet. That has a far-reaching view. That looks beyond marriage and giving in marriage. It sees a life for which this is a preparation. It measures methods and manners here by this view. It demands a soul growing in appreciation of truth, adding to its stores of wisdom, enlarging its area of usefulness, pleasing God rather than man, guarding against worldly seductions, resisting the evil, strengthening the moral faculties, and thus developing the true woman. Does going to a fashionable church on Sundays meet all this? for that is the amount of religious salt in a fashionable woman's life.

Elect lady, I will not insult you with such a question. I hope to meet you and your daughters in Heaven. And I know, and you know, that the way thither does not lead down to Vanity Fair. And so I am quite sure that you and your daughters will be wise women and give the fools a large berth. You will magnify woman and glorify home. *Howard Crosby.*

NICHOLAS HARBOUR'S WORK.

So far as I can learn, only one event ever took place at Kerr's Ford. It happened years ago, but it is the gossip of the village to this day; you hear dark allusions to it at tea-parties or the church sewing circle, as to a legend belonging to the far, out-lying regions of iniquity: at the drug-shops or about the stove at the post office, however, it is openly talked of, when the magnates of the village are assembled, and with illy concealed pride. New York and Washington may have their murders and gigantic frauds; but Kerr's Ford, also, has had her mystery, her sensation which, with headlines, filled a column of the county newspaper.

The whole story hinges on the appearance of a stranger. Colonel Caldwell, with the Judge, and Phipps the undertaker, claim to have first seen this man; he was coming up the street as they were sitting in front of Bryce's store smoking their cigars after dinner, one October afternoon.

"I noticed the man," the Colonel is wont

to say. "The Judge, he just had asked me about my pigs. 'Caldwell,' he says, 'how's pork with you?' and I says, 'Pretty fair, considerin' the scarcity of chestnut mast—(chestnuts failed entire that year)—when I noticed this man. Coming di-rect to us, crossin' by Hobbes's grist-mill.' 'Here's a tramp,' I says. Not that tramps or strangers was any novelty in Kerr's Ford. I'd seen three go through the town that very week, comin' up from Coalport. It's a regular sink of iniquity—that town. But I've a keen eye for character, and I seen at a glance this man was different from anything that even Coalport could produce in the way of rascality. 'Twan't his clothes, though they might have been his sleepin' apparel in the gutter: an' 'twan't his lean, shakin' hands. Lots of men in our own town is no better off till they've driven a nail in their coffins in the mornin'; and 'twan't that his cheek was yellow and sunk like a corpse's, neyther. 'Twas his eye, sir. As soon as I seen that fellow's eye, I says to Phipps, 'Here's a man would cut your throat for a quarter dollar.' I can see through human nature better 'n most men, if I do say it."

The man, just as the Colonel pronounced this verdict on him, stopped by the curb-stone.

"There seems to be some kind of public excitement in your town," he said, with a hint of amusement in his tone; "What is it?"

"A church fair," said Bryce, always civil to a possible patron of the barrel of whiskey kept on tap at the back of the store.

"Church fair?" staring at the little, very new, very Gothic stone house at the foot of the hill. "Religious community here, I reckon? Pays a thumping salary? Good fat ground for a young preacher to settle down in, heh?"

"Yes," said Bryce. "Pretty fair salary. Though our clergyman don't need it. He has a good income of his own."

"Oh! A good income?" the man repeated with the same peculiar smile. "A rich man preaching the gospel for a big salary. Yes."

The Judge turned sternly on him. Something in his voice and manner made the men forget his squalid clothes and treat him as an equal. "He preaches the gospel, sir, because he was called of the Lord to do it. Money would be no temptation to him. He belongs, I believe, to one of the wealthiest families in Western New York—the Harbours."

"Harbour?" with a sudden stride, which brought his eager, lean face close to Bryce's. "Nicholas Harbour?"

"Yes, his name is Nicholas. Here he comes, by the way. You'd better come in and take something," said Bryce uneasily. The clergyman was the embodiment, in his eyes, of gentility as well as godliness, and he had no mind to be seen by him in company with his new companion.

"Clergyman, eh? Good income?" muttered the fellow, watching the slight, black-coated figure as it came alertly up the shaded street. "No, I'll not go in; I want nothing to drink. I've drunk too much already."

The men laughed as he slunk quickly away, going down an alley. "I offered a guess," the Colonel used to say, when telling the circumstance, "as to how much liquor he had put out of sight in the year, and I told 'em that he'd cut any man's throat for 'levenpence. But if I'd foreseen that he'd have upturned Kerr's Ford as he did—took out the underpinnings from the foundations, as one might say—me and Phipps, being burgesses, would have made short work with him that very day."

The young clergyman came up the street with a quick, buoyant step. The wind was bracing; the sky arched higher to-day over this hill and river than he had ever seen it before; the distance was a vivid, sunny blue. The village lay on rising ground, and stretches of autumn woods and rich, peaceful farms sloped down from it on every side. His church was new, and finished according to his own taste, even to the crimson cushions. (The Judge had wanted dark blue.) His congregation believed that every word in his sermons glowed with holy fire: even the carnal-minded of the village men, like Bryce and Phipps, treated him with a profound respect. Mr. Harbour did not pre-

cisely describe his position in Kerr's Ford as "good, fat ground on which to camp;" but he certainly did think of it with complacency. It seemed to him as a direct recognition of his virtuous life by Providence; though, being a genuine young fellow at bottom, he did not put this idea into words.

His father had been a noted banker, in New York; then a defaulter, then a convict. He had died in prison. His elder son John had inherited the taint of blood. At twenty he was old, and exhausted in dissipation and vice. Nicholas had turned his back upon both father and brother, and with the money left him by a good, Christian mother, had fitted himself for the ministry, and taken this charge on the hills of Pennsylvania. Nobody in Kerr's Ford knew the history of his family. Why should they? He had washed his hands clean of the accursed stain. Now and then he had received begging letters from his brother John, and always sent him money. But the gulf was like that between Dives and Lazarus, and Mr. Barbour had little doubt as to which brother was secure for all eternity.

There were many minor causes to-day to contribute to his comfortable complacency. Just below Bryce's store he met a committee of ladies from the church fair: there were two or three portly matrons in black alpacas and blacker fronts; Miss Ann Hyde, thin, watchful and aggressive as a colley driving stupid, fat ewes; and, a little behind, a group of pert, pretty girls. They surrounded him, eager, vehement, all talking at once. The Rev. Nicholas listened with an anxiety which he strove to subdue into a benign attention. It hardly suited the dignity of his calling to be concerned about the raffled cake, or grab-bag, and yet it was all important that the church should have a stained rose window.

"Pierce has agreed to charge nothing for the dishes, and what *do* you think, Mr. Harbour, ice cream should be a plate? We don't want to be exorbitant, you know. But people ought to be generous, considering the cause is the Lord's—"

"Certainly, certainly. Very good in Pierce, I'm sure," ejaculated the bewildered pastor.

"And Miss Sarah Clevedon has consented to assist." The pastor's wandering eye grew steady at this. "Not," pursued Miss Hyde, "that the girl will be of any real use. The most eccentric, unreliable person! But it will give tone to the affair to have her name. The social status of the Clevedons will induce many to take interest in our efforts, who care nothing for a well cooked supper, or even for our noble purpose." Miss Hyde was Corresponding Secretary of the Female Missionary Society. Her language was noted in Kerr's Ford, for its scope and dignity of expression.

"We ought not to reckon on such things," said Mr. Harbour gently. "The Master, you know, is no respecter of persons."

And yet, as he walked on with them to the hall where the fair was to be held, he knew that he did reckon on these things. "The social status of the Clevedons" weighed not a little with him, even in his feeling for Sarah. It illuminated all his thoughts of that beautiful young person as the gold back-ground does the pictures of mediæval Madonnas. He was angry at himself. Could he not keep even his love pure and high—above the paltry level of caste considerations? The young man knew his own weakness. He remembered that once in London, when his cab was stopped at the entrance to a certain street belonging to a noble Duke, because none but liveried equipages were allowed to pass, how he stood for an hour, looking at these privileged conveyances and their occupants with a homage nearly akin to awe. It was absurd to pay the same homage to this village aristocracy—to Sarah's family, with their ancestry of a circuit judge, a country squire, and a far-off signer of the Declaration. But, with the whole population of the county, he did it.

Miss Hyde drew him aside when they were within the hall. For twenty years Miss Hyde had been manager of village etiquette, indispensable at wedding, fair or funeral. She had a claim to speak with authority in church matters, different from that of pastor or deacons, but quite as distinctly recognized by the people.

"The Holts and Burwells are talking of

applying for pews," she said triumphantly. "The good cause moves."

Mr. Harbour bowed. The blood mounted to his cheek with pleasure.

"With the Clevedons, we shall then have all of the best people in Kerr's Ford," she continued. "It's quite right! With such a church and such preaching we ought to fill our pews with a certain class."

Mr. Harbour skillfully separated himself from Miss Hyde. Her vulgarity and snobbishness annoyed him. Yet he was just as pleased as she that the influx to the church was to be of "a certain class."

Mrs. Wilcox next seized his arm. "See the post office, Mr. Harbour. An arch of evergreen, paper flowers, colored lamps—you understand the design? Lillie Bassett inside in white muslin and blue wreath—oh, it will be charming! You have done so much to elevate our aesthetic tastes and love of the beautiful! I sit in the church now on Sunday, and look up at the carved arches and the stained glass and crimson cushions, and remember the days of poor, dear Mr. Stone, when we worshiped over the market-house! The old gentleman was always so busy with those wretched miners at Coalport that he had no time to think of cushions or carvings. They used to crowd in and fill up some of the best seats in church. Dear knows, a beautiful church would have been thrown away on them!"

Mr. Harbour glanced at her sharply. Did she intend a covert sarcasm? But no: her fat, good-natured face was smiling and placid as ever. It was natural that she should wish to see the best seats filled with people of position rather than grimy coal-heavers. But he—? He told himself that they were all alike;—souls for whom Christ died.

There was a sudden movement near the door, a hush of the clamor to decorous silence; even Miss Hyde lowered her student tones to a well-bred murmur; the Holts and Burwells were coming in and with them Sarah Clevedon. She was an erect young girl with brown, earnest eyes, dressed more simply than any woman in the room. But people rarely remembered Sarah's dress or anything about her but her eyes, the meaning of which always strangely remained with you after she was gone. Mr. Harbour watched her as she passed through the room, detained by one eager group after another. Was it possible that she did not know that since she was a child she had been regarded as a princess by these tradesmen's wives and daughters, simply because she was born an heiress? Could it be possible that she did not see how vulgar and coarse-grained they were? She did not seem to see it. They were her friends whom she had known and loved since she was a baby; it did not occur to her to criticise their minds or manners, any more than to quarrel with the beeches on the village street because they were not oaks. When she sat down beside little Miss Maddox, the tailoress, there was a deference, almost approaching humility, in her manner. True, the poor little deformed woman was almost a saint, thought the clergyman, but what fine instinct taught that reverence to the girl? He never had felt it himself. How delicate and rare she was, this lady of his love! With all her cordial sweetness, no one could be familiar with her. She would have held a prince as far apart from her as she did poor little Sam the cobbler.

Presently, he went up and joined her, going from stall to stall. The effect upon him was curious. Grab-bag, and post office slowly sank to their proper place in the universe; even the rose-window, for which all this mighty pother was made, no longer appeared to be the end of life and human action; it was in its place a useful thing. But its place was, after all, a small one. Yet Sarah had not said a word concerning grab-bag or rose-window. Was it because she was so simple and true that this hurly-burly appeared to him paltry and foolish?

He left the hall, walking beside her down through the low-lying meadows towards Clevedon Place. He remembered the flurry and fever of the last few days as a man might who had ended a long race and found a mean tinsel crown in his hands. If he could win this woman he could leave all vulgar fever forever below him and rise to the hight on which she dwelt. To see

Sarah Clevedon among these other women was like hearing a noble song sung in the chaffering market-place. They reached the gate and passed under the great elms to the house, which was old, and not without a certain stateliness of affluence and comfort.

"It imports a good deal in the character of a woman," said Mr. Harbour, continuing his thoughts aloud, "to have been born to an inheritance like this, haunted by the legends of an honorable family."

Sarah looked at him with surprise. "I am very fond of the old house," she said simply, "and I believe the Clevedons were honest folk."

Mr. Harbour winced at this as though he had been cut to the marrow. He had gathered some flowers to give her as they walked —white Stars of Bethlehem veined with pale blue. He let them fall suddenly. He felt as though his hands were tainted.

But it was impossible that she could know. Why should she ever know? He was not guilty because his father had chosen to become a thief, and his brother a brute. Why should he bear their punishment? Sarah had neither parent or kinsfolk to ask troublesome questions. She was her own mistress. If he married her, perhaps when years had passed, when their lives and souls had grown close together, sitting by the fire some winter evening, he would dare to tell her the shameful story, which would then seem vague and unreal as a dream.

To be just to the man, he loved Sarah very sincerely, and he was nearer to her just then than ever before, and sorely tempted.

His eyes while he reasoned were fixed on the top of the hill; they were very fine speaking eyes. Sarah had no doubt that his spirit was now lifted in high communing; he was a veritable St. Augustine in her eyes; she was apt to make saints and heroes out of every day people, but for this hero and saint she could find no halo too bright. If he had only fleshly thoughts enough to think of women—to feel the need of a friend, a sister—suddenly the eyes fell, directly on her face which burned and blushed under the unexpected passionate gaze. His chin quivered, his eyes filled with tears. She turned her head from him, knowing that the eager pleading look followed her.

What was this? Did he love her?

"How still the woods are!" she said, hurriedly; "I think we shall have a storm before morning."

Mr. Harbour did not know what she said. He knew that she trembled, and shrank back from him. Her hand, a large, firm hand by the way, was resting on the stile. What if he should take it in his own? Tell her—

Her hair fell loosely from her hat, one soft curly lock almost touched him. He took it in his fingers. Since his mother died, he had never touched a woman's hair. Sarah turned at the movement, and their eyes met.

"Miss Clevedon—" dropping the hair, and stepping back, his fingers nervously raised to his chin—"surely you understand? You know that I—"

The gate at the moment clicked behind him, and a quick step sounded on the gravel. A man, bloated with drink, the fumes of the last glass strong about him, stood before them.

"Are you the Reverend Nicholas Harbour?"

It was his brother John.

Nicholas did not speak.

The poor wretch, looking at Sarah, took off his rag of a cap, with a grace which Mr. Harbour never possessed.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but my business is pressing. I shall detain Mr. Harbour but a moment." He moved quickly away, waiting at a little distance.

Sarah looked after him eagerly with a great sympathy and pity in her face. "It is some poor creature from the almshouse," she said; "if he needs food or any help that I can give, bring him to the house."

Mr. Harbour bowed stiffly without a word, and crossed the lawn to the trees where his brother waited. When he had reached him he caught his arm without speaking, and dragged him after him out of the grounds. When he loosed his hold, John staggered weakly, and caught by the fence.

"So! you have followed me!" The

clergyman's lips were parched; they moved when he had done speaking.

"You had better spit out the oaths, Nick," said his brother, laughing; "I won't think any the less of you for swearing under the circumstances." He leaned his elbow on the fence rail, steadied himself, and looked uneasily up and down the dusty road, not meeting his brother's eye. He had made a miserable effort to dress himself for the occasion. The clothes he wore were an evening suit, in rags, and patched at elbow and knees; a new paper collar showed at his neck; there was a bit of gold lace on the filthy cap, for John Harbour had once been an officer in the regular service. Under the cap was the lean, pimpled face, freshly shaved. This hint of preparation raised Mr. Harbour's fury to white heat. It was an effort to approach Sarah as an equal. He drew back, elevated his thin body, oddly conscious of his own spotless linen, and of the coat which was the badge of his calling, as well as of his virtue compared with this outcast. The sense of his position was strong upon him. A vague remembrance of Ithuriel standing before the evil one crossed his brain hazily.

"What is your business?" he asked, peremptorily.

Captain Harbour's eyes twinkled. "My business? Loafing and liquor, principally, since I was kicked out of the army. My errand here is—"

"Begging. You need not explain. I sent you a cheque to New York not a month ago."

"That's gone long ago," filliping his thumb. "Now Nick, be reasonable. You have more than your share; all the virtue and all the money, too. There ought to be a divide. There was Lazarus, now; if the dogs licked his sores, he had the satisfaction of knowing his turn was coming hereafter. But I'm to be left outside the gate in both worlds."

There was a touch of earnestness in the last words, which he turned off by an uneasy chuckle.

"You want money? How much? For what sum will you take yourself out of my sight, and never come into it again?"

The chuckle died out. Captain Harbour raised his bleared eyes to his brother's face. "You are hard, Nicholas. Be patient."

"Patient? Good God! How much money have you drained from me? How many times did my father give you a fresh start in life? Oh, I've seen other men of your sort, John Harbour! Blood-suckers, leeches, lazy to the very marrow. You shall cling on me no longer. I tell you that plainly. The sight of you to-night draws the life-blood out of me. Patient!"

Captain Harbour was completely sobered. "I did not come to you this time for money, Nicholas," he said, in a low voice.

"What then?" Mr. Harbour tried by this time to control his anger, but savage irritation broke through every studiously modulated tone. "State your business in as few words as possible. Then let that be the end. You go one way, I another. Our paths be as far apart as heaven and hell."

John did not answer him at once. In the meantime, Mr. Harbour's rage began to turn into a pity for himself. He glanced up at the stately house in the quiet distance shaded by the old elms; he thought of the life waiting for him there of dignity, love, holy work and meditation. Must he be dragged away from such a fate to carry this vicious wretch? Like a body of death fastened to his pure life? It was hard. Yet if it was known that this man was his brother, he could never ask Sarah to marry him.

Captain Harbour, who had been picking the lichen from the fence irresolutely, spoke at last. "No, I didn't mean to ask for money this time; that is, for more than would keep me from starving. I've been a leech, I know. I'm a mean devil; you're right, Nick."

"What brought you here, then?"

"What brought me here?" suddenly standing erect. "Great God, look at me. I'm a brute, and I'm only thirty! Do you think I never want to be a man again? It's not pleasant for you to see me reeling in the streets, lying in the bar-rooms till I'm kicked out—what is it to me? I can't get on my feet again alone, and I know

nobody who can help me—not a man in God's world unless you do it."

He was silent. His face burned with heat; great drops of sweat trickled down his neck; the sham collar hung by one corner like a wet rag. Mr. Harbour eyed the repulsive wretch with cold suspicion, but said nothing.

"I was in New York last week. I thought: 'I'll go to Nick. He and I never were intimate. But he's a clergyman.' So you are—a man of God, you know. I thought you'd set me on my legs again—somehow." His voice broke a little, but he coughed, and took a chew of tobacco.

Still Mr. Harbour did not speak.

"I have no claim on you Nick, I know. But we had the same mother—once."

Nicholas's pale eyes flashed. "We had a mother; yes. Who was it that brought her gray hairs to the grave? I have no faith in you, John Harbour. *I know you.* This whining cant of repentance, is a clever trick, but it does not impose upon *me.* You want me to bring you here—here, at the sacrifice of every chance of happiness I have in life, and to carry you a dead weight while you fool me with promises of reform. Reform? Bah!"

Captain Harbour waited immovable until this tirade was over. It occurred to the clergyman that the slouched, bloated figure had a certain dignity of bearing at the moment, and he was startled by a quick glance which reminded him of Jack, his brother Jack, with whom he had slept and played when they were very little boys.

"That will do, Nick." The captain put on his cap. "We'll drop the subject now, if you please. I was mistaken. Good-bye."

Mr. Harbour waited a moment irresolutely. "Where are you going now?" he called roughly.

"To the shop in the village. They've some capital Bourbon there. I feel like going on a big drunk to-night."

"Stop!" walking to his side. "I'll see you in the morning, and pay your way to New York. I'll send you a stated sum monthly, as long as you remain there."

"No. I'll take no more money from you, Nick," with a quietness which startled his brother, and curiously added to his irritation. "It wont take much to buy whiskey enough to make an end of it."

"What do you mean?"

But the captain, with his half-soldierly, half-drunken strut, was already out of hearing, crossing the swampy meadow.

The young clergyman watched him. There was a whisper in his heart—"If thy brother sin against thee, thou shalt forgive him. Until seventy times seven."

He adjusted his hat impatiently, told himself there never was so worthless a sot on God's earth, so damnable an incubus on a decent man's life. Which was, probably, true enough. Nicholas had been sorely tried and had borne his trial with patience for years.

The meadow was a stretch of dark, deep weeds, one or two old cedars grew in the center, and then a gloomy shadow.

Mr. Harbour suddenly remembered its name. The Cedar Pasture. What was it that he had heard of an old shaft sunk for iron, and not properly covered? What if poor Jack should fall into it? He started to run after him, and then stopped suddenly.

"Bah! He's not born to that sort of ill luck. I'll send him to New York to-morrow, and remit to him regularly. He'll live to a goodly old age, to blacken my life."

He turned and walked towards town, skirting the field. His pace was angry and hurried. Captain Harbour paused and looked back at him. In the red evening glow the figure crossing the dreary field stood out clear and dark.

"And that is my mother's son!" muttered John bitterly, "and my last chance."

He heard a stifled cry, and stared with amazement over the vacant meadow. The dark figure was gone.

Ill news flies fast in a village like Kerr's Ford. In ten minutes there were excited groups crowding from all points to the cedar meadows, and everybody knew that the minister had fallen into the old shaft.

They stood about the black gap from which the brambles had been torn away by his fall, with pale faces, saying little. No vulgar pretension, or malicious sneers now. Here was genuine grief, genuine human

feeling. The women, black and white, stood apart, sobbing silently. Only such men spoke as had some practical suggestion to offer—the Judge and the young Holts and Burwells. The men of fashion of the village, with their coats off, worked under Plumer the blacksmith's, orders. They had rigged up a pulley to let a rope down.

Colonel Caldwell, on his knees, shouted into the hole, "Mr. Harbour!"

No answer.

"Do you hear me, sir?"

The silence was like death. The women shuddered.

"Could the first fall have killed him?" said Caldwell, looking up to Dr. Peters.

"Hardly. The shaft is narrow. His fall would be broken."

"Does anybody know how deep it is?"

Old Mr. Holt pressed forward. "It was reckoned sixty feet in my time."

There was a young girl standing apart from the others. She noticed that the men unconsciously spoke in whispers, as in the presence of the dead. She came nearer.

"He is not dead," she said. "God could not do that. Lower the rope."

They did so. The iron bar at the end knocked against the sides, the stones and clay rattled down. But no other sound came up from the yawning pit.

The Judge leaned over. "Mr. Harbour. If you cannot speak, take the rope and give it a jerk."

There was a moment of absolute silence; but the rope hung loose.

The Judge stood upright. "We are too late, Doctor."

"No; no. We forgot. The shaft is, no doubt, full of foul gases. The man is stupefied. A bunch of hay, quick!"

The hay was lighted and sent down. It was at once extinguished.

"I told you so. More, more! We must burn it out."

They began to let down burning bundles of it. The process was slow; the hay had to be brought from a distance.

"In the mean time," said the Doctor, "Harbour will die. Somebody must go down."

Not a man spoke. In the digging of a well, a year before, three laborers had been killed by the fire-damps. They had all seen their limp bodies as they were dragged out. The horror of it was upon them still.

"Somebody must go," said Caldwell, looking around feebly. A woman laid her hand upon his arm. "You? Poor child! What could you do? Mother, take Miss Clevedon away. This is no sight for her. Come! come! Who is going?"

"I am ready." A man stepped forward. He wore a ragged evening suit; carried himself like a soldier. There was a dreadful pallor on his face, which ugly blotches made more conspicuous.

The Judge hesitated, the ropes in his hand. "Yes—ah—you mean that you will go down the shaft?"

"Of course. Go on!" holding out his arms. "There's no time to be lost."

The Judge looped the rope about his waist. "You—you understand the risk, I suppose? It is a good deal to take for a stranger. You know Mr. Harbour, probably?"

The man nodded. "I knew him. Now lower me. When I jerk the rope once, lower me farther; twice, pull me up, and quickly."

They lowered him. In a moment the rope was jerked violently twice, and he was dragged up, breathless and livid.

"You see!" said Caldwell. "We must burn more hay. No man will throw away his life in this way."

John had revived by this time. "There is no time to burn hay. Lower me again. I am ready. I will not come up so soon again."

The rope went down again. Minute after minute passed before the signal was given. It was feeble then, two faint pulls; but the weight was doubled on the rope.

"He has tied on the body!" they muttered, tugging away.

Two bodies—two dead bodies, as it seemed—were brought out and laid on the grass.

Strangely enough, it was Nicholas Harbour who revived the first. His temperate life and youth told in his favor. When he opened his eyes, Sarah Clevedon was chaf-

ing his hand. When he stood up, she held it still, as though she had been his wife, and did not blush before all the people. It seemed right and natural in God's sight that it should be so.

"Who was it that saved me?" he said. The crowd drew back. The stranger was lying on the grass, his rags covered with clay and blood, a darker pallor on his face. But there was in it a look which had not been there for years; a look which belonged to the innocent boy which he once was.

The clergyman was seized with a great trembling; he pushed them aside, ran, and threw himself down beside him, held him to his breast, rubbed the cold hands. They did not warm in his.

An hour ago he could have saved this man, soul and body. Now——

"I am afraid it's of no use," said Mr. Holt. "The poor fellow has given his life for you." Nicholas drew back to make way for the physicians.

He stood under the cedar. Sarah spoke to him and touched him, but he did not see nor hear her. The blood of his brother cried against him from the ground. He remembered Jack, when they were at school together. What a warm-hearted, gallant little chap he was. How he fought all his battles for him. All the years between were wiped out. He thought of one day, when their mother took them home on a half-holiday. How happy they were; how they hung about her; and when they fell asleep, how she was kneeling by their bed, her arms about them both. The very last thing, they heard her whisper, "My boys—my boys." He knew now that he could have saved his brother, and did not.

There was a sudden stir about the prostrate body. Old Mr. Holt uttered a fervent "Thank God!"

"Do you feel better now, my dear sir?" asked Doctor Peters.

Mr. Harbour kneeled down beside him. "Jack!" he cried, "Jack!"

Jack opened his eyes, and shook his head. "Never mind me," he muttered. "Don't disgrace yourself with these people, Nick."

Mr. Harbour glanced around quickly. It was disgrace, damning and lasting. It was to acknowledge his convict father; to give up Sarah, the life which he had planned, for the hourly, steady companionship of this man. But his face glowed with the old love of his youth.

"This is my brother, gentlemen," he said, "*My mother's son.*"

There was a moment of startled silence. "Sir," said Mr. Holt, "your brother is a brave man." They had all something hearty and cordial to say. Jack was the hero of Kerr's Ford.

"Bless my soul, sir," said the old gentleman, drawing Nicholas aside, presently, "I understand your trouble. My boy Tom is precisely in the same case. I cured him. No better man now in Detroit. Sober, God-fearing——"

"Cured him—how?"

"Kept beside him, night and day. Never let him touch a drop of the accursed stuff. Oh, it can be done! And, of course, it's your duty—a much nearer duty than the people of Kerr's Ford."

The way suddenly seemed easy and plain enough to him. For two years he followed it, needs not to say with what pain and prayers, and sometimes utter hopelessness. His chief helper was Sarah Clevedon. He had thought poor, drunken Jack, would be the bar between them; he proved the strongest bond to bring them together. She recognized, as nobody else did, the man he once was and yet might be, and Jack, when with this gracious, simple woman, woke to his old self again.

Rose-windows, and caste, and social position slipped strangely out of the clergyman's sight, during these two years of work for his brother and for God; and when, at the end of them, he asked Sarah to be his wife, he did not even remember his convict father, nor any other consideration than they loved one another.

There is no more sincere man in the ministry now than Nicholas Harbour, as the people at Coalport and Kerr's Ford will testify. His brother, Jack, comes to pay him a yearly visit. He is in business, a free-handed, merry fellow, who will never

be rich, people say. But his cure is thorough. He joins in all of Sarah's admiration and exaltation of her husband.

"Nicholas is like St. Augustine," she said to him, the other day. "I was afraid once he would be spoiled by the world. But you came just in time to save him, Jack."

"Saved him? St. Augustine? I cannot understand you," exclaims the puzzled Jack. Nor does her husband quite solve her meaning. *Rebecca Harding Davis.*

COOK'S "BIOLOGY."

UNSTINTED praise and blame have been showered upon this work. Some regard it as mere rhetorical bombast; and others think that it has finally settled every question that can arise in religious speculation. This extravagant praise is, of course, groundless; but most of the adverse criticisms which we have seen, are equally so. It has been charged that Mr. Cook says nothing new. As if new theories, rather than true theories, should be a thinker's aim! It is said that he gets his facts second-hand, and is not an original investigator. As if any specialist, even in his own department, were not vastly more dependent on the reports of others, than on any labors of his own! It is further said that he is a minister and, therefore, cannot be supposed to know anything about science. Yet a man who is well up in the science of bugs, their habits, mode of propagation, etc., is popularly supposed to be able, on that account, to settle any question of religious philosophy. Such objections only show what a strong desire to be disagreeable can do, when aided and abetted by hopeless mental flabbiness. For these lectures claim to present arguments on sundry important questions, and the arguments are based on facts. Now, in any such case, only two questions can arise: (1) Are the facts as stated? (2) Are the conclusions from them logically drawn? For the great mass of his facts, Mr. Cook gives the check both of exact quotation and of exact reference to a multitude of well-known scientific authorities. For the cogency of the reasoning, we have the book itself. All fruitful criticism of the work must confine itself to these two points; any other criticism reduces to a mere statement of likes and dislikes. Reviews which confine themselves to the rhetoric and "bad taste" of the work, have no value for thought; while those which descend to the brutal insolence of advising Mr. Cook "to make the best of his reputation" and "settle" as soon as possible, are useful only as illustrations of depravity.

The popular conception of the work is that it discusses every outstanding question between religion and science, and especially that it has quite demolished the doctrine of evolution. This misconception is due, partly to some of Mr. Cook's headings, and partly to the carelessness of the average reader. In fact, the work is mainly a statement and criticism of materialistic theories of life and mind. It is undertaken in the interests of religious truth, and is, by far, the most satisfactory of recent discussions in this field, both in method and execution, but especially in method. Mr. Cook does not needlessly encumber himself with irrelevant questions. If he attacks evolution, it is only materialism which he means. In the introduction we are told, "The lectures on Biology oppose the materialistic, and not the theistic theory of evolution." This is wise. The question of the transformation of species has only a scientific interest, and is quite indifferent to religious truth. What the theist really wishes to know is that behind, and beneath, and within all transformation, is the eternal God.

Another most valuable feature of Mr. Cook's discussions is that he does not gather all the scientists into one camp, and all religious people into another, and then speak of the warfare of religion and science. Probably no more pestilent practice was ever adopted. It is due partly to

the general custom among irreligious dogmatists of baptizing their own beliefs science; and partly to the writers of "Reconciliations," etc. As a result, the idea has got abroad that all religious people are unscientific, and all scientists are irreligious. This is a gross injustice to scientific men, of whom the vast majority are, and always have been, religious. It is no less an injustice to religion; as it allows any irreligious dogmatism to call itself science, and thus gain an influence and authority to which it has no claim. Hence, atheism and materialism have fallen into the habit of calling themselves science; and the claim has been so generally allowed, that it almost passes for a first truth that a belief in God and the soul, stamps one as unscientific. This course is scarcely less prejudicial to scientific than to religious interests. In *Nature* for November, 1874, Virchow, the great physiologist of Berlin, says: "Of all kinds of dogmatism, the materialistic is the most dangerous, because it denies its own dogmatism, and appears in the garb of science; and because it professes to rest on fact, when it is but speculation." In truth, atheists and materialists have commonly been little more than scientific camp-followers and bummers; and it is high time, in the interests of both justice and accuracy, to cease calling everything science, because it happens to be irreligious.

It is, then, a great relief to the critic and truth-lover, to find a discussion which does not aim to harmonize science and religion in bulk; and which recognizes no court of appeal except facts, as interpreted by the judicial reason. We do not understand that Mr. Cook appears as the "champion of orthodoxy," or of anything else but what he believes to be truth. The question for any thinker must be, not whether a statement or doctrine be scientific or religious; but whether it be true. And this question cannot be answered by any amount of general talk, but only by bringing all the facts before the mind, in order that good sense may give its verdict. What we want to know, is not whether religion and science can be reconciled, but whether there are good grounds, in fact, for believing in God, in the soul, and in the moral administration of things. And, with regard to science, we care little to know what science teaches; but, rather, what the facts teach. By a very large list of quotations from distinguished scientists and philosophers, Mr. Cook has enabled the reader to judge between the mechanical and spiritual theories of life and mind. In fact, great names are used throughout the work in a fearful and wonderful fashion; often, indeed, with little discrimination, but seldom so as to amount to a misrepresentation. But along with these general and loose references, there is a great deal of exact quotation and reference, so that the appearance of mere bluster almost entirely vanishes. Besides, this use of great names has a certain strategic value. By far the greater part of "advanced science" rests upon dogmatic assertion, intellectual intimidation, and appeals to authority. Of course, with a thinker, names are nothing; and facts and reasons are everything. But most people are not thinkers, and the bell-wether tendency is very strong with them. It is, therefore, worth while in a popular discussion to show, by extensive quotation, that the pretended unanimity of scientists in holding materialistic doctrines, is a mere pretence. It is even possible that, while rather offensive to thinkers, this amazing familiarity with great authorities may be more effective than the argument with many readers. There is also a certain comfort to the critic in seeing dogmatism and large talk met with dogmatism and large talk. Probably no one acquainted with the facts will deny that our "advanced" scientists have dealt mainly, of late years, in assurances, rather than in proofs. Probabilities have been advanced as certainties; possibilities have been taken for facts; and the opinions of a clique have been published as the unanimous verdict of scientists. Some Frenchmen were once discussing rival astronomical theories, and one gentleman proposed to give the company his word of honor in support of his own view. Certainly we have had the dreariest repetition of this process by the scientific dogmatists. Their arguments have been

composed, far too largely, of words of honor. Haeckel does not scruple to resort to invention, when facts fail. To give an ocular demonstration of the similarity of some embryonic forms, he uses the same wood-cut each time! When charged with this knavery, instead of excusing himself, he simply abuses his accusers.* In such a state of affairs, it is quite refreshing to find their dogmatism and ridicule, met by a dogmatism as overbearing and scornful as their own. If men were thinkers, and were candid in their judgments, these questions could be argued more effectively without such weapons; but thought and candor are scarce; and, hence, faith which rests on dogmatism can only be reached and shaken by dogmatism. Moreover, it is full as creditable to believe, as to disbelieve, on the strength of ridicule and assertion. Our general estimate, then, of Mr. Cook's work is, that he has done a great service to the cause of truth, as well by his tremendous dogmatism, as by his facts and arguments. He has, also, collected so carefully the latest facts in regard to the nature of life, that he might almost be said to have made positive contributions to biology. It is, at least, certain that many a biologist would find advantage in reading Mr. Cook's chapters on that subject. Finally, in spite of many minor errors of logic, we regard his main argument as sound, as far as it goes. The philosopher would probably complain that sundry fundamental notions are not clearly conceived; and he would also like some further information as to the origin, not of life, but of lives, in order to have a clear conception of the non-mechanical doctrine. But we have good cause to be thankful for what we have.

We pass to some detailed criticism. The first three chapters deal with Huxley and Tyndall and the concessions of the evolutionists. They are the most unsatisfactory part of the work. They serve, indeed, to show that many views are held by scientific men upon evolution and related topics. They also show that there is a vast amount of dogmatism and bad logic in scientific discussions. One who gets his views of the scientific situation from magazine literature, rather than from the works of leading scientists, would imagine that there is complete unanimity upon the doctrines of development and transformation; and it is well to have this misleading notion exploded. This work has been well done by Mr. Cook. But, apart from this, we find these chapters weak. Positive injustice is sometimes done to opposing views, unconsciously no doubt, but, nevertheless, real. For example, Prof. Tyndall, in his "Musings on the Matterhorn," suggests that, if life and mind be the outcome of matter and force, they must be latent in them; and elsewhere he says, that if the evolution hypothesis be true, all intelligence and life must have been latent in the ancient fire-mist. Prof. Huxley says, in an article on life, that it is "incompatible with the gaseous state." Mr. Cook puts these statements side by side, and waxes merry over the contradiction. Now it is a positive mortification to the critic to find such dead flies in the ointment. Prof. Tyndall did not mean to affirm the existence of organisms in the nebula, but only a latent power in the nebula to evolve them. And Prof. Huxley did not mean to deny the latent power to develop organisms, but only their actual existence. Mr. Cook's use of the doctrine of inertia is equally obnoxious to criticism. Like all other scientific terms, inertia cannot be defined by its etymology; but its content must be determined from the facts on which it is based. Now the dynamic theory of matter does not contradict the true doctrine of inertia; for that doctrine, when understood, only affirms: (1) That no material element is able to change its own state of motion or rest; and (2) that every element opposes a certain resistance to any external agent or agents, which change its state of motion or rest. But while this definition denies spontaneity with regard to its own spatial relations, it does not deny the possibility of acting upon other things. Perhaps metaphysical difficulties might be found in this conception, but they would rest upon other grounds than the mere etymology of the word inertia. Mr. Cook's treatment of the doctrine that material and

* See Ulrici's "Gott und die Natur." 3 ed. p. 402.

mental phenomena may be but different manifestations of the same substance is equally crude and unsatisfactory. He claims that mental and material attributes are totally unlike, and cannot, therefore, inhere in the same substance. He urges that this "double-faced somewhat" which on one side is mind, and on the other side is matter, is a self-contradiction. Mr. Cook's difficulty here is that, when he speaks of a two-sided subject, he thinks of a right and left side, or of an upper and under side; whereas the holder of the theory means always an inside and an outside. His theory is that the same power which manifests itself externally, by asserting for itself a position in space, also manifests internally in the production of consciousness, etc. Now, whatever may be said of this view, it is not a contradiction; and, if it is to be overthrown, it must be by other arguments than A=A. We regret exeeedingly these shortcomings, as they serve to weaken the force of the really sound argument. Along with very much, therefore, that is valuable in the first three chapters, we find much that is crude and illogical; and much which indicates that the author's metaphysics are popular, rather than profound.

But there is a vast improvement in the chapters on the theories of life. Both the rhetoric and the reasoning are better. There is still a very dazzling use of great names; but there is also a large collection of facts. These discussions are, in many respects, models of argument; and the descriptions of the facts under discussion, are often unrivaled for both scientific exactness and rhetorical adequacy of language. In the present state of the debate, there is no better manual of the argument than the work in hand. The emptiness of the mechanical explanations of life was never more clearly shown. This, also, is a work for which Mr. Cook deserves credit. If there ever was a Barmecide feast, it is that which has been furnished, of late years, to biological students by the holders of the mechanical theory. If they were physicists, they explained life by calling it "vital mechanics." If they were chemists, they called it "chemistry." If they were mineralogists, they explained it by referring to crystallization. If they were witty, which was often the case, they spoke of "steam-engine principles," of "aquosity" and "horology," as the exact analogues of vital force. It mattered not that life exhibits mechanics and chemistry of a sort utterly unknown to the laboratories. It mattered not that their analogies were all shown to be irrelevant, and that their wit was shown to be as wide of the mark as their wisdom. For example, the notorious "aquosity" illustration did not illustrate, because (1) vital germs, though identical in chemical composition, are of many kinds, while water is but one; (2) one can make and unmake water at pleasure from its elements, while living things only are capable of transforming dead matter into living; and (3) water does not reproduce itself, and living matter does. Still those empty phrases about vital mechanics and vital chemistry, mere refuges of ignorance, have been repeated and repeated; as if repetition might, at last, rise to demonstration. But while such a procedure seems utterly unscientific, there is an underlying conception, which constitutes the real grip of the mechanical argument, and which, if true, completely justifies it. It is the same conception which underlies the transformation doctrine; and which, if true, makes all the objections based on missing links, of no importance whatever.

This is the doctrine of continuity, or the doctrine that the system has contained all its factors and forces from the beginning; and that all its later history is but transformation of what was originally given. Grant this, and evolution and the mechanical doctrine of life follow, at once, even if we can not trace the process. If we may say that once upon a time there was nothing but atoms, and if we find that, further on, those atoms had combined to produce life, etc., we may be perfectly sure that the atoms have done it all, although we cannot follow the method. The reason is evident; by hypothesis, there was nothing but the atoms to do it. Even if we believe in a Creator, the same conclusion follows, if we reject the notion of creative irruptions into the system. It is this doctrine of continu-

ity, we say, which is the real strength of all evolution arguments. Admit that the system contained all its factors and forces from the beginning, and it is amazing blindness which does not see that no amount of missing links, and mysteries, can avail anything against evolution doctrines. No doubt this doctrine begs the question with regard to specific cases; but is the doctrine, in general, true? If not, what doctrine are we going to put in its place? Before we answer this question, let us look once more at the problem of life. The mechanical doctrine, when rightly understood, only asserts that, just as the elements when brought together in certain relations, manifest chemical, magnetic and electric properties; so, also, when brought together in certain other relations, they manifest vital properties. It may be that they manifest them only when brought into contact with living things; but, however that may be, the activities of the body are the activities of the component elements. We miss in Mr. Cook's statement, and even in that of Prof. Beale, a just appreciation of the best statement of the mechanical theory. For, in its best form, it does not teach that physics or chemistry can explain life, but only that, in every atomic complex, the properties depend upon the nature of the atoms; which nature may be as mysterious as you please.

Of course this view implicitly assumes in the atoms all that afterward appears; and, in one sense, it explains nothing. This is what Prof. Tyndall means by including life in the definition of matter; and there are passages, even in Prof. Beale's work, which reduce to the same conception. But while this view throws little light upon the subject, it does furnish a kind of landing-place for our thought, in that it provides some subjects for the organic activities. The non-mechanical view, on the other hand, is not as clear on this point. We hear much of vital properties and activities in the body, but we are not told to what subject they belong. But an activity without a subject is quite meaningless. We cannot translate the phrase into thought. Here are activities in the body: what acts? If we say that the elements act, we have not escaped from the mechanical theory. But, if there is anything besides the elements, what is it? And, above all, whence is it? If we say that life acts, we have not simplified the problem; for, while the name, life, is one, the thing is many. The fact is not universal and singular life, but discrete, individual lives. We can escape the mechanical theory only by affirming a separate vital subject in every living thing. Much of Mr. Cook's language in this work would imply a vital subject not only for every individual, but for every cell in the individual; but in later lectures he has avoided this implication, by making the life of the individual a unit, and reducing it to the function of directing the lower forces which build the organism. But whence has this swarm of lives their origin? Shall we say that the original vital element has indefinitely reproduced itself? That would make it creative. Shall we say that it has reinforced itself from the inorganic world? That is just the mechanical theory. Shall we affirm a separate creation for every living thing? Mr. Cook has not given these questions anything like the prominence which they deserve, in a discussion meant to be decisive. For they express the real difficulty of the non-mechanical theory. It is these objections which make converts to the opposite theory, and not any insight or demonstration which that theory can give. Shall we then affirm the law of continuity, as commonly understood? If we do, it will be perfectly easy for opponents to show that we stand before vital, not to speak of mental phenomena, stupidly and even idiotically dumb, with only a set of empty phrases with which to cover our ignorance. Shall we hold the non-mechanical theory? This can be done only as we adopt a thorough-going theory of the Divine immanence and omnipresence, and make the continuity of nature solely the continuity of the Divine plan and activity, and not a mere transformation of given elements. For ourselves we adopt this view, and regard the objections to it as arising mainly from the imagination and mental ossification. Mr. Cook is strongly inclined to this doctrine, but gives no sufficient exposition or defence of it. It is purely a

philosophical question, and not one of practical science. We are sure, however, that there will be no permanent peace upon this point, until our views of the relation of God and the world have undergone a very thorough revision. Upon any theory of an outside God, evolution and mechanism are impregnable. We commend the subject to the attention of philosophers. Our physics have reached a point where there is need of metaphysics.

Mr. Cook's discussion of the materialistic question is so involved with his discussion of vitality, that it is impossible to separate them. We regard this as a strategic error, as the two questions are quite distinct. There are many holders of the mechanical theory of life, who are decided opponents of materialism. Such, indeed, is the position of Lotze, though Mr. Cook quotes him as an opponent of the mechanical theory. Lotze is a determined enemy of materialism, but such is his position upon the question of life, that for years the materialists reckoned him as one of them; and when the *Mikrokosmus* was published, they attacked him as an "apostate," although he maintained the same view of life as ever. Blunders of this kind are due to that loose use of great names, which has elsewhere led Mr. Cook to reckon Du Bois Reymond in the school of Buchner and Carl Vogt. No one who has read Du Bois Reymond's address on the Limits of Scientific Knowledge, would dream of calling him a materialist; inasmuch as that address expressly declares that the entire mental life, from the lowest sensation to the highest thought, lies outside any possible range, present or future, of physical science. If this is materialism, let us have more of it.

We are vexed with mistakes of this sort, not for Mr. Cook's sake, but for the sake of the argument, which is always weakened by such inaccuracies, even though they are in themselves irrelevant. We regret also that Mr. Cook has not kept the question of the soul distinct from that about life; as that would have enabled him to show more forcibly than he has done, not merely the untenability, but the utter unintelligibility of the materialistic doctrine. For the fundamental conceptions of materialism, when clearly stated, break down through the sheer impossibility of translating them into thought. Mr. Spencer, in speaking of sundry doctrines, says that men had never conceived them; they only thought that they had conceived them. This severe judgment is entirely applicable to materialism. It is tenable only so long as one refrains from asking himself what his postulates mean.

Yet after all our fault-finding, we confess to a good deal of admiration for this volume. The intense conviction and the ethical glow which light it up, are worth more than the argument. There is something contagious in them. Conviction produces conviction; and the moral earnestness of the author gives the reasoning more than its syllogistic value. A friend says that he likes to hear Mr. Cook, just as he liked to see the Corliss engine go. In each case there is a sense of great momentum which is inspiring. For ourselves, when we contemplate Mr. Cook's whirlwinds of rhetoric, his numberless points and references to everything in heaven and earth, we are reminded rather of the passage in which M. Taine describes Carlyle as heaping up a pyramid of arguments and references, possible and impossible, on the top of which he sits gesticulating like a victorious savage. Take away these personal elements, and the work sinks into a mere biological debate. But with them, it is a positive power for good, whose value is not to be estimated by any tests of formal logic. Of course the work will not live; the very nature of the debate makes that impossible. But while the debate is still on, most people would be better for reading it. *Borden P. Bowne.*

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER IV.

A HARD QUESTION.

An hour passed and my patient still slept, though with a stronger pulse and a more life-like look. It might have been quite safe to have left him, but as he had never before been under the influence of chloroform, and as there is always a little uncertainty attending its use, I preferred to see him well through its prolonged influence.

A little later I noiselessly arose to cool my throat with a draught of water, and passing the half-open door leading to the adjoining room, saw something that arrested my steps. The gas was burning dimly, but in its light stood Agnes Dyer, whom I supposed soundly sleeping. She had exchanged her dress for a long, loose wrapper of some soft gray material; her abundant hair was loosely wound about her head, and as she stood with her hands clasped behind her back, her head inclined, and her eyes on the floor—her father's very attitude,—she made a picture that I never forgot. She was curiously like and unlike her father; she had the same tall figure and fine head; and her hair was a dark brown, while his had been black before it was gray. Both had deep blue eyes and clear cut features; her hand, that was a model of his, and her step, voice and attitude, all proclaimed her Joel Dyer's daughter. But there the likeness ended; the "principle within" that informs the features, and that is the real individual, was of a totally different pattern; or, perhaps I should say, derived its quality and its motives from an entirely different source.

I must have stood looking longer certainly than good manners warranted, when, as if feeling my gaze, she lifted her head and met my eyes. The warm color swept over her face, but, without unclasping her hands or changing her position, she said quietly: "Pardon me! I could not rest. Is he still sleeping?"

"Yes."

"Will you come here, then?"

She waited till I stood quite near, and, looking steadily in my eyes, with a just perceptible tremor in her voice, she said, gravely: "My father tells me that his disease is incurable, and that he has not long to live. Is it altogether as hopeless as he supposes?"

The pathetic voice and eyes were hard to answer. I would have given much if I could have told her anything but the truth.

"My dear young lady, you would have me deal candidly with you?"

"Certainly," with a pitiful quiver of the lip.

"The disease is incurable; at least there are no instances on record of its permanent cure; and, so far as my own observation goes, it is quite unmanageable. But as to time, there are well defined cases where the patient has lived thirty years. Your father has a good constitution and great tenacity, and if he could be made to feel that it was worth while to live he might last a good many years yet."

"As he is now?"

"No; he is passing through the acute and probably the most painful stage of the disease. After a little this will abate and it will run into the chronic form, which, though tedious, is bearable. He will be able to go about, and with occasional relapses, he may live for years if he will."

"You think he does not care to live?"

"I thought when I last talked with him, that he seemed indifferent, or that he considered life scarcely worth having upon such conditions. I gathered the impression that having been well all his days, he did not understand that a man could be an invalid and still be comfortable and useful to himself and others. Some of the most telling work that has been done in this world has been accomplished in pain and weakness that would appall a healthy man. The mind has almost unlimited influence over the body; some people cannot be killed, at least by disease, so long as they are determined to live."

*Copyright, 1877, by Josephine R. Baker

"You think if my father wished to live it would make a difference?"

"Not if he merely *wished* to live. Mere desire is not strong enough. If he were steadily determined to live, he might live, because, being determined, he would use all known methods and precautions; and besides, there is a resistant power in a strong will that baffles or holds in check the inroads of disease."

"Then one might live indefinitely?"

"No, not quite that—I said the mind has almost unlimited influence upon the body; but there comes a re-action—a time when the body dominates the mind and worries it into submission. At some one of these seasons of depression the man succumbs and dies."

She stood as if in deep thought and I turned to go away, when she asked: "Would mental uneasiness or anxiety tend to keep him down?"

"Yes, most decidedly. And I wanted to ask if there were not some special anxiety or apprehension aggravating his disease?"

"I think there is an anxiety of some sort," said she, looking wistful and perplexed; "but I am unable to determine what. It cannot be his property, for he has withdrawn from business and has all his affairs compactly arranged for any contingency, as he has taken the trouble to have me understand. And"—with an effort to speak calmly,—"I think he has no special solicitude on my account, for he has trained me to care for myself. And as to the future,"—slowly and gravely—"with all my watching and questioning, I cannot find that he has even a shadow of apprehension. I think he would meet Death as he would meet a casual acquaintance, with indifference."

"I believe he is considered irreproachable."

"And justly, so far as the outward moralities are concerned. But, Doctor," with flushing face and sudden earnestness, "something more is needed. We have all 'done that we ought not to have done, and left undone that we ought to have done,' and we all need to be saved from the consequences. But he has no sense of this. He says he has done no wrong that he cannot repair; and for what he has unconsciously left undone, he is not responsible, and therefore Christ is no more to him than any other man who lived and died eighteen hundred years ago. I don't know how that appears to you, but to me it is dreadful. He is going out of this into an endless state of existence without knowing or caring whither. The Love that brought him into life and has carried him all along he ignores and contemns." The pitiful quiver in her voice increased as she went on, and at the last she put up her hands crying, "My father! oh, my father!" and broke down utterly.

This was Tom's heathen "by inheritance." I had not a word to say, but stood holding the hands she had unconsciously stretched out as if entreating help from some source. She recovered presently, and withdrawing her hands, said:

"Pardon me! I have dwelt upon this so much in addition to seeing him suffer, that to-night I am quite unnerved."

"And you are worn with care and watching, and need rest. You know more of these things than I, and you must know that He whose compassions fail not will surely hear you, and will do what is best for you and for him."

She made no answer, but I saw the tears trembling on her lashes, and knew from the compressed lips that she was endeavoring to master herself, and I added: "If you would help your father to get better, and give him another chance to think of these things, you must keep well yourself. To that end you must rest now. Will you?"

"Yes," and without lifting her eyes, she left the room.

Through the rest of that long night I cared for my patient with renewed interest, hoping to help him back to some measure of health. Alongside the professional concern with which I had regarded him from the first, came the desire to test the influence which this earnest, pure-hearted girl must have on his mental and moral condition. I had also a curious interest in herself. For a child born and bred amid the advantages and disadvantages of unstinted wealth and good social position, she seemed singularly free from nonsense, and as unique

in her way as her father was in his. I surmised a healthy Puritan or Huguenot stock for this vigorous young scion. Probably Mr. Dyer's mother was a woman of a deep spiritual nature, whose leading qualities slid through her son to be reproduced in his daughter. Or, failing that, a more remote ancestor had done for her what her father did not. However that might be, I found myself sufficiently interested to render her all the assistance in my power.

Daylight and consciousness found my patient weak and suffering, but courageous, for a man who appeared to set so light a value upon his own life. It was always a mystery that he could be so plucky—when it required no little nerve and a perpetual quarrel for self-mastery to keep from gravitating to a collapsed condition of body and mind—and yet have no concern for the result. It may have been a kind of physical courage that declines to own itself beaten. At all events it would serve a good purpose as a preventive or restorative, of which he would most likely stand in sore need, for I was aware that this acute stage was manifesting grave symptoms, and might, contrary to previous anticipations, prove a desperate if not final stage.

Leaving him in his daughter's care, I went home to be bemoaned by Mary, and scolded by my grown-up nephew, Hal, who had run up from Yale, and who vowed I was devoid of common sense, and declared he would sooner be a dog than a doctor. And he had my sympathies, for I knew that to be a physician had been for years the chief end and aim of his existence.

For several weeks Mr. Dyer required the utmost care and attention. And when I had done all and found how powerless I was, I could only stand and wait. Many a night I left him fully expecting that he would know the eternal verities before the dawn of another day; and many a morning I stood over him watching for the first symptoms of dissolution. But the end was not so near as I had feared. So far as his restoration was due to human agency, to the man himself belonged the credit of it. He behaved wonderfully; no fussiness, no anxiety, but though hourly tormented with excruciating pain, he lay fearless, quietly looking Death in the face, declining to move. He compelled a questioning sort of admiration. I was never so impressed with the force and dignity of the human will, nor more at a loss to account for the sustaining influence. That a man should fearlessly rush to certain death in the heat and momentum of mortal combat,—or that a man should joyfully face death for an idea or a principle—or that a believer in a happy immortality should quietly await his summons, can be understood. But that a man in the full possession of his faculties, convinced that the life begun here is only the first, faint quickening of an endless existence, educated in the mental processes of Christianity, and admitting their reasonableness, but having no hope nor expectation, should face the tremendous possibilities with indifference, was more than I could comprehend.

Agnes seemed equally impressed and perplexed. "How grand he is!" she said one day, as he lay with closed eyes, enduring and quietly waiting. "If ever a man could afford to live and die without a Saviour, he could. But"—facing me with wide eyes of terror—"there is such an awful doubt. To me, he is like a man treading firmly the crust of a crater that grows thinner every moment. However, it is not for me to say." And, folding her hands in a helpless, trusting way, she left the room.

Somehow, in these long hours of watching and waiting, the barriers of reserve—for she was naturally reserved—fell away, and she often stood talking in a musing, transparent fashion, as if speaking only to her own consciousness; and I came to see the springs of her thoughts and deeds, and to look into the elements of her composition as I had never looked into or understood that of any other human being. It was like taking off the face of a watch and seeing the delicate and wonderful mechanism within.

CHAPTER V.

CHECKERS AND DESTINY.

About this time my brilliant young nephew made a discovery that set him as wild as a lunatic. It chanced one very

busy day that after my morning call upon Mr. Dyer, a vial of medicine and directions were to be sent to Miss Agnes for her father. I had not a moment to spare just then, and Hal, who was lounging about the house, generously volunteered his services. The directions were oral, and of course the fellow saw Miss Agnes. At dinner he pounced upon me.

"Uncle Doctor, why didn't you tell me I was going to meet the most elegant young lady in town? There I went striding into the house, with the stopple out, ready to pour the concentrated wisdom of your directions into the ear of some pursed-up old maid of a nurse, and asked for Miss Agnes; when lo! in came the daintiest and completest creature I ever beheld. By George! she took my breath away. Such eyes! such a figure! such a hand! And there I stood like a gaping fool!"

"And forgot the directions, you young idiot?"

"No. I grabbed them when my breath came again, and got them out somehow; but whether right end first, or wrong end first, I never can tell. She must have thought me a verdant specimen."

"As you are. And probably she did not notice you at all. Something of more consequence demands her attention."

"But you don't mean, Uncle Doctor, that she is the nurse?"

"Yes."

"Wish I were sick!"

"She is his daughter."

"Oh! that alters the case. It was Miss Dyer then?"

"Eat your dinner."

Hal took up his fork and balanced it upon his forefinger while the other hand stroked his brown moustache. He was a healthy, good-looking cub.

"Hold on, please," said he deprecatingly, "till I get myself together. I should as soon think of stuffing on Mount Parnassus as of eating with this divinity in my thoughts. I have a project. You just get another influenza, Uncle Doctor, and I will come home and take care of you and this old patient of yours too. He would be a good one to begin upon, since he is old and rich and wouldn't be missed. And I should become quite reconciled to my fate as an M. D. if I were to meet such an interesting nurse daily."

After a pause, receiving no answer, he broke out again: "I say it is a sin and a shame to keep her mewed up in the house with a sick man."

"She is on the street every day, per order."

"She is? Does she ride or walk?"

"Mary, feel the lad's pulse! He is in a fever."

"It is of no use, Uncle Doctor. I am going to see her again, riding or walking."

"She would not know you, and besides, your time is up. You return to New Haven to-morrow."

"See if I stay there! I will find some excuse for running home. I'll have a filial fit;" and he looked mischievously at his mother. Mary was proud of her eldest son, and with reason, though he had his full share of nonsense and student self-complacency.

I, too, liked Hal. He brought back the old jolly days of my own student life, and was every way refreshing and entertaining. I adopted him with the rest of Mary's fatherless children, and he was currently reported my favorite.

It was during the long weeks of Mr. Dyer's slow convalescence that I really became acquainted with him. After he began to mend there was no necessity for medical attendance, but he had become accustomed to my visits and querulously insisted that I should continue to call. And if I was not unusually busy I found time during the day to run in and chat a few moments. Sometimes I passed whole evenings with him, and he was becoming a singularly interesting study. I found him unusually well-informed for a business man. His conversation roved over a wide range, often seeking to draw me out, but carefully avoiding anything that looked personal. I discerned, however, in an unguarded moment, an uneasiness, a mental fret so deep as to leave little trace on the surface. Its cause I could not conjecture, nor its probable duration.

Then, too, his willingness — perhaps I should say his suppressed eagerness — to avail himself of suggested remedies, was quite in contrast to his former indifference, and proved that he had still an object in living.

Agnes detected this, and one day as I was taking leave of her in the hall, she said: "Doctor, I believe you are my father's best friend and mine also. Find out for me the thing he is living for?"

I looked straight into her deep eyes to reach the bottom of her thought. "You think there *is* something, then—something that was not there awhile ago?"

"I am quite sure."

"I had an impression of that sort, but I am apt to distrust my own impressions till they are fortified by proof. That you have divined the same thing is a sort of proof. But I think you would be more likely than I to find out what it is."

"No; free as he is about almost anything else, I cannot get even a hint of the thing that is absorbing his thought. He knows how I feel, and if it is any concern for what is hereafter, he will not tell me. He has no suspicion that you want to 'convert him,' as the phrase goes, and you can get at him more easily than I. Are you willing to try?"

"Yes," taking the hand she offered me. It was a pretty hand, as Hal averred. Somehow this girl assumed that I sympathized fully in her desires concerning her father's spiritual welfare; as if saving souls as well as bodies had become a part of my profession. Well! perhaps her enthusiasm like many another enthusiasm was contagious.

The solution of her perplexity was nearer than either supposed. While I was at tea that night this note was handed in:

"Dear Doctor:—Agnes has an invitation to pass the evening with a friend. If you are at liberty be compassionate enough to come over and let me defeat you at a game of checkers. Yours,

Joel Dyer."

He did not say that Agnes's acceptance depended upon my compliance with his request, but I knew that it did, and sent back a verbal message that I would come.

During the later stages of his convalescence we played many a game of checkers in my non-professional calls. He was a good player, and we were not badly matched. It was the only recreation for which he seemed to have a taste.

I went early, lest I should be detained by calls, professional or otherwise; but early as it was I found Mr. Dyer alone.

It was my privilege to enter unannounced, and having ascertained that he was in the library, for he was able to range about the house, I went in through the half open door, and saw him sitting by the table, surrounded by newspapers which he had pushed aside. He was leaning his elbows on the table, his forehead resting in the upturned palms of his hands, and I caught a glimpse of a worried, depressed face that through all his pain and sickness I had never seen before. A slight noise caused him to change his position and look up. The face I met was the one I had always seen,—intelligent, imperturbably calm, but perhaps a shade more thoughtful and refined than before his sickness.

"Ah, I am glad you have come. It was getting dull;" said he, rising and offering me a seat with his habitual courtesy. I believe he never shook hands with any one. He seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to personal contact.

After a little he reached for the checker-board, saying, "I like this game because there is no room for chance. It is all cause and effect. If you are defeated you have only your own carelessness and inexperience to blame. In fact, the existence of such a thing as chance, fate or destiny is to be questioned. All things are caused, though we see only results."

"Somebody says, 'All things that exist have a sufficient reason for existing.'"

"And somebody says true; otherwise we should be in a pretty muddle. I hate mysteries, abstractions, things that cannot be seen, heard or touched, or taken into rational cognizance," said he, with unwonted energy.

There was a kind of suppressed eagerness

within the man that betrayed itself in his checked intonations and the nervous motions of his hands as he placed the men; and besides he played badly. The fruitless attempts of a fly to escape from a spider's web were somehow suggested to me as I watched him. My own game was more careless than usual, for I was preoccupied; but for some reason he played worse, and was defeated in three straight games.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM PEEBLES AND BOB LYON.

"It is useless," said he, shoving back the board at the close of the third game. "There is a 'combination,' and I have gone short."

"You are not feeling as well to-night;" I remarked, picking up the stray men.

"Yes;" indifferently. He lifted his long arms, and resting the back of his head in his clasped hands, said, positively: "Doctor, a sick man is a spoiled man. He gets full of notions and whimseys, and is no longer judicial or master of himself. For instance, a little affair pesters me that is not worth a moment's consideration. At any other time it would not trouble me an instant, but now, I cannot rid myself of it." Musingly—"If I consult you, possibly you may think of some way out of it." And without waiting for a reply, he went on in a matter-of-fact way.

"Some years ago I was engaged in the broking business, and at first was unfortunate in two or three transactions, but after watching the knowing ones, I retrieved my losses, and became reasonably expert. It is an occupation in which the perceptions are acutely trained. If anything will give a man a sixth sense, that sort of training will. It happened—No! Nothing happens. I will put it this way: For reasons perfectly intelligible to myself, I purchased at a low figure, and at the right moment, a stock that was sure to rise. In a short time it verified my expectations, by going up and up, and with a little urging, reached a dangerous elevation. Sometimes the very impetus or momentum of a rapidly rising stock, carries it out of sight, and men lose their heads, forgetting that all these things follow a Paw, and that in such a case, there must be a collapse. Just before this stock reached that point, I began to scent danger, as a fox scents a hound. There was something in the financial atmosphere like the density that sends the mercury down before the coming storm, though the sky be never so clear, and the day never so bright. I passed a sleepless night, and went down town the next morning, determined to unload."

He paused a moment, thinking closely before he said: "Half way down the street I espied my man. He was the son of an old acquaintance, who was about to come into possession of his inheritance, which had been delayed by the terms of his father's will, till he should be twenty-five. He had previously paid me the compliment of consulting me as a shrewd and successful operator, and asked my advice as to the disposition of his money when it should come into his hands.

"Good morning!" said he, cheerily. "You are just the man I want to see. I came into possession yesterday, and now I want to get rich quickly and quietly."

"Where is your money?"

"He mentioned the securities in which it was invested. They were perfectly safe, but slow, paying small percentages, and could be called at any time. If I was the man he wanted to see, he was the man I wanted to see. He was wild for the very stock that I wished to sell, and before noon, the transfer was made."

Joel Dyer lapsed into silence for a moment, rubbing his hands in a pleasurable, self-congratulatory way, that revealed an altogether new phase of this complex man. He evidently admired his own shrewdness and sagacity, and would have been astonished if one had called it by a harder name. He had no patience or compassion for a man less shrewd than himself. His lip curled contemptuously as he said to himself, "Poor fool! he deserved his fate for his haste and indiscretion." Then addressing me: "In twenty-four hours the storm that had been so long brewing, suddenly burst. That stock immediately collapsed. The man came to me in alarm. I told him not to be frightened, and not to sell, it was sure to come up again. But he would not listen, and went

up and down as wild to sell as he had been to buy. Of course just then no one would purchase.

"The silly fellow was half crazed, and at length when I became satisfied that the stock had touched bottom, and must commence slowly but surely to rise—(for it was a good stock, no wild-cat affair; only it had been blown up out of all reason, and of course had fallen out of all reason) — I offered to buy. He grabbed as hastily as before, and sold for a song what had cost him so much. He went off with the absurd impression that somehow I was still his benefactor. But, sometime later, when he found that this stock was rising and would approximate to a true value, if there be such a thing, he wished to repurchase a few shares with a margin, so as to retrieve in part his former loss. Again he showed his inexperience by supposing that I would sell on a rising market. And when I convinced him that stock-broking knows neither friend nor foe, he said some very unhandsome things, and took himself out of the way.

"I heard of him afterwards as dabbling in stocks, in desperate attempts to cover his loss. Nature never intended him for a stock-broker, and he ought to have known enough to have kept out of it; but he was one of those men who cannnot be taught by experience. After repeated failures he fell into the contemptible habit of gambling, and lost thereby what little money and reputation remained to him.

"He passed quite out of mind, and probably I never should have thought of him again, but that he had the assurance to present himself some ten years ago. He had then become a miserable, drunken wretch, and it is likely was more than half intoxicated at the time. He claimed to be a ruined man, and I did not dispute him. And he went on to charge his ruin home upon me in language that none but a lunatic would have used. I had the patience to show him conclusively that our transactions were perfectly legal and business-like, and that he had no one but himself to blame. He would not listen, and was so outrageous that I felt compelled to turn him out of doors.

"He went away cursing me and mine, as if there were any efficacy in his curses to hurt me or to help him. Then again he dropped from my recollection, till, as I sat on Sunday listening to the Rev. Mr. Peebles, pastor of our church—and a very able man he is—something in his voice as he was speaking earnestly, and a singular gesture of his left hand, unnoticed before, brought up instantly that crazy-headed, would-be broker, as he stood in my door-way cursing me. I must confess to a genuine surprise. I suppose this disease was working in me then, disturbing the firm poise of my nervous system; for, thereafter, as often as I saw the Rev. Mr. Peebles, I saw that despicable broker.

"Somehow, by a process I cannot understand, and therefore am ashamed to own, I felt compelled to go to church Sabbath after Sabbath, and look constantly and intently at Mr. Peebles as if I were giving the closest attention; whereas, the fact is, I scarcely heard a word that he said. I saw only that cursing broker, and felt that I *must* look him down. I would not own this contemptible weakness to any one else; but you, a physician, must know that it is caused solely by my disease.

"Well! it grew worse, and from being a thing that would stay with me on Sunday, and that I could thrust off on Monday, it began to abide with me through the week. After Agnes came home, that accursed broker haunted me day and night. I was never under bondage to any man, or anything, and this sort of surveillance is anything put pleasant. I have fought hard, giving no quarter, but there he is, and there he will be, unless somebody or something can rid me of his presence. After I was compelled to take my bed, it occurred to me that if I could find the man and secure him the amount he claimed to have lost through me, I should get free again. I say 'claimed,' for do not understand me as admitting for an instant that I had done anything wrong. I had not. It was all legal and fair. I make this concession to a shadow, as a tribute exacted by my disease."

He paused with a weary sigh, and when he began again, his chin had dropped upon

his chest, and he seemed speaking to something within himself.

"Another thought comes and goes, and proves the more harassing of the two. I said that curses have no efficacy; and they have not. But Agnes is a singular child, and has notions that I cannot understand. And if she should ever come to know that she had been cursed as belonging to me, it might affect her unpleasantly. What was that she said a few days ago about the sins of the parents descending to the third or fourth generation? I suppose she believes that sort of thing, and to believe it is as bad as to have it true."

Raising his head and again addressing me he said: "I have instituted a search for this man. He appears to have lived a vagabond life, wandering from place to place. He stopped longer in San Francisco than elsewhere, and shipped from thence to the Sandwich Islands, and disappeared as effectually as if he had gone down the crater of a volcano. There is a shocking rumor concerning him which I do not believe. No, he is alive, somewhere. But where? is the question.

"You will understand that I have spoken to you of this matter, partly to get it out of my road, and partly in the hope that you could suggest some scheme for unearthing this man, and freeing me from his detestable presence."

It is impossible to describe the eagerness and intensity with which he told me all this. The smothered fire in his eyes, the nervous play of his sharp features, no longer under perfect control, and the continuous opening and shutting of his gaunt hands, produced a sort of uncanny fascination, that for the time shut out everything else. When, exhausted, he sank back in his chair, my gaze was still riveted upon his face. He sat with his eyes closed, and his hands fallen feebly on the outstretched arms of his chair, and both were silent longer than we knew.

"You see no way then?" he asked, at length, in a weary, hopeless tone.

"Of finding this man?"

"Yes, and of shaking him off."

"I see none yet. It would take time."

He opened his eyes and pulled himself upright by the arms of his chair, asking with a look of entreaty that I never saw on his face before:

"Are you willing to help me? You shall be amply compensated. You understand that it is only another phase of this unconscionable disease, and to be rid of it will help me more than any thing else in the world."

The unsteady voice and broken manner of this hitherto immovable man, filled me with a strange compassion. The breaking down of a brave man is a thousand times more pitiful than the driveling of a coward. Who could sound the depths of this man's suffering? Under the stress of compassion, and without realizing how far I was compromising myself, I answer:

"If I can, and all that I can."

"Thank you," said he, letting himself back and closing his eyes again with the air of a man essaying to roll his burden upon another. It could not be done, but if there was any satisfaction in trying, why, let him try! Here or hereafter he would come to know that the thing he called disease, had another name.

After an interval, absorbed in one of his habitual or constitutional fits of abstraction, he aroused himself saying, impressively, "We must begin at once." Already it was "we," not "I."

"Begin what?"

"Our search. We lost him in Mauna Loa. Advertisements have proved unavailing. We cannot go ourselves. Suppose we send an agent, a live man with the ability and perseverance to find him, even in the heart of the crater if need be."

"Wait a little. Can you describe the man?"

"Oh, yes," musingly, "I have seen him so much, first and last, that his face is more familiar to me than my own. At first it was a pleasant face, fair as a girl's, with curling, reddish-brown hair and beard. At last it was coarse, bloated, red, and his eyes—well—they were hideous," he said, with an effort to repress a shudder; and he put up his hands as if to shut out or thrust aside something that obstructed his vision.

"And his name?"

"Lyon; Robert Lyon."

"Has he no relatives?"

"None. His father died when the boy was quite young. His mother married again, and died years ago in Massachusetts."

I was about to ask another question, when I heard Agnes's voice in the next room.

"Hush," said Joel Dyer, keenly alive. "*She* has returned. Not a word to her."

The next moment Agnes stood in the door-way, her hat in her hand, and a happy light on her fine face.

"Playing yet?" she said, cheerily, glancing at the open board, the cornered kings, and their guardians. "Why, father, did you let him defeat you?" knowing that the red men were invariably his.

"Yes, certainly," answered Joel Dyer, quite his old imperturbable self again. "He must be encouraged now and then, or he would refuse to play, you know." Never was man more completely masked, but now that I had seen behind the mask, that face could never again be the same to me.

Having no longer an excuse for remaining, and in fact, glad of a pretense to escape, (for I saw Agnes regarding her father watchfully, and looking keenly at me, as if she detected something unusual,) I rose to go, and Mr. Dyer rose also. He thanked me for coming, adding, courteously:

"You can afford to come again soon, since you have defeated me so thoroughly at this sitting.

"And give you an opportunity to return the compliment?"

"Of course."

"Probably I shall need a discipline of some sort. Uninterrupted success is rarely good for any man."

And so we parted. Agnes accompanied me to the hall-door, I busily talking, and for the first time refusing to meet her eyes, which I knew were studiously seeking mine, to ask a question she would not put into words. I was vexed with Mr. Dyer, for getting me into a position where I could not be perfectly frank with her. She had entreated me to help her, and I had promised. Her father had volunteered the information we were both seeking, and then effectually stopped my mouth. He, too, wanted my help, and I had imprudently promised. How could I help him and Agnes not know? How could I help her and be true to him?

As the result of a long walk—for I went a round-about way home—and the soothing influence of a cigar—for I sometimes allayed my vexation and perplexity in that way—I came to my own door, and to the conclusion that I must run the risk of being misunderstood by Agnes, and trust to results for my justification. All the while this sharp discussion was going on upon the surface of my consciousness, under it I kept hearing, "Robert Lyon!" "Robert Lyon!" repeated and repeated, like the steady beating of my own heart. The name seemed as familiar as my breath, and yet I could not say that I had ever heard it before.

Feeling a little like a haunted man, I stealthily entered my office and endeavored to collect my wits.

Presently I discovered upon the table an open magazine,—the *North American Review:* some one had been taking liberties. Tom, of course! Yes; along the margin ran a string of fine pencilings, which, upon inspection, resolved themselves into this:

"Dear Old Crusty:—Are you still incorporate? I seek you vainly by day and by night. Have you killed a patient and hung yourself? If you can be moved by mortal influences, read, I pray you, this article of mine in the *Review;* and if I am to see you no more in the flesh, leave me your impressions on the opposite margin.

Tom."

I read this, smiling at Tom's conceit, still repeating "Robert Lyon! Robert Lyon!" till suddenly it changed to "Bob Lyon! Bob Lyon!" That seemed even more familiar, and fraternized instantly with Tom's image, called up by his pencilings, till it ran into "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" at such an alarming rate that I began to believe that there was something unwholesome in this Robert Lyon, as Joel Dyer averred; and that he had succeeded in shifting this veritable Old Man of the Mountain over upon me. Of course this explanation was scarcely satisfactory, for now it

was "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon—Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon"—there were two of him.

I got up and took a huge draught of cold water, resolved to drown the thing; but as soon as I returned to my chair, it began again: "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!"

This was getting to be a serious matter. Suppose this Robert Lyon should go on appropriating names indefinitely, and saying them over and over to the exclusion of everything else? What a prospect! I reached for a handful of cigars, determined to smoke him out if it took till morning.

By the time I had succeeded in hiding myself in a cloud of smoke, my thoughts escaped to my school days, to the running accompaniment of "Tom Peebles and Bob Lyon!" trying to find among my classmates a Bob Lyon to account for the familiarity of the name and its quick appropriation of Tom Peebles. The more I was obscured, the clearer I grew. I was now certain that somewhere I had known a Bob Lyon, and that, somehow, he involved or evolved Tom Peebles. At my third cigar the remembrance burst upon me like a pistol shot. Tom Peebles had a half brother, a droll fellow, whose sayings Tom was forever quoting during our college days, and his name was Bob Lyon. An electric shock could not have brought me to my feet sooner. No wonder the names coalesced; they were halves of a whole.

I threw away my cigar—I had smoked enough to last me a week—and sat down to face another question.

Could Joel Dyer's Robert Lyon and Tom Peebles's Bob Lyon be one and the same? Probably not. Joel Dyer's Robert must have been an older man. Tom's half brother I had never seen, so that Joel Dyer's description would not help my prognosis. I knew him only through Tom, who half worshiped this brilliant elder brother in enthusiastic boy-fashion. There had been one mother and two fathers, and Bob was five or six years older than Tom. It all came back, clear as daylight, now; and with it a kind of surprise that, fond and proud as Tom had ever been of Bob, he had not once mentioned his name to me since the renewal of our ancient friendship. With a feeling of relief I surmised that Tom's Bob Lyon was dead.

But going back over Joel Dyer's account, I came to the place where he said that he had forgotten the man, when something in the Rev. Mr. Peebles's voice and manner recalled, as by magic, that Robert Lyon. And my heart sank with the almost certainty that Tom's Bob was the man. Even if there was no other resemblance the half-blood told in voice and manner. If this be true, would it account for the singular antipathy Tom acknowledged and fought against? It was another link in the chain of probabilities.

But of course it was quite possible that two men could have the same intonations and the same gestures and never have seen or heard of each other; and in that hope I obliged myself to rest content until such time as doubt should be changed to certainty.

PROBLEMS OF POOR RELIEF.

"Something to do and lightning," said Charles Kingsley, "are my highest physical enjoyments;" and the phrase expresses something what is felt, more or less, by every ardent nature. The spirit "at leisure from itself" is best able to serve others; it is this spirit which presses forward as a leader in all highest enterprise. It is alive and alert everywhere in the world, like morning, forever at the dawn a little farther east.

The organization of charities is, at the present time, exciting the interest of the world. The first experiments of which we have knowledge, were made, about thirty years ago, in Germany, and, as time alone could make success evident to those removed from the work, many years elapsed before the idea that it was possible to attempt anything so difficult was brought home to the English-speaking people. The

question still lies before us to be considered, much like those maps of the early navigators over which later geographers lean in wonder; with rudimentary capes where now we descry continents, and danger signals where the harbor mouth is now found.

The pauperism of the American cities is so late and rank a growth, the contrast is so strange between its dark and filthy ways and the simple, vigorous, self-sustaining energy of the American people, that we find it hard to take in the magnitude of the problem. The truth must be faced, however, that the old world has cast this evil upon our shores, and that, if we disregard it, or treat it in the old ways, we, too, shall have a permanent growth of wretchedness to consume the substance and the life of the nation. Thus far, we have done little but to foster and maintain this evil. Our thoughts have not been turned sufficiently toward the true needs of the unfortunate classes in our cities. On the part of the comfortable portion of society there is ignorance and indifference with respect to the condition of the degraded poor. The harvest still is great, and the laborers still are few. That the labor has been very discouraging, must be admitted. Millions of pounds are annually given away in London, hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually given in Boston, without advancing the condition of the recipients, and without the thought of doing so. We forget that a little hunger is not the worst thing that can come to us! It is much worse to lose the desire to be a man.

"It is far easier," writes Miss Octavia Hill, "to be helpful than to have patience and self-control sufficient, when the times come, for seeing suffering and not relieving it. And yet the main tone of action must be severe. There is much of rebuke and repression needed, although a deep and silent under-current of sympathy and pity may flow beneath. * * * It is necessary to believe that, in thus setting in order certain spots on God's earth, still more in presenting to a few of His children a somewhat higher standard of right, we are doing His work, and that He will not permit us to lose sight of His large laws, but will rather make them evident to us through the small details. The resolution to watch pain which cannot be radically relieved, except by the sufferer himself, is most difficult to maintain. Yet it is wholly necessary, in certain cases, not to help. Where a man persistently refuses to exert himself, external help is worse than useless."

We might enlarge upon the need of individual labor among the poor, and of a different method of dealing with these people than that of mere almsgiving. But we believe that the experience of the last few years has brought Americans to understand, in some dim way, that a change is needed, and that a wiser method may be found, if we will make the effort.

The first attempt, on a large plan, for a better administration of out-door relief is that, we believe, made in the city of Elberfeld, in Germany, a report of which was first published in England, by Mr. Andrew Doyle, in the year 1871. The report awakened the attention of England, and encouraged the application of the same system in the Marylebone district of London.

The city of Elberfeld contained 50,000 inhabitants when the work was begun, between twenty and thirty years ago. It now contains about 80,000 persons, and the paupers have been reduced from the number of 4,000, first registered, to less than 1,000, in spite of the increase of population. By what means was this extraordinary result brought about? Can we, in America, adopt the same plan, or some modification thereof?

The system by which this satisfactory result is obtained may be stated briefly, as follows: It is the union of a large number of volunteer visitors with the municipal authorities. The city of Elberfeld is divided into eighteen districts, and each district into fourteen sections. The city council appoints eighteen overseers—one for each district—and fourteen visitors, who report to the overseers for each district. This makes two hundred and fifty-two visitors in all. The whole body serves without compensation. No visitor is allowed to visit more than four families, and this is considered the key-note of the success of

the system; indeed, as time goes on, and the number of paupers decreases, while the number of visitors remains the same, they have been able to give each visitor only two cases, instead of four.

The sub-division of the poor among the more fortunate classes, is the first important feature of this German system.

The second point to be observed is the fact that no relief is given by the visitor, except in accordance with a set of stringent rules; and, even then, the relief given must be approved at the fortnightly meeting of visitors and overseers. The full details of this excellent plan are accessible and should be studied by those interested in the subject. In so vast a place as London, it was found advisable to attempt the work in a single district, which has been done with equally satisfactory results, taking into consideration the difficulties encountered. Miss Hill has there succeeded in bringing about a co-operation between four existing charitable organizations; establishing a union of public and private charity, "by which each body does the work best suited to its capacity."

Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, of New York, the founder of the State Charities Aid Association for that State, herself journeyed both to Germany and to England, with a view to establishing a like union between the public and private charities of New York. She uses no qualified phrases with regard to her own views on this subject, believing, as she does, a union between public officials and volunteer visitors to be of the highest advantage. "The important question," Miss Schuyler writes, "of how best to unite official and volunteer aid in the administration of charities, remains to be solved. The subject is constantly before us, and we have given it some attention. But we are not yet competent to bring forward any conclusions in regard to this interesting problem."

The short cut to knowledge taken by Mr. Squeers in his school with regard to spelling, although not always conducive to the highest culture, is a very good way of feeling for the right in practical questions. To "go and do it," will cut many a Gordian knot. This our New York friends perfectly understand. Without waiting for a solution of the problem, how to do it, they have formed societies of visitors in the cities of Rochester, Newburgh and Syracuse, in the village of Castleton and in other places, which are acting in concert with the officials, and with results not inferior to those of Germany and England.

Meanwhile, we have an able pamphlet before us, written by Judge Wayland, of New Haven, in which the three methods of relief for outdoor poor are discussed. First, public money raised by taxation and distributed by paid officials is justly considered most unsatisfactory in its results. Assistance given in this way is subject to every objection, and we may say of its tendencies, as Professor Fawcett said of the effect of the old poor law of England, that "the country was brought nearer the brink of ruin by that law, than she ever was by a hostile army." Judge Wayland next discusses the second method, or the union of official and volunteer aid—what is called the Elberfeld system. He says: "Until civil-service reform has gained a firm foothold in this country, it is certainly unsafe, in the light of what has been urged on this head, to entrust, directly or indirectly, the distribution of public funds in the form of outdoor relief to a body of men, dependent for their political existence upon the popular vote." Judge Wayland then proceeds to propose another method. He considers our only safety to lie in a third plan, that of raising the money by voluntary subscription, and distributing it by voluntary unpaid visitors.

Perhaps, in the millenium, this pleasing device may be realized; but, as the world is at present constituted, the results would be sad enough. Those persons who are always interested in the service of the poor would be obliged to devote themselves more closely than before; and those who are now compelled to give, in the form of a tax, and who give in no other way, would free themselves of all obligation. The objection that he raises to the Elberfeld system, with regard to the interference of political prejudices and ambitions, though not without

foundation, would, practically, we believe, be largely obviated by voluntary visitors, who being the larger, and the relieving body, would so influence public sentiment as to prevent the re-election of officers who should degrade their position by mercenary or other selfish practices. This pamphlet of Judge Wayland's is the only critical paper of moment we have seen upon this question of the union of charities, and we advance our objections to his most able argument with deference. We are encouraged in our opinion by practical demonstration, and must consider it no reproach to his clear arguments to discover that some questions settle themselves quite differently in practice from what they seem to do in theory. A man who was unlawfully incarcerated sent for his friend and stated the case to him. "They can't put you in prison for this!" cries the friend. "Ah, but they have!" answered the unhappy prisoner.

It may well be questioned whether, under this combination of official and volunteer aid in our cities, political influence could be greater than it is at present. An editorial in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of December 5, 1877, says: "The city of Boston, as a corporation, employs a large number of laboring men. Last year, before the beginning of the great sewer which is to cost $3,000,000 or more, the city paid on those contracts $200,000, a large part of which was to unskilled laborers. All this the city does with one hand. With the other, the city is paying, every year, $80,000 to the families of poor persons, whom it is not thought best to send to the public institutions. This sum is paid to 7,000 families, including, as the best judges suppose, about 1,000 men. * * * * * One would say, when the city had work to be done, the question would be asked, what laboring men are out of work, having families to support, who have paid taxes. On the contrary, the city engages them by a method which must, in the long run, result in inefficient labor, and in filling the town with incompetent men. Any councilman who may apply receives what is called his share of labor tickets, and he distributes these tickets to the people he chooses to employ. * * * The greater part of these councilmen make no investigation into the ability or needs of applicants, and the larger number of councilmen make no application for tickets. The remainder are, therefore, left to be scrambled for among those who choose to distribute this sort of patronage. * * * We have a board, a very competent board, wholly outside politics, too—the Overseers of the Poor, who can tell in an hour the proper men to receive this employment. * * If the city government wanted to know, it could know." These Overseers of the Poor, in Boston, are "outside politics." They are vouched for by this authority as excellent and efficient officers. And though, as Judge Wayland suggests, corruption might, and does, arise under their administration of charity, we might fairly expect that the combination with them of a large number of volunteer unpaid visitors would tend to prevent such abuses.

Every criticism of projected change is a stepping-stone. We learn what are the dangers we must avoid. In taking care of the poor there is always one weight to keep the pendulum steady, and that is the purification which lives in the labor itself.

Some account has already been given of the beginning which has been made in the state of New York. The city of New York is of greater importance, it being the center of pauperism, as well as of luxury in America. But the work there is so vast that it has not, as yet, been possible to effect a union among the charities. Every day, however, makes it plainer that this is necessary to the future health and growth of that city. The most important of the discussions held in the last Church Congress in New York was upon this subject. There was much criticism and complaining, but not much advance in the building up of the new fabric. Some suggestions of value were, however, brought together afterward and printed in the New York *Express* of November 20, 1877: "It is now proposed," the writer says, "that the Bureau of Charities shall be a nucleus from which all relief shall be expended. In each ward visitors from churches shall make a list of all destitute poor in their ward, and send it to the

Bureau of Charities; a relief-house to be provided in each ward; one room to be a store where all food shall be sold at wholesale cost price." The paper then suggests in detail further arrangements for "cheap meals, for sewing, employment for men, and other needs of the unfortunate." Church associations, instead of having each a separate society, can join their funds and provide the work; and, as every applicant must be registered at the Central Bureau, impostors, now so common, will be avoided. The means required will be for rent of building, including store, kitchen, four rooms and food. The means to be obtained thus: A meeting of all interested to be held in a central church; the plan to be submitted; each church invited to co-operate; all the churches in each ward to take up a collection to be used in the purchase of food, dry goods, sewing-machines, etc.; each church to be supplied with tickets according to the amount they subscribe. These tickets, marked with the name of the donor and the church, will be issued by the Bureau of Charity, as soon as each case is inquired into. To allow time for this, all names should be sent in by the 15th of December, the relief-houses to open January 1st."

The article continues by planning further arrangements for labor, for division of honest and dishonest beneficiaries, for the Industrial education of the poor, all given in a clear, succinct manner, evidently by a hand not unskilled in the practical labor with which it deals. The thing evidently can be done, even in the city of New York, and the way to do it is daily unfolding. "The icy steep of indifference" must be scaled by a few, in order to put these plans into action; but the union with official aid would make the path somewhat less difficult. Other experiments in this direction may be briefly mentioned. The Germantown system of poor relief was described in the last number of SUNDAY AFTERNOON. In Massachusetts, the desire for the adoption of some system more general than has yet been attempted, is very strong. In Boston, one of the Commissioners of Charities, Honorable George S. Hale, has made a thorough study of the subject in Europe and in America. He understands the nature of the work to be done, but thus far has been able to take no active steps towards the adoption of any plan, although testifying sincere sympathy and readiness to advance any well matured plans of others.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale seems to have been one of the first persons in Massachusetts to study and apply, so far as he could do so with the aid of the working members of his own church, an excellent system for the administration of charity; while he has always declared himself ready for any more comprehensive plan.

In the autumn of 1875, a company of fifty visitors came together in Boston, with a view to taking each a small number of families, after the Elberfeld system, from among the public applicants for assistance, and investigating the cases by friendly visits, in order to discover what could be done, if anything, to change their condition from dependence to independence. This work was to be kept strictly in communication with the work of official relief, and a room was granted to the visitors in the Bureau of Charity. A labor bureau soon sprang up in connection with the visitors and their plans have steadily grown. It has been a practical exposition, on a limited scale, of what is needed. The results have been so satisfactory that the labor is extending itself, and, like sunrise, is seen lighting one distant point after another. A second company of visitors, the outgrowth of this, with an excellent constitution and by-laws, has already been organized at East Boston.

During the winter of 1877, the city of Springfield became interested in this question of general organization for the relief of the poor. In the report presented at the meeting of citizens, co-operation between the two forms of charity was warmly urged, and an excellent constitution for the new society, adopted. The questions in the note-books, drawn up for visiting, seem to cover the ground, and have been copied in other cities.

One of the greatest improvements of our age has been in the registration of cases.

The voluminous records of visitors, the huge books found at every bureau of charity, containing, after all, the opinion of only one visitor, quite as apt to be incompetent as otherwise, may now all be compared and simplified in much less space. A few years ago, in the Central Bureau of Charity in New York, an office of registration was established, where the reports of all societies were brought together, a resume made of each case, and the whole recorded on a card, like those in the great libraries. These cards are not thrown open to public inspection, but any questions may be asked and can be answered with respect to any case which has received aid publicly or privately, if the donor or the society will report what has been done. In Boston the importance of the Registration Bureau is already making itself felt, its usefulness being limited only by the neglect or the refusal of societies to communicate to these speechless records what they are doing. The value of such a bureau will be very great. It will save much "overlapping" and the labor of many clerks, besides furnishing, for the first time, the required information to those persons who really wish the history of a case. It is especially difficult to maintain this part of the work by private subscription, where the immediate benefit to the poor is not evident. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when our cities will see the importance of a general registration, and will set apart a portion of the public tax fund, in order to maintain it. Regular reports of cases from every branch of public and private benevolence might be made to this bureau by a voluntary committee.

Before leaving this subject of organization, at the risk of rehearsing what has been said regarding the importance of these measures, we quote the words of the Rev. Dr. Potter of New York: "Our pauper class is already becoming, in this new land of ours, a dangerous, burdensome, and perplexing element. It will never be anything else until the tax-paying class recognize its obligations to grapple with and solve the problem, '*How to make the pauper a producer.*' To some that problem may seem insoluble, but if so, it is because the selfishness and indolence of those of us who at present support and encourage this class, find it easier to give unreflecting doles, and to multiply temptations to idleness and mendicity, than to give the time, and thought, and labor which shall somehow bring together the workman and his work, and which shall engrave, with a pen of iron, across the portal of our modern civilization, this enduring and enduringly pertinent maxim of Paul, the Apostle: '*If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.*'"

Further, for the sake of keeping before our minds a clear statement of how the work should be done, we would also quote the excellent suggestions of the State Charities' Aid Association from the Report of 1877:

"1. District Visiting among the poor, to "be efficient, requires the co-operation of a "large corps of volunteers; large enough to "give each visitor but few families or a "small number of houses to visit. These "visitors should be men and women; and "the visitor should be required to visit reg-"ularly, and to possess accurate and detailed "information of the circumstances of each "poor person visited.

"2. Visitors should not have the power "of granting relief. This should be voted "by a Board of Reference, to which the vis-"itor should report. The relief voted may "afterward be given by the visitor.

"3. In providing relief this Board should "carefully take into consideration the cir-"cumstances of each case, and the recom-"mendations of the visitors, and should give "such advice and grant such relief as may "tend, as far as possible, toward the event-"ual self-support of the recipient. Supply-"ing work instead of alms; loans instead of "doles, will often prevent, in a crisis, the "industrious poor from becoming paupers.

"4. Excepting for criminals as part of "their penal servitude, and vagrants, the "State should never undertake, outside of "its almshouses, to provide work for unem-"ployed workmen. The disastrous results "of this experiment of National Workshops "in France in 1790 and '91, and in 1830 and "'48, need only be referred to. Private

"charity, on the contrary, should exert itself "to find and provide work for the poor, in "times of exceptional distress, this being "one of the best forms it can take. Labor "Exchange Bureaus will be found valuable.

"5. For effective labor among the poor, "information of what is being done for "them by others is necessary to the District "Visitor. A central point, or Bureau of "Charities, to which all local charities, pub-"lic or private, shall report, giving lists of "their respective beneficiaries, and whence "the information obtained shall be available "to all workers among the poor, is indispen-"sable."

We have thus endeavored to show how our work should be done. How it should not be done, has been made quite too plain. All we can say about it is epigrammatically stated by Dr. Rufus Ellis, when he says: "You do no one good unless you are making him better." The whole question is referred directly back to individual influence, and this is why the Elberfeld system, or the giving of only three or four cases to each visitor, is to be preferred to the Glasgow system, introduced by Dr. Chalmers, by which thirty, fifty, sometimes hundreds of cases, are given to some young physician who is obliged, at the same time, to look about for a subsistence for himself.

The wise words of Miss Octavia Hill should not be forgotten: "Charity loses nothing of its lovingness by being entirely wise. Now it cannot be wise without full knowledge of the circumstances of those to be dealt with—hence the necessity of investigation; it cannot come to satisfactory conclusions on those facts unless it employs the help of experienced men, hence the need of a committee for decision; it will not be gracious and gentle, nor fully enter into individual needs unless it secures the assistance of a good body of visitors. I do not wish to draw your attention to any especial form of organization; but I believe you will find, the more you think of it, that some form is needed, and that whatever it be, it will have to secure these three as essentials: good investigation, decision by a wise committee, and the help of a staff of visitors." Miss Hill says furthermore—and her devotion to the work as well as the success with which her efforts have been crowned, lead us to follow her words and her steps with reverence—that she considers the first labor of investigation, that is, verifying statements on the very first visit to the applicant, to be done best by *a good paid officer*. Our own experience would lead us also to say the same. Much time is saved thereby, and the volunteer visitor is not then expected to make formal inquiries. This work is done with great care by the best paid visitors of the Overseers of the Poor, especially, we believe, in Boston, where singularly few unworthy cases have ever been handed over to voluntary visitors from their hands.

No committee, however excellent, can accomplish much without assistants to watch carefully over the needs of each individual. Unhappily, few visitors properly estimate the necessity of fitting themselves for this work. Discretion, self-control, patience, are all necessary; also the constant endeavor to develop the power of the people to help themselves. The difficulties of finding work for two or three men or women are not insuperable, and this should be the first aim of every visitor where there is not illness to contend with.

The next point should be to see that the children are educated to do something. Teach them "some calling requiring skill which will raise them to the higher ranks of labor; help them to save; encourage them to join clubs; lend them books; teach them to cultivate and care for flowers. * * * Do not, when a family wants help, hesitate to give largely, *if adequate help will secure permanent good.*"

Every day this necessity of helping the poor people to save comes home to us afresh. At the ship-yard a worthy man has found employment all his married life. He has an excellent wife, not very strong, and two good children. Suddenly, after six years of service, at the beginning of winter and "at an hour when he is not aware," his work is taken from him and his family is reduced to penury. In all these years not one cent has been laid up either by himself or his wife, and the present trouble was really after all, only a question of time. An acci-

dent, or severe illness would have brought him to the same point as that to which the necessity of his employer had brought him. But which way can he turn? His family must be put upon the long list of paupers, and he must take his chance with the rest. It is very sad for him; but the lesson had to be learned. It is astonishing how much people can save when saving is forced upon them. A small employment bureau for women in Boston, where only the most necessitous cases are assisted, has a long row of small savings banks where a portion of the money to be received is deposited every week during the summer. Here it stands until the hardest pinch of the winter, when it is sometimes drawn out, though occasionally it has been suffered to accumulate for "the children."

"I do not myself believe," again writes Miss Hill, "that we from above can help the people so thoroughly and so well in any other way as by helping them to help themselves. This I think they are meant to do —this I believe they can do by association and by forethought. When they do provide necessaries for their own families, I think it leaves our relation to them far better, and enables us to help them more fully in better ways. After all, what are the gifts of these outside things compared to the great gifts of friendship, of teaching, of companionship, of advice, of spiritual help?"

What can our money do to heal the woes of the spirit? What can it do to stop the causes of pauperism? Here at least it is quite powerless. What is needed is that we should bring ourselves as a freewill offering to the work. Money will come, money always does come for good and necessary labor in behalf of the poor. It comes from the sick bed of those whose hearts are burning to assist and may not; it comes from the merchant whose business has called him away from his own land, or holds him shut in his office, while he remembers suffering that he cannot himself heal; it comes from the tender hearts of children, from overworked women, and must forever flow into the hands of those who are ready to dispense it. It is the hands that are needed and the strong and joyous hearts that are ready to give of their own abundant store.

A. F.

NAT AND JIM.

"I'm often discouraged," said Pastor Towne, "yet I keep plodding still;
The seed I'm ever scattering by meadow and rock and hill;
Some falls by the wayside, and some the thorns spring up and choke and kill."

Two boys dropped into our meeting for shelter from the rain;
And heard the old, old story of Jesus' trial and pain,
And how he invites the sinner again and yet again.

Said Nat, brushing off a tear as they trudged on their way once more,
"It's good news that God loves us, and I shall set great store
By the memory of that song they sung about 'the other shore.'"

"My mother is over there," said Jim, taking off his tattered hat;
"I've told you about a good many things, but I never mentioned that,
Because I didn't know, you see, how soft your heart is, Nat."

"It's taken us fellows quite a spell to find each other out;
And now what do you say, Jim, to our turning right about?
God will give us work if we ask Him, I haven't the smallest doubt."

So they knelt down 'neath a pine tree in the moon's soft, silvery light,
And prayed that the God who loved them would help them to do right,
And find them honest work to do, "now, right straight off, to-night."

"Good evening, my lads!" and they jumped to find the pastor at their side.
"I saw you in the chapel; come right along and ride!
If you are going this way, I'll give you a lift as far as the river side."

"You gave us a 'lift' in the meeting that did us a heap of good;
We're looking for work; may be you'd help that way, too, if you could."
"Yes," said the pastor, "I'll get you the job of cutting Squire Marshall's wood."

Last Sunday the boys confessed their Lord and promised to do His will;
But the pastor says that Ruth Harris and young Mrs. Robert Hill,
At whom he preached that sermon, are far from the Kingdom still.

Annie A. Preston.

MY NEIGHBOR THE HERMIT.

I NEVER knew but one hermit, and he lived next door to me.

One day summer before last I received a dispatch, calling me to the village of Cordery, in New Hampshire, on account of an accident which had befallen a lady who was one of my patients. She had gone to the mountains with her family for the summer, and the dispatch told me briefly that she and her little girl had been thrown from a wagon and injured. The phrase struck me as a little peculiar, for it seemed to intimate that the wagon had reared or been vicious in some way. I found afterward that the wagon had tipped in going round a curve, and the seat from not being secured, had been jolted out, shooting the unfortunate occupants off into the road. The accident proved less serious than was feared, and thus, though I regretted the occasion, I was not wholly sorry for an excuse to get away from the city for a day or two, and to breathe the mountain air which was served up in great purity.

The house where my patient was boarding was that of a retired shoe-maker. His shop, detached from the house, bore a very rusty sign, and I found that it was several years since he had worked at his trade. He lived in a substantial brick house, which he had built thirty or forty years ago, and amused himself with keeping boarders. It was his amusement, but the somewhat anxious toil of his wife and daughter, who took upon themselves all the labor of providing, leaving the old gentleman to read the newspapers which his guests received, and to lie in wait for them as they came and went, for the sake of a social chat. The accident made a pleasant little diversion for him, and he unloaded his memory of a good many dusty stories of other accidents which had occurred within forty years in that neighborhood, so that the accumulation would have made a respectable show in the daily list of a metropolitan journal. He was freer to discuss the subject, as it was not his horse or wagon which had been party to the affair.

I was sauntering out of the house the next morning after my arrival, when he hooked me with his little cough. He had some catarrhal trouble which was accompanied by a cough that rattled all the somewhat husky machinery of his body. His good-morning was a spring which let his cough loose, and I could not politely pass until the spasm was over.

"How do you find Mrs. Eliot and the baby this morning?" he asked me, when he regained his breath.

"They had a comfortable night. Your wife proves herself a good nurse."

"Yes, she is. I don't know her like-

Why, there was Mis' Hatch, she came from down your way, perhaps you know her, she boarded with us three summers. Her little boy fell onto a scythe one day, and got a cut in his thigh, and Mis' Jordan she just made a salve of beeswax and honey, and sweet oil with a little bayberry tallow, and it worked to a charm. What d'ye think of that now for a remedy, doctor?"

"I should think it might have been quite healing."

"Well, this an't a place where doctors thrive much, but we've got a powerful iron spring down to Clabbertree. Why, there was Mr. Malkin, boarded here six summers ago. He came up here so lean and sort of leathery, that you could have used him as a razor strop when he was undressed. He used to go to Slab City every morning before breakfast and take a whole piggin full of that iron water, and when he went away, I shook hands with him and said, says I, 'Mr. Malkin, you look a deal smoother and sleeker than when you first came up.' 'Yes,' says he, 'I've been ironed out.' He would have his little joke;" and Mr. Jordan showed his half dozen old stumps.

"Clabbertree," said I, "I never heard of that place."

"Likely not. It's a part of Cordery. They used to make clapboards there. That's the way it got it's name. You see there's Cordery, and East Cordery, and Clabbertree and Jenkins' city—there's only Jenkins and his wife lives there now—and Millville. The railroad goes through East Cordery now, and the folks down there are trying to get the upper hand of the Cordery folks, but they hain't done it yet. Cordery's an old place. Seen our meeting-house?"

"I suppose that is it on the hill yonder, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it. You ought to see it. There ain't such another meeting-house about. It hain't been preached in for ten years, and there's all the hymn-books in there just as there used to be."

"Why do you keep it shut? Have you built another one?"

"No, we've talked of building one, but we haven't yet. You see the old meeting-house belonged to the town. It was built a hundred years ago. They say they were building it the same day the battle of Bunker Hill came off, and there was an Indian there who suspected something, and he just dug a hole up there by the meeting-house and put his ear down into it and heard the guns firing. That's what they say, but I don't more than half believe it, though Indians are mighty sly folks. I never could see how he knew something was going on, when the Britishers themselves didn't know it till that morning. Anyway the folks here knew about the battle pretty soon, for they stopped work and all went off, down Boston way, and the meeting-house didn't get finished till after the war was over. Then they all fell to and finished it. It was all built when I came here in 1815, and I heard a good many sermons in it from old Parson Richards. The town, you see, owned it then, and all the people went to the same meeting; but by and by they got to quarreling, and then the Universalists came along, and then the Baptists, and they said it wasn't fair. But they went down to East Cordery and built some meeting-houses down there, and the folks that didn't like the old style of preaching just stayed at home. Then they didn't have any minister at all for a long time, and then they had a town meeting what to do with the old meeting-house. Some wanted to make a town-hall out of it, and let the Congregationalists build a new meeting-house; but finally old Deacon Goodridge, who was a plain-spoken, and an easy going and a peaceful sort of man, moved to make one more trial, and he moved that the town let it to the s'ciety; and then they had a s'ciety meeting right afterward, and the s'ciety agreed to hire it, and to get a powerful minister and go to work again. It was a first rate thing to do, and everybody took hold as if they meant it. They got a young man from the seminary, and he accepted the call, and they set the time for installing him, and all the folks came, and all the ministers round, and they made a great time over the old meeting-house, and you'd ha' thought young Langdon was going to be a new Pope, they made such a fuss over

him. Well, after it was all over, they had a dinner, and when they came to look round for Langdon he was gone, and do you believe it, nobody knew where he went to. Some of our folks said as how they'd seen him back in the woods over there on Monachusett, and he looked so wild like they were afraid to speak to him, but I misdoubted it. There's some that used to say they saw smoke regularly coming up in one spot, and they guessed he was camping out there, but nobody liked to go and see. Anyway he never came back, and the people just talked about it, and talked about it; and it seems as though that talking took all the go out of them. For they had meeting once or twice, and then they sort o'stopped, and they left the things in the meeting-house, and it's ten years now since they've had any preaching there. The folks go over to East Cordery, but I never would go. I said we'd ought to have preaching here in Cordery."

"But was there no explanation ever made of such a queer thing?"

"Well, folks thought mainly he'd gone crazy all of a sudden. I didn't see what there was to go crazy about."

"What was his first name?"

"It was Stephen. Stephen Langdon."

The name had a half familiar sound to me, and I walked away, trying to recall where I had heard it. I finally determined that I must have heard it as belonging to a fellow in college in a class just below mine. I walked up the hill to where the old church stood. It was a huge structure set squarely on the top of the hill. There was something in the long reach of its walls, with their regular interstices, which might appeal to one's sense of fine proportion and dignity of capaciousness; but the feature of the building which really might command respect was the tower. This rose at the center of one end, square, pierced by but one window till it passed the ridge-pole, then terminating in a short series of polygonal turrets, one above the other. These turrets were well designed and gave with the belfry room, the four square windows and the peaked roof a certain rich and quaint effect, which was heightened by the severely simple lines of the tall tower. Some doves were flying in and out of the belfry, and they gave a touch of nature to the silent building, just as one sees in deserted farms the trees coming closer to the ruined house, and a slow, quiet process of reclaiming going on. I climbed up to a window and looked in, but could see nothing different from what belongs to any country meeting-house on a week-day. The carelessness of the interior had a pathos about it, as I remembered how long it had been waiting for the preacher's voice and the hum of the congregation. I turned away, wondering to myself where the young preacher was, and saying the name again to myself.

I was on the top of the hill, and I turned to the view that lay spread before me. Lakes lay gleaming beneath the sun, and hills were discovered in every direction; but most of all my eye rested upon the one great mountain, Monachusett, which rose slowly in the west. I say rose slowly, for that is just the impression which it makes upon one, as he looks steadily at it from this quarter. The lines of the slope lead by a long ascent to the summit, while deep scorings upon the side give to it a true mountain character. The gray rocks on its summit were cold in the shadow, but I saw them at other times tinged with a rosy hue. It was autumn now, and the stunted growth upon the side looked in the distance like close-clinging lichen. This was one side, but to the north stretched vast reaches of woodland, that added to the solitude of the mountain. It was the only real mountain in the vicinage, and rose from this dark forest as if it were itself some great mystery. It was not at first that I wholly realized its majesty, but I felt sure that continual companionship would cause me to regard it with increasing awe.

I staid in Cordery two or three days, and once I persuaded Mr. Jordan to walk with me to the old church and point out different objects. I asked him if he could show me the point where the smoke was seen, day after day, and was supposed to come from Langdon's fire. He directed my eye to a promontory of rock high up the wooded side of the mountain, and without disclos-

ing my purpose to him, I took its bearings and set out one morning to find it, half laughing at myself for my hopeless curiosity, yet dissatisfied to leave Cordery without discovering some traces of the minister who had stepped to the edge of his pulpit and then suddenly disappeared. I am a tolerably good walker and climber, and sufficient of a woodman to be reasonably confident of finding the rock after I should lose it upon beginning my climb. It was a lovely day early in October, and I had a keen sense of the exhilaration of the mountain air. The maples were rustling their leaves, and my footfall on the autumnal carpet carried me back to childhood. Life was so fresh and buoyant, I cried out, why did Langdon run away from the work to which he had just been consecrated. For my part, I had looked with something of envy on those who had been ordained to the ministry. They were hedged about by the ordination vows, and could enter upon their work with the consciousness of a special calling and an outward sign. I could not be other than I had chosen to be, but whatever consecration might attend my work, it must needs be silent and solitary. No diploma of a medical school could witness to a high and holy purpose. And yet, I reasoned, the very solemnity of the outward ordination might dismay one of morbid conscientiousness, and perhaps this was Langdon's misfortune.

I found a sap-house just at the entrance of the woods, and from that point there was no path, but I knew the general direction which I was to take, and I struck into the forest, pulling myself up the hill by catching at the saplings on the way. I worked round to the north side and found thick moss and layers of decayed wood, which seemed never to have been disturbed by foot of man. As I climbed higher, the growth became smaller, and somewhat scantier, and suddenly I came upon the dry bed of a brook, which I followed, confident that it would take me by the easiest ascent to the open space for which I was making. There was a spur of the mountain and the brook passed partly round it, so that I began to get glimpses of the country which I had left. All at once, I made a turn which brought me in full sight of Cordery church, and I sat down to rest on a broad stone, which had a natural back in a dead tree that rose solidly behind. I looked up and saw some forked branches near the top of it, and then recognized it as a landmark which Mr. Jordan had pointed out to guide me in seeing the spot where the smoke had once ascended from what was supposed to be Langdon's camp-fire. I must then be very near the place for which I had been aiming. As my eye traveled down the old tree, it fell upon the initials, S. L., and a date, ten years back. I fancy I felt as the discoverer of one of Sir John Franklin's relics. Here, I said to myself, he sat and looked off in the distance on that church, which he had so incontinently deserted. Perhaps he saw the people gather there, on the Sunday morning after his flight, and then go off in wondering knots. Perhaps he watched in vain to see another congregation gather, yet the church itself must have been a constant witness to him. I wondered if I might not find some other traces of the exile. I examined the tree again. I found it was scored with passages of Scripture, some of which were now illegible, and others I could read only because the blurred words suggested the familiar phrase. I remember two or three of these sentences: "For Thou wilt light my candle;" "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood;" "I went into Arabia." Plainly this man had made a diary of the dead tree, and, if one could know the order of the entries, and could read them all, he could get at a continuous spiritual history. I looked about in vain for any other indications of his life here. I thought I found, near by, the remains of a hut, but it was rather the marks of a place where a hut might have been. Long while I sat, looking off upon Cordery church, and trying to reconstruct from these fragments the strange life of the hermit, Langdon; but I had to confess that it was unaccountable to me. The only positive clue which I had was in his words, "I went into Arabia," which, of course, recalled that voluntary exile of the Apostle Paul, when the revelation of the

gospel of Christ was begun in him, and he was separated for his three years' course in the theological school of the desert of Arabia.

I went back to the city after a day more in Cordery, accompanying my patient, who had recovered sufficiently to be moved, but required skillful attendance in the moving. Everything seemed to have happened during the three or four days vacation which I had stolen. My practice is not very large, nor very lucrative, I may add, for a good deal of it lies amongst patients who cannot afford the luxury of sickness, and are less able to pay the doctor when they get up than when they lie down. Perhaps it was partly because my office, separate from my home, was in a portion of the city which formed a sort of boundary between wealth and poverty, that I had so large a share of practice amongst the poor and those struggling to keep outside of poverty. I found my slate full of requests to call, and I plunged again into my work with alacrity. I was frequently brought into contact with the various helpers of the poor, who serve to remind the doctor that he may take a too professional view of sickness and poverty. My patients were of all faiths, and there was more or less discrimination made by the visitors, some confining themselves only to persons of their own way of belief, but others, and I may say the larger part making no distinction. I found sisters of charity administering to good Protestants, and city missionaries supplying the needs of devout Romanists whom they would regard as incorrigible in their doctrinal beliefs. One man in particular, was looked upon with great reverence by all classes and faiths, a powerfully built fellow, of superb health, who had dubbed himself somewhat whimsically, Brother, and went by that appellation always. He was always spoken of as Brother, and treated himself in the same odd way. He seemed to anticipate my visits with extraordinary insight. Sometimes he was sent for I suppose, but usually as far as I could make out, Brother had just dropped in before me, and sometimes had recommended sending for me. I did not very often meet him, but when I did it was always with admiration at his singular felicity in dealing both with the physical and the spiritual wants of the people he was with.

It was not long after my return from Cordery that I had a call from Brother, one evening, at dusk. There was a sick man, he said, who needed me. Would I go to him at once? Yes, for I had a special engagement soon. I could go then, if it was not far. Brother smiled and said it was only next door, and I went at once with him. I knew nothing about my next door neighbors—no strange thing in the city—and only inferred that it was a lodging-house, from the variety of people whom I had seen coming and going casually, so that I was in no wise surprised at finding my patient so near. Brother, too, I had frequently seen enter. As I was putting on my coat, Brother explained that it was a man who was plainly dying, and, he feared, of starvation. He led the way for me, and I groped after him, along a passage and up some stairs to the very top of the house. The room which we entered was a large one, and in one corner were bags of scraps of paper, as if the occupant were a chiffonier, or rag-picker; but there was no special sign of squalor about the place. On the contrary, there was an air of exceeding neatness, not very customary in the dwellings of the very poor. I cast a hasty glance about the room, but went directly to the sick man, who lay on a large bed, beside which was a small cot bedstead. Some gruel was simmering on the little stove, and a light was burning dimly. I examined the man while Brother stood by me. It was evidently as he feared: the man was starving. He was so very low that I did not see how he could live more than a few minutes, but I thought it possible that stimulants, might yet be given, and I asked Brother if he would go back to my office and bring a special cordial which I rarely used. I gave him directions how to find it, and he left me. As I sat by the dying man, my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and I could make out the objects in the room better. A table was near me, and

on it a book. I took it up. It was a Bible, bound with a New Testament iu Greek. I turned curiously to the fly-leaf at the beginning, to see if I could find any trace of the ownership. There had been a name and a place, but they were carefully erased, and, in the darkness, I could not decipher them. I turued it over. On the back, at the foot, were two letters, S. L., stamped in now faded gilt. The book was worn with constant use, and I looked at it and the dying man with wonder. Brother came in now, and we applied the stimulant. I waited to see the effect, though I somewhat feared it would be too late. It was too late. He revived for a moment only; there was a sudden leap of life; his wild face seemed illumined; he bent his look, with inexpressible tenderness, on Brother, and then fell back dead.

I could not stay longer, and I knew that I could leave everything to Brother, but I was saddened by the miserable end of this man, who was plainly an educated man, a scholar it may be, brought to this wretched pass. I took up the book again by the stronger light which we now had. I turned again to the fly-leaf and looked narrowly at the writing. I made out one letter and another of the obliterated name. Then, as when one blindly works at a puzzle, the answer flashes upon him of a sudden, I read the name—it was Stephen Langdon. I laid the book down reverently, and, with a burst of emotion which I could scarcely control, fell on my knees by the side of the dead man. This his end! And how now would the mystery be solved? I rose and turned to Brother, who had knelt beside me.

"Come to me sometime," I said, "and tell me what you know of this man. I think I can tell you more." He looked at me in surprise. "I have discovered a clue in that book," I added, "and I have been moved as not before for many a day." He must have seen my emotion. His own words were few and abrupt, as if he could not trust himself to speak, and so I bade him good-by. I waited after that, expecting Brother to come to me, but I knew his iudependent ways and was not surprised that he should regard lightly matters of mere curiosity, as this could be called, by one who did not know what I knew. Yet often, as I went about my work, I perplexed myself about Stephen Langdon, wondering greatly what had been his history since the day he had fled from Cordery church to this, when he died in desolation in the heart of a great city. A hermit on the side of Monachusett, a hermit, too, doubtless in this busy city, and the very next door to one who had spelled out a little of his story.

It was a fortnight or so after this before I heard from Brother, nor had I met him during my frequent calls. Then a little girl came to my office one morning, and said that Brother wanted to see me.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He's right next door," said she, and I followed her again to Stephen Langdon's room, pretty sure that the explanation was now to come, for which I had been waiting Brother's leisure. The child did not wait, but left me to enter alone. It was an attic room, and a large dormer window looked out to the west. In a window-seat, which I had not noticed on my former visit, I found Brother seated, wrapped about with bed-clothes and looking exceedingly haggard. I was shocked at his appearance, and expressed my surprise in words:

"What brings you here, sick, Brother? You must let me see to you before we talk about Stephen Langdon." He smiled and answered the questions which I put to him, answering simply but with no anxiety or special interest.

"How did you get the sudden cold? what was the exposure?" I asked, going back to one point of my inquiry. He hesitated a moment; then he said:

"I passed the night in the open air upon the ground, and was, I suppose, too much absorbed to notice how chill it was. You know I am naturally a rugged fellow."

"Just so, and rugged people have a way of breaking down suddenly with greater force than more frail ones who watch themselves closely."

"I think my work is really done," he said; and he said it with a certain simplicity of

manner which forbade my treating it as a morbid fancy or as anything but an ordered fact. "I know well that I shall not recover, but I am entirely willing that you should experiment upon me. However, it was not for this that I asked you to come to see me." I was quite willing to have Brother talk, since I could form my conclusions as to his condition better thus, and I led him on:

"How happens it," I asked, "that you are here where Langdon died?"

"How did you know his name?" he asked me.

"I made it out partially in the fly-leaf of his Bible there, and guessed at the rest of it from what I knew of Stephen Langdon."

"You interest me. Tell me what you know." I told him what I had learned at Cordery. I described the old church, and told, too, of my visit to Langdon's hermitage on the side of Monachusett, and of how completely I had been foiled in my endeavors to learn what had become of him, until that night when I had been called here to his dying bedside.

"I fancy he must have sat often in this window seat," said Brother, "for on very clear days it is possible to make out the mountain very dimly from here. I think I descried it this morning. He may have chosen this room for this very purpose."

"Brother," said I, "you are a strange fellow. I suspect you know something of his history more than I have told you."

"I do," said he, "and I have not forgotten how you promised to tell me what you knew if I would tell you what I had found out. I cannot say that I know his whole history; but I can supply some of the missing parts. He did flee to Monachusett as you surmised, and lived there in solitude for five years. Why he fled from his church is not so easily told. He had been called to Cordery as minister of the old church there, and perhaps the chief reason why he accepted that call was his genuine love of Nature, which he hoped to gratify by frequent excursions into the woods. He had a good knowledge of woodcraft, for he had a passion for that free life. He entered the ministry as a sort of inheritance; his father, his grandfather, and his grandfather's father and grandfather had all been ministers before him; he not only was in the direct line, but he actually inherited a vast accumulation of sermons. They never destroyed any, and though he rarely read one, the possession was a sort of incubus. There was always more or less of a struggle going on in his mind, but the dominant force seemed to be this inheritance of the ministry, so that when he preached, he was possessed by a long line of ghostly predecessors, and his own sermons might have been added to the ancestral heap without being distinguished perceptibly from them. His uneasiness had something to do with his willingness to go to the secluded village of Cordery. That was a sort of fleeing from Tarshish, for he tried to persuade himself that if he could get away from men into some sleepy community, he might preach his great-great-grandfather's sermons even without detection, and be free to live an out-of-door, wood-life. In short, being a minister, he wished only to be as little of a minister as possible, and so relieve himself of the responsibility which weighed on him.

"He went up to the installation prepared to stay, and that included a compact provision for forest life. The neighboring clergymen who took part in the services were nearly all old men, and they said many excellent and wise things which he heard as he might have heard from his ancestors. But there was one of the number of his own age, whom he had never before met, and whose place it was to give him the right hand of fellowship. You are an Episcopalian, and may not know what that means. It is a beautiful custom among certain Protestant churches by which a new minister is welcomed into the fraternity of churches and ministers among whom he is to dwell. This young minister, who had the enthusiasm of a great soul, grasped him by the hand and magnetized him by his touch, only that seems too mean a word to express the power of one soul over another soul. 'God,' he said, 'has revealed His Son Jesus Christ in us that we should preach him to the world, and if you ever find that sense of having a message to deliver, a personal witness to bear, grow dull within you, look up to the hills whence cometh our help. God

has set us here in this wild country, and means that we should use it. Think of Paul in Arabia, of Elijah in the desert; think of Christ himself on the mountain at midnight, in the desert during those forty days of preparation for his ministry, and find a like refuge with God.' These words, which no doubt seem simple enough to you, were like the touching of the eyes of the blind by the Saviour. Immediately he received sight, and with it such an overwhelming sense of his own utter unreadiness for leading the men and women about him, that he fled, not daring then to tell a soul, and gathering hastily his accoutrements, ran breathless out of the village, through the fields to the woods, and through the woods up the side of the mountain.

"You know something of his life there, more than any one beside myself, for you deciphered the inscription on the tree which forms the only record that he made of his life there. He conferred not with flesh and blood, but with the Spirit of God. That Spirit led him afterward to one city and another, giving him work to do for the souls and bodies of men. He did not return to the professional ministry. That was no longer for him, but his candle was lighted, and with that he made his way into many houses of darkness." There was a smile playing round Brother's face as he said this, and then he turned away and looked steadfastly toward the north-west. "I almost think I can see it," he said; "that great mountain." I went to his side and followed his hand, but I could not persuade myself that I saw it.

"Your eyes are clearer than mine," said I. "But tell me, how did you know all this, and where did you find Langdon? Though I need not ask, for your work, so like his, must have brought you near him often." He turned toward me and looked on me.

"You guessed the name from little more than the initials. Can you not guess the person?" Then the same sudden illumination came to me.

"You are Stephen Langdon!"

"Yes." I bent my head involuntarily and sat silent. Then I asked, pointing to the bed:

"And he?"

"He was one of my brethren whom I found that night when I called upon you. I brought him here."

"And this is your home?"

"Yes, my last." In my absorption in his story I had almost forgotten Brother's own condition, but these words recalled me. "I wanted to visit Arabia again," said he. "It was not that which brought me to this pass. I knew before I went that my end was drawing near. I was homesick for the great rock again."

I refused to accept his presentiment and went carefully and with all my knowledge to work to bring him back to that magnificent health, which was once my admiration. He accepted simply all my offices and obeyed me in every particular. It was in vain. Two days later as I sat in my study, searching my books for precedent of his case, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and admitted my neighbor, the little girl. She stood there with great eyes, full of awe, and said in a whisper, "Brother is dead."

Horace E. Scudder.

MORTMAIN.

HERE go the Savings Banks of Chicago—one, two, three; and the National Banks—one, two, and nobody knows which will go next; all gone, sublimated; with not so much as a cinder to represent millions of trusted values! Yet Chicago is the Paradise of bankers! There is no end to the money than can be hauled in for money loaned out. Transactions aggregating vast amounts are reported at six per cent. a month. These may be outside transactions and usurious. But the victims are the last men to tell tales; they are helpless except as they bring suit, and the lenders know how to lay all the pipes of technical defence beforehand. All *legal* loans, however, are

at the highest figures and for the shortest time. Bankwise, a father would not look at his son at the breakfast table if he did not see in him ten per cent., payable in thirty days. Nothing is done at less than ten per cent.

Meantime the great army of the unfed, (it rapidly becomes the unwashed also,) grows greater. The Relief Committees wax warm and weary. Communists abound, and the most popular political measure is the one looking to the increase of the army. What is true of Chicago is essentially true of St. Louis, of the other cities of the West, and of the whole nation.

Surely here is a condition of things that needs looking into. Men do look *at* it. They meet at the street corners and wonder when disasters are to cease and good times begin again.

We might as well at the outset understand that there is no *necessity* that easy times ever come again. If we should find out the difficulty, that would not remedy it. If we should find out what would be a remedy, that would not apply it. It may require a more radical change in our philosophy and practice than we are willing to make.

Down at the base of the matter lies a moral question, and questions of morals are of slow solution. They certainly are not solved till they are apprehended. We want good times; but for whom or for what? One would think these *were* good times for money-lenders. True, the banks, the loaning institutions, one after another go by the board, but that may be a legacy of other days, and not the legitimate outcome of these. Certainly there were never better days than these for financiers of carnivorous or omnivorous instinct. Money can do as much for itself and its possessors as at any time in human history. These *are* good times for some persons and some things. Yet we cannot be mistaken that the drift—the great undertow of events—is toward constriction and distress for the masses of the people. They are having less to do and less to live upon.

In the struggle for adjustment between capital and labor, if we say that the care society has expended upon the interests of capital has been altogether disproportionate to its merits, that may in the popular estimation send us at once to the ranks of the partisans of labor. But if we give the reason for this conviction we shall hope to receive such respect as ought to go to the force of the reason.

Here is the issue: On the one hand is a thousand dollars, on the other is a man. The business before us is to adjust the interest of these two factors of industry in respect to each other. That each has rights is true enough. The difficulty is to secure equitable adjustment of them. If to-day the best show is on the side of the thousand dollars, the suspicion ought to cross the mind that there is something fundamentally wrong in our civilization.

Without attempting the niceties of definition in political economy, we will say that money, capital, is a surplus left over from consumption after wants are satisfied. It is a gift from yesterday, from the day before yesterday, from former generations. The mass of men must live by present labor. Capital is only a collateral aid in industry. The race could live by exercise of existing energy if all former accumulations were swept away. But it would soon perish if it trusted to former surpluses. It is a remark of the historian Buckle that no food surplus at any time equals a year's production. The same statement would be nearly true of clothing and fuel. These items include the main essentials of life. They *must* be renewed from year to year.

When you come into the forum of morals with this contest between the thousand dollars and the man, it is to be remembered that the thousand dollars is dead, and the man is living. The thousand dollars came into existence because somebody's wants were satisfied without it. But the man's wants are pressing upon him *now*. Even if the thousand dollars be used for a charitable purpose, as for the support of a widow and her children, it is then only of subordinate interest; for the widow herself has or may have good standing in the forum of industry along with the great majority who are workers. It is better that there be a clear

field *there*, even when you have a charitable object in view, than that there should be any amount of income to the thousand dollars. The primary problem before us is not what we shall do with the accumulations of former days; it is what we shall do with the men, women and children living in this day. The main issue is their needs and the means of their supply; the collateral one the rents, issues and profits of former surpluses. The issue between capital and labor is the issue between money and man, between a thing that cannot feel and a being who can; between the want that has been satisfied and the want that is pressing,—as hunger, cold, intellectual or esthetic craving.

It is quite possible that these two factors of industry could be used to aid each other, but it is quite certain that we are not generally so using them; and as certain that the money factor is trying to consume the labor factor.

The exactions of money for its own use are such that no industrial enterprises can stand and pay its claims. There is not a legitimate industry in the United States that for accommodations can stand a line of ten per cent. discounts. Having sent honest enterprises to bankruptcy, it is not a great wonder that banks fail. Only an industry in its death throes would attempt to carry bank discounts at present rates. Banks die the victims of their own greed. At high rates they gorge themselves with the paper of moribund enterprises.

Of course there is one other way in which our difficulty can be met, and that is by the reduction of the wages of workmen. Into that we must look.

It is very pleasant to sit by our comfortable coal fires in this winter weather. Whoever is engaged in making possible so much comfort for so many millions, ought to be well paid for his labor. The coal and iron industries ought to be well rewarded. A man who is engaged in work so essential to our civilization as coal-mining, ought to have a comfortable income arising from his work. There ought to be chances for a man to rise *in* such an industry; the only hope for him ought not to be in getting out of it.

Now if any one will go into the homes of coal-miners, or of foundry men, and say that he wants relief from our present financial paralysis by the reduction of the wages of such laborers, we will relieve him from all suspicion of ever looking at the things of others as though they were his own. *There* is a *necessary* position in our civilization. What chance has a man who is in it to work out comforts and some little of luxury for his home? to hire help for his wife's relief as work and care tell upon her health? to push forward son or daughter into the higher realms of education as they may show genius for study? Yet something of this ought to be possible *inside* such mighty industries as the coal and iron business, in *any* of their necessary positions. As between reduction of rates of interest for money, and reduction of the wages of such laborers, a Christian man who knows the situation has not much difficulty in choosing.

The simple fact is that ten per cent. is possible only by grinding the face of the poor. Ten per cent. is an outrage on humanity.

"There must be rates of interest allowed such that they will be attractive to those who have capital, or they will not invest in industrial enterprises at all."

Certainly. But on the other hand the rates must be attractive to those who want to borrow money. If this is not accomplished, the end will be that capital will be compelled to sit and watch its own idle chest. It will in that way become as poor as the poverty of labor.

"There must be such reward for accumulations that men will seek to make them."

Certainly. But men will only seek to do what is possible. A dukedom in the moon may be very attractive, but you cannot get a great many men to make the effort to secure one. When it takes all a man can earn and something besides to meet the demands of the accumulations already made, there is no chance for him to make any for himself. Our industries, one after another, have failed because there were no *possibilities* for them.

The government of the United States has done well in refunding so many millions of its indebtedness at four per cent. It was an example in the right direction, for so many

people to invest at such rates. It is a proof, too, that capital can afford that rate in a safe investment. But such a rate of interest would make safe many an industry now impossible or hazardous.

Something akin to this is what ought to be done along the lines of all transactions in money. If men who have money would loan to those who need it, in the various industries, at somewhere near the government rate, we should start the wheels of business again and should hear less and less about the contest between capital and labor.

If the men who have railroad stocks and bonds will refund at four per cent. income *on honest money*, we shall not need an enlarged army to prevent railroad strikes. Was there not much justice in the statement of the railway employes last summer that they could not live on their wages and support families? Ought it not to be one of the first demands of civilization that families *should* be supported, and well supported, along the lines of such an enormous industry as that of the railways? If such an industry,—one of the largest in the country—is under no obligation to support families, what industry is? The question was gravely discussed, if, in the interest of capital, the railroads might not insist on supplying themselves with unmarried employes! Perhaps we had better abolish the marriage relation altogether, and rid ourselves of all the complications which grow out of it. It would simplify matters very much if the capital employed in any industry could adjust the scale of wages to the simplest needs of individual workmen. It is a plain road in this way back to the employment of children in mines and factories—back to ignorance, squalor, vice and degradation unutterable. Look into the home of an average railroad hand, and then ask yourself if there is to be a reduction, either in dividends or in wages, where the reduction ought to be.

The men whose money went into railroad beds and rolling stock are mostly dead. As between tribute to the surpluses of dead men, and adequate rewards to the labor of living men, a healthy moral judgment does not have much difficulty in choosing.

"But certain rates were nominated in the bond, and good faith demands that they be paid." Certainly. If capital insists on its pound of flesh it must have it—bearing in mind that when the question assumes this form, there is a possibility of getting nothing at all.

But we are not arguing what exactions shall be made of capital; we are simply raising the question of what demand it shall choose to make. Why should the fixed factor in our industries be always the dues of capital, the variable one always the wages of labor? What is the nature of this sacredness which pinches the one so hard, and sits so loosely upon the other? Jesus seems to have taught that more was due to men than to institutions; that mercy was better than sacrifice even sanctioned by law. It is possible by a steady look to the bottom to see where the necessity and the honor in the case lie.

We are legitimately where we are in our industrial condition. We got here under the tuition of *laissez faire*—the great goddess Diana of the political economists. The doctrine is: Let the self-protecting instincts of man alone; they will regulate business. Competition is the great industrial regulator. Well! the railway condition of last summer is enough to show that competition, after devouring everybody else, will turn to and eat itself.

Political economy is called "the dismal science." There is good reason why it should be called the ungodly and inhuman science. The selfish instincts of man are a poor guide for civilization. The most barbarous doctrine of the regnant political economy is that labor is a commodity in the market, just like any other commodity, and that it must take its place like goods, wares, and merchandise, under the law of demand and supply. There is no difference between the statement that labor is a commodity, and that the laborer is a commodity. The labor and the laborer are one and inseparable. The work is immanent in the man. You cannot have the one without the other. You cannot solve the problem of labor by treating it as dead work. The man who works, lives and feels; he has his hopes, his ambitions, his loves. These are

things which must have their scope, and to which attention must be paid.

The living man is not only himself engaged in a day's labor, but wife and children are representatively in him, and the vision of Christian morals takes in them and their needs. No *laissez faire* can meet this case. Society must make purposed adaptations to it. There will be unrest and storm and disaster till civilization is organized to meet the living exigency; till it tries to do its best for men rather than for money.

It may be a long way to the regulation of the industrial situation upon moral principles. But Christianity means to lead in that way; it means to inculcate the principle that money is to be used to bless the living; it means to break the heavy clutch of the dead hand. *Charles Caverno.*

DORCAS.

The honest heart may well be proud
  An honest tear to shed;
With loving hand I sew her shroud;
  The good old soul is dead.

She died as she had lived—alone;
  We found her—not one trace
Of the last, fearful passion shown
  By her dear withered face.

Reproach, regret, were all in vain;
  'Twas like her so to die,
As if to save our hearts the pain
  Of bidding her good-by.

How poor and plain she used to be!
  How generous and how kind!
She left a blessed memory
  And three black gowns, behind.

The little place she used to rent
  Will be a lonely spot;
A certain grace her presence lent
  To house and garden-plot.

The children swung upon her gate
  And watched her apples fall,
And still, like some benignant Fate,
  She smiled upon them all.

The roses on her window tree
  Were plucked before they bloomed;
And lavender and sanctity
  Her quiet rooms perfumed.

She rests, at last, from pain and woe;
  She sees God's perfect will;
And yet, though free from care, I know
  She must be busy still.

Perchance, while through the golden air
  The heavenly music swells,
She shows some little angel where
  To find the asphodels.

Or, sent with mercies from the skies
  To comfort souls unblest,
She flies, God's Bird of Paradise,
  On wings that cannot rest.

Glad be her flight! She rises o'er
  The cloud that round us lowers;
The tears shall fill her eyes no more
  That gather fast in ours.

Marian Douglas.

SAUNTERINGS ABOUT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

An evening in an enchanted region, gliding over an enchanted sea, towards an enchanted isle, was the fair night when first I approached the far famed isle of beauty which lies on the south of England's shore. The stately line-of-battle ships of other days, their long tiers of portholes lit up and reflected in the still waters of Port mouth, lent magic to the scene; out of the starry gloom beyond, ghostlike yachts, one by one stole by, the vague forms of their sails fanned by the low sea-wind; the strains of martial music floated out to sea, now rising, now falling in harmonious cadences, and as we glided across Spithead strait, a calcium light suddenly burst at intervals across the night, revealing the secrets of the darkness, and as suddenly vanishing, as if a curtain were raised and dropped before the glories of the land of dreams. The lights of the island we were approaching constantly grew more vivid, quivering in red reflections on the glassy floor of the still water, and the dim outlines of grove and hill became less mysterious, until almost before we were aware, we were making fast to a pier, and stepping ashore on the Isle of Wight, by seamen called "The Wight."

After much wandering among other isles of the seas, and many times passing it, I had at last landed on this fortunate isle, and found when daylight came, that Ryde, where I had been first introduced to it, is a fitting vestibule through which to enter the Island. Formerly, before the building of the pier, Ryde was so often inaccessible from the sea, owing to the long succession of muddy flats exposed at low water, that passengers had to be landed like poor Fielding, the inimitable author of Tom Jones, on the backs of sailors, or in a cart. The present pier is half a mile in length, and terminates in a large, circular platform, furnished with awnings, seats and balustrades, from which an extensive and beautiful view of Portsmouth and the coast of the island is obtained; the central object is Ryde itself, reposing on a gentle slope, and embowered in civilized masses of patrician verdure. Around this pier head clusters the prettiest, sauciest yachts out of Yankee waters, so in love with their own beauty, that of a calm morning they swanlike gaze at themselves reflected on the burnished surface of the bay. There, too, full cheeked musicians blow magical strains out of sonorous brass, by moonlight, and the fairest dames and damosels, and the most high mettled aristocrats of Rotten Row, in the jauntiest of yachting rigs, collect in enraptured pairs to repeat the old story which Lorenzo and Jessica rehearsed in Venice years ago. Amid this romantic throng may be also detected sometimes the thoroughly prosaic form of your genuine cockney, or the stocky, broad-collared and wide trowsered figure

of an old tarpaulin, gazing knowingly to seaward, with a huge quid rolled up in his cheek, and elbowing the crowd with the rolling movement of a heavy laden ship running before a gale of wind. Pugs, terriers, and Spitz dogs add their scarcely less demonstrative personality to one of the most notable gatherings in Great Britain. But if Ryde Pier is one of the rarest pleasure resorts in old England, Ryde Town is also one of its most charming places of residence, presenting a labyrinth of lanes hidden in shrubbery and flowers, and cozy and often elegant cottages at every turn. A certain primitive quaintness seemed to me also to cling to it still when I heard the town crier going about the streets in a dog-cart, ringing a bell and shouting, "A large and valuable collection of water color paintings will be sold to-day at No. 5 Blank street." There is a museum at Ryde worth visiting. It contains local antiquities, including the ossuary remains of the monks and founders of Quarr Abbey, which formerly stood two miles west of Ryde. It was a wealthy corporation, owning lands in most parts of the island. The inmates waxed fat on the ample revenues, became noted for their sharp practices, and disturbed the domestic peace of numerous households by a lax interpretation of the seventh commandment. At any rate, the reputation of the Abbey was not savory when it was abolished by Henry VIII. Little now remains to mark the site of the old Abbey; but stone coffins have from time to time been revealed, and the spot is still haunted by certain characteristic legends. It is claimed that a wood near the Abbey, called Eleanor's Grove, after the notorious queen of Henry II., was often visited by her during her imprisonment at Quarr. After her death she was buried there, it is stated, in a coffin of gold, which is guarded from the cupidity of an unregenerate race by the potent spell of a magician.

In point of scenery, the southern portion of the Isle of Wight is by far the most grand and various in its aspects; and towards this I therefore first directed my steps on leaving Ryde. It is a pleasant morning stroll to Brading, passing by the spot where the bodies taken from the *Royal George* were buried. Midway between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, not a century ago, the brave old line-of-battle ship keeled over in a breeze and went down at her anchorage with twice five hundred souls on board. Kempenfelt, the admiral, was lost in his flagship, and Cowper commemorated this tragedy of the sea with a few immortal lines. A buoy now marks the spot where lies the *Royal George*, the sands of ocean choking up her portholes, and the monsters of the deep toying with her mighty skeleton.

Brading, a quaint little town, reposes at the head of Brading Haven, a lake-like cave embayed among lovely hills and groves. A stone-cased well in the centre of the port, which was discovered some years ago, shows that time was when the haven was dry land and inhabited by men. To the outside world Brading is chiefly known as the home of Little Jane, the Young Cottager, whose simple and pious life was described by Rev. Leigh Richmond. Her rustic cottage still stands in a green lane at the foot of Brading Down; her grave in the south-east corner of the village church-yard has been visited by scores of thousands. Leigh Richmond, who was pastor here in the early part of this century, not only achieved wide fame by his pathetic rural narratives entitled, "The Annals of the Poor," but also wrought an influence for good hardly equaled by any other religious writer since the time of John Bunyan.

But Brading has other points of interest. The church, which has recently been most carefully restored, is undoubtedly of very ancient date. It is known that a church existed here as early as 704, in which Bishop Wilfrid baptized the first Christian convert of the island; and there is nothing to disprove the fact that the present building is at least in part composed of that primitive chapel. In an open space in the main street of the village, a ring is still seen to which the bull was made fast in the old days when bull baiting was a legal sport; a well worn pair of stocks are yet shown in front of the town-hall, and some of the diamond-casemented cottages preserve the rings to which tapestries were suspended on gala days of yore.

South of Brading I came to Sandown, which gives its name to the most beautiful bay in the island. The Culver Cliffs, perpendicular walls of chalk washed by the blue sea, add majesty to the lovely curve of Sandown Bay. That notoriously eccentric demagogue of the last century, Charles Wilkes, owned a "villakin," as he sportively called it, at Sandown, where he spent the last years of his life. The grounds were curiously decorated with grotesque pavilions and imitations of classic tombs, inscribed to those he most admired, including himself. A pillar embowered in foliage bore the epitaph, "*Carolo Churchill, divino poetæ, amico jucundo, civi optime de patria merito.*" "To Charles Churchill, the divine poet, the genial friend, the citizen who has deserved well of his country."

But Shanklin, reputed the loveliest of the lovely villages of the isle, drew me by its fame from Sandown — Shanklin sung by poets and haunted by artists. The site of the town,—for town it may almost be called, the population has of late so rapidly increased,—is deeply undulating, presenting many quiet nooks and dells wherein nestle the most charming of leafy cottages, surrounded by dense hedges and espaliers tapestried with masses of flowers, fuchsias, geraniums, sweet peas, heliotropes, jessamines and roses, deftly interwoven by nature and art combined. On the sea-side the village terminates in bold precipices, whose brow is parapeted with turf, and furnished here and there with rustic seats. On the sands at the foot of the cliffs fishermen's rude huts, fishing boats, lobster baskets, and nets hanging to dry, are picturesquely grouped. The sandy floor is here the finest in the island, and admirable for bathing. From the lofty slopes of Dunnose the prospect over Sandown Bay presents one of the most effective of sea-views, when the skies are blue, flecked and barred by the faint, fleecy tracery of summer clouds, the shining cliffs assuming a tender roseate hue in the mellow afternoon glow, while the amethystine sea, enclosing the isle with a line of silver foam, is itself enclosed in the distance by the dreamy coast of the mainland, and lit up by the sails of trim yachts, or clippers fading away towards unseen lands.

But to most people the great attraction of Shanklin is the Chine. The word chine is a local term applied to deep grooves or clefts,—gulches they would be called in California,—worn into the sides of the sea precipices in the course of long ages, by streams seeking to merge their brief current with the eternity of ocean. The vertical sides of Shanklin Chine are two to three hundred feet deep, draped with dense clinging verdure, and separated by a narrow streamlet, which at most times is a mere insignificant thread of water meagerly dribbling down over the edge of a precipice at the head of the gorge, and slipping with proper humility over a succession of ledges towards the sea close at hand. The dampness of the place does not recommend it to invalids, and it is quite likely poor Keats, who there whiled many hours away, thus aggravated the fatal disease then preying on his vitals. I know it is very shocking and unpoetical to say such rude things about Shanklin Chine, but I confess it disappointed me somewhat. I have seen many similar spots much less renowned which quite surpass Shanklin Chine in beauty and impressiveness.

It was with a certain sneaking feeling of recreancy to my principles that I stole into Ventnor from Shanklin by the miniature railway which leads to it. It was an evening of surpassing splendor, the western sky beaming with the amber and gold of warmer climes, and the crescent moon forming a silvery cleft in the twilight, when suddenly with a diabolical shriek from the engine, we were whisked out of the glimpses of the moon into the Plutonian darkness of a large and most unromantic tunnel. When we at length emerged, and found ourselves in Ventnor, and I entered the coach of the hotel, the extraordinary steepness of the streets suggested the hope that the horses were not of a frolicksome nature, or we might bring up on the edge of a precipice, and take a plunge of several hundred feet into the sea. But we stopped safe and sound at the Crab and Lobster. Years ago, ere Ventnor had reached its present importance, the "Crab

and Lobster" was a wee bit of a hostel nestling under the cliff, noted for its good cheer and a thorough respectability which made it almost necessary to have a letter of recommendation in order to get a lodging there. But times changed; guests increased; other hotels were springing up in all directions, and the little inn was put one side, or rather a much larger building was added on one end of it, and there it still remains, clinging to the newer and more pretentious building, and almost smothered under a luxurious mass of ivy.

Ventnor is situated on what is called the Undercliff, a narrow, broken strip of land half a mile wide and seven miles long. On the north it is hemmed in by the steep, lofty wall of Boniface Down and St. Catherine's Hill, soaring over eight hundred feet. On the south it everywhere terminates in precipices washed by the ocean surges. Such is a general plan of the Undercliff, which was formed in the unrecorded past by the breaking away of the slopes. In dire confusion the sliding mass rushed towards the sea, and the Undercliff was the result. But neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray the limitless variety of forms, the exquisite and suggestive beauty which render the Undercliff the most enchanting spot in the Isle of Wight. It is as if some vast capital of the giants of old had been overthrown, and its titanic palaces and towers mingled and heaped in indiscriminate ruin, and then overgrown and beautified with the rank vegetation which time throws like a green shroud over the remains of dead cities. The illusion is heightened by the cliffs from which this landslip was detached. In many places the jagged, perpendicular, brown rocks, which sometimes actually overhang the road, bear the closest resemblance in form and color to ancient fortifications of stupendous dimensions.

It is to be regretted by the lover of Nature that the very attractions of Ventnor are tending rapidly to transform it from a quiet hamlet in the sweetest spot of England's loveliest isle to a busy, fashionable watering-place and health resort, already numbering over six thousand inhabitants, with all the numerous appurtenances of such a resort. The pretty drives are also too often disfigured by such advertisements as the following: "This Fine Lot of Two Acres To Let for 999 Years," or, "This Noble Estate To Let for 2,000 Years; Inquire of Find & Fleecem, Cheatem St., London." Why a piece of land that is to let for twenty centuries should not be sold outright it is difficult to understand, although such long lease-holds are of frequent occurrence in England. Imagine the bother it would be to try to-day to collect the ground rents due on a piece of land leased by Julius Cæsar to Marcus Junius Brutus! And yet it is only nineteen hundred years since the former was stabbed by the latter, perhaps in order to avoid the payment of rent, the alleged reason for the crime being possibly only "a blind."

But after all, it is unreasonable to blame the good people who flock to Ventnor during the summer and winter for pleasure or health. One has only himself to blame if, when he goes to commune with Nature in her happiest moods and aspects, he cannot so command his reflections as not to be disturbed by the thousands of chattering tourists swarming over cliff and vale from June to October, like flies over a bowl of sugar. As to invalids, if they must go to the Isle of Wight for their health, Ventnor is of course the only place for them there, with its southern exposure and protection from northerly winds. An asylum for consumptives entitled the "National Cottage Hospital for Consumptives," has been established at Ventnor, consisting of a central church, and eight pairs of cottages on each side, including also a hall for lectures and concerts. The object of this beneficent and successful institution is to furnish comfortable lodgings and medical advice, at moderate rates, for invalids unable to endure the expense of boarding-houses or of going to more distant and better resorts, such as Madeira. The manager's report for 1876, curiously sums up the net gain of the inmates for the year as represented by a ton of flesh! If not strikingly elegant, the phrase is at least expressive, and saves the bewildered mind from floundering among minute details such as burden most sanitary reports.

To the eastward and adjoining Ventnor, is the lovely hamlet of Bonchurch. In Monk's Bay, by which it lies, St. Boniface landed in 755. There is a well called after and dedicated to the Saint, by a certain bishop who on a dark night in the nights long ago lost his way on the steep side of Boniface Down. His horse, and in fact the whole of creation, seemed slipping from under him as he sped down the declivity, when the horse's hoofs caught in the cavity of the spring; this gave the bishop breathing time to vow an acre of ground to the Saint, if he would carry him in safety to the bottom. The Saint was so pleased at the idea of becoming a land owner on such easy terms that he closed with the bargain, and the bishop, unlike most men on such occasions, kept his promise. Much love-making and junketing, common features of holy wells, were also associated with this spot.

But the choicest place amid all the idyllic charms of Bonchurch, is its tiny chapel and churchyard. This quaint little building, built five centuries ago, is barely thirty feet long, but contains two minute galleries, and is a good specimen of Norman Gothic. A curious painting of the Last Judgment adorns the wall. The little graveyard overlooking the sea and overarched by ivied elms, seems in its quiet beauty almost to rob death of some of its bitterness. Here lie the remains of the Rev. William Adams, author of the "Shadow of the Cross." John Sterling, poet, essayist, novelist and conversationalist, sleeps close by. According to the inscription on the tombstone, he died in his thirty-eighth year, although his age is elsewhere differently stated. A grave of more recent and melancholy interest is that of Emily Cowper Coles, who died in 1876. She was the wife of Captain Cowper Coles, who on a wild night off the coast of Portugal, six years ago, went down with five hundred souls in the ill-fated "Captain," of which he was the builder.

Keeping on to the westward of Ventnor, along the Undercliff, I came to the chapel of St. Lawrence, the smallest church in the United Kingdom, and St. Katherine's Point, which is surmounted by a noble lighthouse. Near at hand is Crab Niton, so called on account of the crustaceæ which abound in that neighborhood. This hamlet is the scene of interesting historical incident. Admiral Hobson was apprenticed to a tailor at Niton, and was busy with the needle one morning, when an English squadron appeared manœuvering off the coast. The genuine Anglo-Saxon sea-love suddenly smote the heart of the boy. He rushed to the beach, sprang into a boat, rowed off to the fleet and was taken on board. An engagement with the French soon after occurring, the lad is said to have achieved distinction and hastened the defeat of their fleet by springing from the mainyard into the enemy's rigging, and under cover of the smoke tearing down their colors. Whatever be the actual truth about this not impossible feat, it is well-known that he was promoted early, and eventually reached the highest rank in the British navy by his courage and skill.

Beyond Niton I came to the Black Gang Chine, a grim abyss over whose frowning edge a stream spills its wavering torrent into the surging vortex below; where the restless ocean forever foams and thunders. From here the road led sometimes by the margin of lofty sea-cliffs, sometimes by the most homelike and tidy farm-houses and hamlets imaginable. Frequently in the green lanes I met groups of flaxen-haired, plump-cheeked and rosy urchins and girlikins, such as Birket Foster paints in his delightful landscapes, the future hope and strength of the land of Shakespeare and Cromwell.

After leaving Brooke, a typical English hamlet, I reached the parish of Freshwater, which within its brief limits contains some of the grandest coast scenery in Great Britain. Freshwater is a small peninsula formed by the Yar River, which rises within a few yards of the southern shore and runs north into Solent channel, where lies Yarmouth town, a distance of four miles from source to sea. This little peninsula trends off to a point which terminates with the famous Needles. On the south is Freshwater Bay, a little bight with a gray beach, enclosed at either end by rugged cliffs and bold rocks. One of these, rising hugely out of the surf, is pierced by a gothic like arch.

Here also lies the delightfully rural village of Freshwater. Faringford, Tennyson's famous residence, is on the edge of the hamlet; but it is no cause for wonder that the poet has at last fled from a spot which has lost the sea-side seclusion that once gave it such attractiveness.

Beyond Freshwater Bay is Scratchell's Bay, a cove at the extreme western end of the Isle of Wight. The chalk cliffs here soar to over six hundred feet above the sea, bidding defiance to the ocean with aspect austere and sublime. A cave or arch springing three hundred feet from the base of this stupendous wall, adds to the grandeur of this magnificent scene, which is fitly terminated by the row of immense savage rocks called the Needles. They are five in number; on the outermost stands a lighthouse. These precipices are haunted by innumerable sea-birds, and some of the adventurous islanders swing themselves over the edge by ropes, and, dangling in mid air, search the crannies for eggs, which are accounted a delicacy. A cool head and a strong grip are the requisite qualifications in a pursuit which must continue a monopoly for some ages to come, as it is not likely to suffer from competition. Some years ago one of these daring adventurers let go of the end of the rope, while he was searching for eggs in a cranny of the rock. The rope swung back and forth a few times and gradually hung motionless and perpendicular several feet beyond his grasp. His position was appalling; his doom seemed certain; the surf rolled hundreds of feet below, and no one was above to hear his cries for help. Mustering all his courage and strength, and offering a brief prayer, he sprang for the rope and caught it.

Passing around the Needles, we enter Alum Bay, which is encircled by tremendous precipices ranged with a sort of artificial regularity, like the segment of an amphitheatre. But the severe sublimity of the scene is relieved by the surprising variety of colors in the cliffs. By a singular geological freak, the pearly gray monotony of chalk is variegated by vertical strata of sand, clays or marls, inlaid mosaic like on the stupendous mass in narrow, but perfectly distinct stripes of red, black, white, blue, green or yellow. These tints are harmoniously blended by the soft light of evening into a picture of extraordinary beauty.

Going from Freshwater to Newport by rolling downs, overgrown with swaying harvests, I passed by an easy transition from the grander aspects of Nature, to the alluring charms of a shire town, reposing in a happy valley, by a tranquil river, and hallowed by the historic associations of other times. Newport lies near the center of the island where the Medina River becomes an estuary subject to the tides, and navigable for small crafts. A Roman origin is claimed for Newport, and the tessellated floor of a Roman villa still existing in the vicinity, indicates that the Latins at least occupied the place at one time. But in such misty problems as this, why not follow the bold example of the Dutch chronicler who began a history of Holland with the words, "Noah was the first Dutchman." On Saturdays, when a market or fair is held there, Newport presents quite a bustling appearance, the streets thronged with country folk. The chief objects which the fair left on my memory were buxom girls selling chap books; rustics swollen with overmuch small beer, and proportionally pugnacious; strapping red coats elbowing the crowd, restive cobs put through their paces before customers incredulous of their good points; and a a pig determined to make a noise in the world, whose erratic obstinacy aroused the mirth of even the most stolid countryman. At the inn a special room was set off for the burly farmers, who there discussed crops and cattle after dinner, enveloped in a cloud of smoke issuing from long clay pipes called church-wardens. In the handsome church of St. Thomas à Becket, among other objects of interest is Marochetti's beautiful monument to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. It was erected at the expense of the queen. The princess is represented in the position in which she died, reclining on her side, resting her cheek on the Bible given to her by her Royal father at the last interview before his execution. The likeness is from a portrait still in existence, and the inscription reads as follows:

"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle on Sunday, September 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected—a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes—by Victoria R., 1856."

The Princess died at Carisbrooke Castle, where the last weeks of her young life were passed. A few days after her arrival there, she was overtaken by a sudden shower when playing at bowls; a rapid illness followed, of which she died at the age of thirteen. She seems to have been a very amiable character. She left a simple but affecting account of her father's last farewell.

Carisbrooke Castle is but a short mile from Newport, on the edge of the village of Carisbrooke. The fortifications crown the brow of a steep hill, which seems as if it had been formed expressly for such a picturesque pile. By a winding footpath one approaches the imposing entrance, a lofty archway bearing the initials of Queen Elizabeth, and the date 1598. The turf-carpeted moat is crossed by a massive stone bridge, leading to the noble barbican erected by Anthony Woodville, brother-in-law of Edward IV. It is composed of two ponderous, but elegant, round towers, pierced with machicolations. The curtain which joins them is grooved for two portcullises, and bears the rose of the house of York, and the Woodville escutcheon. Passing through this stately and venerable gateway, one enters the spacious court-yard of the castle, and finds himself surrounded by an unbroken circuit of mouldering walls profusely draped with ivy. On the left, are the apartments occupied by Charles I. The roof has fallen in, but the fire-places still remain, and the divisions which marked his dining-hall and bed-chamber. The window, out of which he tried to escape, is walled up, but the original outline remains. On climbing up to the summit of the barbican, the long, narrow walk along the ramparts, leads one to the keep, which stands on an artificial mound. It is an exceedingly venerable pile, created by the Normans. They seemingly wrought into it their sturdy and determined character. Like a sentinel, who steadfastly remains at his post, when all his comrades are gone, it towers above the land, grim and immovable, to guard the trophies of a generation that long since passed away to the halls of oblivion. A flight of seventy-four marble steps, excessively steep and worn, leads to the platform, which is guarded by a gateway grooved for a portcullis. From thence is obtained one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects in the Isle of Wight. In former years, the landscape was so covered with forests that it was said a squirrel could go from Carisbrooke to Gurnard Bay, without touching ground; but now the larger portion of the island is bare, embossed here and there with clumps of elms, oaks and limes, but generally devoted to agriculture and pasturage.

The remains of the chapel are worth noticing, although of comparatively recent date. It is not uncommon to see picnic parties taking tea under the trees which overtop the roofless fane. The building formerly occupied by the castellan, or governor, is very old, including within its walls the chapel of Isabella de Fortibus. There are two wells of great depth in the castle. The one in the dungeon is fabulously deep, but, being now choked up with stones, one must be content to accept the current statements about it, without question. The other well is one hundred and forty-four feet deep, quite sufficient, one would think; but the visitor is liable to be informed that it is three hundred feet. It is covered by a room, on one side of which is a large tread-wheel. A patriarchal-looking donkey is introduced on the scene; he walks into the wheel with deliberation, and the while inquisitively eyeing the bystanders, draws up the bucket. No sooner does it reach the curb than he makes an abortive attempt to bray, but old age has impaired his once tuneful throat. He has been employed at this not severely intellectual occupation for thirty-three years. Several donkeys have served before him, one for thirty years, and two others for nearly forty years each. Rotation in office does not seem to be approved at Carisbrooke Castle. Office seekers will find it, therefore, of little use to apply.

Many interesting historical associations cluster around Carisbrooke Castle, but none more interesting than the imprisonment of Charles I. within its walls. He was at first treated with much kindness, and allowed large liberty, even to hunting in the neighboring forests. But after his first attempt to escape, he was brought under much closer surveillance. Henry Firebrace, a faithful adherent of the king's household, devised a plan of escape by entering into communication with Captain Titus, one of the wardens, who was secretly a royalist. A system of correspondence was contrived, and it was finally decided that, on a concerted night, Charles should let himself down from the window of his chamber. Horses would be in waiting to carry him to the coast. He was advised to cut the bars of the window with aquafortis and a file, but maintained that where his head could pass his body could follow. All was in readiness when the appointed hour arrived, and Firebrace, by a concerted signal, flung a stone against the window. The king was to descend seated on a cross-bar attached to the end of a rope, and he now attempted to pass out of the window. But his shoulders stuck fast, and for some moments, he was in a very painful position. Had it not been for the precaution he had taken of fastening a cord to a staple within, he would have been unable to withdraw himself from this awkward situation. Firebrace heard him groan, and soon after Charles put a light in the window, indicating the failure of the scheme. One need not necessarily be a royalist, or an Episcopalian, in order to sympathize deeply with this ill-fated, but heroic, monarch in his misfortuues. By a mysterious law of Providence, it was his destiny to expiate the crimes of his predecessors, by being placed in a false position, with which he was incapable of coping successfully; he was made the scape-goat for the sins of Edward IV., Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and James I. His public errors were, chiefly, the results of education or incapacity to deal with a great national crisis; in private life and character he surpassed his predecessors and most of his successors.

A pleasant stroll of three or four miles from Newport, leads to the peaceful village of Arreton, enclosed in the hollow of a secluded vale. It is the scene of a simpler, yet scarcely less instructive, drama than that of Carisbrooke Castle. There still stands the picturesque cottage of Elizabeth Walbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter, whose gracious life is so beautifully described by Leigh Richmond. Her grave is in the village church-yard, where it will probably continue to be the resort of pious pilgrims for ages to come, wending thither to be reminded of the supreme worth of an unquestioning faith in God.

After visiting the various spots described in the foregoing pages, there seemed to me nothing else in the Isle of Wight comparing with them in interest. I, therefore, proceeded to Cowes, at the mouth of the Medina River, a town attractive only as the rendezvous of the Royal Yacht Club, and the seat of Balmoral Castle, a country palace of the queen's, to which the public is not admitted. At Cowes, the waters of the Solent and Spithead Channels unite in what is called Southampton Water, which leads up to Southampton. It was on a charming morning, after gazing several hours at the graceful yachts stealing from point to point, that I took passage for Southampton, thirteen miles away.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

MANTHORPE'S RECORD.

I.

I MADE the acquaintance of Manthorpe, a remarkable man, and heard his singular story, in the autumn of 18—. I was on a visit to a friend in the Virginia mountains, and passed the time in that pleasant do-nothing which is a cordial to the man of cities, worn down by business toils and cares.

Riding was, above all, my great resource, and I conceived a sort of passion for it. There was no part of the surrounding country that I did not explore in my solitary horseback expeditions. In one of these I came upon the spot and the man I am now about to speak of.

I had ridden out on a fine autumn morning, and allowing my horse to choose his own road, found myself toward afternoon in a little valley hemmed in by mountains. The landscape was wild and beautiful, too. The slopes covered with evergreens seemed to lean over the valley, in the depth of which I could see from the spot where I had halted a small farm-house, nearly buried in laurel and mountain ash. All beneath was quiet and peaceful, but over the mountain to the west a heavy cloud drooped, and as I was looking at it it darkened, extended its flanks and swept forward, ribbed from base to summit by shadowy rain streaks. It was plain that a storm was near and I looked around for shelter. There was none; and as my only resource I rode rapidly down the mountain road, toward the house in the valley, which I soon reached. It stood on a green knoll under great ash and poplar trees—a weather-board cottage of moderate size with a small porch, and grounds enclosed by a paling fence. A narrow gate gave entrance. In front was a horse-block. About the whole spot there was an air of peace and home. The small house seemed to have nestled down here under the mountains, as though to escape completely from the outer world.

I had just dismounted, thrown my bridle over the fence, and was taking off my saddle to protect it from the rain storm rapidly approaching, when I heard steps behind me. I turned round and saw a man coming toward me at a long swinging walk, carrying a rifle on his shoulder. He was apparently from forty to forty-five years of age, tall, muscular, and sunburnt. His dress, which is apt to attract attention first when we meet a stranger, was half civilian's, half hunter's; and a powder flask made of a polished cow's horn swung at his left hip by a cord passed around his right shoulder. He was so near me when I turned round that I saw his face distinctly. It was a very striking one, with bold features, tanned by sun and wind, a heavy brown moustache, and a beard thick and matted reaching nearly to his breast. Under his fur cap a pair of calm blue eyes looked me straight in the face; and this was the controlling air of the whole man—calmness. Accustomed to study physiognomy, and to form my conceptions of character from men's faces, I fancied that I detected in that before me a reserved power and innate honesty. Beyond this I was puzzled. The dress of the mountaineer was that of a hunter; his whole bearing was that of a man of education; I might add, of a man of the world.

A word explained why I had stopped at his home, and he replied with grave cordiality that I was very welcome, quietly taking my saddle from me, and leading the way into the house. We reached it just in time, for at the very moment the rain rushed down, and I congratulated myself on the good judgment which I had shown in seeking shelter.

A man accustomed to the uniformity of cities is fond of looking narrowly at new scenes, characters, and modes of life. I looked with curiosity at the objects in the room on the right of the little porch into which my host led the way. Like the master of the mansion, it had contrasts, and puzzled me. The floor was covered with a rag carpet, and the walls plainly white-washed; but in the centre of the room stood a mahogany table dark with age, and against the wall were ranged some mahogany chairs with straight high backs, richly carved, apparently heir-looms. The mantel-piece was of pine, painted brown, but on the narrow ledge was an ebony clock evidently of considerable value. In one of the alcoves beside the mantel-piece was a book-case full of books. Opposite hung a netted bird bag. In the broad country fire-place, with stone back and side, a bright blaze flickered, showing the rude masonry of limestone; but the andirons were large, heavy, of ornamented bronze, and indicated "better days."

A rustle came behind me as I was look-

ing at the objects, and I turned round. Before me stood a very beautiful woman of about thirty, a girl of twelve or thirteen, with blue eyes and brown curls, a young fellow of about eighteen, tall, frank, and fine-looking, and a little tottering creature in pink, grasping the lady's hand. I say "the lady's"—there could be no doubt whatever of the social *status* of the mistress of the house; I had already made up my mind as to her husband. These people living in the humble mountain home were not "mountaineers." They belonged neither to the region nor to the rude society which surrounded them.

I remained until the storm passed over—nearly sunset. The visit was quite delightful; a certain atmosphere of sunshine and refinement was about all around me; and my entertainers met me with that simplicity and cordiality which constitute the best breeding. My host alone remained a little grave, and was chary in allusion to himself, only informing me that his name was Manthorpe. With this I was obliged to be content, and as night was now near I took my leave. My host insisted on saddling my horse, and went some distance with me, directing me on my way. At a turn in the road we parted.

My first proceeding after reaching my friend B——'s was to ask him if he knew anything of a Mr. Manthorpe of the region. I had spoken of my visit. His reply was that Mr. Manthorpe had come to live in the country some years before, but no one knew anything of him, as he was a person of the utmost reserve, never appearing in public except to attend the small mountain church near, which he and his wife and daughter did on horseback. After church he invariably returned home at once, scarcely speaking to any one.

"He is a man of good character, I suppose?"

"Of excellent character. He is much beloved by the poor people around him. He assists them when they are in trouble, and his contributions to charitable objects are munificent, considering his apparent poverty. The man is a mystery, but his character is irreproachable, and he is devoutly pious. Beyond this I can tell you nothing. As I said, he is a mystery."

This account of my late host piqued my curiosity strangely, and three days afterwards I was back at the small house in the mountains. The family received me with the same cordiality and courtesy; my visit was repeated some days afterwards, and slowly my host's reserve seemed to thaw; we were becoming friends. There was something singularly attractive about Manthorpe. He remained a mystery, but the mystery was an additional enticement. I soon discovered that he was a man of vigorous intellect, trained by the broadest culture; his views of men, books, and human life were profound and subtile; but what most impressed me about him was an even, childlike simplicity in all connected with moral or religious questions. In an age which doubts everything, he seemed to doubt nothing where his faith was concerned, and if he had not been an elegant belles lettres scholar, I should have fancied him exclusively devoted to theological studies. As a husband and father he was a model. The expression of his grave face as he looked at his wife, or took his child upon his knee, was beautiful to see.

I pass from this account of the happy family to the events which followed. The time came for my return to the city, and I knew no more of Manthorpe's past life than at first. An intimate friendship had grown up between us, but he had never made the least allusion to himself, and the mystery connected with him remained unfathomable. Upon other topics he spoke with perfect unreserve; as to his private affairs he preserved a profound silence.

I spent one of my last days at the small house, and took leave of the family—Mrs. Manthorpe, Annie the little maiden, the baby, and Charles the young man, who was Manthorpe's nephew—with real regret, for one and all had become endeared to me. As was nearly his invariable habit, Manthorpe walked, with his long mountaineer stride, by the side of my horse, until we reached the top of the hill above the cottage.

"This is not our 'last greeting' in the full sense, I hope," I said, grasping his hand.

"I hope not; you will be back some day."

"I don't know. To-day is ours—whose is to-morrow? But if I come back, Manthorpe, I promise myself one thing."

"What is that?"

"To find out, if only for the gratification of an idle curiosity, something more about you than I have found out heretofore."

Manthorpe passed his hand over his heavy beard, a movement habitual with him in his thoughtful moments, and said:

"Perhaps you may."

And so we parted.

II.

I was back in the city, buried again in business, but incessantly the recollection of Manthorpe came to my mind. The mystery of the man's past life was an ever recurring puzzle. Who was he? What had been his origin? What had brought him, a man of education and, evidently, of high social position, to this remote retreat where he had buried himself, going near nobody, and remaining obstinately silent in everything relating to himself?

Was there anything discreditable in that past life which he concealed so systematically? I could not believe it. And yet, why should he make such a mystery of it? Honest people have no concealments, and yet, here was systematic reticence. What did it all mean?

These questions puzzled me for a year nearly. Then I found myself back at my friend's house in the mountains, to spend the autumn, and, on the day after my arrival I set out on horseback to visit Manthorpe. I remember that the morning was exquisite, and the landscape wrapped in a light haze. The woods were burning away in gold and crimson. The mountains were like blue waves. The whole world was still; and looking thoughtfully at the enchanting prospect, I remember thinking how impossible it seemed that anything like sorrow, suffering, or harsh passion could intrude upon such a peaceful scene.

I reached Manthorpe's house, and, dismounting, walked through the narrow gate. Nothing about the place was changed, but I had observed, at a little distance, a light spring wagon, with a single horse, which seemed—as Manthorpe had no vehicle—to indicate a visitor or visitors. As I reached the porch, I heard voices in the room on the right, so familiar to me; and, with the freedom of an old friend, opened the front door, then the door of the room, and entered. In a chair, on one side of the fire-place, sat a heavily-built, low-browed, black-bearded man of about fifty, with a most villainous expression of face, passing his hands slowly up and down a huge knotted stick. In the arm-chair opposite, sat Manthorpe. There was no change in his appearance, except that he was somewhat pale, and, from the compression of his lips, his teeth seemed to be set together beneath. His old air of calmness remained unchanged. As soon as he saw me, he rose and came to me, holding out his hand.

"I am very glad to see you!" he said, in his grave, calm voice.

"And I to see you again, my dear friend. Your expectation was correct. I am back, you see. All are well with you?"

"Quite well. Mrs. Manthorpe and all have gone to spend the day with a poor family in the mountain—fortunately."

He uttered the last word quietly, but, in spite of his self-control, a sort of spasm passed over his face. I looked at him, in some surprise, and said:

"Why *fortunately?*"

Manthorpe uttered a weary sigh; I had never before heard such a sound from his lips. He slightly turned his head toward the low-browed man, and said:

"Do you know this person's errand?"

"His errand?"

"He has come to arrest me."

"To *arrest* you!"

"I am an escaped convict," said Manthorpe, quietly.

I looked at him, thinking, I remember, that he must have become suddenly insane. Manthorpe a *convict!*—this creature about to *arrest* him! I could find no words to utter; I only looked at Manthorpe in stupid silence.

"I see you are surprised, friend," he said,

in the same quiet tone, "but, do you remember your own words last year, that you hoped some day to discover *something more about me?* Well, that time has come. You have looked upon me, up to this moment, as a gentleman, an honest man; I am a convict, escaped from the hand of justice. This person is a police officer, and has come to arrest me."

I fell into a seat and groaned. The whole scene was like a nightmare. I could only continue looking at Manthorpe with the same feeling of stupid wonder. He was leaning one arm on the mantel-piece, lost, it seemed, in painful thought.

"Manthorpe!" I exclaimed, "what does all this mean! Are you jesting? It is a poor jest!"

He hesitated, placed a hand on his heart, and turned to the police officer.

"When are we to go?" he said.

"Well," came in a gruff, insolent voice from that person, who had continued to pass his stick up and down in his horny hands, and look at Manthorpe with his ferret eyes, "you know more about that than I do. What time does the train pass the station over there?"

"At half-past eight, to-night."

"That's the train we are going to take."

The "we" sounded funereally in my ears. For the first time, I realized that my friend was in the clutch of that invisible force called the law, represented by one of its most disgusting agents.

"Very well," Manthorpe said, "I have no intention to resist your warrant for my arrest, and wish to have an hour to myself, with this friend, in a room upstairs. Go and look at it; there is no means of escaping from it, and you may mount guard, if you choose, at the foot of the staircase."

The man hesitated, and seemed about to refuse. Manthorpe, with a sort of disdainful composure, took a bank-note from his purse, held it out, and the man quietly pocketed it.

"All right—go on," he said.

Manthorpe went upstairs, I followed, and the detective came behind. We entered a small room, directly under the roof, lit by two dormer windows, one in front and one in rear. This room was like the nest of a bird, and a glance told me that it was little Annie's chamber. In one corner was a low bed with a snow-white pillow and counterpane. Some books lay on a plain table near, and the girl's sun-bonnet on a cricket. There was a single chair, a washstand, with plain, white china, and the child's dresses hung from pegs behind the little bed. This room, which breathed a perfume of purity and innocence, had in its atmosphere another charm—some magnificent geraniums of every tint, bloomed in earthenware flower pots at the windows, and filled the air with their fragrance.

As the detective came into this room, Manthorpe shrunk with a sort of disdain and repugnance, as when we see a snake suddenly. He plainly felt how much the spot was profaned. But such sensations were evidently incomprehensible to the gentleman with the knotted stick. He examined the room, saw that it had but the one door by which we had entered, and looked out of the windows, which opened on the sheer descent below. The examination was apparently satisfactory. He went to the door, said, "I'll be back for you in an hour," shut the door, turned the key in the lock, put it in his pocket, and the tramp of his heavy boots was heard, as he descended the stairs. Manthorpe stood motionless, seeming to listen. One might have supposed that the dull tramp was echoing in his heart.

"You are not sorry," he said, in a low tone.

"Sorry?—for what?"

"That you have given your hand to a convict?"

"No!" I said, "it is nothing to me whether you are a convict or not—you are my friend. If you have committed a crime, it was not a mean crime! Tell me all. Why are you arrested? Is there no hope that ——?"

"There is no hope," he said, in the same low voice; "a man who has been tried for a criminal offence, convicted, and sentenced to a degrading punishment, has no hope but pardon, and a pardon recognizing my criminality, I would never accept. What

the world calls justice, the law, has been my enemy and has conquered me—it shall not degrade me. I yield to it—I accept nothing from it. All this astonishes you, I see, friend. I will explain everything. I am torn away from my little family here—it is heart-breaking, is it not?—and they are left friendless. You will watch over them, as far as you can—I know that very well—but I have no right to ask that even, until you hear my story. It will not take me long to tell you everything. We have an hour, which is more than enough."

III.

Manthorpe sat down by his daughter's bed and leaned his elbow on the white pillow, and his head upon his hand. His attitude was calm, and his voice when he spoke quiet.

"We have not much time," he said, "and I shall confine myself to an outline of my life, not give you a full history of it, friend. I am a native of Louisiana, and was sent to college at nineteen or twenty, where I made the acquaintance of a person who has had a baleful influence on my life,—a young man named Girardet, the son of a wealthy planter of the lower banks of the Mississippi. Girardet was of large stature and remarkable strength, very much of a bully, though not a man of courage, and had become a sort of terror from having broken the thigh of a fellow student in a drunken wrestle, nearly causing his death. His manners were exceedingly arrogant, he was deferred to by nearly all, and he first conceived a hostility to me, I think, from my indifference to his claims as an athlete. I am naturally a person of peaceful disposition, and was even then a professing Christian; but there is something in my disposition which refuses to be trodden upon—my pride, no doubt; and Girardet soon gave up all attempts to add me to his list of subordinates. In due time I finished my collegiate course and returned home, where I passed some years as a planter. My father and mother were both dead, and as I was an only child I found my large country house rather lonely. This naturally induced me to visit in the neighborhood, and these visits were most frequent at the residence of a Mrs. Rurick, the aunt of a young Miss Dare then at boarding school, to whom the estate belonged.

"Mrs. Rurick had a daughter, a dark beauty of twenty-two or three, with very fine black hair, a graceful figure and brilliant eyes. A covert flash from the fine eyes, and a sarcastic curl of the lips at times, gave a vague impression that Miss Rurick was not exactly amiable; but she was witty and entertaining, and for this I sought her society. In course of time my visits became regular, and a sort of intimacy ensued between us which the gossips of the neighborhood in due time magnified into courtship. They were wholly mistaken. I was lonely at my big house and wanted a place to spend the long evenings; that was all. I cared nothing really for Miss Rurick, for I had soon discovered that she had a venomous temper, and more than suspected that she had formed the design to become Mrs. Manthorpe. Her mother and herself were poor, and my estate an ample one. I am certain that she cared nothing for me; but my attentions, or what the gossips called such, flattered her vanity, which was very great, and this was the condition of things when Annie Dare, the little lady of the manor, came home. Of what followed I need not speak at length. The little maiden of seventeen or eighteen was exquisitely lovely, and as pure as she was beautiful. I conceived the deepest and tenderest love for her almost as soon as I came to know her, and a good Providence gave me her heart in return. A few months afterwards she had promised to become my wife. Miss Rurick remained, if I may so say, in the shadow watching us. I afterwards came to understand everything. The diversion of my attentions from herself to her cousin, had enraged her, and aroused all the venom of her venomous temper. She fancied that every one was laughing at her. She began to hate me, and at this moment an incident occurred which promised an opportunity for the gratification of her hatred.

"The incident was the sudden, and to me wholly unexpected appearance in the neighborhood, of no less a person than my former

college acquaintance, Girardet. I was riding out one day, and met him face to face. He was accompanied by a young Mr. Hamilton, a friend of mine, whom he had come to visit, and I could see that his satisfaction at seeing me was very slight. He bowed stiffly and passed on. I returned his salute in the same manner, and so we parted. Three days afterwards I met Girardet at Mrs. Rurick's, where Mr. Hamilton had introduced him, and our greeting was scarcely less stiff and brief than before. A month afterwards I learned that he was a constant visitor of Miss Dare's and that he was paying her his addresses. I have informed you, friend, that I am a person of peaceful disposition, but I could not restrain my anger and indignation at this report. My engagement was certainly known to Girardet, and his attentions to Annie were thus personally offensive. I had no fear at all that they would result in anything, for I was as sure of Annie's faith as of my own existence; but I justly considered that they were an intrusion. I determined, therefore, to ascertain just what truth there was in the report, and asked Annie the question, one morning, in her drawing-room. She blushed, and endeavored to laugh. I persisted, and she was obliged to confess that Mr. Girardet had paid her marked attentions in spite of every effort she had made to avoid them.

"'Does he not know we are engaged?' I said.

"A mocking laugh came from behind the window curtains. I turned my head and saw Miss Rurick, who had been there during our entire interview. Her face was not a very pleasant sight. Her lips had the satirical curl which I have mentioned, but an ominous expression of the eyes showed that a more dangerous sentiment lay beneath.

"'Does Mr. Girardet know of your engagement?' 'Yes, he knows all about it,' said Miss Rurick. 'I thought it my duty, Sir, as a matter of course, to inform him of it.'

"She looked straight into my face with an air of defiance, and I looked as keenly at her in return, puzzled, I remember, to divine her motive for this proceeding. It was only afterwards that I came to know that her object had been to provoke a personal quarrel between Girardet and myself, hoping that it would result in my destruction. Can you believe that, friend? It is frightful enough, but it is true. I said nothing more at the time, and soon rose and took my leave. Annie followed me out. She was trembling.

"'Do not—do not—quarrel with this person!' she faltered.

"I laughed and replied:

"'Why should you suppose any such thing, Annie? I will come back and see you this evening.'

"I then mounted and rode to my friend Hamilton's, where I found him and Girardet. It is unnecessary to dwell on the interview, which was somewhat stormy. I informed Girardet of my engagement to Miss Dare, of the report that he was paying her his addresses, and when he did not deny this forbade him to continue them, as they were disagreeable to the young lady and myself. Then the storm began. It ended by Girardet's growling out in a voice of suppressed passion that I should 'hear from him on the next day,' and there the interview, which Hamilton had vainly tried to make a more peaceful one, ended. I rode back on the same evening to Annie's, as I had promised, laughed away her apprehensions, and returned home, leaving her quite at her ease.

"I did not 'hear from' Girardet on the next day, and when we next met at Miss Rurick's he made no allusion to our interview; a stiff bow was our entire intercourse. In a week he seemed to have transferred his attentions to Miss Rurick, and the whole matter passed over; we rarely spoke to each other, but I heard that he expressed for me, behind my back, feelings of bitter dislike. For this I cared nothing, and determined to have no quarrel with him, and so some time passed. Finally his attentions to Miss Rurick became open and undisguised, and the young lady received them with unconcealed delight. But a shock was coming. Suddenly Girardet, having no doubt amused himself sufficiently for the moment, disappeared from his friend Mr. Hamilton and the neighborhood, without having proposed to Miss Rurick.

"This greatly enraged the young lady. She snapped at everybody who approached her, and I was the special object of her sarcasms and animosity. She treated me with extreme and ostentatious discourtesy, as though to emphasize her dislike, and I was at a loss to understand what the origin of this additional hostility could be. She may have attributed Girardet's failure to address her to something I had said to her prejudice, or the old laughter of the gossips as to my own attentions and their withdrawal may have recurred to her morbid mind. As to the secret springs moving her to hate and insult me, I know nothing. Innocent of any intent to hurt or offend her, I was quite tranquil, meeting her stinging speeches with a laugh whenever I could; and so the year passed, and in the spring of the next Annie and myself were married.

"I should like to end my story here, friend," said Manthorpe wearily, "but unfortunately I can not. My life was all sunshine at that moment, and I was blessed by a kind Heaven with the greatest, truest of all earthly blessings, a pure woman's love. The spring flitted by; the summer passed like a dream; the autumn followed in all its sober beauty. But with the autumn came the shadow that was to efface all this sunshine. One day I heard that Girardet had returned to his friend Hamilton; and with his return came the great woe of my life."

IV.

Manthorpe got up, and going to the window, looked out on the road. He then came back and resumed his seat.

"They will soon be here now," he said in the same weary, almost hopeless tone; "I must make haste to tell you the rest. With my marriage to Annie the true happiness of my life began, and I discontinued entirely my habit of visiting, rarely leaving home unless absolutely compelled to do so. At times it was necessary; business took me to the county town; and one court day I met Girardet there. As soon as I saw him I observed that he had been drinking, and the scowl on his face when his eyes met mine left no doubt of his feeling for me. He plainly hated me more than ever, and I thought I saw that he wished to pick a quarrel with me. This for many reasons I was desirous of avoiding. I therefore transacted my business as soon as possible, and went to mount my horse and ride home. As I did so, Girardet placed himself directly in my path.

"I am a proud and restive man naturally, but marriage had improved me, and I could see from Girardet's face that his potations at the village tavern had been deep and frequeut. I therefore attempted to pass him, but was stopped by a volley of language so coarse and insulting that I believe I would have struck him with the whip I carried in riding, if the bystanders had not interfered. I was much enraged.

"You shall repent this insolence, sir!" I exclaimed; but as the crowd laid hands on Girardet and took him iuto the tavern, I mounted and rode home. By the next day I had regained my good temper, and resolved to forget the whole drunken sceue; and for some weeks I saw nothing more of Girardet. I only heard that he had become a deep drinker, and was seldom sober; that his attentions to Miss Rurick were more open than ever; and that he spoke of me in terms of gross disrespect.

"This was the state of things when the woeful *denouement* took place. Desirous of avoiding a quarrel which I may say I feared as much on his account as on my own, I remained quietly at home, hoping that he would soon leave the neighborhood. I was compelled one day, however, to ride to a neighbors on business, and while passing along a narrow road through a thicket, met Girardet riding out with Miss Rurick. A glance at his face showed me that, early as the hour was, he had been drinking deeply. Drink brutalizes all men; some it renders peculiarly savage, and I saw that this was the mood of Girardet at the moment. I therefore attempted to avoid an encounter with him by moving to one side of the road in order to allow him to pass. It was all in vain; as I moved aside he wheeled to face me.

"'Stop!' he said, in the tone of a master speaking to a slave.

"'Well, Sir,' I said, halting; 'I have stopped. What do you wish?'

"'I have a word to say to you!'

"'Say it,' I returned, feeling my anger rising.

"His reply was a volley of brutality which enraged me almost beyond control. Seeing his condition, however, I suppressed my indignation as much as I could, and said:

"Mr. Girardet, you are under the effect of drink; go home and cool off: do not provoke me further Sir—or—

"I was afraid to trust myself, and attempted to pass on. As I did so, he raised a heavy riding whip which he carried, and struck at me; I raised my own to strike at him in return, when his horse wheeled and threw him, after which, the spirited animal darted off at full speed. Girardet lay quite still after falling. Then he half rose, clutched with his hands, and fell back. He was dead. In falling, his temple had struck upon a sharp flint projecting from the road, and this insignificant object had inflicted a mortal fracture.

"All that occurred after this was like a dream. I remember the screams of Miss Rurick, the sudden sound of hoofs coming on at a gallop, and the exclamations of the horsemen, as they rode up. In the midst of the haze around me, I heard a voice cry, '*He* murdered him!'—and this voice was Miss Rurick's. After this, I only recall the spectacle of some men raising a dead body, of Miss Rurick's eyes glaring at me and of two persons riding beside me, scarcely listening to my vague remonstrances, until we reached the county town. We stopped in front of a forbidding-looking edifice, the men knocked, the door opened some words passed between my escort and the person who opened the door, and then I was ushered in, and the door closed behind me. I was in jail."

V.

"My trial for the murder of Girardet," continued Manthorpe, "took place a month afterwards. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details—there is no time; I give you the prominent points only. The charges against me were these: that there had been an old and bitter feud between the deceased and myself; that this had led to frequent altercations; that I had recently had a quarrel with the deceased, on which occasion I had exclaimed, "You shall repent this insolence!"—and that, meeting him on the high road, on the day of the murder, I had attacked him, struck him upon the temple with the butt end of a heavy riding whip, and that from this blow death had ensued.

"You will understand easily that this last charge was based upon the testimony of Miss Rurick, before the examining court. She had either not been able, I then supposed, to make out precisely what occurred during the quarrel, or she had resolved to consign me to the State Prison, possibly to destroy me. On my trial, which took place in presence of a great crowd, she gave the same testimony, and I could see that it had a powerful effect upon the jury. Nothing further remained, besides the circumstantial evidence of the *intent;* and this point, the Prosecutor, who was a personal enemy of mine, argued elaborately. Of the fact, he said, that the crime was premeditated, and committed with malice prepense, there could be no doubt whatever. The chain of evidence was complete. I had hated the deceased bitterly; we had quarreled, on more than one occasion; I had threatened to attack him when we next met; then we had met, while he was peacefully riding out with a young lady; had forced a quarrel upon him; had struck him with a deadly weapon, as the result itself indicated, causing his death; and the Prosecutor concluded by demanding of the jury a verdict of 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'

"The jury took the case just at nightfall. The candles had been lit, and the court-room, with its densely packed crowd, looked funereal in the dim light of the sputtering tallow candles. Near one of these, in its tin candle-stick, on the long desk in front of the witness's stand, sat Miss Rurick. She was looking at me, and I never saw an expression of enmity so bitter. Mixed with it was an utterly odious look of triumph. I think she fully anticipated a verdict of murder in the first

degree; for, in spite of the most rigid cross-examination by my counsel, her testimony that I had provoked the quarrel on the high road had not been shaken, and there were reasons connected with the time and place which told powerfully against me. The South-west had been, since its first settlement, famous for lawless encounters in which men had righted their own wrongs, or fancied wrongs, with the pistol and the bowie knife. No citizen's life had been safe. Fathers and husbands went in daily fear of falling victims to the bullies and desperadoes of the region; and from this had gradually resulted a resolute determination in the community to measure out to offenders of this description the full penalty of the law. This sentiment had, at the time of my trial, reached its height. The jury were almost all strangers to me, as the county-seat was distant from my home. A victim was wanted at the moment, and I became that victim. Unable to agree upon a verdict of 'Willful murder,' the jury brought in one of 'Homicide,' and I was sentenced to confinement for ten years in the State Prison.

"When this verdict was brought in by the jury I looked at Miss Rurick. I can only describe the expression of her face as one of fierce joy. She hated me, and her hatred had been gratified. She hated me for making her the laughing stock of the gossips; for leaving her to love Annie, and for being the cause of the death of Girardet, whose great wealth had been within her grasp. Such women appear now and then. But the race is not perpetuated. Heaven makes them barren.

"I was reconducted to jail. My trial and conviction nearly broke Annie's heart, but she bore up bravely, and cheered me to the last. You are unmarried, you tell me, friend. Pray to heaven to give you, as its greatest blessing, a devoted wife. I saw Annie every day, and had the unspeakable happiness of reading in her tearful eyes, an expression of tenderness which showed me that I was far dearer to her in my dark days than I had ever been before. When the hour of parting came, she clung to me, sobbed upon my breast, and fainted, clinging to me even when unconscious. I left her with the motherly wife of the jailor, and set out under guard—a convict on the way to be punished."

VI.

Manthorpe stopped and listened.

"I thought I heard them," he said, in a low voice, "but it was only the wind in the dry leaves, I suppose. Well—my story will not detain you much longer. I was a convict in the State Prison; dressed in the degrading garb of a malefactor, and ordered daily to my work as the galley slave is ordered. I accepted all without a murmur. There is something greater in this world, than happiness, success, wealth, consideration; it is the consciousness that you are innocent. With that supreme sentiment at heart, a man retains his self-respect untouched, his personal pride sustains him; he is, if not happy, at least calm. I might have been pardoned, I believe; for my dear Annie, my good friend Hamilton and others spared no exertions; but I resolutely refused to accept a pardon, and had the fact notified to the executive. Why should I? I was innocent; it was not I, it was the Law which was *guilty*. Poudering hour after hour, in the darkness, on my hard prison bed when all others were asleep, this thought incessantly recurred. 'The Law is an oppressor, a tyrant that crushes me. I am innocent. Twelve men, with a Judge, and a constable behind them, have stolen my good name and my personal liberty from me as a thief robs a home, or a highwayman a wayfarer of his purse. I am powerless to resist. I yield to brute force. All that remains to me is what no power can take from me—the resolute will not to cringe to the brutality I suffer under. To accept a pardon is to acknowledge my guilt. I will accept none; I will escape if I can.' And from the day when I entered the prison I began incessantly to revolve the means of freeing myself from the hands of that miscalled Justice which I loathed, and in my inmost heart defied. You may not fully understand the sentiment I shall here briefly touch upon. It is that of many a victim of wrong. If pride remains to a man, he defies oppression, and resolves to meet force

with force. It is only when his pride is broken that he cringes, and mine was unbroken. I resolved to escape if I could.

"A year or two after my incarceration the moment came. As before, I cannot enter into every detail—time is wanting. There was in the prison a man of sixty, convicted of killing another in a brawl. This man had been employed by my father once, who had rescued his family from starvation. As soon as he saw me, he recognized me, and I recognized him. A sudden glow on his brutalized face—for prison brutalizes—told me that he remembered. From that moment he seized every opportunity of being alone with me, and talking of "old times." There was a secret bond between us. Soon he began to speak of his schemes to escape from the prison—the one which promised most success being to undermine the wall of his cell which adjoined my own—and at length, after many months, our plan was determined upon, the work begun. Three months afterwards the plaster between the stones had been so loosened that it only remained to remove it and the stones and escape.

"I remember hesitating on the night preceding that fixed upon for making the attempt. I shrunk from it as from a confession of guilt. But the consciousness of wrong had hardened and embittered me. I felt, to the very bottom of my heart, an inexpressible hatred of the power in whose grasp I was writhing. *Society* had struck me down with its brutal bludgeon. I was prostrate, but I was not cowed. Force against force!—and I fell asleep resolutely determined to carry out the project, risking failure or success. It succeeded. The night was intensely dark, a storm was raging, the mutter of thunder drowned the noise made in removing the stones. A break was made in the wall. I and my companion, who had long before opened communication with me through the thin compartment dividing the cells, passed through; we were free.

"The rest was not difficult. The night was so dark that we left the city without being observed; but with morning would come light and our parti-colored prison garb would betray us. My companion re-assured me on this point. Ten miles from the city, in an obscure swamp, he had a friend on whom he could rely, he said, and we reached this man's cabin before daylight. On the next night, wearing a suit of his cast-off clothes, I set out for home. I remember well my feeling as I approached. I had traveled on foot, and came in sight of the familiar fields, the grove, and the house peeping from foliage, just at nightfall. My heart throbbed. A poor convict, degraded by a vile punishment, I was about to hold in my arms, clasped to my rags—Annie!

"It was only long after dark that I dared to steal from the woods into the house by a side door. All had retired. I ascended the broad staircase with its carved mahogany baluster, in a sort of dream. I opened the door of Annie's chamber, in which a night lamp was burning dimly. She was sleeping uneasily, and I heard her sigh, but an object by the bedside suddenly arrested my attention. It was a cradle in which a little rosy-faced babe was asleep, lapped in lace. At this sight a thrill passed through me, and I felt the blood rush to my face. I stooped and caught the child to my heart. At the same instant Annie woke with a start, recognized me, clung to me with sobs of joy, and I clasped mother and baby in my arms, close to my breast, covering them with kisses, and crying like a child.

"Before morning I had left home far behind, and reaching a wayside railway station about sunrise, took the northward bound train which stopped in passing for a moment. I had no apprehensions. In the well-dressed gentleman, with a glossy traveling satchel and clean shaven face, no one was likely to recognize the escaped convict. All had been arranged. I would find a safe retreat, write in due time to Annie, and she was to dispose of my estate privately in the manner I indicated, go to New Orleans, take the steamer to Havana and thence to New York and rejoin me. During my imprisonment she had adopted the little son of a poor half brother of mine who had died recently, and this child was to accompany her; you know him as my nephew Charles. The baby was my little Annie. I need

only add that in due time every arrangement was carried out. I purchased this small cottage in what I supposed to be an undiscoverable nook; Annie came; we have lived tranquilly, but some evil fate has betrayed me. My retreat has been discovered. I hoped to spend my last days here with my dear Annie and my children, but Providence has otherwise decreed. I am once more in the clutch of the law, but, thank God, the degrading dress and life of a prison cannot degrade an honest man."

He stopped suddenly and listened. Through the little window I saw Mrs. Manthorpe and Annie entering the gate in the paling fence, Charles following with the baby on his shoulder. All were laughing, and Annie was clapping her hands to amuse the child, who crowed delightedly, while the fond mother turned her head and looked at the little group with a smile of happiness. I shuddered. At the same moment, a heavy tramp! tramp! tramp! came up the staircase. It was the police officer coming to end my interview with Manthorpe.

The key was inserted in the lock, it turned, and the door opened.

"Come on—time's up!" said the brutal voice.

From below came the sound of footfalls and laughter. A chill passed through me as I heard little Annie exclaiming:

"Papa! papa!—where are you, papa? Oh! we have had such a happy day!"

I looked at Manthorpe. He was as pale as death, but advancing toward the police officer, said in a firm voice,

"Ready."

VII.

These scenes took place in the month of September. Early in November, after an extended hunting excursion in the Alleghanies, I was back at my friend B——'s, and one morning set out with a heavy heart to visit the bereaved family.

"I was never more depressed; indeed, the hunting excursion spoken of had been made to distract my thoughts, if possible, from that last scene which I had not the heart to speak of further. I remember sighing wearily as I rode toward the small mountain cottage, thinking that a world in which such events as this occurred, must be "out of joint;" and the bleak November day was in unison with my musings. I reached the cottage and dismounted. The trees were bare, and the vine covering the porch leafless; all was desolate. The place seemed deserted. The gate swung mournfully upon its hinges in a light breeze that was blowing. As I dragged my feet toward the house, the dead leaves rustled under my tread. I reached the porch, crossed it, and with a shrinking heart knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said a calm and cheerful voice, which made me start, sending the blood to my heart. Steps were heard in the familiar sitting-room, the door opened, and Manthorpe stood before me.

I must have given way to a wild ebullition of joy. I caught both Manthorpe's hands and exclaimed,

"You!"

A calm smile came to his face as he drew me in.

"Yes, I am home once more, my dear friend, and have no longer anything to fear."

All the little family were assembled in the cheerful room, before the blazing fire. They greeted me with affectionate warmth, and then I heard Manthorpe's story, which may be summed up in a very few words. He had been conducted to the State Prison from which he had escaped, but instead of being confined in a cell, he was ushered into the office of the Superintendent, who, without speaking, held out to him an official paper. He took it and glanced at it, found it was a pardon from the Executive, and handed it back.

"I will not accept a pardon; I am innocent," he said.

"Read it," said the taciturn official.

Manthorpe read it, and found that the pardon was based upon the statement under oath, by Miss Rurick, that in the encounter with Girardet he had simply defended himself, and that the deceased had come to his death by falling and striking his head upon a sharp flint in the road. When Miss Rurick made this statement she was dying of yellow fever. It was the last cry of a guilty conscience seeking relief from remorse.

Written down and officially certified to, the statement had been forwarded to the Executive, a prompt pardon was sent to await Manthorpe if arrested; he was free. His first step was to return to the parish in which he had been convicted, and visit the Circuit Judge then holding court. Three days after he went to the Court House, entered the prisoner's dock, and saw in front of him the same jury which had tried him, the Judge having summoned them at his request. To these the Judge presented the statement of Miss Rurick, and without retiring from their seats the jury rendered a verdict, "Not Guilty." A week afterwards Manthorpe was back at his home in the Virginia mountains, where he made his appearance in the midst of his little family like one risen from the dead.

Since these events many years have passed. Charles and Annie are married, and the baby is a lovely little maiden with whom the son of my friend B—— is desperately in love. Manthorpe grows old tranquilly. His sunset is brighter than his noon, and he is happier, I think, because he was once so unhappy.

John Esten Cooke.

THE BISHOP OF HIPPO.

It is a black-robed figure that is gliding before us. A strap of leather girds his waist. A cowl, monk-like, covers his head. Now we see that sombre form in the pulpit, swaying the multitude with his strong, fervid words. Then we see him in an isolated, scantily furnished room, parchment near him, and absorbed in the thoughts stretching out before his imagination like great deeps. To-day, he is hurrying across the desert on some swift missionary journey. He is home to-morrow, setting apart in a solemn ritual the ministers of God. He stands out a stubborn front against wrong this moment, a bold, daring, resolute, victorious leader; but the next he is just a follower and a penitent one, living in lowly and lonely abasement at the feet of his God. This black-robed form busily gliding everywhere, is Saint Augustine of Hippo, famous bishop, famous thinker, famous fighter, famous servant and lover of his God; a man who made the world shake with the impulses of his genius.

He was born in the year 354, at Tagaste, Africa. His father gave him his own passionate nature and a bad example. His mother, the saintly Monica, to the gift of her generous impulses, added her prayers and her life.

He grew up through the schools to a good education and a position as rhetorician at twenty-five, his strong passions indulged all the while, even to great excesses. Here it was he fell into Manichaeism. The sensitiveness of his nature to all material forms made the fall easy. Matter as an evil seemed to be a fact. Sin as its expression seemed a necessity, at least a thing easily excused, and he now plunged into greater excesses.

Finally, Augustine, finding Manichaeism unphilosophical and irreconcilable with science, was prepared to leave it. Platonism then attracted his attention and engaged his interest, and a desire was awakened to rise above the sensuality of his life. The body was too heavy for the wings that would have lifted it. Augustine was practically a Manichæan still.

At length, in the pursuit of his profession, he wandered to Milan, in Italy, where the famous Ambrose attracted him by his eloquence, and by his logic convinced him of his errors. A mother's prayers following him like the long suffering angels of God's mercy, began to prevail. Conversion to Christ was not, however, easy. It is an interesting story, how he was overwhelmed with billows of contrition, but could find no one to say, "Peace, be still." One day, in great distress, he went into a garden that he might be alone in meditation and prayer. Suddenly he heard a voice crying out, "*Tolle, Lege!*" "Take, Read!" But what should he read? He sought the counsel of

a friend. The Bible was brought. Augustine chanced to open it at the passage, "Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. . . . . But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." "Put ye on the Lord Jesus!" Augustine had reached the power that could still his soul into the peace of forgiveness. He was an illustration of his own beautiful aphorism, "Our heart is restless until it rests in Thee."

On Easter Sabbath, 387, he received baptism in Milan at the hands of Ambrose. He embraced Christianity as he embraced everything else that won his favor, with all the impetuosity of his nature. He parted with his property, and gave all to the poor.

For a while he hid himself in the retirement of study and literary pursuits, sending out book after book in the defense of Christian truth. In 391, he reluctantly accepted the duties of presbyter, and ultimately, at the age of 41, the bishopric of Hippo. The field of his usefulness now broadened on every side, and was only bounded by far-away horizon lines. He must have been a gifted man in the pulpit. The people clamored to hear God's word, as he went from place to place. "*Pullulante atque crescente Domini ecclesia*," says Possidius, speaking of the result of his preaching: "the Church of the Lord springing up and growing."

Augustine found room in his large heart especially for the poor, melting on occasion the vessels of the Church into redemption money in behalf of needy prisoners. Everywhere in his diocese and beyond it, he made his fatherly care felt. It was as a thinker and writer, however, that he climbed up to his great eminence in the Church. Art is fond of portraying him as carrying a pen in his left hand, a heart on fire in the right, while he looks up with piercing gaze into the heavens. He must have been a man of intense will and intense industry, as well as bold, daring, profound thought. Possidius counts ten hundred and thirty writings. Some of these were heavy volumes, others simply sermons. Augustine himself, in his "Retractations," refers to ninety-three of his works. He swept over an immense range of subjects. Psychology, rhetoric, arithmetic, dialectics, all sorts of questions in philosophy, grammar, morals, geometry, and all manner of subjects in theology received attention from his busy pen. To-day, it might be a most abstruse question about our spiritual being; to-morrow, would come up a most practical problem in mathematics. It might be the soul, or a part of speech to be taken in pieces; his pen was ready for either dissection. Augustine struck out in all directions. He wrote on the origin and nature of evil against the Manichaeans, on Church order against the Donatists, on the Trinity against the Arians, on human guilt and human will against Pelagius. His pen was a spear that he vigorously thrust wherever he thought wrong was sheltered and hidden.

Human experience shapes doctrinal thought. The man colors the theologian. It is easy to see how Augustine's experience influenced Augustine's thinking. He felt that he was bound helplessly under the power of sin till snatched away by the great overmastering grace of God.

When we reach his theology, we find that his experience has been shaping his thought. The sovereignty of God is a great, overshadowing fact in his doctrinal statements. He strongly emphasizes it, and it is prominent enough to be a distinguishing feature of his system. People will differ in their opinion of Augustine, the theologian; Augustine, the man, must win every one's favor. His frankness and his candor interest us in those "Confessions" in which he tells the story of his early life, while their spirituality inflames us to an emulous devotion. Another work, his "Retractations," composed in late life, is a wonderful instance of humility and ingenuousness. He went over his works, mending the imperfect and casting out that which had been proved incorrect. He wrote this in 427, when seventy-three years old. Three-score and ten does not always like to acknowledge its fallacies! At any age for that matter, man is slow to confess an error. After a life of seventy-five years, over thirty of which he spent upon his passions, and the

remainder at and under the cross, he found his eternal rest. Fitting were the surroundings of his death, stormy like his nature and his early life. Indeed, his history as a whole, reads like a kind of battle, and in dying, there was the clash of arms about him. The Vandals had surrounded the city of Hippo, and were clamorous for its surrender. It was in the year 430. With the penitential psalms inscribed on the walls of his chamber for his constant refreshing, a help and a staff in the Dark Valley, with his soul addressing itself to God in long and absorbing prayer, he went from prayer to praise, from the beleaguered city to that city of God eternal in the heavens. He was a moment in shadow, and the next in the beauty of that "bridal chamber" of the King, which, cried he, "I burn with longing to behold."

Looking back through the shadows and the storms of the past, we think of Augustine as a light-house far off by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, its light steadfastly shining there. Across the world those rays have streamed, and Christians everywhere think gratefully of Augustine, bishop of Hippo. *Edward A. Rand.*

BITTER-SWEET.

Not unknown art thou to fame,
With thy strange, pathetic name;
Sweeter songs than mine can be,
Owe their melody to thee.
Yet albeit my voice is weak,
I, thy lover true, may speak,—
Though no words of pen or lip
Show the true relationship,
Binding us in tie complete,
Bitter-sweet.

When the summer days are past—
Perfect days that could not last—
And the autumn draweth near,
With her strong wine of the year,
Then the splendor doth unfold
Of thy scarlet and thy gold.
Late, but sure, thy glory came,
Shaming even the maple's flame,
Clothing thee from head to feet,
Bitter-sweet.

When the brief November day
Comes and goes in cloak of gray,
When the winds relentless rave
Round thee, woodland spirit brave,—
Like a love that clingeth warm,
Shining brighter for the storm,
Thou dost glow with berries wet,
Gay and dauntless, smiling yet,
Scorning parley or retreat,
Bitter-sweet.

But there comes a day, an hour,
When the winter's awful power,
Brooking no divided sway,
Tears thy slender arms away,
Hurls thy beauty to the ground,
Fain would give thee deadly wound;
Muttering, his blows between,
"Fairer corpse was never seen."
Wraps thee in his winding sheet,
Bitter-sweet.

When I took, that wintry day,
Through the wood my hasty way,
With a joy transcending thought
All my spirit was inwrought.
But a grief beyond compare
Kept the balance true and fair;
Equal foes, equipped complete,
This so bitter, that so sweet,
In eternal warfare met.
Then in sorest pain and fret,
Did my heart thy name repeat,
Bitter-sweet!

O most wonderful of all!
As if coming at my call,
I espied thy welcome face,
Bright with all its ancient grace,
Cloth of gold, and scarlet sheen,
Glowing from the drifts between.
Couldst thou then my conflict know,
In thy covert 'neath the snow?
Didst come forth thy kin to greet,
Bitter-sweet?

Elizabeth W. Denison.

A RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

The prospectus of Sunday Afternoon, and the promise of its opening number, have reminded me at once of a similar publication founded in Boston nearly half a century ago. A dead magazine is not exactly a cheerful topic for the pages of a live one, but the design and character of the old were so nearly akin to those of the new that a glance at it may prove interesting, if not instructive and encouraging. The five volumes which it lived to complete are now before me, several of them interlined by one of the editors with memoranda of the names of his contributors, and of the payments made them. The title-page of the first number of this magazine reads as follows:

"The Religious Magazine for 1833–4. Conducted by G. D. and J. Abbott. Volume I. Boston: Published by William Pierce, 9 Cornhill. New York: Goodrich & Riley. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins."

The two Abbotts whose names appear as conductors of this "Religious Magazine" were two brothers—Rev. Gorham D., afterwards Principal of the Spingler Institute in New York City, who died in the summer of 1875, and Jacob, then Principal of the

Mount Vernon School in Boston, who is still living. Jacob Abbott was really the originator of the publication and its leading spirit. A third brother, Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, lately deceased, was afterwards associated in the editorial management; as were likewise, at different times, Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Rev. Nehemiah Adams, and Prof. E. A. Andrews. So far as I can learn the magazine was started without any capital whatever, as a purely Christian enterprise. The editor's introduction to the first number might almost be adopted bodily by SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

"The design with which this magazine is established, is the promotion of practical piety,—sober and intelligent, but at the same time ardent and active piety. It will endeavor to plead the cause of true religion, chiefly by exhibiting, explaining and illustrating its genuine and practical results.

"The truths which constitute the essence of Christianity have been very generally admitted by nominal Christians; at least the admission of them in theory among mankind has been very far in advance of the practice of the duties which arise from them. The great thing therefore to be done, in order to promote the cause of piety in the world, is not to convince men of religious truth, but to persuade them to the performance of religious duty; not to compel the intellect to admit the claims of Christianity, but to awaken the conscience, and to interest the heart in complying with them.

"The Church ought unquestionably to see that the great truths of Christianity are explained when misconceived, and defended when attacked. But it has other duties to discharge, toward the community of mind around it, besides discussion and defence. It is to these other duties that our labors are to be devoted. The design of our work, therefore, is very different from that of existing periodicals, engaged in controversies upon the essentials of Christianity with its enemies, or in warm discussions respecting religious forms, or the various aspects of religious truth, among its friends. We aim at the direct exertion of a moral and religious influence, by endeavoring to interest our readers in religious and intellectual cultivation, and in the duties of enlightened and warm-hearted piety, as they arise in the circumstances and relations of common life."

Ah, Messrs. Editor and Publisher of SUNDAY AFTERNOON, do we not all now know where you got your idea?

How does the first number of the *Religious Magazine* fulfill this its announced intent? There are fifty-two octavo pages of reading matter. Following the brief introduction above quoted came a review of Dr. Thomas Dick's work on the "Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge;" a chapter of "First Religious Lessons," in story form, addressed to "young mothers;" an extract of some length from a recent sermon by Dr. Chalmers on "Insensibility to the Future;" a critical and descriptive paper on "Insanity, and the Insane Hospital at Worcester;" a practical religious article for "inquirers," entitled "How to Begin;" the first installment, under the head of "The Fireside," of a department of simply told tales for the younger readers; two pages of advice on "The Way to Use a Religious Periodical;" and a concluding "Summary," which bears a close relation to the "Tables," "Cabinets," and similar pieces of modern magazine furniture. "We shall devote a few columns at the close of each number," say the Editors, "to such subjects as deserve a passing remark, whether they relate to the Magazine itself, or to the events of the day, or to those new works appearing from month to month, which are interesting to the religious world." None of the articles in this first number are signed. In fact nearly all were written by the Editors; and by one of them at that.

The "Religious Magazine" did not however lack for contributors. Among those who came to write regularly for it, were Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, then Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Hartford; Rev. John A. Vaughn, an Episcopal clergyman of Lawrence and Salem, afterwards of Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth Stuart, a daughter of Moses Stuart, who became the wife of Prof. Austin Phelps, and the mother of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; a Mr. Woodbridge, afterwards editor of "Annals of Education;" Dr. Jeffries; Samuel

H. Walley, the Boston merchant; Dr. W. A. Alcott, the dietetic; Miss Grant, who was afterward associated with Mary Lyon at South Hadley, and Miss Payson, the daughter of Dr. Edward Payson of Portland, now Mrs. Dr. Prentiss of New York.

From what has been already said the reader will have seen that the *Religious Magazine* was conceived in a liberal spirit and dedicated to the service of a sensible ideal. In the "Summary" of the first number the editors had given this fair warning to the Scribes and Pharisees of the time:

"We do not intend that the Magazine shall be exclusively religious. It is intended for a Christian family, and anything may properly find a place in it, which may be interesting or useful at the Christian fireside. * * * We consider however that giving pleasure is producing useful effects; and consequently we should not certainly reject an article, which would really interest a religious family, because it did not directly teach a moral or religious lesson."

Under this flag, for awhile, the magazine sailed unmolested. But at last an attack from some self-constituted patrol of the high seas was begun. And this was the order and movement of battle:

"*To the Editors of the Religious Magazine:*

"GENTLEMEN:—I subscribed for your Magazine more than a year since, with the expectation that I should find it what it purported to be, a *religious* work, one calculated to be read in the family on the Sabbath, with pleasure and profit. I have however been pained to find that a great many articles have been inserted in the different numbers, that have no more connection with religion, than they have with commerce or politics. Having given away the numbers of the first year, I cannot now refer to particular pieces in them. I however remember 'A College Scrape,' and 'Stories of a Revolutionary Officer.' I last Sabbath took up the December number, and was disappointed at finding so little that my conscience would let me consider as adapted to the day and its sacred duties. The article on the Andover Institution is interesting, and very well in its place, but what connection has it with religious duty? * * * I wish to ask if it is not lowering the standard of religion, to admit such articles into a *religious* magazine?"

And so on. The reader will understand the nature of the whole from the quality of this part, and recognize in the writer of this communication the grandfather or other ancestor of some members of the Fault-Finding Family of to-day. By this formidable criticism, however, the author of "The Young Christian" was by no means disturbed in his editorial seat. "It was never our intention," he says, "to make an exclusively religious magazine:

"A magazine is not a series of tracts nor a monthly preacher. It belongs to a different department of literature altogether, wider in its range, more popular and business-like in its style, and taking hold far more freely and familiarly of the ordinary pursuits of men. Our correspondents have sometimes, not considering this, sent us what are apparently extracts from sermons, but they are out of place. We want articles written expressly for the pages of a magazine, in the style and manner appropriate. And then, if they are calculated to do good, they cannot be out of place. In this number, in an article on War, which we hope our readers will send around to all their neighbors, we even touch a little upon politics!"

In sending my fraternal greeting to the new magazine at Springfield, I can wish for it no higher excellence than that it embody, with "modern improvements" the guiding principles of this old magazine of Boston, which, I think, may be laid down as follows:

1. To expound Christianity as a life.
2. To avoid controversy upon the non-essentials of the Christian system.
3. To welcome the aid of all who have it to offer upon these terms.
4. To apply religious truths in secular directions, and to treat secular subjects in a religious light.
5. To be governed in the preparation of Sabbath reading by the fact that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

Edward Abbott.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LAW-CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

It is sometimes said that those who resort to legislation for the suppression of intemperance must needs abandon the ground of moral influence. That is not necessarily true. There is no reason why both methods—the legal and the moral—should not be employed simultaneously. Legislation of some sort with respect to the traffic in intoxicating liquors is necessary; all Christian communities undertake some legal supervision of the business. And there is no reason why the people who help to make and enforce these laws should abandon all efforts to reclaim drunkards by the use of moral instrumentalities.

Yet it is true that one may put such stress upon the legal methods as practically to neglect the moral agencies; and it is equally true that when the emphasis of the effort to suppress drunkenness is put upon legislation rather than upon personal influence a great mistake is made. Legislation is weak and ineffectual when compared with moral influence; legislation is a secondary and subordinate reliance; the main trust ought to be in the moral forces. That is just where the people who have been prominent in temperance movements for the past twenty-five years have not put their main trust. Those who wish to be known as the active temperance workers of this generation have given five times as much thought and effort to legal measures for the suppression of intemperance as they have given to moral measures. To this enormous disproportion the increase of drunkenness is largely due.

If we ever expect to gain any signal victories in the warfare with intemperance we must arm ourselves with the only weapons that are mighty through God to the pulling down of its strongholds. Where are its strongholds? They are in the depraved moral natures and the diseased appetites of men,—in a region that laws never can reach and subdue. What are the weapons by which these strongholds may be taken? They are the weapons of truth and love.

Truth first. The truth about the bad effects of intoxicants upon their bodies and their souls needs to be told men, kindly but cogently, over and over again. It has been told ten thousand times of course; but that is no reason why we should stop telling it. The method of iteration is the reformer's uniform reliance. By "line upon line, precept upon precept," he will get the truth fastened in the minds of a few, and thus a foundation is laid for the reformation of those who receive it.

But love is better than truth. Personal kindness to the intemperate is the main reliance. Many persons are miserable because they drink; many drink because they are miserable. Hard toil all day; a cheerless home or no home at all at night; no relief or recreation; no opportunity of social enjoyment; no cheering prospects; no elevating friendships—such is the portion of many of those whom, as Christ said, we have always with us. And if such as these choose to forget their loneliness and misery now and then in the exhilaration of strong drink it is not so much a matter of wonder. The expedient is a foolish one, but it is easy to see why many people resort to it.

Now the whole business of saving these people from ruin is not done when you have "shut up the grog shops." Shutting up the grog shops will not make them happy or hopeful; what they want most is not so much the shutting up of the old ways in which they have sought relief as the opening of new and safer ones. A little personal kindness, a little effort to improve the conditions of their life, a little care to provide them with diversions that are wholesome and elevating will do them more good than much legislation about liquor selling. This is work that costs—not money, but what most men are less willing to give than money—time and patience and loving vigilance and careful thought. It does not cost much to make a speech in a temperance meeting, or to pass an evening in a bright room wearing a pretty regalia round your neck and singing pleasant songs, or to go to the polls and cast your vote for the prohibitory candidate; but to seek out the homes of the wretched and to contrive ways of making them happier,—this does cost something. And yet nothing is plainer than that Christ, if he were on the earth, would be working in this way.

We have been witnessing now for a year or two some wonderful illustrations of the effectiveness of this kind of reform. In Michigan, in Ohio, in Indiana, in Pennsylvania, in New York, and throughout New England, the success which has been achieved by the use of purely moral measures puts to shame the results accomplished by legal and forceful measures. Reynolds and Murphy with their coadjutors have done in one year more to suppress intemperance and crime, more to shut up the drinking places, than has been

done by law in ten years. The most stringent laws often fail to reduce very materially the sale of liquors. But it is the simple fact that in many neighborhoods where these men have been at work the saloons by scores have been closed for the want of patronage. And when we read, as we have read in recent newspaper statements, that from all parts of the state of Michigan the officers of the law report a marked diminution in the police business; that one of the circuit judges has declared that the continuance of the "red-ribbon" movement would result in so reducing the criminal trials that two more counties might easily be added to his district; and that in view of this very fact of the lessening of crime in the state a resolution of thanks to Dr. Reynolds passed both houses of the last Michigan legislature by a nearly unanimous vote, we have a clear showing of what can be done by moral agencies toward the suppression of intemperance and the evils which do either accompany or flow therefrom.

ON A CERTAIN HAUTEUR IN CHRISTIANS.

Mr. Lowell's delightful essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," will be suggested by our title, and the paternity of the phrase is confessed without shame. The trait in foreigners of which the author of the "Biglow Papers" writes so good humoredly is not, however, very near of kin to that peculiarity of some Christians to which we refer. Condescension, whether gracious or ungracious—whether proceeding from a calm sense of superiority or from a lofty sense of duty—is a virtue which these good Christians, on certain occasions, religiously suppress. They have learned how to preserve, in their intercourse with some of their neighbors, a most perpendicular stiffness and a most inflexible sternness.

The peculiarity of conduct of which we speak is not always observable in these Christians. It is only in their intercourse with certain persons that you notice it. Toward the great majority of their fellow men they are gracious enough, but there is one class among them whom they always feel bound to treat with great severity.

The phenomenon to which we refer will be made visible by an example. Two ministers, whom we will call Sweet and Strong, are crossing one of the Jersey ferries together of a Monday morning. They do not belong to the same denomination. Strong is a Hittite, let us say, and Sweet is a Hivite, but they are neighbors and friends. Strong is a sincere and straightforward gentleman, and he greets the people whom he knows pleasantly enough, but Sweet is a delightfully affable man; he seems to know half the people he meets, and he has a most engaging way of noticing everybody, and making everybody feel that he is the very soul of benignity and good fellowship. Upon this happy faculty of Sweet, Strong looks with admiration. "What a well spoken fellow he is!" Strong says to himself. "No wonder the Hivites are always swarming if their ministers are all like him!"

Presently they enter a street car together and are seated, when a sudden and alarming change passes upon the countenance of the affable man. Strong looks up in wonder and finds Sweet directing the stiffest and most peremptory of nods toward a passenger opposite. It is evident that this *vis-a-vis*, whoever he is, has suddenly extracted from Sweet all the kindliness that was in him. "Talk about three-minute freezers!" says Strong to himself; "here is a man that has frozen another man stiff in less than three seconds!" Yet the stranger does not look like a bad man. His face is a kindly one; his eyes are full of good humor, and he has the air of a clergyman. After a little Strong ventures behind his newspaper, to inquire of his friend: "Who is that gentleman opposite?" "That's Jones," answers Sweet in a hoarse whisper. "Jones of St. Bunyan's church?" persists Strong. "Yes," replies Sweet, and the reason of the mysterious iciness gradually dawns upon the ingenuous mind of Strong. For Jones is a Hivite minister who has ventured to differ upon a question of church order with the majority of the Hivites. He is admitted by all to be an earnest and godly man; he agrees with his brethren in nineteen points out of twenty, and the twentieth point seems to outsiders rather a minute one; yet because of his disagreement with them in this small matter the great majority of them are unable to treat him with decent courtesy. Whenever he steps into any company of them the conversation is hushed, and a sudden chill is felt in the room. Men who have always known him cast sidelong glances at him, and speak to him, if they address him at all, with ceremonious coolness.

This is the reason why Sweet treats Jones, whom he once knew very well, with such marked hauteur. And as Strong ponders the unlovely spectacle, he thinks of all the people whom Sweet has met this morning, and contrasts his treatment of them with his treatment of his brother Jones. There was Keene, the broker, who has just been engineering a corner in Northwestern—a most rascally operation. Sweet was very friendly to him, and Keene is a Hivite, too. There was Briggs, the fancy goods dealer who has failed five times within five years, and kept his carriage and a man servant and two maid servants all the while,—Sweet fairly beamed upon him. And the bewildered Strong is forced to confess to himself that a man whose heart goes out with such warmth toward dishonest and disreputable fellows like Keene and Briggs, yet who has nothing but sternness and severity for an upright and faithful brother in the ministry who ventures to differ with him on a small matter of church order,

is a man whose disposition it is not, after all, worth while to covet.

We know that this story is true, for we had it from the lips of Strong himself. Moreover, we have seen the same phenomenon ourselves in other Christians besides Sweet, and in other denominations besides the Hivites. And the question may well be asked of these Christians whether in thus making a difference of religious opinion a fault to be punished by the withdrawal of friendship, and in treating their brethren of the same communion who honestly disagree with them about certain matters of doctrine or polity with far greater severity than they treat notorious malefactors, they are not falling into the error of those who tithed garden herbs and neglected weightier matters.

Now that the nineteenth century of Christianity is almost gone, is it not reasonable to expect some abatement of the *odium theologicum*, and some recognition of the fact that honest difference of religious opinion need not give rise to suspicion and unfriendliness?

THE QUAKER POET.

One of the notable events of the month has been the celebration of the seventieth birthday of the poet Whittier. The tributes in the December number of the *Literary World* were indications of the high regard in which Mr. Whittier is held by his contemporaries; and the banquet in Boston given in his honor to the contributors of the *Atlantic Monthly* brought together a distinguished company.

American literature is fortunate in counting among its chief poets in this generation such men as Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant and Lowell—men of unstained and exemplary character, who by their virtues as well as by their genius have won the honor and love of their countrymen. It is no light obligation that we owe to them for having established so close a relation in our thought between the noble art of poetry and the nobler aims of morality. The charm of genius has never been thrown by any of them around vice or lawlessness; they have drawn us by their songs into no ways that do not lead upward. When we remember the kind of influence that poets have sometimes exerted upon the morality of their period, we must feel that in this we have something to be thankful for.

Of all our poets, not one has gained so strong a hold as Whittier upon the affections of his countrymen. This is partly due to the rare simplicity and nobility of his character. He is a man of whom all who know him speak in the heartiest praise. His neighbors of Amesbury and Salisbury joined on his birthday in a loving message in which they say of him: "The warm interest you have taken in every good work, the wise counsel you have given, and your kindly affection for all have made you dear to us; and the genial humor of your conversation has been to our hearts the oil of gladness. The beauty of a life pure and true, a life consecrated to high and holy aims, has been to us a continual inspiration to better things." Happy is the man whose neighbors can truly say all this about him! And happy is the people whose songs are made by singers of pure and blameless lives!

The life of the man does, indeed, give shape and quality to all his work. His poetry reflects his character. He has a quick perception of beauty in nature, and some of his descriptions, notably those of "Snow Bound," are exquisite in their perfection. But it is the broad and deep humanity of his verse that has clothed it with power. The quiet joys of home, the grace of childhood, the passion for liberty, the love of country, the righteous resentment against cruelty and injustice—

> "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love—"

all these have found voices in his lyrics that will never die. The measure is sometimes rugged, and the phrase homely, but the thought goes home to the hearts of men. The common people hear him gladly. They know what he means, for he interprets to them their own best thoughts.

It is not only when he touches the common things of this life that his words have power; his poems of religion are among the noblest in the language. Devout minds in the generations to come will more and more find use for such hymns of trust and hope as "The Clear Vision," "The Answer," "The Eternal Goodness," "Our Master," "Thy Psalm," and "Thy Will be Done." In such peaceful channels the current of his song often flows, through these his riper years, reflecting in its quiet depths the beauty of the skies.

PROVINCIALISM.

The tributes paid by the newspapers and by good men in all parts of the country to the character and influence of Mr. Samuel Bowles since he has been prostrated by his late alarming illness show, among other things, that the good and influential work is not all done in the big cities. There are very few newspapers in any city that have been more widely quoted than the Springfield *Republican*, or that have had more to do in forming public opinion in this country. The metropolitan contempt for provincial journalism is sensibly abated when the name of Mr. Bowles's newspaper is mentioned. Of course a daily paper in a small city must be somewhat limited in its circulation; its local constituency is not large, and it has not the facilities of communication with the rest of the world possessed by the met-

ropolitan journals; but its influence may be large though its circulation is comparatively small.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON has not failed to lay to heart the lesson taught by the success of its neighbor. We hope that our magazine will hold the same rank among the monthlies that the *Republican* has held among the dailies; and if it shall, what can hinder us from getting not only the good name that the *Republican* has got, but the larger audience that the *Republican*, in the nature of things, cannot hope to get? The circulation of a daily journal cannot be very large beyond its own immediate neighborhood, but the case is entirely different with a monthly; the public can be supplied with a monthly as promptly and as cheaply if it is published in Springfield as if it is published in New York. And the embarrassment of riches under which our pigeon-holes already groan, being burdened, proves that the accident of place is no obstacle in the way of obtaining good literary work from the best people in all sections of the country. Our writers come from the East and from the West and from the South; and there is no reason why our readers should not be found in all these quarters. If the tone of the magazine were provincial its constituency would undoubtedly be provincial; but the questions with which it deals are not local questions, and the interests which it seeks to promote are not local interests. We trust that it will be found tolerably free from sectionalism as well as from sectarianism; and that it will prove itself both catholic and cosmopolitan in its ideas and in its work. A good daily newspaper must needs be more or less provincial, for its function is to give the news of its neighborhood; but good literature is not provincial, neither is good religion, and the magazine that is devoted to them may have an unlimited field.

We should be glad, of course, of a large local audience; but the whole boundless continent belongs to us as much as to anybody, and we mean to take possession of our share of it.

WHILE the artist is painting in his background the premature critic is sometimes heard to complain of the somberness of the picture. Those who have adopted this method in judging of Mr. Habberton's story, will probably get a little light on its meaning in the current installment. The problem of Walter Brown's experience could never have been worked out without the use of the materials that were made ready in the first chapter. The motive of the writer in putting Brown into such an environment will now be understood.

ARTICLES that give evidence, in the dinginess of the paper on which they are written and in their generally disheveled and discouraged look, that they have been the rounds of the other magazines, are not nearly so sure of a sympathetic reading hereabouts as those that indicate a more recent origin and a fresher treatment.

THE Lutheran church in this country is split into several belligerent factions, the warfare between which has been about as sharp as any that sectarianism has produced in America. But during the last month a Diet was held in Philadelphia of representatives from nearly all the sections of the church; and though the discussions covered most of the points of controversy among Lutherans, the papers read were so judicious and conciliatory in their tone, and the debates were conducted with such fairness and courtesy that a great advance was made in the direction of reconciliation and reunion. As the *Lutheran Observer* says:

"The many points upon which all parties in the Church agree, and the few upon which they disagree, were so strikingly brought out in the papers read and the discussions which followed, that the margin of difference became exceedingly narrow for Christian men to stand upon and justify, before God and man, the division of our Church into separate bodies."

Most of the points that separate not only the different wings of the sects, but the sects themselves, are of this character; and a frank and respectful conference about these differences would often serve to establish fraternal relations between parties that are in bitter strife. The great majority of those who are engaged in religious controversy do not know the opinions of those against whom they are contending. The leaders in these sectarian conflicts *always misrepresent the opinions of their opponents;* the rank and file are always fighting on false issues. A full explanation of the exact difference between the contending parties,—of the beliefs and purposes and aims of each,—would put a speedy end to many divisions in the church. And we trust that the Lutheran Diet will be only the first of many similar attempts on the part of divided believers to come to a fair understanding.

AT the dedication of Dr. Allon's new Congregational church in London the other day several interesting things happened. Mr. Gladstone attended the morning service, (at which Dr. Dale was the preacher) and at its close was shown over the building. This is only significant as a slight indication of the cordial feeling of the English Liberal leader toward the Nonconformists. The connection of the Liberals and the Nonconformists is likely to become still more intimate in the politics of the near future. Mr. Thomas Hughes was also present and spoke at a collation served in the Sunday-school room; and the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, an English clergyman of eminence, in a speech on the same occasion, expressed the hope "that the day would

come when Churchmen and Nonconformists, who were now educated side by side at the Universities, would minister side by side in life, and lie side by side in their graves." Dr. Allon stated that the Dean of Westminster would have been present to take part in the service, if he had not been detained in his bed by illness. The sincerity of Dean Stanley's purpose is shown by the fact that he has himself invited the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, one of the leading Congregational pastors, to preach in the nave of Westminster Abbey on St. Andrew's Day. Dr. Caird, a Scotch Presbyterian, has preached already in the same historic sanctuary upon the invitation of the Dean. Such things once done cannot easily be undone, and Dissent may well hold up its head when its ministers are invited to preach in Westminster Abbey.

"I DO not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed," said Rowland Hill, "but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them." The sentiment is popular. And many of those who endorse it are desirous that the walls should be kept high enough, so that in the operation of shaking hands over them, they may give the elbows of their fellow-Christians a sharp rap now and then.

"THEY will not come to church, but they will go to the mission room." This is the argument which is always used by the apostles of an assorted Christianity concerning those whom they are pleased to call "the masses"—the unchurched multitudes of our cities. Why will they not come to your church? If there is anything in its structure, or its appointments, that hinders the people who most need its advantages from entering it, you had better burn it up at once and build a church to which they will come. What in the name of all that is sacred was your church built for? But it is not the edifice that keeps these people away. They have no constitutional antipathy to comfort nor to beauty. Neither is it the distance. Multitudes of them pass your church doors every Sunday. There are three reasons why they do not come. In the first place, your method of distributing the sittings is probably such that no poor person can accept a place in it without advertising his poverty. If there are free sittings or cheap sittings they are in the most undesirable position of the house. In nine-tenths of the Protestant churches of the land, any person can tell on looking at a diagram of the floor where the rich people will sit, and where the poor people will sit. In the second place you turn your Sunday assemblies into full-dress rehearsals, and the poor people are put to shame by the contrast between their plain raiment and your finery. In the third place you take precious little pains to make them feel that you want them to come. Your method of disposing of your pews and your style of dressing in church are in themselves pretty distinct notices to them that they are not wanted; your treatment of them when they do come in is not always so cordial as to give them a different impression. If you all, good Christians, wanted these poor people to come to your church, and would make such regulations as to its occupancy, and adopt such habits and manners when you worship in it, as would clearly signify that fact to them, you could get them into your churches much more easily than you can get them into your mission rooms. By so doing you would Christianize your churches, which are now in large measure pagan. When the churches are once Christianized, there will be no difficulty in getting "the masses" to attend them. And it is at least an open question whether a good share of the time and energy that is now given to outside efforts of evangelization would not be more wisely expended in getting the churches into such a condition that the poor will attend them. A Christianity that is based upon caste is not worth propagating.

DR. EGGLESTON'S "Church of Christian Endeavor" in Brooklyn is doing a work somewhat unique but altogether praiseworthy. The church stands on the foundation of the old Lee Avenue church, whose Sunday-school was once so famous; and under Dr. Eggleston's administration the glory which had departed from the Sunday-school is coming back again. More than one thousand children are now upon its roll. The peculiar feature of the enterprise is the "Endeavor Club," designed "for the amusement and profit of young men." The club has a library of eight hundred volumes, and in the rooms that it occupies in the church various games and diversions are furnished, the chief attraction being a shooting gallery. And this is the way the Doctor talks about it:

"It is proper that a church should save men by hook and by crook. No man dealing with young men in the perils of a great city should stand on the manner of saving them. Dr. John Hall says, I know, that it is no more the business of a church to furnish amusements than to keep a grocery. Very good. If my young men could only be saved by my keeping a grocery, I would open one to-morrow—a dry grocery, I mean."

We have heard, by the way, of churches that did "keep grocery," in a small way, for the benefit of the poor. And it did not seem to damage their religion in the least.

DESPERATE maladies sometimes justify desperate remedies, and such seems to be the nature of the relief which Mr. Edward Kimball is now affording some of the debt burdened churches. The high-pressure method resorted to in securing pledges for the payment of these debts (for they are only paid in promises) is not a wholesome

method. It is hard enough, in these days, to secure the fulfillment of obligations that are deliberately assumed; how hard it will be to collect some of these notes that have been made under great excitement, the churches will find when the notes come to maturity. The only principle on which such proceedings can be commended is that on which a pint of whiskey is sometimes given to a man who has been bitten by a rattlesnake.

MR. MOODY seems to be no less successful as an itinerant than as a local preacher. Instead of devoting the best part of the season to one city he is passing rapidly through New England during this winter, tarrying not more than a month in a state. Having given October to Vermont, November to New Hampshire, and December to Rhode Island, his pulpit will remain through January in Hartford, and through February in Springfield. From every quarter come reports of his success not only in uniting the churches, but also in gathering into his meetings large numbers of the people who never attend the churches. The rare common sense of the man, his straightforward earnestness and manliness, and his unaffected and sincere piety win the respect of good people every where.

MR. JOSEPH COOK is responsible for the historical statement that "everywhere the co-ordinating powers land on the bioplasmic shore, each with a constitution drawn up beforehand in the cabin of its Mayflower." Bioplasm being, according to Mr. Cook, viscid, or glue-like, and always in motion, we should think that the "coordinating powers" would find it difficult to land.

SITTING BULL does not seem inclined to preserve a sedentary attitude, even in Canada. He has arisen again, and is preparing for a raid over the border. So we may as well make ready for another Indian war in the Spring, and the addition of one more bloody page to our chapter of atrocities.

MORE justice for the life insurance wreckers. Dr. Lambert, late President of the Popular Life Insurance Company of New York, goes to prison for five years, Mr. Wetmore of the Security for one year, and the grand jury of Hartford has returned a true bill against four of the late managers of the Charter Oak Company of that city, for conspiracy to defraud the policy holders. Some of these gentlemen stand a good chance of getting a little light upon the meaning of the eighth commandment. It is to be hoped that the lesson taught them will be laid to heart by all the managers of trust funds.

THE horrors of the Indian famine are abating, thanks to the splendid charity of Great Britain and her Colonies. The fund for the relief of the sufferers received at the Mansion House in London now amounts to nearly $2,500,000. But is not this whole proceeding contrary to the principles of political economy and the laws of natural selection? What business have these British philanthropists to interfere with the workings of natural causes? If it is wrong to be influenced by considerations of humanity in regulating the price of labor, why is it not wrong to be moved by the same considerations to keep laborers alive when they are starving? Would not the death of a few hundreds of thousands of laborers in India have the effect to raise wages in that country? Is not this Mansion House fund a palpable interference with the working of the natural law of supply and demand? Where are the apostles of *laissez-faire*? And, passing from political economy to evolution, what guaranty have we that the race will be properly developed, if those whom nature selects for destruction are, by our charity, kept alive? Does it not look, after all, as though natural law were an insufficient guide in human affairs? That it is sufficient for the purposes of retribution may well be admitted, but for the work of salvation it is altogether inadequate. The bringing in of a benevolent will and of a better hope are sometimes imperative.

THE fall of Plevna and the overtures of Turkey for peace precipitate the diplomatic crisis which the uncertainty of the struggle has postponed. Russia appears to be in no mood to accept of intervention nor even of mediation on the part of England. And it is not yet clear what the demands of Russia will be, nor whether England will submit to them. Doubtless the independence of Roumania and Servia will be insisted on, and some larger liberties for the other Christian provinces. The freedom of the Straits and a slice of Armenia will also be demanded. The effect must be greatly to cripple Turkey, and to prepare the way for its ultimate political extinction. And this is a result not greatly to be lamented. The Turk in Europe for five centuries has been an alien power, an irreducible tumor, a chronic inflammation. He cannot be assimilated with the populations that by sheer brute force he dominates, nor they with him; neither can he be made over. Corruption and brutality are organic in his religious system. Polygamy and slavery are essential elements of his faith. They are not accidents of Mohammedanism as they were of Christianity; they are part of its substance. And a people in whose religion polygamy and slavery are cardinal principles is a people that cannot be reformed, and that must wax worse and worse continually. Between these Turks and the Christian people inhabiting the lands over which they rule there can be no peace; the only solution of the Eastern Question is in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe or the destruction of their political power. This would have been done long

ago but for the steady intervention of England in their behalf. And while the motives of Russia in assailing Turkey at this time have been very little better than the motives of England in defending her in the past; while the zeal of Russia for the faith is far less strenuous than the desire to find an outlet for commerce and a vent for political fermentations that disturb the peace of the empire, yet no doubt Russia is the rod chosen by Providence for the chastisement of the Turks; and we may trust that, if the rod is not broken in the process, it will be limbered not a little. The issue of the conflict can hardly fail to render Russia more pliant to the influences of Western Christianity. After punishing the Turks for their intolerance the Holy Orthodox Greek Church will be constrained to give some thought to the abatement of her own.

THE surrender of President MacMahon to the Republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies happily ends a protracted crisis, in which the moderation and good sense of the French Republicans have won for them the respect even of their enemies. The new Cabinet, of which M. Dufaure is the leader, is composed of able and distinguished men. M. Waddington, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a Protestant, and his appointment is a notice to the clerical party that France will not be drawn into the revolutionary schemes of the Ultramontanists.

IT seems to be a fact that many of the political leaders of France are just now taking a good deal of interest in Protestantism. The Protestant church in France has been so weak that it has scarcely served as a middle term between Romanism and atheism. Those Roman Catholics who have abandoned the church because they could no longer adopt its dogmas, have generally lapsed at once into infidelity. But some of the more intelligent Catholics have lately come to the conclusion that the alternative of a religion that makes war on civilization is not necessarily irreligion, but a reformed religion. As educated men they know that the position of the Roman Catholic church at the present day can only be maintained by force; as statesmen they see that a people without a religion is no better off than a people with a bad religion. Religious reform begins to look to them like a political as well as an ethical necessity. The fact that the recent crisis in France was almost purely the work of the Catholic clergy, all whose power is used for the overthrow of the Republic, will have its weight with men of this type. The most distinguished of those who have openly allied themselves with the Protestants is M. Jules Favre.

LITERATURE.

OF Mr. Joseph Cook's "Biology" we have given our readers the advantage of a review in the body of the magazine by a writer who is at once competent and friendly. It will be noticed that some important exceptions are taken to Mr. Cook's positions, and that some serious and scarcely excusable errors are exposed. Those who are keeping up with the criticism of the period are aware that the judgments of Professor Bowne are quite as favorable as those pronounced by scholars in general upon the products of the "Monday Lectureship." Mr. Cook is credited with doing good work in some directions, but he is convicted of so many gross and palpable inaccuracies that the contrast implied in his frequent fling at the "small philosophers" is beginning to lose its sharpness.

In this new volume,[1] the questionable innovation of printing the words "Applause," "Sensation," etc., introduced by the stenographer in his newspaper report, is adhered to; and the same explanation of it is given which was vouchsafed in the volume on "Biology." Mr. Cook's audiences "included in large numbers," it is said, "representatives of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and generally of the finest intellectual culture of Boston and New England, and it has seemed admissible to allow the larger assembly to which these Lectures are now addressed to know how they were received by such audiences as those to whom they were originally delivered." In the light of this statement some of these bracketed verdicts of the highest Bostonian culture read curiously. "Not long ago," says the lecturer, "I was in a suffocated tenement house where five or six points on which I could put my hand were in boldest violation of the laws which it is the business of the Board of Health in this city to see executed." This statement was received with "applause." Whether it was the filthy tenement house or the inefficient Board of Health that the "finest intellectual culture" of Boston applauded, we do not know. The lecturer asks this question: "Are the self-evident, necessary and universal ideas of the mind derived solely from experience, or are they a part of the original furniture of the soul, not derived at all from sensuous impressions?" The question is

[1] Transcendentalism: With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

greeted with applause. Inasmuch as it is by no means a question that is answered by asking it we do not understand the cheering. Was it the novelty or the intrepidity of the inquiry that stirred the audience? The statement that "the mythical theory has been rejected by every man of education, yet New York lips teach it here in Modern Athens!" is received with "applause." Of course it is the dig at New York rather than the teaching of an exploded theory that the "finest intellectual culture of Boston and New England" here endorses. A statement is also cheered concerning the prevalence of Christian transcendentalism in Germany, which, we are assured upon the highest authority, is utterly inaccurate and misleading. Perhaps it was *not* the representatives of "the profoundest philosophy and the acutest scientific research" that applauded this statement! On the whole the utility of this new method of punctuation does not seem to be made out. It is a Boston notion that will not, we trust, be largely exported. And we imagine that the Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his "Lectures on Preaching" hits the truth about these marks of demonstration much more accurately than the "Publisher's Note" does, when he says: "I have seen a multitude of preachers gathered together to listen to one who expounded scientific theories upon the religious side, and making the hall ring with vociferous applause of statements which might be true or not, but certainly whose truth they had not examined, and in which *it certainly was not the truth but the tendency to help their side of the argument that they applauded.*"

By this intensity of partisanship the whole performance at Tremont Temple is sadly descredited. The assertion is constantly reiterated that these discussions are pure and exact science; yet the spirit in which they are conducted is by no means the scientific spirit. The lecturer in a frenzy paces the rostrum, defying Boston, defying the liberals, defying the ages, defying everything and everybody that will not agree with him. The language of defiance is not the language of science. And while persons of intelligence and self-control may reap considerable benefit from these lectures, it is at least an open question whether this good is not more than counterbalanced by the harm that must result from the heating of men's passions and the closing of their minds against the truth.

The first two chapters of this volume might fairly belong to a discussion of "Transcendentalism." The rest of the book is a criticism of the religious teaching of Theodore Parker, and a restatement of some of the principal doctrines of the evangelical faith. The criticism of Parker is, on the whole, thorough and successful. Parker was an incisive but not a comprehensive thinker, and plenty of infirm propositions can be extracted from his writings. The inconsistency and inconclusiveness of much of his teaching is well exhibited. Yet in the course of his criticism Mr. Cook more than once exposes himself to the same strictures that he visits upon Parker. Parker taught that we have an intuitive knowledge of the fact of immortality. Cook says that only a slovenly scholarship could use the word "intuitive" in that connection. We have an "instinctive" expectation of immortality, he says, but not an intuition of it. We turn back three pages and find this statement: "Parker strangely overlooked the fact that we have an intuitive knowledge of sin as a fact in our personal experience." To speak of a fact of experience as being intuitively known would seem to be quite as slovenly scholarship as to confound intuition with instinct. Parker taught that the divine existence is an intuitive truth. Cook says that this, again, is "slovenly scholarship." "To me the divine existence is evident, but it is not, strictly speaking, self-evident. It is evident by only one step of reasoning, and is the highest of derivative, but is not really a primitive first truth or axiomatic fact. It is as sure as any axiom; but it is not an axiom that God is." But in one of his lectures on the atonement, Mr. Cook lays this down as an axiom: "It is self-evident that we cannot escape from God." It is self-evident, then, according to Mr. Cook, that we cannot escape from one whose existence is not self-evident.

The lecture on "The Final Permanence of Moral Character" is perhaps the strongest in the book. Some things are here said that go very near to the heart of the question now so prominently before the religious public concerning the future retribution. The terribleness, and in many cases, the finality of this retribution is made but too plain in view of the laws whose working Mr. Cook here points out.

We have by no means indicated all the faults of this book nor have we pointed out all its merits. Some true things are strongly put, and the discriminating reader may find no little profit in these discussions; but the man who accepts Mr. Cook's speculations as the final philosophy of Christianity, should not tarry long upon the earth if he does not wish to change his mind.

THE well-grounded orthodox theologian will read Dr. Hedge's latest volume of essays[1] with a mixture of emotions. He will not find it difficult reading; the depths of thought are sounded but not roiled by the plummet of this philosopher. That clear thinking for which in these days there sometimes is vociferous demand characterizes all these discussions. In his criticisms of the views of others and in his statement of his own, Dr.

[1] Ways of the Spirit and Other Essays. By Frederick Henry Hedge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Hedge easily succeeds in making himself understood by all who have any knowledge of the subjects of which he is treating. Neither will the disciple of Hodge or of Park find fault with the spirit in which Dr. Hedge writes. The temper is always that of a philosopher and never that of a partisan. Neither will the just critic complain of any lack of unity in this volume; for though it modestly takes its name from the title of the first chapter, and does not pretend to be any thing more than a collection of essays, there is a real progress of thought in it; and the relation of the several parts are not simply mechanical.

But the doctrine of the book will furnish the intelligent believer in the system known as evangelical with a variety of sensations. He will sometimes find statements and arguments which, as coming from an eminent Unitarian teacher like Dr. Hedge, will startle him by their agreement with his own opinions concerning matters in which, as he has always supposed, there is between his own belief and that of the Unitarians the most thorough disagreement; and, at other times, he will find theories distinctly avowed, that will seem to him to undermine all religion if not all morality. In the essay on "The Way of Historic Christianity," for example, he will be astonished to find Dr. Hedge defending those earliest doctrinal decisions of the Church "which assert the deity of Christ," and maintaining that "the deepest conscience and truest life of the Church in the fourth century were with this doctrine and for it. . . . . It brought the individual heart and mind into close, immediate and even sensible communion with God; it made the Church the veritable kingdom of God to believers. . . . . It was not enough in rude ages to be intellectually assured of the truth of Christianity as a system of faith and practice; it was necessary to have a God historically present and verbally speaking to the soul. . . . . Nowhere, it seems to me, is the guiding providence of God in history more conspicuous than it is in the wording of the final *dictum* of the Councils respecting the nature of Christ. . . . . The Council of Nicaea decided that Christ was one with God in substance; that of Constantinople reaffirmed this consubstantiality and applied it to the Holy Spirit. At Ephesus it was determined that in Christ two natures unite in one person; and, finally, at Chalcedon it was concluded that, though the person be one, the natures remain two natures still. This was the final triumph of Athanasian orthodoxy over the heresies opposed to it. It was well for the church and well for humanity that this view prevailed as against the Arian and against the Monophysite. Both these doctrines flout the humanity of Jesus. The Monophysite perceived only deity in Christ. The Arian saw neither God nor man but a hypothetical being who is different from both,—a sheer invention, an unintelligible ghostly chimera, whom one can neither repose in as true God nor sympathize with as genuine man. The Athanasian doctrine preserves the humanity intact, and even guards it with jealous care, leaving me at liberty, as my spiritual wants or mental habits incline, to fasten on the human or divine—the hypostatic union."

Such unqualified avowals as these should and probably will astound some orthodox Protestants. But the concessions thus made will lose much of their significance to these readers, when a page or two further on they find mariolatry defended with the same arguments that have been so successfully employed in support of the historic doctrine of Christ's deity. "It was no heathen goddess which the Church adored in the person of Mary; no imperfect creature disfigured by human frailties and passion, but the very beauty of holiness; a faultless image invested—so far as the mind of that age could apprehend them—with the veritable attributes of Deity. Practically it was God himself whom the mariolater addressed,—the Eternal with a tenderer name and more intelligible accidents and more defined personality. . . . . It would seem as if the Almighty had purposely shrouded himself behind this effulgent image, and thrust it ostensibly forth as the fittest demonstration and truest embodiment of those attributes of divinity which it most concerned the popular mind to believe and to cherish."

These passages, to which many similar ones might be added, will show the inclusiveness of the philosophy of Dr. Hedge. That comprehension which the English Broad Churchmen affect is fully attained by this philosopher. To the truths contained in conflicting systems he aims to do full justice. Nothing in his sight is common or unclean. He speaks with respect of opinions and systems that most of his co-religionists are wont to treat with contempt. Thorough-going Unitarians will agree with thorough-going Presbyterians in rejecting the reasonings of Dr. Hedge. His liberal judgments are the fruit of two beliefs. He is an evolutionist, and an optimist. As an evolutionist he finds that "the course of events is a necessary, not a fortuitous succession, and the march of humanity through the nations and the ages a series of progressive developments." Consequently that which others denounce as wholly evil he teaches himself to regard as an incomplete good. Indeed there is in his theory no absolute evil. "What we call evil, therefore, the evil of our experience, when referred to its source, has precisely the same character with that which we call good. If God is good, and if all that is proceeds from him, there is no evil. Suffering, privation, distress of every kind; but no evil. All is good in its origin and purpose, and must eventually approve itself as good in

human experience." It is a most resolute optimism. "Whatever is, is right." Whatever was, was good. The historic doctrine of Christ's deity was; therefore it was good—for those who formulated it, at any rate. Dr. Hedge must also admit that it is good to-day for those who believe it. And would not this reasoning encourage the conclusion that a belief which has proved itself so persistent as this—a belief whose hold upon the thought of Christendom has scarcely been shaken by centuries of criticism, gives some token of being part of the final philosophy? "Christianity," says Dr. Hedge, "may be regarded as the ultimate religion of man." What then is the relation of Christ to Christianity? Perhaps it may appear that that view of his nature which was affirmed so strongly and with such beneficent results by the early councils is a view that the world has not yet outgrown; that there is just as much need of "a God historically present" as there ever was. Indeed Dr. Hedge admits that the two religions, as he calls them—the legal and the liberal religion—will continue to exist side by side. "Neither is best and neither is sufficient in itself. Both are necessary, and both are partial, and both are permanent types. Each is the other's complement, and neither could be missed without loss to the world. Both will continue to exist *in nearly the same proportion as now.* I have no misgivings respecting the cause of Liberal Christianity, whatever may become of the churches that embody it. If these fail other communions will arise in their places, or legal communions will enlarge themselves to receive this element. The gospel has this side; human nature has this side; and both will be sure to find expression. I have no misgivings about Orthodoxy. I rejoice in Orthodoxy, and am deeply conscious how ill this factor could be missed from the sum of the forces that rule the world. Both religions will find their own." Dr. Hedge has certainly some of the elements of a good philosopher, but he is a very poor propagandist.

Black is the appropriate color for the cover of Mrs. Moulton's little book of poems;[1] and the red and gold with which its somber sides are set off are more than enough to symbolize the good cheer within. Upon the earlier pages we find a few rays of sunshine, but over almost all the book darkness broods. It is not a garden with here and there a grave among the flowers; it is a graveyard with a few flowers growing upon the graves. The sadness of the book is for the most part unrelieved and hopeless. It has been said that almost all the poetry written by women in these days is in the minor key. The fact can hardly be disputed, and how shall it be explained? Is the condition of women in this year of grace such as to give rise to an all-pervading melancholy? Mrs. Moulton has considerable facility of expression and her prose is often musical; we might expect from her verses of a pleasant and dainty sort, and there are, indeed, traces of lyrical beauty in these songs; but their prevailing tone of hopelessness and disappointment will make them welcome to none but those who are in her own morbid mood, and who will therefore be hurt rather than profited by them. The last of the lyrics, bearing the date of November, 1877, entitled "Swallow Flights," and meant to express the spirit of the volume, is pitched in this mournful key:

"Forth from the wind-swept country of my heart
Fly fast, swift wings!
For hence the summers and their suns depart,—
Here no bird sings."

"Fly hence, swift wings,—I have been glad with you
In life's glad spring,
Heard summer songs, and thought their promise true;
But now—take wing!"

And in another, "We Lay Us Down to Sleep," a still deeper despair finds a voice:

"Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

"We lay us down to sleep,
Our weary eyes we close:
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more He knows."

It is not merely the disappointments of this life but a dreary uncertainty respecting the life to come that these verses express. If waking to weep and waking no more be the only alternatives, there is, indeed, reason enough for melancholy songs. The doubt which our modern materialism is trying to throw over the future has fallen upon this poet and the result is not encouraging, even in a literary point of view. Mr. Frederick Harrison and the *Westminster Review* have been trying to show that literature will not suffer by the extinguishment of the hope of immortality; but it must be confessed that much of the work that the agnostics are doing in the world of letters is the reverse of inspiring.

Mr. Aldrich is certainly the most delightful of our story tellers. At any rate that shall be the verdict to-day; when we lay down Mr. Howells's next volume very likely our wavering allegiance may pass to another master. It is hard to tell the secret of the power by which Mr. Aldrich pleases us; his art is masked by its perfection. Nothing can be more crisp than the author's own English, nothing more unstudied than the dialogue of his characters, nothing more innocent and wholesome than his humor. His plots are never intricate but they are commonly unhackneyed and generally amusing; the *denouement* is often a perfect surprise. No more unexpected pitfall was ever contrived than that into which the confiding reader of Marjorie Daw is

[1] Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

plunged headlong. It is no more the character-drawing than the plot that makes the success of Mr. Aldrich's stories. His people are always fairly real people, but there are no touches of genius in the delineation of them; indeed, if the truth must be told, they are pretty sure to bear what the gossips call "a family resemblance." But they are nearly always extremely agreeable people—a sort of which one does not readily tire. And their conduct is generally delicate and honorable, revealing a fine sense of the proprieties as well as the amenities of life. Mr. Aldrich's books take one into good company, put him at his ease, and provide for him an entertainment which, if it be not highly stimulating to his moral nature is, at least, entirely free from every suggestion of evil. This last novelette[1] is perhaps the best that he has written. One of the individual characters in it is Mary the mare, whose escapades are treated in an extremely humorous manner. John Flemming, the impetuous lover of Marjorie Daw, reappears in this story, without strongly reminding us of his former self. The episode of the New Hampshire village into which the hero entered just as the inmates of the insane asylum had escaped, after having locked in their keepers, is sufficiently humorous; and the sentiment of the story which takes its rise from this incident is cleverly and artistically managed. We shall not tell the story; nobody ought to try to tell Mr. Aldrich's stories after him; but there is an hour or two of genuine enjoyment in store for those who read it. The severe critics who demand that every story shall convey a great moral lesson will, of course, find fault with it; but that is a better philosophy which teaches that he who gives us innocent pleasure does us a valuable service; and for this service Mr. Aldrich is putting many good-natured people under heavy obligation.

WHETHER it is to the *scabies alliterationis* or to the passion for exaggeration that the title of Mr. Wheaton's book[2] must be attributed does not clearly appear; probably, however, it is the latter. To apply the word "sinners" jocosely to children of the type here described is neither good rhetoric nor good religion. The young folks whom Mr. Wheaton shows us are clearly conceived, and if they were just a trifle less intense and sensational they would be real children. The drawing is good, but the colors are laid on quite too heavily. If the author will study children in their quieter moods, and give us characters somewhat less strained and theatrical he may do good work in this department of fiction.

[1] The Queen of Sheba. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Six Sinners: or School Days in Bantam Valley. By Campbell Wheaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

THE fault of exaggeration which is justly censured in the juvenile entitled "Six Sinners," is still more apparent in another story by the same author.[1] Such an utterly disagreeable woman as the author shows us in old Mrs. Ogden probably never existed; and certainly ought never to have been described. Unrelieved crabbedness and ugliness is bad art; we do not want to know such people, and the author who introduces them to us does us a serious disservice. We are the more displeased with Mr. Wheaton because his observation is keen, and his dialogue is very bright; if he will see the right things and show them to us, he has the power of giving us no little pleasure. We must do him the justice to say that his book was written and in the publisher's hands before the literary plague of the "relative series" was let loose upon the public.

MR. JULES VERNE, who has been round the world in eighty days, has travelled twenty thousand leagues under the sea, has made all manner of impossible journeys and told all manner of sensational tales about them, has (or has not) at length taken a trip to the sun.[2] We see that he is also advertised to go off on a comet sometime during this month, and we cordially hope that he may never get back again.

THE boys who have read "F. Grant & Co.," will be glad of another book[3] by the same author. It is plain that Mr. Chaney knows the boys of this generation, their virtues and their weaknesses, the ways in which they are tempted and the ways in which they can best be saved from temptation. There is plenty of adventure in this book, but there is no unwholesome excitement; the lessons of life that it teaches are wholesome and true. It will do the boys good to read it, and the boys might do an excellent stroke of missionary work by persuading their fathers and mothers to read it too.

NOBODY has written better stories for children than Miss Alcott, and we are by no means inclined to believe that her vein is worked out; but some of her shorter stories show marks of haste. The fourth volume[4] of these briefer juvenile tales and sketches is good reading for the young folks, however; and all of them will be hoping that it may take a great many years to get to the bottom of "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag."

[1] His Grandmothers: A Summer Salad. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] To the Sun: A Journey through Planetary Space. From the French of Jules Verne. By Edward Roth. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

[3] Tom: A Home Story. By George L. Chaney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[4] Aunt Joe's Scrap-Bag: My Girls, etc. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SINCE the days of dear old Isaac Watts with his "solemn joy" and "awful mirth," many singers have arisen who have loved children, and who have found pleasure in singing to them or about them. Poetry comes before prose in the history of literature and in the heart of childhood; the first words that fasten themselves in the memory are musical words. For this appetite there is now abundant provision; of poems for all the ages of childhood there are several choice selections. This last one[1] contains many of the old favorites, and quite a number that have not been embraced in the other compilations. In the department of "Songs for the Nursery" is a good selection of Mother-Goosery; and the departments that follow are "Songs for Childhood," "Songs for Girlhood," "Songs for Boyhood," and "Our Children's Sacred Songs." The classification has been made on no very definite or even intelligible principle. It would be difficult to tell why Mrs. Browning's "Cowper's Grave," or Longfellow's "The Light-house," or Tennyson's "The Death of the Old Year," should be classed among songs for girlhood rather than among songs for boyhood; nor why Gray's "Elegy" or Poe's "Raven" should be regarded as especially appropriate to boyhood. But the selections are mostly good; the illustrations, many of which have done duty elsewhere, are spirited; and the volume is neatly printed and serviceable.

OF the convenient series of "Artist Biographies," we have now the life of Titian.[2] The story of this artist of noble lineage and nobler genius is closely interwoven with the illustrious days of Venice, and with the eventful history of Western Europe in the first part of the sixteenth century. The student of history, therefore, as well as the lover of art, will find profit in this sketch of Titian, which seems to have been carefully and intelligently prepared.

MR. ALCOTT'S singularly gracious and serene personality will always win for him the sympathetic attention of his audience, and it is not often that those who listen fail to be benefited. In this last volume[3] we find all the characteristics of his simple and benignant nature, revealed in his rather oracular utterances. Sometimes, indeed, his outgivings resolve themselves into gentle commonplaces; sometimes they are audible echoes of the other sage of Concord; but often they have a kindly flavor of their own which makes us confess ourselves greatly his debtor.

OF readable modern essays we have not too many; in our period fiction divides with science the kingdom of literature. The happily named collection[1] of Mr. Appleton would come into the category of light literature; for several of the papers are sketches, and these are the best of the book. "Something About Our Good Things" is a panegyric of the American larder, rather than of the American cuisine—a gustatory rhapsody over which the mouths of epicures will water. Mr. Appleton has illustrious precedent for this introduction of gastronomy into literature; but neither Mr. Appleton, nor Charles Dickens, nor Charles Lamb has added greatly to his permanent fame by what he has said about cookery. That would better be left to the Honorable Mrs. Beeton. "A Month in the Adirondacks," is a sketch of a much higher order. It takes one further into the woods, and gives one a better insight into the pleasures that wait in their solitudes for the genuine woodsman than any other writing that we have lately read. "Three Months in the Shadow" is the best of the contemplative papers; the sober but hopeful mind of a convalescing philosopher finds happy expression in it. "A Plea for Phrenology" is acute and suggestive though it makes quite enough of a pseudo science; "The Kingdom of the Commonplace" contains some discriminating thinking, and a political essay on the relation to the Union of the late Slave States is on the whole a just treatment of a difficult theme.

MR. DELEON really has something new and important to tell us about Egypt[2] and he tells it in a spirited and intelligible way. A residence of many years in Egypt, as agent and consul-general of the United States, and an intimate acquaintance with the last three rulers of the country, have given him unusual facilities for studying its institutions. With the sharp eye of an American he has been looking into the social, economical and political affairs of Egypt, and with the ready pen of a journalist he records his observations and moralizes upon them. In the last chapter he is good enough to outline for the Khedive a scheme of "reform," which that potentate might do a much worse thing than to adopt. The appendix fortifies the arguments of the book with valuable documents and tables.

1 Our Children's Songs, with Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

2 Titian: (Series of Artist Biography.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

3 Table-Talk. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

1 Windfalls. By Thomas G. Appleton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

2 The Khedive's Egypt: or The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By Edwin De Leon. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——MARCH, 1878.——No. III.

THE CREW OF THE SAM WELLER.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," "THE JERICHO ROAD," "THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST," ETC.

III.

DEACON PACKSITT was not of the kind that wearies in well-doing. He had a conscience which was very well preserved, as consciences go; a great deal of sentimental, honest regard for humanity, and a most unfashionable sense of responsibility for the conduct of his brother man. As he had lived nearly three-score years, he had learned by experience, as well as from his Bible, that the human heart is deceitful above all things; and though he was generous enough first to deal with a fellow-being as if said fellow-being were as honest as he himself tried to be, he was seldom asleep when the trusted fellow-being showed himself to be the creature of sentiments different, very different from the Deacon's own. When he made an assault upon the sinful soul of any acquaintance, he first did it in the most direct and honorable manner, no matter how he had obtained the position from which he moved his columns; when, however, the qualities which the Deacon (generally with cause) massed under the collective title of "natural depravity" were displayed by his antagonist, the Deacon dropped the tactics of a general and adopted those of a fox-hound; and he would thereafter patiently follow a sly sinner through any labyrinth and over every obstacle until he had either captured him or run him to earth.

It follows, therefore, that the Deacon's first religious talk with Brown was not his last. Discovering that his stranger-hand was not fond of religion as a set subject of conversation, the Deacon frequently let drop single remarks which were designed to provoke retorts from the young man. Sometimes they succeeded, with the result of giving the Deacon a mental advantage which he was not slow to enforce; then, however, the Deacon had tact enough to withdraw before he had frightened his antagonist into sullenness. He calculated quite shrewdly that a young man of so evident ability would become restive under successive defeats over which the victor did not appear to be particularly exultant; that he would, some day, under the cumulative effect of many defeats, grow unduly excited and display his whole force, with its weakness as well as its strength, and would thereafter be completely at his mercy.

But while there are no heights of personal experience which may not be reached by an honest nature, no matter how imperfect its training or how secluded its life, there are depths which can not be sounded, even awkwardly, by any one who has not been familiar with the larger and more varied circles of human effort. Any child, looking upward, may behold the glories of worlds which are millions of miles away, but when it turns its eye downward, the shallow puddle at its feet seems fathomless; indeed, it had better remain so, unless to those who

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have lost something in its depths, for no good naturally inhabits it, however patiently curious hands may search it. In and around Brackelsville there were sinners of many kinds; but all of them, except a few bungling hypocrites, were what might be called simple cases. The Deacon had a mental catalogue of them; he could name in plain terms the particular physical temptation under which the offender fell to whatever sinful plane he might now be upon, and no one of these men would deny the accuracy of the Deacon's definition. But the rascal developed within the boundaries of good society is of a nature altogether different from these. His physical nature may be as frequent an offender as that of his fellow-man in simpler, ruder circles; but his finer mental organization and training, with its opportunities for wrong-doing a thousand times increased, enables him to accomplish mental and moral abasements compared with which the simple violations of the Ten Commandments seem respectable. The prospective goal of the thief, the brawler and the murderer, if they care to look for it, is the prisoner's bar; but that of the scamp whose course is pursued through social and business circles, is utterly out of the range of prophecy, for it is as likely to be social or financial eminence as the reverse. When, however, the least desirable of these two ends is reached, particularly by a man of considerable shrewdness, he is not, as many a vulgar sinner is, a stranded bark which needs only a friendly tug to be afloat again, or which may even restore itself at high tide, but he is an utter wreck, whose fragments are in a confused jumble, from which no human haud can reconstruct it. Worse still, such fragments as seem to possess volition object strongly to reconstruction according to any seaworthy model, or any other except one embodying all the faults of the late original at the moment of foundering.

The Deacon, finding himself unsuccessful in his main issue with Brown, turned his batteries upon old Lugwine, and speedily discovered that some people could be shot through and through without being hurt a particle. The old Bottomite was not without reasoning powers—no man is, after he has once desired to transgress any law of state or society—and he occasionally became wrought up to a pitch of argumentation which astonished all of the crew who had known him principally as a listless, lazy lounger. In justice to his messmates, it must be admitted that the old man was rather a wonder to himself in this respect, for he had never before realized how the fighting spirit, which at home asserted itself in his blood at least once a fortnight, can be gratified as completely and viciously through the tongue as through fist and knife. He occasionally put some of the Deacon's choicest doctrines in great jeopardy by his questions and replies, so that the good man seriously believed that Satan was alarmed for the safety of his own and was speaking through him. But when the Deacon assaulted with morality instead of doctrine, the Bottomite was completely riddled without being conscious that any thing unusual, least of all any thing dangerous was going on. One day, the two had been sparring vigorously over some of the Deacon's cherished doctrines, and at length the Deacon said:

"Lugwine, it makes no difference whether you understand certain doctrines as I do; you know that you ought to live a better life."

"Well," said the Bottomite, modifying the intensity of his reflections by some vigorous sucks upon his pipe, "I don't see but I'm as good as my neighbors."

"But you should be better than they," urged the Deacon.

The Bottomite laughed sarcastically—it was a hollow, derisive laugh, that affected the Deacon about as the earlier symptoms of a chill might have done—as he replied:

"If you preached that way to *your* neighbors they'd run you out of town."

"My neighbors and yours are different people," replied the Deacon with some acerbity.

"Yes," replied the Bottomite, "they wear better clothes an' go to church more—I s'pose that's what you mean. They're sharper at a bargain, though. Any of 'em that keeps store 'll do his best to get a coon-

skin from me for less money than he knows his next-door neighbor'll pay."

"But they don't get drunk and fight," said the Deacon.

"No–o–o," drawled Lugwine, "but when they have a fallin'-out with somebody they go to law with him. Now *I* think a fair stand-up fist-fight is a squarer way of settlin' a difficulty; there haint no sneakin' around, no hittin' a feller in the dark about it."

"See here, Lugwine," said the Deacon, "you know you Bottomites bring counterfeit money into town sometimes. I don't say *you* do it, but everybody knows that it comes from somebody in the Bottom. Now you know that nobody in town does that sort of thing."

"Well," said the old pagan, after a moment of reflection, "the only difference is that the town way of shovin' bad paper is accordin' to law, an' the other way aint. There was Amzi Roper, that bought produce last year. I sold him my corn —'twasn't much to be sure, but 'twas my whole crop—an' he gave me a two-month due bill for it. He didn't pay it — he aint paid it yit. What'll ye gimme for it? I can't git nothin' out of him, an' I can't put him in jail, neither."

The Deacon was not buying uncommercial paper just then; he explained, however, to the benighted Bottomite, that there was a legal difference between spurious bank-notes and genuine notes of hand.

"Of course there is," said the Bottomite, with his dreadful laugh, "an' that's the worst of it. Every body knows about counterfeits, if they've got a bank-note detector, an' can read, but nobody knows about bad due-bills except the feller that makes 'em."

"There are bad men every where," admitted the Deacon, "but that is no reason why other men should be bad. And it's no reason why so much horse-stealing should be managed by Bottom men."

Mr. Lugwine winced a little, noting which the Deacon determined to warn the local "Farmer's Band" to watch the old man closely.

"Well," said the representative of the suspected district, "I don't know whether it's any worse to steal a hoss outright, than it is to cheat a man out of his critter, an' that's the way I lost all the hosses *I* ever had—lost 'em right in town, too, in open daylight. What do you think of that, neighbor?" continued Lugwine, suddenly addressing Brown.

"You are perfectly right," assented Brown, who had taken sincere delight from the old sinner's defense of his class. Where one cannot raise himself to a desired level, it is extremely comforting to bring the level down to his feet—and it is so much the easier plan of the two! Paganism began to appear even more desirable than ever to the defaulter, now that he had seen it defended with tolerable success, on the ground of its comparative morality. How, he asked himself, and in a spirit which he imagined was honest, did he differ from the officers of the bank whose funds he had used? People deposited money in the bank because they wanted it in safer hands than their own, but those of them who were business men, knew that the bank's coffers seldom contained their money. Most of it was loaned almost as soon as received, to whomsoever the bank saw fit to lend it. He, himself, had made loans for the bank, when he thought well of the prospects of getting it back; he had loaned to himself in like manner. Of course he believed the chance of repayment was good; would he have been so idiotic as to have knowingly run any serious risk of non-payment?

It was quite easy to reason in this strain, as he lounged about the deck in the mellow sunlight of a cloudless day, while the boat drifted safely along in mid-river; but it was somehow impossible, when the thread of his argument had been broken by a call to some minor duty, to resume it when he went upon deck to hold the helm through six hours of a moonless night. Then there came first and remained uppermost the thought that the bank had not received its money back again; that he had nothing to offer as an equivalent; that transactions like his had always been classed among crimes, and that no criminal lawyer would be foolish enough to argue before judge and jury as Brown had argued before himself. And excusable —nay, desirable—as paganism had seemed

by daylight, when night came he again and again found himself engaged in a course of self-examination according to Calvin. Had his sin been known only to himself, he might have imagined himself following Calvin still farther, and lulled his fears to rest by trusting in the mercies of the Judge in whose existence and goodness he intellectually believed. Unfortunately, however, for his peace of mind, he learned, as the successful wrong doer seldom does, that he was not so much concerned about the manner in which he was regarded in heaven, as about the opinion of the world. He believed in God, as we are assured the devils do; but all of us believe in a great deal with which we do not particularly concern ourselves. The mercy of God might save him from the final doom of the wicked, which was the point of orthodoxy upon which his mind was most active, but could it replace him in the society from which, by his own act, he had excluded himself? If it could not, how much was religion really worth to a man who was in difficulties?

And his imagination was as changeable as his reason. In the warm air of day, his vision bounded only by trees, sky and water, the every surrounding of the little boat being natural and instinct with life, his intellectual reachings after paganism were supplemented by the imagination natural to most young men of liberal education and warm, red blood. He recalled all the desirable deities from his remembrance of classical dictionaries; he evolved from his fancy an assortment of naiads, dryads and fauns, that would have made life extremely lively for the habitually lonesome "Father of Waters." He went farther, and endowed with individuality every tree that grew upon the bank, every stream that emptied itself into the great river; he even found it easy to create a sentimental sympathy for an uprooted tree which floated along in the current. But when darkness came to hide most shapes and distort the remainder, he remembered that not all the deities of Greece and Rome were desirable; that there were demons as well as gods, and satyrs as well as fauns. The grand old river which seemed by day to murmur caressingly to the boat entrusted to it, talked in a very different tone at night; its eddies, which in the sunlight merrily danced and rippled as the boat parted them, now remonstrated sharply and threatened hoarsely; the great sycamores which stood so gray and grand by daylight, now seemed to stretch threatening arms dimly through the dark, while a floating log was a shape all the more dreadful because it was nameless. Even night birds and animals opened their mouths only to scream or shriek or roar, and the verdure-covered banks of the day became two great, black walls, which hemmed him in among the horrors he had created, and which ended only where the black horizon dropped to meet them. One night a row boat crossed the river just astern of the "Sam Weller;" a torch showed the occupants to be negroes, black, ragged, dirty—runaway slaves, probably; yet he would gladly have changed appearance and fortune with any of them, and accepted whatever fate his new condition might bring him. For what could their future contain that was as bad as the best that seemed in store for him? The life for which they longed, they knew of only through imagination; they probably would be disappointed by it when they gained it, if gain it they did. Suppose they were pursued, hunted and torn by dogs, recaptured and taken back to their old life, they would at least be taken to the best they had ever known, and the crime for which they would be punished would always seem a virtue to them. But he—what hunting, what cruelty would he not endure to be restored to the old life from which he had fled, if only he might think of his flight as the fugitive slave would honestly think of his own!

But suppose he could return, without risk of prison, who would there be to welcome him? His father and mother, probably, and the city missionary whose duty it was to prowl among the dangerous classes. Who would really care for him as he walked the streets? Ugh! the mere thought made him shiver and crouch as he leaned on his heavy oar. Pagan or Christian, penitent or defiant, he was sure that he could never again face his old acquaintances, never again inhabit his favorite society, nor any which

affiliated with it. Where, then, could he go to hide from those he had injured, and to find any one who in the least cared for him? His father and mother would travel any where, every where to be with him in his trouble; but offenders frequently learn, without particularly great surprise, how unattractive natural affection may become to those who seek their worldly treasures among more material things. But, make the best he could of appearances, he could not discover how he could ever be more than an outcast to his own. Outcast?—he, Walter Brown, young, handsome, educated, refined, an able man of business, and but lately a pet of society? Where *could* he go without humiliation? He might return to Brackelsville with the remainder of the crew, disguise himself by some new arrangement of hair and whisker so that no traveler from New York could recognize him; there he might start anew in life; the town would doubtless grow, there would be some sort of society to enjoy, and—but stop! he was known even there; that insignificant, homely, vulgar old woman who had witnessed the departure of the "Sam Weller," had detected him—she knew there was something on his mind, and she was praying for him! Faugh!

As he mused in the dark, he unconsciously dropped the mask which he habitually wore by daylight, and he was so absorbed in his uncomfortable thoughts that he did not think to reassume his habitual features when the day broke. He neither thought nor cared that his watch was ending, and that it was time to call his successor; so when Tanker, whose turn it was for duty, awoke by mere force of habit and came unexpectedly upon deck, the face which he beheld was so strange and unfamiliar that the still sleepy Tanker dropped hastily down the ladder, aroused his messmates, and suggested that the boat must have been boarded and taken in possession at night by river pirates, as had been the fate of occasional other boats of which he had heard. Then the whole crew tumbled up, each with an axe, a knife or a hatchet, and were not very prompt at perceiving Tanker's blunder, so pale, thin, weird and unlike its usual self was the face of their helmsman.

"Had a chill?" queried the Deacon, laying down his axe and walking slowly aft.

"No," replied Brown, his pale cheek flushing as he partly recovered from the fright into which the menacing array of his messmates had thrown him, "but I don't feel as well as I would like to."

"These confounded southern fogs are pretty sure to knock a man that isn't used to 'em," said Soole, "but quinine 'll make him all right. I'll bring you up some." And the stupid fellow instantly forgot, in the presence of apparent misfortune, that he had been hating Brown quite industriously ever since the boat started on her trip.

"Qui-nine won't do you no good," whispered Tanker, as he took the helm; "Resurrection Pills are the things; I'll bring you up my box of 'em, an' you can take all you please. An' I reckon my bed is softer than yourn—just turn into it when you go below."

"What you need," observed Lugwine, as he accompanied Brown to the ladder, "is two or three stout horns of whiskey; an' first time we lay up at a town you'd better get a lot. A single bottle ain't no good. The Deacon is always down on whiskey; he won't have it aboard a boat of his if he knows it, but you can keep it hid? I'll help you do it."

After a bountiful breakfast and a few hours of sound slumber, however, Brown appeared upon deck as bright-eyed as ever, though the genuine sympathy of his messmates made it hard for him to retain his usual self-sufficiency. The calm that naturally succeeds a storm even caused him to unbend more amiably than he had hitherto done, and he volunteered assistance in the various fragmentary conversations that occurred until Tanker and Soole admitted to each other that he was a pretty good fellow after all, though not an easy one to get acquainted.

The Deacon noted the change in the young man's demeanor. He recalled times when short fits of sickness had somehow changed his own mental constitution for the better, so that he had found occasion to thank God even for sickness. Perhaps the temporary illness of the stranger-hand might have disposed his heart more favorably

toward the ideas which he had scouted while in perfect health. How far could mere philosophy go toward sustaining a man so filled with fear and dread as Brown had seemed to be that morning? The Deacon determined to ascertain, if possible; but while discussing with himself the ways and means of doing so successfully, he and the unoccupied portion of the crew were startled by a shout from Soole, who was at the helm.

"There's a nigger in the water," said he, "an' he seems to be makin' for us. He's headin' just where we ort to meet him."

Everybody hurried to the side to look; there certainly was a black head moving in the water and toward the middle of the stream. It seemed to move about as slowly as the boat, and the two could not meet for at least a quarter of an hour. The Deacon and his men moved slowly forward, keeping their eyes fixed on the dark spot in the water. It was old Lugwine who finally broke the silence, and with the words:

"Hang a nigger; that's what *I* say."

"Niggers have souls, the same as white men," said the Deacon, reprovingly.

I reckon *his* 'll get out of his body 'fore *we* reach him, "drawled Soole, unless he's a mighty good swimmer."

"Mebbe there's a reward to be got for him," suggested Tanker; "he's good for that much, anyway."

"No matter who or what he is," said the Deacon, starting, "he ought to be saved from drowning. Get the skiff over the side, quick! Who'll go with me?"

"I will," said Brown, quickly, snatching the oars out of the little boat, and shoving her over the side. The Deacon dropped into the boat, Brown handed the oars down, and then descended himself; a few seconds later and the skiff, urged along by the Deacon's stout arms and a swift current, was flying down the stream. Brown instructed the Deacon briefly, but frequently, as to the course; suddenly, however, he exclaimed,

"Deacon, that's not a darkey; it's a bear!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the old man, resting on his oar for a moment and gazing over his shoulder; "so it is!" In an instant he turned the skiff on its centre and started back for the boat, jerking out, as he did so:

"I wish I'd—tried the glass on him—before I—lowered the boat. I've seen bears—swimming before, though — what they're such fools for—as to swim the Mississippi—an' fool soft-hearted folks—beats me."

"Don't run away from him," pleaded Brown. "Let's have him; I'll manage him with this hatchet, if you'll manage the boat."

The Deacon stuck manfully to his stroke, and gasped,

"I don't care much for bear's meat—I prefer pork."

"Let's have his skin, then," said Brown. "A man don't get a chance at big game every day."

"I take my own—skin best," remarked the Deacon, "an' I like it without — scratches."

"He won't care to scratch," urged Brown; "he can't use but one paw at a time while he's in the water, and I can easily disable that with the hatchet."

The Deacon paused no longer than absolutely necessary between strokes, as he replied:

"I'll take your word for it, but—I don't want to run—no risks. I don't care to—lay up down the river—an' pay doctor's bills for—one or both of us. It don't feel nice—to be sewed up in spots—an' bears ain't particular 'bout tearin' on straight edges."

Brown was almost frantic with his desire to engage with Bruin. Being human he could be a savage hunter at any time on very short notice; now, his anger having long been stimulated without a chance to vent itself upon anything or any one, the prospect of a perfectly legal fight with some one strong enough to be worth overcoming. He was so nearly beside himself in his eagerness as to forget his manners, and exclaim:

"I believe you're really afraid of your life. I'm willing to risk mine, and I'm not prepared, as you believe *you* are."

The Deacon rested on his oars for a moment, and reflected. Fighting a fierce, useless animal in the middle of the Mississippi river, was poor business for a Deacon, the father of a family, and the pilot and supercargo of a valuable flatboat; but if by so doing he could in any way show that the

courage of the Christian was superior to that of the sinful man, the affair would wear a very different aspect. Did not Paul, for the glory of God, fight with wild beasts at Ephesus—probably without the aid of a hatchet, and certainly without a big river to partially disarm the animals for him?

"*Get* your bear, if you want him so bad!" shouted the Deacon, as he again turned the skiff's head down the stream, and rowed with all his might.

Bruin saw the couple approaching, and changed his course somewhat, so as to meet them. It was impossible to discern his intentions from his physiognomy. but it was quite evident from his motions that something in or about the boat was extremely attractive to him.

"Pull around him!" exclaimed Brown, as the animal was nearly reached, "so we won't move too rapidly for me to strike squarely. "Pass under his nose as nearly as possible as you go up stream, and swing the stern square against him, if you can."

Brown still kept his seat in the stern, his hatchet hidden from view; he seemed so cool, so fearless in spite of his animation, that the Deacon could not help admiring him and wondering at him. Was the fellow a fool? No; he had dropped some remarks about hunting which showed him to have been a zealous sportsman. But had he ever met a bear before? Or hadn't he any thing to live for? Even if he had not the instinct of self-preservation must certainly be strong in so healthy a young fellow. He looked like anything but a man careless of life as he sat, crouching but alert, with the hatchet retired but held with a grip so firm that every bone, tendon and vein in the back of his hand stood plainly in view. There could be no doubt that the fellow really had courage of a very fine quality, but where could it have come from? From mere philosophy? Then how much greater than he had ever imagined must be the possibilities of that better courage of which the Deacon knew.

Comparisons of the real with the true, the known with the unknown, may often be safely and profitably made, but not while one is an important party to a bear hunt. As the Deacon was busily occupied with Brown's face and eyes, he neglected the actual position of the bear, and so it happened that when he was about to round Bruin, as he supposed, one of his oars was snatched violently out of his hand, and at almost the same instant the skiff made a sudden lurch in the direction of the departed oar. And when the Deacon, first saving the equilibrium of the boat by a tremendous start in the opposite direction, looked across his shoulder to see what the cause could have been, his eyes met eyes which, in spite of an air of meek inquiry, were rather more hoggish than the old man was in the habit of encountering even among business men. Then he saw, within an inch or two of his own elbow, a great blackish brown paw.

"Here's your bear," shouted the Deacon, scrambling hastily forward, and doing his best to preserve the equilibrium of the boat, "Why don't you come and get him?"

Brown also crept forward, and bracing himself against the side and the seat, raised his hatchet and aimed a blow at the animal's head. But Bruin, clumsy as he was, was also a specialist in the art of self-defense; he skillfully warded off the blow by a stroke of one paw; the hatchet dropped, fortunately into the boat, and the bear himself entered the boat a second later, squatted upon his broad hams, and proceeded to consider the situation.

The Deacon, who had retained the remaining oar with a very firm grasp, raised it, made a tremendous lunge with it after the manner of a lance, gave the bear a severe punch on the back of the neck and shouted

"Get out!"

Bruin whirled about as if he had been a dancing-master, and the old man, hastily commending his soul to his Maker, went over the side with great rapidity; his motion caused the boat to capsize, and in an instant there was in the river as confused a jumble of boats, bears, deacons and defaulters, as any wisher after "chaos come again" could desire. The boat turned bottom upward, and the Deacon sputtered violently about until he could rest his elbow upon the stem-post. Brown placed a hand upon the stern, while Bruin, perhaps in answer to the

old man's fervent prayer that he might, if hungry, devote his attention to that one of the couple who was manifestly the youngest and most toothsome,* placed both paws on the bottom amidships, and scrambled toward Brown. The defaulter raised his hatchet and smote the animal on the top of the head, a proceeding which somewhat discouraged the brute; he repeated the blow and bestowed his third upon the animal's ankle. The bear sullenly recognized the inevitable, loosened his hold, and drifted down the river, being saluted by a wild shriek as his coat rubbed against that of the old man, and his unharmed paw fingered convulsively about the Deacon's breast. Then Brown, righting the boat, got into it, bailed the water out with his hat, and instructed the Deacon how to get in without causing another capsize. Knocking the seat loose with his hatchet, Brown used it as a paddle, and worked the boat first to one oar and then to the other; then the couple overtook Bruin as he drifted insensibly along, gave him two or three finishing touches, and took him slowly out to the flatboat, which by this time was about abreast of them. The old man had but little to say until the animal was hauled aboard, and he himself had changed his clothing; then he drew Brown aside from where he had been observing the operation of flaying the bear, and inquired:

"Where *did* you get that kind of grit from? It is too good not to be used in the service of your Master."

SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS.

I.

THE RED SEA TO REPHIDIM.

MODERN Science has approached the book of Exodus along three lines of investigation. The higher criticism has sought to distribute its authorship among a number of writers, extending from the time of Moses to that of the later Kings of Judah, and to represent the work as a compilation from different sources made in times long subsequent to those of which it treats. The writer has no inclination to enter into these questions. They are foreign to the departments of science which he has specially studied, and their value appears to him rather subjective than objective. They serve rather to show the speculative tendencies of certain minds in modern times than to throw any actual light on the matter to which they relate. Their results are also to all appearance contradictory to those established by other lines of scientific inquiry.

A second line of investigation, of a more promising nature, is that of Archæological research, which seeks to deduce from Egyptian monuments some contemporary evidence for or against the Hebrew story. This has in modern times yielded valuable and positive results. We know with some certainty that the migration of Jacob into Egypt occurred either towards the close of the rule of those foreign kings known to the Egyptians as the *Hyksos* or Shepherd kings, or possibly at the beginning of the dominancy of the native Egyptian dynasty which succeeded them, known to historians as the eighteenth. They evidently long enjoyed much consideration in Egypt, were regarded as a valuable bulwark of that country against invaders from the East, and probably furnished portions of the armies with which Thothmes III. and other great Egyptian sovereigns of that dynasty carried on their brilliant and successful campaigns in Asia. It further appears that towards the close of the eighteenth dynasty the Hebrews either attained such dominance as to attempt to reform the religion of Egypt; or what is perhaps more likely, that some astute statesman had conceived the idea of assimilating and simplifying the religious beliefs and practices of the different races

* The Deacon had fallen into the common error of supposing that bears are particularly fond of human flesh, the fact being that they prefer almost any other diet.

inhabiting Egypt, by one of those acts of uniformity which have so often been attempted by rulers, but with so little success. Queen Taia, said to have been a fair complexioned woman, with foreign features, and her son, Amen-hotep IV., have been handed down to us on Egyptian monuments, as the leaders in this revolution, and the worship supposed to have been introduced was that of Aten or Adonai, symbolized by the solar disc, one of those monotheistic religions akin, at least, to the patriarchal beliefs of the Hebrews. This religious innovation was followed by a time of strife and confusion, out of which emerged the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, one of the first kings of which, Seti, seems to have been himself of Shepherd or Hebrew race, and to have been introduced by marriage into the Royal family. But with him ceased the privileges of the Hebrews. His son, Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, was a tyrant, who, through a long and most successful reign, ground with the direst oppression not only the subject and foreign races, but the common people of Egypt itself. He seems to have been "The king who knew not Joseph" of the Bible narrative; and in the troubled reign of his successor, Merenphtah, who reaped the harvest of his father's misdeeds, occurred the Exodus of the Israelites, from which time the power of Egypt and its foreign conquests manifestly declined. From the Archæological investigations which have afforded these results, much may yet be hoped which may throw light on the Biblical History; and what is known tends to raise our ideas of the importance of the Hebrew people during their sojourn in Egypt.*

The third line of investigation above referred to, is that of topographical survey and exploration. Much has been done in this way by successive travelers, who have traced out the probable route of the Hebrews from Egypt to Palestine, and endeavored to identify the sites of the greater events of the Exodus; but these investigations have for the most part been so hasty and imperfect that the greatest doubts have rested on the subject, and that even the precise site of the Mountain of the Law has been a matter of controversy. Recently, however, owing to the liberality of a number of gentlemen interested in Geographical and Biblical research, a thorough topographical survey of some of the more important parts of the Peninsula of Sinai has been made by officers of the British Ordnance survey; and probably for the first time since the exodus a party of skilled engineers has followed on the track of the Israelites, and subjected the whole question to the test of accurate measurement. The results of this survey have been most interesting and important, and have been sumptuously published in four folio volumes of letter press, maps and photographs, which picture in a manner never before accomplished that wilderness into which the ancient Hebrews plunged themselves in their search for civil and religious liberty. It is true that this exploration has covered only a portion of the ground, namely that from the Red Sea to Sinai; but this is the most important part, though it still leaves very much to be done, especially with reference to the later period of the wanderings in the desert.*

The party employed consisted of Captains C. W. Wilson and H. S. Palmer, R. E., under whose joint direction the survey was conducted; four non-commissioned officers of the Engineers; Mr. E. H. Palmer, of St. John's College, Cambridge, as linguist and philologist; Mr. C. W. Wyatt as naturalist, and Rev T. W. Holland, who directed special attention to the geology of the country. The objects of the expedition are stated in the introduction to the Report to have been to "bring the material appliances of the ordnance survey to bear on the questions at issue, by subjecting the rugged heights of the peninsula to the unreasoning though logical tests of the theodolite and land-chain, of altitude and azimuth instruments, of the photographic camera, and the unerring evidence of the Pole Star and the Sun." It was not hoped to obtain any actual monuments of the march of the Israelites, but to

*For authorities see Lenormant and Chevallier, "Manual of Ancient History."

*Ordnance Survey of the Peninsula of Sinai. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. 1869.

determine the sites of special events, and ascertain the correspondence or difference of the localities with the historical narrative, and to fix the limits of the native tribes referred to. With reference to all these subjects, there seems to have been entire agreement of the members of the party on every important point, and such complete coincidence of the actual features of the country with the requirements of the Mosaic narrative, as to prove it to be a contemporary record of the events to which it relates, unless, indeed, we can imagine some one of the later narrators supposed by the German critics, to have had access to a survey of the Peninsula as accurate as that recently made. Out of the points which might be chosen for illustration many would need the reproduction of the maps, sections and photographs of the survey, and a volume, rather than an article, would be required to do them justice. I may select the following as leading topics:

1st. The correspondence of the historical route of the Israelites with the topography and geology of the country.

2d. The site of the battle of Rephidim and the meeting of Moses and Jethro.

3d. The Mountain of the Law and the plain before it.

The members of the expedition select the vicinity of Suez as the place of the crossing of the Israelites, in preference to the basin of the Bitter Lakes, as suggested by Mr. Poole and M. DeLesseps and by the engineers of the Suez canal, and to the wider part of the gulf further down, as held traditionally by the Arabs and supported by some of the older authorities. The requirements of the narrative accord best with this medium view, which has been accepted by most modern travelers. It is to be observed that the point of crossing below Suez would imply a journey of five miles through the bed of the sea in one night, which would be impossible for so great a host so encumbered, while the width of the Gulf at Suez is only about one mile. The first camp in the desert would thus be around the small oasis which surrounds the well known "Wells of Moses"—*Ayun Mousa*, accepted traditionally in all ages as the initial point of the desert journey. Here the Israelites rested after the passage of the sea, with its terrific accompaniments of wind and rain, almost paralleled, according to the explorers, at this day, by the wild storms of north-east wind which occasionally draw down this gulf. Here they could rejoice in their deliverance, and sing that song of Moses which still holds its place in literature as the most wonderful contemporary ode commemorative of a national deliverance.

Mr. E. H. Palmer, one of the party, in his work "The Desert of the Exodus," refers to some of the questions as to the place of crossing, and remarks that as the Israelites were commanded not to go by the desert route to Palestine, but to double around the end of the Gulf of Suez, then probably longer than now; and as they were followed by the Egyptians too rapidly to allow them to round the head of the Gulf, they would be compelled either to take to the water, or to fall into the hands of their enemies. Further, it is conceivable that the strong north-east wind occurring with an ebb tide, may have laid bare one of the sand banks crossing the head of the Gulf forming a road for the people, while the water on both sides protected their flanks as a wall of defense. A change of wind to the west immediately following their passage would bring back the waters on their enemies; and that this change actually took place is shown by the fact, stated in Exodus, that the bodies of the Egyptians were cast up on the east side of the sea, which could only have taken place with a west wind.

From the Wells of Moses the Israelites, if they intended to go to Sinai, had but one course open to them, and this accompanied with many difficulties. Before them and nearly parallel with the coast, runs that precipitous wall of rocks which forms the edge of the great desert table-land in the center of the peninsula, the Badiet et Tih, or Desert of the Wanderings. The escarpment of the Tih consists of nearly horizontal beds of limestone, of the Cretaceous period, or of the same geological age with the chalk and greensand of England, or the greensands of New Jersey, and which spreads over a great area in Arabia, resting on an older sandstone, to be subsequently mentioned, and

capped in places by later limestones of eocene age, the nummulitic limestones. These are all marine formations, and they yield in most places a dry barren soil with many flints, of which there are great numbers in the limestones. From this wall the district in which the Israelites had entered probably derives its Scriptural name of Wilderness of Shur, or of the wall. The great escarpment thus designated not only presented an obstacle to the direct route to the eastward, but the desert above it was no doubt occupied by formidable bands of Amalekites. Hence we find the Israelites turning to the south, along the plain between the Shur and the sea.

"As the Israelites leaving *Ayun Musa* turned their faces southward, away from the land of their bondage and the scene of their great deliverance, they must have gazed on the same features which now strike the eye of the traveler on his way from Suez to Jebel Musa, for the general aspect of the desert can have altered little. On their left would be the long level range of Er Rahah, an unbroken wall, except where the triple peak of Jebel Bisher breaks the monotony of the outline; in front, the terraced plain several miles broad sloping gently down to the bright blue sea, and beyond the sea to their right the picturesque line of cliffs on one point of which the name of Ras Atakah (Mount of Deliverance) still lingers."

But in this wilderness of Shur, the faith of the people must have met with a sore trial. Accustomed to the abundant water and verdure of Egypt, they now had to march three days without water; and, however warned by the experience of Moses in this desert in his earlier life, as to the necessity of carrying supplies of the precious liquid from the wells they had left, their sufferings must have been intense. When at length, foot-sore and consumed with thirst, they reached the springs of Marah, probably those known at present as Ain Hawwarah, or those a little farther on at Wady Amarah, they found the water bitter and unpalatable, being impregnated with carbonate of soda and other salts. It is little wonder that they murmured, and that Moses was instructed to work a miracle for their relief. This miracle of sweetening the waters by throwing into them a tree, is one of the most remarkable chemical miracles on record, inasmuch as soda is one of the last possible bases to be precipitated from water by any known means. It is amusing to notice the expedients by which learned and well-meaning writers have endeavored to explain the sweetening of the waters by natural agencies. One informs us that branches thrown into saline waters cause the salts to be deposited on them and removed from the water, apparently not knowing that this implies a state of saturation of the water with saline matter altogether incompatible with potability. Another naively says that the Arabs at present know of no means of sweetening the waters, which is not wonderful since it would puzzle any chemist in the world to do so, or even to suggest a means by which it might be done. This miracle, small though it appears, is less explicable by natural agencies than the crossing of the Red Sea or the bringing water out of the rock. Neither the nature of the result nor the means employed are intelligible; and whatever the change effected on the waters it was temporary, for they have returned to their bitterness, although it is said that, after the wet season, when the water becomes more abundant, it is more potable.

A little further on are Wady Gharandel and Wady Useit, one of which must be the Elim of Scripture, with its wells and seventy palms—how pathetic and eye-witness-like the counting of these trees, the only ones probably in a long stretch of desert journey. From Wady Gharandal two roads lead toward Sinai, one inland, the other near the coast, the second being the easier; and the writer of the Book of Numbers, no doubt aware of this double road, informs us that the way toward the shore was followed by the Israelites, and that after leaving Elim they encamped by the sea. (Numbers xxxiii: 10.)

This part of the journey, extending from the Wells of Moses about eighty miles to the southward, is through a desert country with no general verdure except a few herbs and shrubs sufficient to afford browsing to

Arab flocks, and supplies of water only at few places, including the Wells of Moses—this place and Wady Gharandal, the probable Elim, being the only places where it is good and plentiful. The country so far is sufficiently open to afford no serious impediment to men and animals, or even to carts.

Beyond the encampment by the sea the Israelites entered on a new and hard stage of their journey—the "Wilderness of Sin," identified with the desert plain of El Marka, which is characterized by Captain Palmer as one of the most dismal spots in the whole peninsula. It is, he says, in great part, a "wretched, desolate expanse of flints and sand, nearly destitute of vegetation."

Here the Israelites approached one of the mining districts and smelting works of the old Egyptians. In the plain of El Marka, and in neighboring Wadys, are still to be seen extensive heaps of slag; and copper ores as well as turquoise mines were worked in the sandstone east of the plain, as well as in the syenite ridges beyond. It appears from the inscriptions discovered that these mines had been worked long before the Exodus, and that they were probably abandoned at the the time of the passage of the Israelites; or if not, the slaves employed in them would fraternize with the mixed multitude which followed the camp. The name "Siu," applied to this wilderness, is derived by some Hebrew scholars from a root signifying "to be sharp," and from which it is conjectured that Sinai itself may come; and that this may mean the sharp or peaked mountain. As to the plain, it may have been called Sin from its thorny bushes; or as these are common everywhere, perhaps, more likely, from its peculiar abundance of sharp flints, making it painful to the feet.

In this wilderness of Sin the Israelites, as was but too natural, seem to have reached an uncontrollable stage of discontent and murmuring; saying, "Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt." The following extract will show something of the reason of this, as appreciated by the officers of the survey in passing over this plain.

"To journey over these low, scorching plains in the full glare of an Arabian sun, is something more than trying, even in the winter months. * * * From about nine to eleven in the morning of a bright day, when the sun's power is not yet tempered by a cooling sea breeze, travel is almost intolerable. Heat is everywhere present, seen as well as felt. The waters of the Gulf, beautiful in color, are mirror-like, almost motionless, only breaking upon the beach in a sluggish, quiet ripple. The sky, also beautifully blue, is clear and hot and without a cloud; the soil of the desert is arid, baked and glowing. The camel-men, usually talkative and noisily quarrelsome, grow pensive and silent, the camels grunt and sigh, yet toil along under their burdens in a resolute, plodding way. The Europeans of the party, half roasted, half suffocated, become languid and feverish, and wish themselves anywhere out of the exhausting heat and glare. Even the Bedaween, usually indifferent to the sun's rays, now draw their *thaubs*, or white linen tunics over their heads and shoulders, and tramp along under the lee of their camels, glad to avail themselves of the niggard scraps of shadow."

It is interesting to observe that the murmurings of the Israelites in this wilderness are not for water, which exists in springs along the inner margin of the plain, but for food; and it was here that the quails and the manna were first given to them.

From the Wilderness of Sin the Israelites, in order to reach the Sinaitic Mountains, must have turned eastward, inland, by the valley now known as Wady Feiran, and they may either have entered directly the mouth of this valley, or crossed over by the Egyptian mining settlement of Magharah. The former is thought the most probable route, unless a portion of the less encumbered of the host may have separated and crossed over by the latter. To have gone farther south would have involved them in a still more formidable desert, with less practicable means of access to the objective point of their march.

Along the Wady Feiran, the host marched until it was arrested for a time by the Amalekite resistance at Rephidim.

The battle of Rephidim evidently arose from a mustering of the Amalekite and

other Arab tribes to oppose the entrance of the Israelites into the heart of the Peninsula, where their own towns and pasture lands were situated. The scouts of these people must have watched from the eastern ridges the progress of the Hebrews southward, uncertain perhaps of their ultimate intentions; but when they turned inland along the Wady Feiran, the main and most accessible route to the interior, their object must have been at once understood; and an immediate muster would take place of all the available force of the Amalekites to bar their farther progress, while it appears that parties were also sent to cut off stragglers in the rear, or to make flank attacks from the lateral wadys, so as to impede their advance,—a mode of warfare suited to the character of the country, and referred to in Deut. 25, 18:—"How he met thee by the way and slew the hindmost of thee, all the feeble behind thee, when thou wast faint and weary." This passage is thus perfectly connected with the account of the battle in Exodus.

The ground for the decisive contest was well chosen by the desert tribes, long accustomed to defend their country against the Egyptian armies; but we must describe the scene of the battle, and the subsequent march to Sinai, in a second paper.

J. W. Dawson.

FROST-BOUND.

"Ice and Snow, praise ye the Lord."

Oh Earth, poor Earth, locked fast and bound
  In chains of ice and drifted snows—
How shall deliverance be found
  For thee? What strong hand shall unclose
Thy fetters, letting loose the sound
Of laughing waters; from the ground
  Calling the violet and the rose?

How peacefully, how quietly
  Thou waitest undaunted, undismayed!
Is there some secret hidden from me,—
  Some message in the storm and shade
Which tells of recompense to be
For such brave souls as bide like thee
  The Lord's good leisure, unafraid?

Oh heart, poor heart, whose frozen springs
  Melt not for ray of star or sun,
But lie in icy folded rings
  Pulseless and voiceless every one,—
Whose hopes fled forth on rapid wings
And vanished with sweet vanished things
  Ere yet the Winter was begun,—

Learn this great patience, and abide
  Courageously the bitter day;
Trust the Eternal Love, nor chide
  Though still thy Summer should delay.
Hope is deferred but not denied;
And in the deepest snow-drifts hide
  The blossoms of a coming May.

Susan Coolidge.

JERICHO JIM.

"SAY, now, marm! Lemme in. I aint half so smart 's I look to be. I kin do more 'n four things to help ye, and I'm kinder onlucky jess now. Mother's dead, ye see, 'nd——"

Here the simple creature blubbered honestly, and drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes. Mrs. Ellery relented. "Well, who be ye, anyhow? Where d'ye come from?"

"'Ho, Jemimy! Where d'ye come from?
Flat fish 'n flounders! where d'ye come from?'

I'm Jericho Jim; come from Jericho straight, a Tuesday mornin'. No place for Jim there. Dad broke his neck last winter; drunk as David, 'nd slipped up, 'n the sled fixed him out a goin' over him; mother she cried some, but he was dead, anyhow;" and with a sort of furtive grin on his thin, sallow face, and a spark in the hitherto vacant gray eye, Jericho Jim sent his stick spinning in air and caught it again dextrously.

"Where be ye a goin' to?" inquired the old lady again, resting on her broom-handle, and looking over her spectacles at the queer creature before her.

"I'm goin' here, marm. They said suthin' 'bout the poor-house, down to Jericho; so I quit. Poor-houses aint clean;" and he gave a sidelong glance into the kitchen, neat as a lady's parlor, not passing over the clean calico gown and stainless cap of good Mrs. Ellery.

"That's *so;* they're dirty holes. Well, you come in and set down. I'll give ye some vittles, and ye can stay till husband comes home; he'll see to ye."

So Jericho Jim was set down to an abundant supper of beans, biscuit, pie and gingerbread, and plenty of hot tea, and proved beyond a doubt that he was hungry.

When Deacon Ellery came home he growled a little at the new inmate of his family, more because it was his way to growl than because he meant it; for his keen eye for business discerned in Jim an inexpensive helper whom his increasing years and rheumatism made welcome if not needful. Somebody was once overheard by this worthy man to ask: "Why doos Deacon Ellery allers go grumblin' round like an old gobbler?" and the Deacon saw fit to answer for himself, to the great confusion of the inquirer, who had not seen him coming: "Why, ye see, I have ter; so's to everage things. Wife's orful smoothly; comf'table as a punkin in a corn lot; allers a smilin' and chirpin'; 'nd it stands to reason all m'lasses aint good for this world; 's got to be some grind, so I do the grindin'." With which exposition of his unconscious heathenism, the Deacon gave a grunt and walked away. He was better than his words, however, for his heart was warm and his head clear; and poor Jericho Jim soon found that his new home was a haven of rest for his weary body, and did his very best to reward the sheltering goodness that fed and clothed him, and beamed on him like sunshine in kind looks and words.

"I declare for't," grumbled Deacon Ellery, "it beats all to see that are feller work; I dono whether he's a fool or not. See him a pitchin' into the wood-pile, mother? Well, ye'd say there warnt no better feller to pile wood betwixt here'n Danbury; but yesterday, when he was a sawin', all of a sudden he stopped short 'n jumped the fence 'n lay down in the sunshine 'nd kicked his heels. 'Jim,' says I, 'what be ye stoppin' for?' 'So's to grow,' ses he, cooler'n a cucumber. 'Grow?' says I. 'Yes,' ses he. 'It's a reel growin' day; the' aint a heap sech days; sun a shinin', birds a singin', wind a blowin' real soft: mostly we're friz to death in this world; kinder stunted, Deacon; I want to grow whilst I can; there's more'n forty days in the wilderness to work, ye know.' Well, if I didn't let him be! 'Taint no use a talkin' to him when he gets a curus notion like that holt on him."

"There's somethin' to most o' his notions, that's a fact," replied the old lady. "I kinder wonder whether or no he aint got the right on't, Mr. Ellery. Mebbe ef we'd took more sunshine into us along back, you an' me wouldn't ha' been so dreadful rheumaticky."

"He's a queer genius anyhow," muttered the Deacon, walking off; but it was to be observed after this that the old man sat in the south doorway more than he ever had done; and that his wife let in all the sunshine into her bed-room and kitchen that the small green-paned windows allowed. If they were too old to be cured of rheumatism, at least the rooms grew cheery and the air sweet, and spectacles did them more good than usual.

They would neither have read or remembered a hygienic treatise on the benefits of sun and air, but they had sense enough to accept the homely wisdom of Jericho Jim, and brains enough not to let carpets stand between them and comfort.

Before many months Jim became a sort of neighborhood courier; he peddled milk for the Deacon, and dispensed with his quarts and pints all the news of the village. Many a good woman waited eagerly for his coming, and ran out with her apron over her head, not merely for the pitcher of fresh, sweet, rich fluid, but to hear about "Mis'" Allen's sick baby, or Jones's grandmother who broke her leg last week, or Sary Penny's company from York; and it was strange enough to see how quaintly and deftly Jim fitted his story to the hearer. With the curious instinct that sometimes dwells in the souls of those we conceitedly call half-witted, he seemed to comprehend the characters he met, to understand their wants and their ways; and many was the word in season carelessly dropped from his lips that did a blessed errand, all the more because it was uttered by "the foolishness of man."

"Did ye stop to Harris's to-day?" inquired the Deacon, as Jim rode up to the gate one frosty morning, with clattering empty cans.

"Well, I expect I did."

"Lef' the quart, I s'pose, 'n didn't git nothin' for't?"

"No, *sir!* I give 'em somethin' to boot. Ole Harris came to the door for't; she's done up. Doctor's gig was a stannin' there, an' he was clus up to the winder a mixin' a mess, 'n ole Harris sez: 'Be you Ellery's fool?' 'Yes, I be, you bet,' sez I, pooty cherk. Then he larfed rough as bark. 'Give us a quart,' sez he; 'I haint got no change to-day.' 'Well,' sez I, 'it aint no matter 's long 's ye're to hum; Deacon 's willin' to trust folks 't stay to hum.' He looked orful beat 'n mad, 'nd I see the doctor larfin'; but he took the milk, 'nd I whipped up, I tell ye."

Jericho Jim never knew that Tim Harris staid at home through his wife's long illness, simply to be sure, since he had no money to buy it with, that the delicate baby, sole survivor of six, should have its regular food; for drunkard and idler as he was, he had a passionate, reasonless fondness for his children; and when one after another they died he sought fresh consolation at the whiskey shop. But this one lived, thanks to its sudden weaning from its heart-broken, worn-out mother, whose bitter troubles and meager food had poisoned even the draught of life for her babies, and sent them to untimely graves. While she lay helpless and raving with fever for nine long weeks, Tim staid at home, nursed her as well as he could, tended and fed the baby, who learned to cry for him, instead of crying at the sight of him as all the others had, and getting fat and rosy on the yellow milk that Jim brought daily in a little pail from the Deacon's Alderney, wound itself round the father's heart, kept him with bands stronger than iron from his evil haunts, taught him to live without his stimulant, at least for so long; and established a hold on him never lost. It was little Rosy Harris who in after years coaxed her father into good habits, and made her mother's last days bright and calm; but it was Jericho Jim who began the good work with his unauthorized statement of the Deacon's willingness to trust a man who "stayed to hum."

Curious enough, too, were Jim's peacemaking propensities. These clouded or straying minds sometimes take a certain elfish delight in mischief, but his desire and delight was peace. Miss Nancy Vance was a thin and somewhat little old maid, yet gifted with a good deal of sense, and tolerably reasonable; about half a mile from her little brown house, where she lived with a bed-ridden mother, and did tailoring, lived

the Widow Pyne, a noisy, good-natured, high-tempered woman; quick to resent or to fancy an injury, but equally quick to forgive. Between her and Miss Nancy raged a feud of such strength and bitterness as is only to be found in a little country village between people whose minds are narrowed by their limited horizon and slight experience. They were both church members, but they would neither look at each other across the meeting-house, nor recognize each other in the porch. Miss Nancy always called Mrs. Pyne "that pesky widow," and was styled in return with more vigor than reticence, "that darned old maid."

Jericho Jim was aware of this, and many a time shrunk as if from a pin-prick or a blow when one began to vituperate the other, and openly evaded the subject.

"I spose old Nance Vance takes half a pint o' milk on ye, don't she?" inquired Mrs. Pyne, with a sniff.

"Land o' glory! what splendid red apples them be!" ejaculated Jim, his ears shut to the question, but his eyes very wide open to an Astrachan apple-tree in the corner of the yard.

Now this apple-tree was widow Pyne's glory; nobody in Sawyer had such a tree; and she petted it like a baby, dug about it with her own hands, manured it every fall, and gave it copious libations of dish-water all through the summer. No tent worms ever found lodgment in its thrifty branches; and in May it was always pink with blossoms, for a tree so coddled had no "off year," but bloomed and bore in every returning season.

It was "a sight to behold," as its gratified owner remarked, and Jim's admiration was so fervent, Mrs. Pyne could not do less than reward him with a pocket full of the glowing fruit. Jim was duly gratified, and jogged on his way revolving a scheme in his simple mind which fructified, literally, as he found himself at Miss Vance's door. Miss Nancy came out for her pint of milk looking unusually benign; some of the small items that make up lonely women's life had been gracious that morning; perhaps her bread had risen just right, or her hens had done their duty in the matter of eggs; but however that might be, she had a kindly word for Jim; and he poured her full pint with a beaming grin. "Stop a minnit, won't ye;" he called after her "Won't ye jest set down that are milk, an' hold up your apern; here's some o' Miss Pyne's amazin' apples."

"Widder Pyne's apples!" ejaculated the amazed spinster, as she received the crimson spheres into her check apron.

"Yes! them's the fellers; she sent 'em along o' me. Good-day!" With which ambiguous statement, Jim whipped up the old horse and went along before Miss Nancy had time to think.

"Well! here's nigh onto a merracle!" she exclaimed to herself. "Widder Pyne's apples! I've heered she sot by 'em dreadfully, and now she's been an' sent 'em to me. Well! well! well! I'd oughter be ashamed o' myself, that's a fact; 'tis shameful for church-members to keep up a querrel the way we've did; but she's got the start of me, that's a fact. I must kinder show my feelins now, surely."

So the next day Jim was invited to stop on the way back, and carry Widow Pyne a basket of fresh eggs, for eggs were Miss Nancy's specialty. Imagine Jim's secret joy and Mrs. Pyne's noisy surprise.

"Sent me them eggs? Land o' Goshen! she ain't weak in her mind, is she, Jim? Must be a leetle touched; or else I be: I guess she's a good cretur, after all. I dono what on airth hes ailed us two to be allers a fightin', and now she's begun it, I guess I kin be as neighborly as other folks. Don't ye go by here to-morrow without getting a pocket-full o' apples for Nancy Vance, Jim. Let's see. I'll put 'em in the basket." But the second supply of apples never reached Miss Nancy. Jim had a queer sense of justice, and a squirrel's love for nuts and fruit. He had done a good work with the other apples, and lost them, as far as his own delectation was concerned; these others he would keep for his own eating; and his very simpleness made up for wisdom, for a second supply of fruit would certainly have led to awkward explanations, while as it was, when the two ladies met on the church steps next Sunday, smiling and beaming to make their

mutual acknowledgments, there were no questions to ask or answer, and they parted in friendliest fashion, to remain firm allies thereafter.

Not far from the Ellery farm there lived a bad-tempered, cross-grained old fellow, John Dekin by name, who had driven his boys away from home long ago by dint of being everything a father ought not to be: and whose wife staid with him simply because she was his wife; a fact which is of some virtue to a good woman. Now this man was a great stickler for his rights: he had a right to do as he liked in his own house, no doubt; and the neighbors agreed that they had an equal right to keep away from it! All but good Mrs. Ellery, whose great kind heart could not see a woman suffer as she knew Mrs. Dekin must, and not try to alleviate her sufferings. She would go there persistently, though she trembled before the big dog, and quivered at the sound of his master's voice; for it was one of John Dekin's "rights" to keep the fiercest dog and the crossest bull anywhere about Sawyer. Jericho Jim volunteered to go with Mrs. Ellery when she paid her visits to the Dekin farm, and as there never was a dog who could withstand Jim's way with the brute creation, he and Tige soon became the best of friends.

"Hullo!" said the farmer one day as he came suddenly round the corner of the house, and found Jim, who had just escorted Mrs. Ellery to the door, sitting on the step and fondling the great bull-dog, who with watery eyes and slobbering jaws, rested his muzzle on Jim's knee, and looked up into the thin, kind face above him. "Hullo you feller! look out for that crittur; he'll be into ye 'nd chaw ye up, 'fore you can wink."

"I guess not," said Jim, with one of his half silly, gentle smiles. "He knows real well I don' want to hurt him none; so he don' keer to hurt me; no more he will, will ye, Tige?"

The dog's stump of a tail wagged affectionate answers.

"Well, mebbe it 'll do with dogs; you seem to kinder get round that one; but it ain't folkses ways," growled the farmer.

"Ain't it?" said Jim, looking up innocently, "why I thought folks knew more 'n dogs!"

There was no answer to this: John Dekin walked away; and there ran through his mind, oddly enough, a scrap of a text he had heard somewhere; perhaps his mother read it to him; may be he had heard it at meeting, though he generally went to sleep there:—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" It clung to him with that curious persistence peculiar to texts, which defies philosophical explanation; and more than once thereafter modified some currish act, or silenced some growl, before he fully recognized the invisible restraint upon him. Not long after, that violent bull of Mr. Dekin's broke into Deacon Ellery's lot of winter wheat, just about two inches high, and made a general mess of the whole field, already soaked by a wet autumn. Jim discovered the creature in full tide of devastation, browsing on the tallest spires, and trampling down the rest into undistinguishable mud. He sat down a moment and considered; then filled his pockets with potatoes, left in the next lot after digging as too small to save, and carefully tossed one over the fence just before the old bull's nose; the bait was too tempting, the creature nipped it up at once, another fell about a foot in front of him, then another still further off, and following the fence, which tended toward the barn-yard, Master Taurus before he really understood the snare was beguiled into his own quarters, and the gate shut fast behind him. Then Jim hunted up the farmer.

"Say, Mr. Dekin: hed you just as lives keep that are splendid ole bull o' your'n in the barn a spell, till I git our folkses fence sot up?"

"Why, what harm's he ben a doin'? Hain't I a right to keep a bull in my own lot, I want to know?"

"Sartinly, sartinly! but ye see the poor cretur wanted a fresh bite, an' he kinder pushed down the fence like, and got into some winter wheat; so I guessed I'd git him out on't fust—"

"How in thunder did ye get him out? that's the pint."

"Well, I coaxed him a leetle; sorter tolled

him along with a mess o' raw potatoes t'other side the stun wall. I see he hankered after fresh victuals, so to speak; 'n I dono 's I blame him."

John Dekin could not help a laugh; but Jim went on quietly:

"So ef you 'd jest as lives keep him in a spell, I'll hurry up an' fix the fence, and then he can go out to pastur agin, leastways while there *is* pastur; 'twont last no great now, that's a fact."

Now the fence between the lots was Dekin's, as he very well knew; and he could have been made to pay well for the damage his beast had done; but he also knew Deacon Ellery was laid up with an attack of rheumatism, and Jim had all the work to do; if the fence was once up it would be hard work to make the bull's owner pay for it, so he grimly assented.

"Yes, I'll keep him tethered; but you hurry up with your old fence."

Jim went to work directly; hauled the rails, dug the post-holes, and hired a few hours' help to set them; before the next night that winter wheat was safely railed in, and Deacon Ellery, feeling a little better, had his factotum into the bed-room to hear an account of the day's proceedings, which Jim composedly gave him.

"Why, you darned fool!" exclaimed the old man, cross with pain and testy naturally, "you've been a building John Dekin's fence to keep his own bull out o' my lot! What upon the globe did ye do that for?"

"Well, ye see, mister," said Jim, assuming a comfortable sort of attitude, as who should say, "come now, let us reason together." "I did kinder mistrust from the looks o' things 'twas his'n; but thinks me, he ain't the kind to up and do right off; he don't care much ef his bull doos eat up your wheat: I expect he's one o' them that did'nt hev a good mother. My! ef he'd ha' had my mother he'd known better, ef he had ha' been a fool. But, you see, folks is folksy; they ain't as they had ought ter be, and you can't fix 'em no way, reelly. I calc'lated that if you waited for him the grain 'd be clean lost: ef ye took the law on him, why that would be time an' money spent, and the wheat had oughter be a growin'; 'twouldn't never grow without fencin', for that bull's dreadful obstropolous; and we hed them old rails handy. Anyway it's fixed now; and ef ye want to jaw him, or set Squire Jinks onter him, why there's time enough while the wheat 's a growin' agin to satisfy ye that way."

"You go 'long," growled the Deacon, falling back on his pillow: "Its a pretty piece o' business to come to my time o' life to learn how to handle thistles; I don't deny but what I've learned suthin', but I guess you'd better go to bed now; you're allfired tired."

"Well I be, some," and stretching and yawning, Jim obeyed.

"That ain't nobody's fool!" ejaculated the Deacon, looking after him; "'r if he is, 't's a plaguy sight better folly than most folks's wisdom."

There was no lawyer sent to John Dekin; the fence stood firm against wintry storms, but Jim noticed that the bull was not turned into that lot again; and when spring returned the grain shot up in full luxuriance, thick and heavy-headed; none the worse for its accidental pruning, perhaps all the better. And beside there was certainly a softening in John Dekin's aspect toward his neighbor; perhaps not unmingled with contempt for the Deacon's "softness;" but still a grain of leaven had been planted in this unpromising lump; time, — perhaps eternity only could show how it worked. So Jim went his way in and about Sawyer; a being of no account in the eyes of most people; of less than none in his own; but planting here and there by the way-side little seeds of kindness and humanity that blossomed to some soul's delight and benefit. "She hath done what she could," was the Lord's own commendation, and this was the lowly measure of Jim's desert; but can any of us do more? How many of us do as much? How many of the great and rich leave behind them a grateful record in even as many hearts as always remembered with tender affection, poor Jericho Jim.

But it was reserved for him to do the great service of his life for his good old friends, the Ellerys. It has not been declared to you, dear reader, any more than it was to Jim,

that Deacon Ellery had a son living in a distant city, who for some years had never been seen in Sawyer, nor spoken of in his father's house. Sam Ellery had been the very core of his father's heart, to use the pathetic Irish phrase, and yet he never found it out; for with the painful shyness and reticence of his race and nature, Deacon Ellery hid this affection deep in silence and coldness. He was a rigid Calvinist, and had striven to bring up Samuel in the straitest sect of that sort. Dogmas and doctrines are husky food for a bright, brave, joyful soul like this boy's; he never took to them kindly; his mother's love made her religion just tolerable to him, for professedly she held her husband's faith. Sam could believe in the goodness and tenderness of God when he saw and heard his mother; but his father's stern and unflinching hand closed the gates which he was most desirous of opening. He went away from home to a position in a bank in Boston where he began as "boy," and had now arrived at the office of cashier. At first he had returned once or twice a year to the old home, to mother, and also to keep up a certain youthful sweethearting with Annie Palmer, the minister's pretty daughter; but as he grew to be a man and remembered bitterly his father's stern belief, he made use of his freedom to examine into religious faiths, and naturally enough rebounded into Unitarianism. That his son should become a member of that sect in particular was the very gall and bitterness of iniquity to the old Deacon, who could better have borne a defection in almost any other direction; and in what he called righteous wrath he wrote a dreadful letter to Samuel, and forbade him ever to enter his doors again, till he had repented of this great sin, and humbled himself in dust and ashes for betraying his Master, as the Deacon was pleased to style it. Although a loving and entreating letter from his mother went after this fulmination, and somewhat calmed Sam's first contemptuous anger, and though that letter was answered, and a fitful correspondence carried on between mother and son through Annie Palmer, Sam accepted his father's alternative, and stayed away from his home as persistently as the Deacon ignored him; for he was indeed "a chip of the old block."

His name was never named in the family, nor uttered in the daily prayer, and if his father's heart ever cried after him, it cried in silence.

Now Jericho Jim adored the minister's daughter with the dumb passion of a faithful dog. It was the great joy of his life to have her come to the door with the milk-pitcher for him to fill, as she sometimes did; and one pleasant word or lovely smile made Jim happy all day. After the fashion of wiser folks he paid tribute to this goddess continually. He brought her every wild flower in its season, and the rarest of all; he knew where the rhodora grew, and gathered its early blooms for Annie: delicate orchids unveiled their shy haunts for him, and the slight sweet flowers of spring all lay at Annie's feet from her faithful worshiper. Cardinal flowers and spotless pond-lilies came in their season; for her he stored the biggest nuts, and begged the sweetest fruits that grew in any garden, nor ever begged in vain, for Jim was petted and privileged in Sawyer. Annie was mightily joked about her fervent admirer, but nobody ever laughed at Jim, his pathetic simplicity shielded him like a young girl's innocence. But Annie knew very well that this poor boy liked her, though not how deeply; and knowing, too, his curious power of setting people to rights, it occurred to her that he might perhaps pave the way for her lover's reconciliation with his father; for the careless admiration of the Deacon's son had long ago deepened into love, and Sam Ellery had been many times to Sawyer to see Annie Palmer since he finally left his father's door; and now they were soon to be married, and Annie longed with all her heart to have peace between father and son.

One July evening, just at twilight, Jericho Jim arrived at the door of Parson Palmer's house with the milk for Sunday, which was always carried round Saturday night, and also with a pail of fresh lilies from Warren pond.

Annie came out to take them, fresh and cool as their spotless blooms herself; her

dark hair waved above a sweet, colorless face, and her clear, sad, hazel eyes looked at Jim both gratefully and wistfully.

"Oh Jim! thank you! these are so lovely. Jim, there is one thing I wish you could help me about?"

"I'll do anything I can in the natur' of things to help ye, marm, as sure's you're born," he answered to the half question.

"I do want so much to have Deacon Ellery make friends with his son."

"Why, he hain't got any!" said Jim with simple confidence.

"Yes he has, Jim; he has indeed; but they haven't spoken for years."

"Sho now! that are can't be; guess you dreamed it, Miss Annie. Why, Deacon Ellery's a good man; a Christian cretur as ever was; can't be; somebody's ben a—"

"Annie!" called Mrs. Palmer, evidently in haste; and Jim drove off, feeling in an uncertain sort of way as if he hadn't heard or ought not to have heard such things about his best friend, even from the adorable Annie. But the thing worked in his feeble head, and as "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and sometimes do good service by their folly, so Jim plunged into the middle of things the very next morning as he was brushing the shoes for church-going, while the Deacon read over his Sunday-school lesson by the window.

"Say! you hain't got any son, have ye, Deacon?"

The old man looked at Jim with an air of terror as well as wonder, and turned pale as ashes:

"Yes, I've got a son," he answered mechanically.

"Why, I hain't never seen him!" exclaimed Jim, as if still he scarcely believed.

"He has not been at home for five long years, Jim; he is a prodigal who filleth himself with husks," solemnly replied the Deacon, who had somewhat recovered his poise.

"Well, why don't ye fetch him home 'nd give him suthin' better to eat?"

The Deacon stared at Jim, but could not answer.

"What's he ben an' done anyway?" went on the simple torturer. "Killed anybody? stole anythin'?"

"No! no! no!" ejaculated the Deacon, raging inwardly between the persistency of his questioner, and the impossibility of explaining to him the reason of Sam's banishment. Perhaps, too, the reason why this was so difficult to explain, began to wrestle with his conscience.

"Well, I'm dretful sorry!" said Jim musingly. "My daddy, now, was a poor cretur, drunk mostly; but he was real good to me. I'm glad he wa'n't no better, mebbe I should'nt ha' ben good enough for him to speak to, too."

The Deacon could have struck Jim, who went on brushing the shoes as seriously as if they were an algebraic problem.

"Well, Jim, the fact is he didn't believe in the Bible, Sam did'nt."

"Poor cretur! poor cretur!" said Jim, warming into sympathy at once. "Well, Deacon; ye know what you was a readin' about to me last Sabba' day; a tryin' to drive inter my head ye know?—takes a lot o' time to drive anythin' into a fool's head; but I can't disremember that, 'twas so kinder marciful like, 'bout how the good Lord forgiv' them fellers that killed him, cause he said they didn't know what they was a doin'. Mebbe your Sam don't: what ef ye was to take him to Sabba' school, an' larn him better? You tell me where he stays, an' I'll go fetch him."

Jim was in eager earnest: his eyes were lit with unusual rays, and one hand held awkwardly out toward the Deacon; but the old man could not answer; he stumbled away to the bed-room and fell on his knees by the bedside. What he said to God is not for us to know; what he did, was to write a letter that very night to Samuel, and beg him to come home to his old father, and his loving mother.

As for Jim, the matter passed clear out of his oddly made up mind; he had satisfied himself the Deacon had a son, the immediate curiosity was at rest. He did not see Annie Palmer the next day; in fact, so inconsequent were his mental processes when under the external excitement, he did not once think of what she said to him; but only missed her as he would miss sunshine, or fire, or food; for Annie had become a

necessity to the largest share of his nature, —his heart.

A week after Mrs. Ellery came out into the garden where Jim was weeding.

"Oh Jim," said she. "My dear son, my Sam, is coming home to-morrer; and goin' to be married."

"Well, I'm glad on't," cheerfully answered Jim.

"Yes, he's a comin' home to-morrer. I hain't sot eyes on him this five year an' more; and a Thursday he's a goin' to be married to Annie Palmer."

"Oh Lord!" said Jim with a gasp; but the good woman did not hear him; heart and head were full of Sam, and she turned and went into the house.

Jim did not come in after milking that night; the Deacon found him curled down in a corner of the barn.

"I guess I'm sick," was all he said; but somehow he reminded the Deacon of an old dog he once had, that was mortally wounded by accident, and stole into that very corner to die. There was the same hurt, protesting look in both pairs of eyes.

They took Jim into his own room, and in a day or two he was better, but never well again; he lived a few months, feeble, patient, smiling, and doing all he could. The only queer thing about him was that he never asked to see Annie Palmer, or even spoke her name again. Sam went up stairs to see him, but Jim was asleep, he said, and he wouldn't waken him. Perhaps Deacon Ellery, being a reticent man, never told his son how much he owed to the poor fool. Annie forgot him too, probably; but what can you expect of a happy young bride? When winter came Jim went. Dr. Green said the cold was too great for such a low state of vitality; perhaps it was. However that might be, one starry and splendid night a quick flash sprung into the languid eyes. "Mother!" he said, with an accent of rapture, and Jericho Jim was gone to the Jerusalem which is above.

Rose Terry Cooke.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

The issue has been directly made by a class of modern advanced thinkers, that Civilization and Christianity in their ultimate outcomes must run into irreconcilable conflict, because of essential antagonisms in their natures. What generally have been regarded as close allies have thus been set over against each other as hostile powers, neither of which can legitimately triumph but by the subversion of the other. Of course it is further assumed that in this rivalry Christianity must go to the wall.

For practical purposes, and to bring the debate within manageable limits, the question may take this shape: "Is the social science of the New Testament applicable to existing conditions and relations of communities?" In defending the negative of this challenge, such points as these are taken: the depreciation and denunciation of riches in the Gospels and Epistles; the injunction of promiscuous charity to beggars—"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away;" the injunction of carelessness about the future—"Take no thought for the morrow, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed! For the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself;" the command of non-resistance—"I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" the socialistic and communistic examples of this record—"And all that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need;" no one calling anything he had his own. Now here, to go no further, is a body of self-consistent and variously applied teaching, mostly from the lips of Christ himself, concerning the conduct of

men with men. Is it a precept that they can now live by, in average circumstances? that can be put into the practical working of an ever-advancing human improvement?

It must be conceded that every one of these directions is, on the face of it, opposed to the latest and most carefully studied results of Christian statesmanship; by which is meant the science of government and of social order as determined by the inquiries and experiments of men at the head of these affairs, and truly loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ. If anything is settled here these things are—that a general practice of almsgiving to the idle and unemployed classes only increases the evil; that, while some worthy persons are relieved, as they sometimes must be, thousands under such promiscuous gifts are encouraged in indolence and vice, whence the army of tramps and vagabonds is perpetually recruited. Again, the great curse of the day-laborer is just that improvidence which spends every earning as it goes, which lays up nothing for the morrow, and so makes way for our riotous and bloody strikes in addition to all the other misery of this careless want of forethought. Nor can the ever-recurring needs of these or any classes of the public be met by communistic schemes which, as human beings now are, must be set down as impracticable as it would be to mix all the different kinds of weather from January to December into one grand combination of nicely alternating sunshine and shower that would please everybody. The only communism which ever at all succeeded was that little transiently extemporized interlude after the first Christian passover, made possible by a most heavenly visitation of Divine grace; and that was soon troubled by grievous complaints of the Gentiles against the Jews, and by the horrid tragedy of Ananias and Sapphira. Some of these socialistic ideals, both as to governmental supervision of industry and the distribution of profits to a contented people, are very beautiful. So is, also, the universal peace theory between individuals and nations. But, when the question is put to their advocates—how, while human nature official and unofficial is what it is, are these theories to be turned into actual facts?—there is no answer which political economy, even under Christian manipulation, can give, which it will do to date this side the millennium. Concerning the Gospel view of wealth this is to be said, that its accumulation is not forbidden, but grave cautions are uttered as to the dangers here involved, and a strong restraint is put upon this desire as "*a* root of all evil." This is ever true, and such warnings are always timely. But the money-power is indispensable to any large enterprise, secular or religious. Neither Civilization nor Christianity can do its work without this. With all their liabilities to mischief and oppression, riches are necessary means of a desirable human progress, be these condemnatory texts however numerous and strong.

This obvious consideration would of itself suggest that these texts thus cited in the above connections are not to be ruled down to a rigidly literal construction. This becomes yet more evident when we find that other Scriptures pointedly teach a quite different ethics. Thus the Apostolic precept as to non-resistance:—"If it be possible, at much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men"—which plainly implies the impossibility sometimes of maintaining friendly relations. So St. Paul himself fell back on his legal rights as a free citizen of Rome in taking the adjudication of his case up to Cæsar. Again as to forecast of the future and a thoughtful provision for its wants the same common-sense Apostle says of some of the Christian loafers of his day—"This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat:" a precept which, if sharply enforced, would abate three-fourths of our street beggary and quite as much of the general pauperism and destitution. It directly denies the construction of any word of Jesus as countenancing a heedless, reckless way of living, and almost makes it a sin to keep a confirmed idler alive by charity. So the parables of the five talents and the ten pounds, if primarily aiming at a spiritual application, cast a strong sidelight on our secular duties. Consider the praise given to the provident, painstaking, thrifty servants, and the terri-

ble rebuke of the other: "Thou wicked and slothful servant"—wicked because slothful—"thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers"—to have put thyself to profitable industry and so be ready to show a favorable balance at settling day. No apology for slackness and shiftlessness here!

Without extending, then, this line of observation, the student of Christian social science is not reduced to the awkward conclusion that he has in hand a doctrine of stagnation and obstruction to the proper and necessary progress of mankind: that is, that we must uncivilize humanity in order to Christianize it. Our religion has to carry no such impossible load on its shoulders. They are not broad enough for a burden like this. But we are not forced to rest in so negative a defence. The true understanding of these precepts which are so confidently arrayed against the Gospel authority, puts its friends on a bold vantage ground of positive triumph in this debate. It is true that these questionable passages may be vindicated from much of this detraction by saying that their instruction was very appropriate to the condition of the early Christians; in fact, that they could not have kept any footing at all among those persecuting Pagans and Jews, except on these terms, and that people so situated might well have as little to do as possible with worldly affairs. But, if this be true, it is not the whole truth here, nor the best part of it. The right clue to the vital and permanent interpretation of all this teaching of the New Testament is—that it is to be taken as the expression of what essentially is and practically ought to be the spirit, temper, disposition of men and communities, the ideal toward which they should ever be looking and aiming—the grosser form and clothing thus pictured of a high and pure and benevolent life in individuals and nations. Thus construed, Christianity is a liveable possibility, and socially and politically is not at war with civilizing forces, but actually their most efficient helper.

We have seen that those early instructions could not be strictly carried out, and were not designed to be, even under the enormous pressure of the surrounding opposition to the church. Nor can they now. But then and now the spirit of these precepts is divine and vital. In putting before men models to be copied, God always has recognized the beauty and claims of absolute perfection. "Aim high!" has always been his motto for his children. He puts forward his own moral life for our human imitation. He ever has. He shows us a millennial, a heavenly state of voluntary, affectional intercourse, and bids us reproduce not so much the methods as the results of this, in our present lives. The object aimed at is a condition of humanity relieved as far as possible of friction, waste, anxiety, everything hostile to purity and peace. The vista reaches from paradise to paradise; and the social and the spiritual law of both these paradises is that which all this intermediate stretch of worrying, colliding, impure and passionate existence needs to make it what it was designed to be, and to-day ought to be, wherever God has a human child. Nor is there any contradiction to this in his special legislation for the Hebrew race which often appears to have gone upon a low and unrighteous policy, not at all justifiable by Christian standards. For here comes in a principle that has been little regarded; namely: that a defective morality is not necessarily a positive immorality: therefore, that (as Mozley has so ably shown in his "Ruling Ideas in Early Ages") the Lord did not command men to sin when he did command to be done what we now could not innocently and virtuously do. There was a vast amount of inexcusable wickedness perpetrated all along those ages, as ever since, in direct disobedience to the Divine orders; between which thus discriminated classes of conduct the line must be carefully drawn. The problem has always been the upward education and training of the world. This can only take effect on the material existing in any period. Men never could be hoisted, by any sort of moral derrick, upon a higher level than they had attained. Our Maker has worked the race upwards by the most available means at his disposal, rough as these may sometimes have been, through successive eras; this or nothing was the alternative. But while slowly, and often almost,

to mortal view, despairingly doing this, through all the tedious, dilatory process there has ever run the golden cord of perfect requirement; there has ever gleamed the vision of the towers of the New Jerusalem, the perpetual type of a world of men and women worthy, in their individual and associated excellence, of Him from whom they sprung.

Put this key into the wards of the intricate lock in hand, and its wards will answer to it every time. Not a word that Jesus spoke ever had a lower purpose than that now indicated. The thought of all his teachings and of his apostles after him is the same; the clothing of that thought must, in the nature of things, be shaped and fashioned variously as time moves onward. Here is both a mental and moral discipline for us—to translate the unchanging essence of the Christian precept into other forms, without losing or wasting its spirit, as social and national life put on new conditions. What is wanted is not revolution but permeation. The systems of government, the tenure of property, as generally settled in civilized lands, are theoretically sound enough for human well-being, if they could only be struck through and through 'with the mind that was in Christ.' With this proviso, whatever is intrinsically wrong in civil institutions would quietly right itself, by the common consent. Without this, spasmodic efforts to make things very much better will not produce large returns. Certainly we have proof enough that republican forms of government do not ensure universal happiness. Neither would the abolition of all personal and corporate property, and the inauguration of communistic equality. Why? Because in this nation, and in all others, the social and business life is too much inoculated with selfishness. But replace this as generally and controllingly with a genuine benevolence; make the permanent spirit and significance of Christ's teachings, rather than the bare letter of them, dominant in the people, and all needful changes and reforms would easily take care of themselves; demonstrating to every one's mind the fact, which is as true now as it would be then, that the innermost laws and the outmost working of Civilization and Christianity are as thoroughly and permanently in harmony as are the light and heat of the solar ray.

We were beating, near nightfall, on an outward-bound Boston ship, and with an angry sky, around one of those dark, jagged promontories which notch like saw teeth the southern coast of Greece, when the master of the vessel, with his hand on the helm, muttered to a passenger beside him on the quarter deck, "A lighthouse would be a good deal more useful thing along a shore like this than an old ruin like that perched up there on yonder headland." It was just the place where an enlightened government would have set one of the brightest of these lights—those evening stars even more welcome to the voyager than the stars of heaven. But there upon that dusky peak no friendly beam was glimmering; nothing but the tumbling fragments of an ancient pagan temple—a nest and watch-tower of pirates who, before morning, might be making quite too free with our persons and property if we should fail to weather that ugly cape. This puts the point sharply which has now been treated, as made by the negative in this debate—that Christian social science, as it lies in the original documents, is no longer a trusty lighthouse along the sea-coast of modern advancement, but precisely and only that antique, tumbling-down ruin of an old system; necessary, perhaps, as a former stage in the world's development, but useful no longer, and rather injurious as a lurking-place of foes instead of friends of man. Unquestionably, the primitive Christianity, as so transmitted to our times, is just one or the other of these two things—a superstition in ruins, or a quenchless illuminator for the safe sailing of careful navigators till there shall be no more seas of this kind to be coasted.

J. T. Tucker.

ST. ANSELM AS A CHRISTIAN.

CATHOLIC Protestantism is not ungenerous and exclusive. It does not regard itself as a something new under the sun and created for the first about three centuries ago; but it recognizes its vital roots as organically connecting it with the whole course of the past. It believes in a Holy Catholic Church which has really existed, radiant and militant, in all times and in all nations; and in a great "cloud of witnesses," true witnesses and true saints, who have never failed even in the darkest and most barbarous ages, boldly and heroically to honor Christ..

St. Anselm of Cauterbury is known to Protestants chiefly as a great theologian and as the constructor of a theory of the atonement which has passed for orthodox for more than eight hundred years. But of his personal Christianity little or nothing is known. And yet this personal life was no less rich and beautiful than his intellectual life. May it not be well to glance at it?

Anselm's career lies like a silver cloud upon the blackest period of the Middle Ages,—between A. D. 1034 and 1109. Born of a noble family of Aosta, Italy, he grew up under the prayers and love of a very gifted mother, Ermenberge by name. From her lips he received with implicit faith that magnificent conception of the spiritual world which was afterwards embalmed in the great Epic of Dante. To his childish imagination the four parts of the Catholic universe, earth, purgatory, heaven, hell, were almost as vivid and real as the four corners of the garden from which he gathered flowers and butterflies. He could talk with God and Christ and the Holy Martyrs, almost as familiarly as with his dear old grandfather, and his uncles and cousins. And he did often converse with them, in dreams. Once he thought he had climbed to the top of an Alp, and enjoyed a talk with God. After the great King had said to him many beautiful things, he placed his hand upon the little boy's head and blessed him. Then giving him a piece of bread of "exquisite taste and whiteness," he permitted him to descend to his mother. This dream is evidently a product of the mediæval notion of the Eucharist.

Thus passed the tender years of this ardent, noble youth. Ermenberge held him embraced in the arms of her love and her faith. It was a tender delicate plant from which the breath of rude minds and temptations had been fondly warded off. But before his twentieth year Ermenberge was taken away; and the young Anselm fell into the hands of the world. The tender, sentimental piety of his mother was not equal to the strain now brought upon it. He declined into extravagance and vice.

His rude father now conceived against him a cruel aversion. At last Anselm determined to throw himself upon the world, and let come of him what might.

With a single servant and a donkey the young nobleman bade adieu to the grave of his mother and to the beautiful valley of Aosta, and turned his face toward the setting sun. Within a few weeks he had passed Mt. Cenis, and entered into the plains of France. France was all astir at this time with the fame of Lanfranc, the philosopher priest at the abbey of Bec in Normandy. His fame attracted Anselm. Thus were brought casually together these two men who were afterwards to win such wide fame as successive archbishops of Canterbury.

But the motive of Anselm was as yet far from distinctively Christian or even ecclesiastical. He came to Bec to study philosophy. But he had not heard Lanfranc many months before his intense desire for study had quieted the tumult of his passions. A period of meditation ensued. Finally the bright ideals of his pious childhood became to him beautiful and vital again. The Christian philosophy of Lanfranc endowed them with rationality and truth. They took hold now upon both his heart and his intelligence. The young student of philosophy determined to return to his mother's and to Lanfranc's God. But how could he do this? The cloud of his sins stood between. How could he get back to God? The ecclesiasticism of his day knew of only one way—the way of self-abnegation and consecration. This

meant that he was to flee from the world, assume the vows of ascetic holiness, and retire to a cloister. It was thus, at about the age of twenty-seven, that Anselm became a Benedictine monk at Bec.

At once he became a model in all the rigors and austerities of the monastic life. He had the one quality which is never lacking to great souls, good or bad: he was *in earnest.* But his monastic routine did not bring him peace. The memory of his sins constantly stared him in the face. He was at times at the brink of despair. Finally his great soul opened a passage through the clouds by the penitent's prayer,—the simple way that every sinner must find before he rises to God and to peace. In his earnest weeks and months of return to God his prayers assumed fixed types in his memory. He afterwards threw them upon manuscript, and many of them have thus come down to us.

These prayers are an impressive illustration of the identity of piety in all ages. All of us, all penitents in all ages, can readily unite in the soul-anguish of this young monk of the Dark Ages. "O my Savior," exclaimed he, "I know too well that I am unworthy of thy love. But thou art worthy, *thou* art worthy of all my love. I am but a poor sinner, unworthy and impure; but yet I cannot do without thee. O blessed Jesus, I cannot turn away. O turn not me away; and turn not thou away, until thou hast taken away all my sins."

But the poor monk did not know the secret of that simple, direct faith which brings peace at once. He often passed whole nights in agonizing prayer. At last the transition came. It came with the gift of tears. His *heart* began to melt. The name of Jesus became inexpressibly sweet to him. The mere casual hearing of it would often make his eyes overflow. Now his sweetest employment was to think of the love of Ermenberge, to study divine truth, and to pray to Christ. Henceforth and throughout his life, Christ and the church had no more loyal servant than him whom history knows as St. Anselm.

That Anselm understood religion in its genuine Christian sense is clear from many of his preserved Meditations. After dividing the virtues into the external ones of fasting, almsgiving, etc., and the internal ones of love, humility, patience, kindness, etc., he says that "even as the body cannot long exist without the soul, though the soul can without the body, so the external virtues cannot long exist without the internal ones. One may indeed love God without fasting; but one will not long fast out of obedience to God, if one does not really love him."

So soon as Anselm was thoroughly converted in the evangelical sense, he entered at once upon that career of practical service to the church, and of profound study of Christian truth, which led him, almost in spite of himself, to the highest rank among Christian philosophers, and to the most august position in the hierarchy of the church.

The impulse to his theological works was his burning, restless desire to draw nearer and nearer to the absolute truth as it is in Christ. "Come unto me," he cried out, "come unto me, O God whom I love! I cherish thee; I praise thee; I adore thee. My soul thirsts for thee; it burns with thy love. Thee only do I adore; in thee is all my joy. I desire to think only of thee, to hear only of thee, to speak only of thee, and to treat only of thee!" "O Jesus," exclaims he elsewhere, "O Jesus, my soul longs to gaze upon thee in thy beauty. It burns to hear thee speak. O come thou, desired of my heart; how long shall I wait? Where shall I find thee? Where dost thou dwell? Where is thy palace of light and of glory? O Jesus! what is there in heaven but thee?"

So devoted a soul as Anselm could not remain in obscurity. Three years after he became a monk he was promoted to the mastership of the cloister, on the removal of Lanfranc. His office of prior he held for fifteen years, until 1078, when he was raised to the less cloistral and more elevated dignity of abbot. These fifteen years were the period of Anselm's greatest theological productiveness, and of his greatest influence as teacher of young theologians. It was then that he had the most quiet and leisure for impressing great truths upon his pupils in

the privacy of the lecture-room, and for soaring to the heights of Christian speculation.

From the very beginning of his career as teacher, "he laid," said Eadmer, his companion and biographer, "very great stress upon the sacred Scriptures. He regarded the Bible as the infallible fountain of truth. Hence, he made the utmost endeavors to comprehend the storehouse of truths which are there revealed." His great literary work, the *Proslogium*, was begun and ended with a fervent prayer. "Come, feeble mortal," says he, on the opening page, "come, let us turn aside a little from the busy din of the world. Cast aside that burden that wearies and clogs thee. Come, look up to God and find rest in him. Enter into the secret chamber of thy heart, and shut the door upon all but God. Say unto God: Lord, thy face I seek. Yea, Lord, I would behold thy countenance. Teach my heart where thou art, and how to find thee. If thou art not here, where shall I search for thee? But thou *art* here. Why do I not behold thee? Is it because thou dwellest in light inaccessible? But where is this light? And how shall I approach even unto *it?* Who can guide me? who can lead me? How shall the poor exile get back to thy house? He sighs for thee. He hopes in thee. He thirsts for thee. He burns to behold thee in thy glory. Guide me, guide me, guide me." How could a man beginning a work in such a spirit, fail to write truths which would serve as guiding stars to all subsequent ages?

And at the end of the work he lays aside his pen in the same spirit in which he began it: "O God, reveal thyself to me more and more. May I love thee more deeply and rejoice in thee more fervently. If I may not attain to thee fully in this life, oh, let me at least make constant advances. Let thy fullness be the subject of my thoughts and the food of my heart. My soul longs for thee. My heart is athirst for thee. May my whole soul desire only thee and thee alone, until the day when I arrive at the fullness of thy joy, thou triune God, my Savior and my Lord, who art blessed forever!"

The thirty years of Anselm's life at Bec—fifteen as chief spiritual guide and teacher of the monks and secular scholars, and about the same period in the less secluded and more temporal duties of an abbot—were passed by in the most ardent and earnest Christian work. During this period, the fame of his learning and Christian character spread throughout Christendom. Noblemen and prelates, kings and statesmen, came to do him honor, and to obtain copies of his writings.

While on a visit to a dying nobleman in England, in 1092, the body of English bishops laid hold upon him, almost by violence, and proclaimed him Archbishop of Canterbury as successor of Lanfranc, who had died in 1089. With the reluctant consent of the avaricious William Rufus he was solemnly consecrated to his office in the following year. The sixteen years of his archbishopric were the stormiest of his life. And more than once he was forced to sigh for the peaceful halls and gardens of Bec. It was a rude age. It was the period of tyranny and rapacity which followed the Norman Conquest. The upright archbishop had a fourfold task of herculean difficulty. First, to civilize, if not Christianize, the immoral, brutal, violent mixture of Saxon populace and Norman landlords who made up the people of England. Second, to reform the lives of the lower clergy. Third, to preserve the integrity of the English Church as against the growing assumptions of the Papal court. Fourth, to guard it against the mercenary influence of the Norman court. It was a task of the greatest magnitude. While Anselm was determined to use the machinery of the Church to the Christian end of elevating the people of the nation, William Rufus and Henry I. endeavored to make it simply a means of filling their treasury, by the sale of pastoral offices to the highest bidder, and by the exaction of donations from the higher prelates.

In this struggle, Anselm exhibited the most heroic courage and the most incorruptible integrity. More than once he directly declined obedience to the king. For several years he had to retire to the Continent. Early in the reign of Henry I. the

misunderstanding was removed, and he passed the closing years of his life in a conscientious administration of his exalted office. He died in peace at Canterbury, in 1109, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fame and a character which are the heritage and pride of the Church in all after time. *J. P. Lacroix.*

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S STORY.

THE next morning I was still in a speculative mood, and we were sitting gravely about the breakfast-table, an unusual occurrence; for I insist that a mirthful breakfast is essential to a healthy day—a vantage-ground from which to meet for the next twenty-four hours foes, spiritual and physical. Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed Hal like a north-west wind.

"Holloa, mother! Holloa, Uncle Doctor! Holloa, everybody!"

"Milder! Milder! you young hurricane! Did you leave your manners in New Haven?"

"Yes, and everything else but my precious self. Chum vows I have been up and dressed all night, else I should never have gotten off by the early train. You understand it is Saturday, and I thought it would be healthier for body and mind to run home for Sunday. I assure you it is purely a sanative measure," rattled he, kissing his mother on either cheek.

Kate came in to set a plate for master Hal, her favorite in the household, and when he had established himself at his mother's side I looked at the group of happy faces and dismissed my speculations for the present.

Few men are so fortunate as to have all the comforts, conveniences and civilizing influences of a family home, who have neither wife nor child. Yet such had fallen to my lot. Sister Mary came to me at once after her husband's death, and from boarding I went to housekeeping. Her children had become, in a sense, my children, without the cares and anxieties incident to parentage. They were a comely lot. There was Hal, student and incipient physician, a good-looking fellow, and he knew it. And Maud, a just-graduated school-girl, fair as the dawn, and as sentimental as her sensible mother would permit. And Jack, scapegoat, responsible for all the mischief on the premises—and there was enough of it—a big-headed boy, with touseled hair and generous mouth that was always whistling, unless he was eating. Hal insisted that there was a muchness every way about that boy that ought to be pruned. But when he attempted the pruning business he found more than he could conveniently manage, and latterly Jack had his own way, and a long way it was too. There was no telling what he would prove to be. I was prepared for anything not absolutely vicious.

"I tell you, mother," said Hal, passing up his coffee-cup the second time, "I just ached to bring Chum home with me. The poor prodigal's home is three thousand miles away, and he has not seen it for more than three years."

"Three years," repeated Mary with tender concern, wondering how his mother could live without seeing him for three long years.

"What is his name, and where is his home?" asked Maud.

"You must have a good memory. I am always talking about him."

"You rave about Chum, without naming or placing him."

"Out with your note-book, then, and down with the items. Name, Northrop P. Duff; called North, for short. But, as he is long, fearfully long, he is dubbed North

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Pole by most of the fellows. There is a tradition among the Sophs that he sleeps in the halls, the bed-rooms being too short for his accommodation. As for his home, it is in San Francisco, which accounts for his absurd growth; and, as to himself, he is a capital fellow, every way."

After consultation it was decided that Hal could invite him home, only he was not to pounce upon us in this unexpected fashion.

Maud said we should have to put another story to the house, and Jack muttered that his legs would take up so much room under the table, that the family would have to stand, and for his part, he should dine in the kitchen.

After breakfast Hal picked up Maud as he would pick up a kitten, and carried her off, protesting that she would be treated as a baby no longer. Was she not almost eighteen and just graduated? As I passed the hall door a few moments later, I saw Maud and Hal busily whispering together, and knew that some precious scheme was incubating.

And a precious scheme it proved, for at dinner Hal came cracking his fingers about my ears like an Ethopian end-man, calling, "Wake up! Uncle Doctor; wake up! For once you are caught napping."

"Don't be silly, Hal. Draw off your artillery or you will deafen me."

At that he flew around the table, posturing like a dancing master, and with a profound bow said, solemnly, "I have gone and done it, Uncle Doctor."

"To the discredit of us all?"

"Ask Miss Dyer?"

For a moment I felt as if a hand were clutching my throat. A preposterous fancy. Hal was waiting for remarks, and I said, "I have something else to do."

"But you should have kept better watch."

"Of what?"

"Of Miss Dyer."

"I watch her father."

"All right," with tremendous emphasis. "You watch the old gentleman, and I will watch the daughter."

"Hal, Hal, what nonsense are you up to now?" asked Mary, looking mystified and concerned.

"Why, mother, when I was home last, Uncle Doctor inoculated me, and it has been taking effect ever since."

"For what?" asked Mary looking at me in alarm.

"For lunacy, lest he should become an idiot."

"Useless; he was born one," muttered Jack.

"Maud, do explain, or I shall believe the house has turned into a lunatic asylum in sober earnest," said Mary with increasing perplexity.

"It is nothing else when Hal is at home."

"Be still Jack, Maud and I are sane at all events," and she looked appealingly at Maud.

"It is nothing, mother, only this: when Hal was here a few weeks ago, Uncle sent him over to the Dyer place with medicines. He saw Miss Dyer, and it seems did not aquaint himself to his own satisfaction, and has been brooding over the matter ever since. He is a little sensitive, you know."

"Conceited!" ejaculated the youngest member of the council.

"Don't interrupt me! This morning Hal took me into his confidence, and upon comparing notes found that Miss Dyer and myself were classmates before she went to Vassar. Consequently I dressed, Hal got the carriage, and we went to call on Miss Dyer. She received us graciously, seemed pleased to renew our acquaintance, smiled upon Hal, though I must say that I never saw him so stupid before, and he came away gratified. That is the beginning and end of the wonderful mystery."

"I am afraid not," said Mary, gravely, before whose maternal eyes, visions of entanglements began to float. "You must look out for him, Doctor," as if some dire evil was impending.

"There is no cause for anxiety. It is only a sort of internal measles, and when the onslaught is so fierce, it runs to the rear by rapid and easy stages; no danger of striking in."

At this, Hal flamed; said he was a man, and not a boy; knew his own mind, and so forth; at which we all laughed uproariously.

The afternoon was a busy one, but I found time to scud through Tom's article in the *Review*, written in one of his metaphysical moods, feeling in the dark for answers to questions that are unanswerable this side of the grave. It was prudent to read it, for I knew that he would run in before he slept for "my impressions," as he phrased it. In our long talks he opened himself more freely to me than to any one else, and he insisted that I had a straightforward way of putting things that often helped him out of his most obstinate difficulties. Be that as it may, his talk was a rare feast to me, and we passed many and many a pleasant and I believe profitable hour, discussing the interests that lie close to every human soul. Just now, however, my concern centered not in Tom, but in Tom's half brother, upon whose fate much would seem to depend.

It was past nine o'clock when he came quietly in after his Thursday evening prayer-meeting, and with only a nod for greeting, stretched himself on the lounge a little wearied and a little depressed, by some church matter which he afterwards mentioned, but did not explain.

I plunged into his article, dwelling on the main question, but failed to arouse his wonted enthusiasm. He lay motionless and said yes, or no, or nothing,—generally nothing. He was in one of his "oyster moods," as he called them, when one could get nothing into him or out of him without breaking his shell. To-night, of all nights, I would have him communicative. The direct way was the best way to deal with him, and I turned upon him suddenly, asking:

"Tom, what ever became of that brilliant half brother of yours, Bob Lyon?"

If I had struck him a stinging blow, the effect could not have been more immediate or surprising. He came instantly to his feet, and glared at me; pained, outraged, and defiant.

"That is a matter I never speak of," said he between set teeth.

"Pardon me, Tom," said I quickly, with outstretched hand. "You know I have no wish to hurt or offend. As I sat here last night thinking of you I thought also of him, and remembering how much you loved him and that you no longer spoke of him, I thought he might be dead."

Tom grasped my hand before I was half through, and when I paused I found his eyes were full of tears, and still holding my hand he said with unsteady utterance:

"Would to God he were dead, or had died years ago."

Intense as my interest had now become, I could question him no farther. Unless he chose to tell me I should never know.

In the silence that followed he buried his face in his hands and groaned. Presently he reached for his hat and went to the door. There he paused and turned, facing me. I sincerely regretted my hasty question, and probably he saw it, for he looked steadily and sorrowfully in my eyes for a moment, threw his hat on the table, and to my great relief came back to his seat, saying apologetically:

"I am unreasonably depressed to-night, and your question fell upon an old hurt that has been dumbly aching for days. Otherwise I should have treated you with more consideration."

"You acquit me of any intent to wound?"

"Certainly, certainly. You know nothing of poor Bob, and how could you know the pain, shame and indignation his name called up. And having said so much, I will explain, and we will never touch the matter again."

He stopped and thrust back that lock of hair, visibly moved and pained. My thoughts ran back twenty-four hours, and I saw Joel Dyer sitting with his thin hands clasped back of his head, his deep eyes gleaming like smothered coals, while he told me of the Robert Lyon he had used to save himself, and whose shadow followed him relentlessly. And now here was Tom stung with pain and humiliation, while I waited with the growing conviction that to-night I should hear the counterpart of the same sorrowful story.

"You remember," began he, speaking slowly, as if the words were dragged out of him, "what a good-hearted, generous fellow he was; genial and happy, carrying sunshine wherever he went, and how we all loved him and how proud we all were of

him. I had no other brother and no sister. My father died before I could know my loss, and Bob and I had no one but each other and our mother. No boys ever loved each other more, and our mother said we were the two halves of her heart. Bob's father left him quite a little fortune—a yearly allowance and an inheritance when he should be twenty-five. My father left me only his good name. When Bob knew this he insisted that I should share his allowance, half and half, and would have made it more but that our mother interfered. Bob cared little for books and insisted that I could study enough for both, and would not hear a word of college for himself. It was his allowance generously shared that gave me my opportunities and set me on my feet. He used to say that study was my forte and money-making his; in which he divined himself as many another man has done—mistaking the desire for the ability. He had little of the shrewdness and forethought that in some men amount to prescience, and none of the concentrated selfishness that enters so largely into the characters of most money-making men. Nor do I think he cared for money for himself. It was always for some one else; for mother and for me. We should be rich; we should have an abundance. Full of his hopes and plans, he took his inheritance as soon as it came into his possession; confidently expecting to make a fortune for himself and us." Tom paused, mentally going through the past, and when he spoke again he said rapidly: "To make the story short, Bob fell into the hands of a sharper who had all along been waiting for him, and under a pretence of friendship and disinterested kindness fleeced him clean."

"Do you know who the sharper was?"

"No; Bob never told his name, nor the fact till long after. Disappointment and chagrin kept him silent. We only know that he made desperate struggles to recover himself, getting deeper in at every attempt. The genial, happy fellow grew capricious and unaccountable. Seasons of boisterous gaiety alternated with periods of deepest gloom. We saw the change long before we knew the cause. Mother took alarm, I thought needlessly; for I was so fully absorbed by the duties of my first parish that I saw but little of these moods or the changes that were manifest in his personal appearance; and besides, the thought that Bob could go astray never occurred to me.

"One day mother sent for me and told me all her fears and apprehensions. She had not seen Bob for more than three weeks, and begged me to find him and bring him home. For one long, terrible week I sought him, going from one gambling hell to another, till I found my once innocent, happy brother in a place I shall never forget. I got him away, re-clothed him in body and mind, and took him home to our mother. Then he told us the whole story. If ever a man was full of penitence and remorse he was. I went with him through all his sin and sorrow; it seemed laid upon me. And at length I thought, and do still sometimes believe, a crisis was reached and passed. He reformed and appeared to manifest all the symptoms of a truly penitent and regenerate soul. But—" and Tom stopped, breathing hard, as if he was bearing an insufferable burden. "In a few months he went to the bad again,—how or why I cannot tell. He who knows all only knows. I followed him to no purpose. He would not return and could not be found. It killed our poor mother; she died with her hands in mine, and her last words were a solemn charge: 'Bring your brother back to Christ, as a seal of your ministry.' I have seen her face and heard her words ever since. And God knows how I have striven to obey my mother's charge, and how unavailing my efforts have been. He has fled from me as if I were his mortal enemy, and all I could do was to hope and pray. He was followed to California and beyond."

Had he heard the rumor to which Mr. Dyer alluded? I could not tell. He had stopped speaking, his head was bowed and his lips silently moving as if in prayer.

"And now," said he, raising his head, "there is nothing more to be said. It is one of those hopeless things that cannot be touched and that must be borne, and that tries a man's faith in God more than almost

anything else. He is all powerful. I ask not for myself, I ask only that He will for Christ's sake reach out and take His own. If He will, He will; and I must leave it there. You understand now why I cannot speak of this."

"Yes; and after you have answered one question we will allude to it no more. Do you know where he is now, or where he was last?"

"No, I am totally in the dark," answered he, too deeply filled with his own thoughts to wonder if I had a special reason for asking. "He was reported dead more than two years ago. But I cannot think it true, though sometimes I feel as if it would be a relief to know that the worst was passed. And then at times I have a belief, uncertain and tremulous, but still a belief strong enough to be a little comfort, that He who remembered the Prodigal will also remember him, and that I shall yet see his face and hear his voice and know that his soul is saved, if not here, why then hereafter."

Tom stood with a far-off look in his eyes, seeing beyond the walls of the room and the gathered darkness without, an unknown place that held the brother he had loved and lost, and whose ruin lay so heavily on his own soul. Poor Tom! I understood him better now; and as he gave me his hand at parting both knew, though neither spoke, that this night had brought us closer than ever before.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM APPROPRIATED.

This promised to be a very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory affair, and I wished myself well out of it. If Joel Dyer must have help, why not pitch upon some one having more leisure and an aptitude for the detective business? The hope that I might help Tom as well as Joel Dyer was the only consideration that made it at all endurable. The silence and secrecy I thoroughly detested. Tom had opened his inmost heart to me, and I had withheld the fact that Mr. Dyer was the man who had injured his brother. I could see no good to be gained by the disclosure, even if I were not held to secrecy, but it had a mean look and made me feel uncomfortable. Then, too, there was Agnes to be kept in the dark. Never in all my life was I so disquieted with myself and my position; and with all my pondering I could see no way out of it except through it—and the end I could not conjecture.

An impression of which I was at first but vaguely conscious now began to verify itself. Mr. Dyer found early occasion to send for me, and the moment we were alone plunged into the matter of Robert Lyon and the growing necessity of finding him. Having once vented himself, and finding the relief experienced thereby, he fastened upon me as a pent-up pond fastens upon a sluiceway. There was no denying or getting away from him. Before I knew it I was appropriated. He was constitutionally a man of one idea; "one thing at a time," was his maxim, and to that one thing he devoted all his energies of body and mind. His ability to concentrate was almost frightful. To that he owed his financial success, and to that I owed my present unwilling vassalage.

It had come to be always and altogether "we," and not "I," till I began in an absurd and unaccountable way to feel at times that somehow I shared his guilt, and to be oppressed by the burden a thousand times more than he. For in fact he did not feel it at all, or if he did could not be induced to recognize it for what it was; to him it was an abnormal condition he called disease.

Soon a change for the better was apparent in Mr. Dyer's physical condition. He was attaining a reasonable degree of health. The motive for living increased daily, and I knew that he would live till that man was found, dead or alive, if it took twenty years. Scarcely a day passed that he did not send for or come to me to tell something he had heard, or propose a different plan of action, for our search was in vigorous progress. That was bad enough, a daily nightmare, but there was something worse as I soon began to realize.

Agnes possessed in an unusual degree that faculty or instinct that lies at the root of a woman's wisdom, a keen and accurate intuition. She knew immediately that I was

concealing something from her; she divined that it was the very thing in which I had promised my aid;—and she felt that somehow there was a breach of trust upon my part. She was acutely hurt, and the more so that her father evaded her and sought me. I could not explain and at first avoided her, for I knew that if she asked me a direct question I could not tell her a direct falsehood. If I had known Agnes Dyer as well then as I knew her afterward I should not have made that mistake, and she would never have so misunderstood me. I should have known that she was too proud to ask what she thought I was unwilling to tell.

Directly there was a change in her manner. She became less frank and confiding and more strictly courteous, and this increased. I had nothing to complain of; she was always a lady and treated me with the greatest deference; but she no longer told me her perplexities or asked my counsel with that trustfulness which, now that I had it no more, I found had been grateful. I could not endure that she should think meanly of me, and writhed under her implied distrust.

But of course there are two sides to everything. I must admit that Joel Dyer's keen interest was infectious, and I found myself going into details with a sort of satisfaction scarcely to be accounted for. It proved as I surmised, that thus far he had unconsciously followed Tom's track in his search for the same man. I went over it again, and all three ended together at Mauna Loa.

This much was proved: that in company with an American sailor an English tourist and a guide he ascended the volcano for a view of the crater. They all went down within the old crater and walked about on the hardened lava, a not dangerous feat. Lyon, however, pushed on through smoke and steam, and over insecure footing to obtain a near view of the living fire. In vain the guide warned, called, and followed, till half-stifled by sulphurous fumes, and notified by repeated sounds of coming danger, he hastily clambered back to a place of safety, and none to soon. All three waited breathlessly till the smoke and steam, lagging off, showed that the crust over which Lyon had gone and from which the guide retreated had disappeared, falling into the liquid lava, just then boiling with renewed activity in that portion of the crater. Alarmed for their safety they withdrew, still calling and searching for Lyon. They remained in the vicinity till night without finding any trace of him, and at last descended the mountain with the conviction that he had been swallowed up in the crater. It was a horrible fate, but one that he appeared to court. In fact, it would seem that he had repeatedly tried to give away the life he no longer valued. This recklessness passed for bravery. He was reported to have entered a burning building in San Francisco, despite efforts to prevent him, saving a child in an upper room by letting it down from a spot inaccessible to the firemen, and then flinging himself down, and, to the astonishment of all present, escaping with only a few bruises and a broken arm.

At another time during a storm he threw himself into the sea in mid-ocean to rescue a drowning sailor,—the same man who accompanied him to Mauna Loa. Now, however, the life he held so cheap he had succeeded in throwing away. At least that was the opinion of those who knew most about the affair. Two years had passed, leaving no evidence to the contrary, and I should have been quite content to acquiesce in the general opinion, only that neither Tom nor Mr. Dyer were quite satisfied with the proofs, and had presentiments, born, as I thought, of their hope, that he was still alive. To make a certainty of the matter, a man was found who for a considerable sum engaged to go to Hawaii, and search the affair to the bottom.

CHAPTER IX.

FESTAL DAYS.

One rare May morning I was walking up and down the garden path finishing my cigar, and on better terms with myself than I had been for some time past, when Maud came cooing about me. She harmonized with the morning and my contented mood. She was so small, so round, so dainty that she was everybody's pet, and withal so absurdly dignified that she was nobody's play-

thing. In her the transition from childhood to womanhood was unmarked by those surprising changes that in some girls show an unprepossessing child one day, and an attractive maiden the next. From a wee thing she had ever been somewhat of a woman; to old age she would ever be somewhat of a child. Just now, in her light raiment, her delicately-tinted skin and her fair hair brushed back and fastened in some becoming fashion, she was almost an object of adoration; much like an angel, no way like a saint.

For a man who had never loved any woman enough to feel that she *must* be mine, I was singularly susceptible to feminine influences. Maud graciously accepted my homage as her due, pleased with it as an evidence that she could coax me into almost any arrangement she might choose to make. She clasped her dimpled hands over my arm and walked with me up and down, voiceless, save her persuasive face. Presently I tossed the remainder of my cigar into a tuft of ribbon grass and answering her silent entreaty said:

"Well Pet, what now?"

"Oh Uncle, in two weeks I shall be eighteen!"

"Shocking! I supposed you not more than nine or ten at the utmost. What am I to do? Take off a few years?"

"No, no! I would not be older nor younger," chanted she gaily.

"What then? I know there is something to be done."

"Why you see it's an epoch, a crisis, and ought to be emphasized."

"By what?"

"A party, a grand party, in honor of the event, Uncle Doctor."

Now Maud knew that I detested crowds, parties, assemblies of more than a dozen or so, and was prepared for a sharp encounter, fully persuaded that she would come off victorious in the end. Seeing this in her mischievous eyes I surrendered without a struggle. She should have a party, a strictly elegant affair, stipulating only that there should be no more guests than could be easily entertained.

"Trust mother for that! It will be just splendid," and Maud waltzed down the garden path, keeping time to fairy bells that are ever ringing in the ear of youth. Returning she made me a graceful obeisance.

"Thanks, Uncle, for Hal as well as myself! Do you know the thing was his suggestion? He is just wild to get Miss Dyer here."

"What possesses the boy? He needs a cooling draught."

"No, Uncle," said Maud, sobered by something she saw in my face. "We shall all be cool enough. Hal insists on bringing North P. with him. I fear it will spoil everything, but Hal says No."

The next two weeks I kept to my office and my den, and thrust my fingers in my ears if any of the family offered to approach. For every thing in the house was upside-down and inside-out, and consultations innumerable were going on.

"Now, Uncle," said Maud on the morning of the eventful day, "you must look your very best to-night, for you are all the Papa I have, and we must do each other great credit." And before the guests began to arrive she came to my room, turned me around, looked me over, pronounced me satisfactory—only that I did not look sufficiently reverend to be her Papa; and suggested that a few gray hairs in my brown beard would be an improvement. As for Maud, she looked like a sunbeam astray in a fleecy cloud. I had not dreamed that she could be so beautiful.

"Am I all right?" she asked, surveying herself in my mirror.

"Yes, Pet, only I think I ought to give you a sedative to keep your head level. All the gentlemen will go crazy over you to-night."

"You forget that other ladies are to be present, some of them very beautiful—Miss Dyer, for instance."

Hal and his chum had already arrived and were dressing in the room above. Peals of laughter testified to their hilarity.

"Have you seen this North P.?" whispered I to Maud.

"No. Hal smuggled him up-stairs the moment they arrived. How he ever got him up there if he is half as tall as they pretend,

is more than I can understand. Jack says we shall be frozen stiff in half an hour, and quoting you for authority that food is fire, has fortified himself with a good supper in advance."

"Make Jack hold his tongue and see that you treat Hal's guest with consideration."

"Yes, of course. But if he looms up so dreadfully what am I to do?"

"Get upon a chair and shout."

"Now, Uncle, you are worse than Jack. I shall laugh in his face."

"No, Maud. If he is so tall you will never see his face. You are short in sight as well as in stature."

Mary called and Maud obeyed, shaking her finger at me as she went.

As the evening wore on I saw that Mary had consulted my enjoyment as well as Maud's happiness in reference to our guests. I saw old friends on all sides; prominently Tom and his cultured wife. But I must own to a feeling of surprise compounded with uneasiness as I saw Mr. Dyer approach with Agnes on his arm. Possibly she divined this, for a little later she said: "Papa so rarely goes in society that I should have solicited in vain if the invitation had come from elsewhere;" adding as I thought a little sadly and reproachfully as her eyes rested for a moment on mine, "you seem to have unlimited influence with him." It was one of those swift impressions that come and go, and recur after an interval. And I was so busy speculating how Mr. Dyer and Tom would get on together that I failed to give her words the attention they deserved. Then, too, Maud was hovering about for a chance to say unobserved: "He is not so very tall, Uncle. He hears me readily."

"Only about six feet six. See that Jack keeps out of ear-shot. I heard him just now making inquiries about longitude and talking of the open Polar sea."

That sent Maud off in a comical gale of distress, for she was as tender-hearted as a fluffy chicken. I understood her motherly attention to Mr. Duff for the remainder of the evening. It had an absurd side too that kept my risibles in a state of chronic irritation. She was so short and he was so tall and so ceremoniously polite, that he was continually vibrating between a straight line and a right angle whenever he addressed her. If he had been sitting and she standing it would have been more comfortable for both. To an observer Northrop Duff was all black and white, with a good, strong, manly face, and was, I doubt not, sufficiently magnetic to deserve his sobriquet. A theologue, evidently; and a man of mark in the future. As Maud fluttered compassionately about him I could think only of a moth-miller about a lighted torch.

Probably no one noticed the sharp tussle between duty and repugnance in Tom's expressive face before he approached Mr. Dyer with courteous inquiries and congratulations, as pastor to a convalescent parishioner. It was a thing to study—the antipathy of these two men, which both shared and neither could explain. I could see that Tom was holding himself with a strong hand, and admired his cool pluck, wondering if he saw the latent fury like a pent-up fire in Mr. Dyer's steady eyes, while he accepted with icy courtliness Tom's congratulations. This episode once over it was a relief to see them drift apart into more congenial eddies.

Late in the evening Tom touched my arm saying: "Do you remember I once said that Miss Dyer was probably a heathen by inheritance?"

"Something of the sort," answered I, with a nod.

"It occurred to me just now, and I wish to take it back. It was uncharitable in the beginning, but I did not know how thoroughly unjust it was till recently. I have met her several times and find her a true Christian lady in every sense of the word. And if you have through me received the impression that she is anything else, I am truly sorry."

"It is all right, Tom," said I, giving his arm a little shake. "Your conscience troubles you unnecessarily."

"No; I say heedless things when I, of all men, should be more careful. Look at Miss Dyer. Did you ever see a finer face?"

Following his eyes I saw through the open doors Northrop Duff and Miss Dyer sitting in the library, while Hal stood between

them, leaning over the back of the tete-a-tete talking to Miss Dyer. How well the fellow looked; I suppose I had a right to be proud of him, and said as much to Tom.

"He is well enough," answered Tom, indifferently. "It was Miss Dyer I wanted you to see."

Miss Dyer seemed listening attentively, and when Hal paused she answered, while he stood quite near looking steadily in her face; and no wonder, for as she went on it kindled and glowed till it was something rare to see. It was a most changeful and expressive face, with a language all its own. Both men listened as if entranced, but they were too far off, and the hum of voices in our vicinity were too distinct to permit us to get at all the drift of their conversation. I had seen her only in her own home, in the characters of daughter and nurse. Now her ease, her sincerity, her culture, all told. It was impossible to look at her and not feel that, sympathetic and considerate as she was, she still somehow stood apart as if of finer clay, and yet a Christian lady as Tom had said, and that without the least shadow of assumption. She was marked too by the severe elegance of her dress which was of some sort of heavy pearl-colored fabric, that fell in folds like the drapery of a Grecian goddess. Her only ornament was a chain about her white throat, with a cross of opals set in Etruscan gold.

Mary called me off and I saw Miss Dyer no more till later in the evening. I surprised an old friend by breaking off in the midst of a remark and turning as if I had been called. Directly back of me and at the opposite side of the room stood Miss Dyer looking at me. A quick flush swept over her face as on the first night at her father's house she unexpectedly saw me looking at her. I went over to her at once.

"What is wanting?" I asked.

She smiled. "How did you know that anything was wanting?" and for a moment a light came into her clear eyes that quite dazzled me. But it vanished as quickly as it came, and she added, gravely, "Father is getting weary and we must go home. I was looking for your niece."

We will find her; and putting Miss Dyer's hand on my arm we threaded our way through room after room. She was quite silent and walked with down-cast eyes. There were several things I wished to say, but somehow not a word came till in the hall we found Maud searching for us. Leaving her in Maud's hands I sought Mr. Dyer, and found him looking as weary and annoyed as a well-bred man ever allows himself to look in society.

"Doctor," said he, as I accompanied him to his carriage, "I have seen you in the distance all the evening. Come up to the house and let me see you close at hand."

"To-morrow."

Hal was handing in Miss Dyer, his manly face glowing with happiness. How well they set each other off.

The next morning Hal and Northrop Duff went to New Haven to prepare for examination, for both were to graduate in July.

We heard from them almost daily, and as soon as examinations were satisfactorily over Hal came home, bringing his friend with him to pass the time till commencement.

All sorts of excursions, drives, walks, and what not were planned and executed, including of course Miss Dyer. They were a frolicsome set. And if Miss Dyer tempered their gaiety she also joined in their mirth, and they were all the happier for her presence. Her low laugh was a pleasant thing to hear, and both girls grew brighter and more beautiful day by day.

Of course everybody went to commencement to hear Northrop's philosophical and Hal's oration. My previous opinion of Northrop's ability was confirmed. His head was the better of the two, but Hal's speech was by all odds the more popular.

TO A GRIEVED SOUL.

SOMEWHERE below the firmament's blue bend
  Kinsman in pain, thou dwellest; O, somewhere
Thou sobbest to-night, "I am without a friend!"
  With heart too crushed to syllable a prayer.

Is it so ill with thee then? In the gloom
  Wherein thou harborest dreamest thou all is light
To other souls, and that some special doom
  Hath fallen on thee to bar thee from delight?

It is because thou dwellest in the dark
  Thou canst not see around thee other souls
Branded by sorrow with the self-same mark,
  O'er whom the self-same tide of anguish rolls.

Brother forsaken! 'tis because I know
  This bitter saying, "Lo, I have no friend!"
Is worst of all the things that hurt thee so
  That from my soul this sign to thine I send:

Look up and listen, Brother! mine own grief
  Hath delicate made the hearing of my heart.
I heard thee crying, hopeless of relief,
  And yet thou dwellest not with thy dole apart.

Mighty and wide the fellowship of pain!
  Who clasp not hands in it are passing few;
God seeing it becometh man again;
  Knowest thou our wailings smite him through and through?

And so if haply to thee, pale and dumb,
  Should drift this token, fragile as a sigh,
Make it thine ally Sorrow to o'ercome:
  Thou hast two friends, sad brother—God and I!

Howard Glyndon.

THE ETHICS OF HOSPITALITY.

MY dictionary tells me that hospitality is "the act or practice of receiving or entertaining strangers or guests, with kindness and without reward," and my Bible tells me that this same hospitality is to be counted among the Christian virtues. The highest form of religion teaches us to do as a duty what the lowest grade of humanity practices as an impulse. There is no civilization so high and no barbarism so low that it does not count hospitality among the social virtues. It is the grace of all social compacts and a powerful factor in the upbuilding of friendships and of love. It is so important a thing to the growth of the individual soul, and to keeping steady the balance of social economy, that we are not only bound to a practice of it, but to study and consider it in its moral relations, that we may, as far as in us lies, disentangle its great principles from the snarl of local customs and meaningless conventionalities in which it is often involved.

In the older countries of Europe hospi-

tality has been reduced to a very complete system; which, though elastic enough to admit of variations to suit the ever changing methods and means of social life, has at the back of all certain fixed rules that both host and guest are bound to respect. In this country we have equal, indeed I believe greater heartiness of hospitality, but we lose much of its good effect by certain false notions, and a careless disregard of mutual rights. The Americans, says a French journalist of note, "are a people who pour themselves out like water; they waste themselves in their violent attempts to be courteous. They heap their civilities upon a man until his back is well-nigh broken with the burden; to make a man happy they fling their efforts at his head like paving stones. They do it all so spontaneously withal that one cannot help but feel a sense of gratitude cropping up through his discomfort; and that to repel their cruel good intentions, would be contemptible." There is a good deal of exaggeration in this expression of opinion, but there is a good deal of truth at the bottom of it. We often over-do our hospitality, as we over-do many of our social undertakings; and make a burden for a man when we intend to provide a pleasure. The one cardinal principle of hospitality is to do much for our guest, without seeming to do anything requiring a special effort on our own part. The stranger within our gates should be made to feel perfectly at ease, without any apparent effort on the part of the host. We should not seem to put our guests under an obligation to us;—when hospitality is reduced to a mere matter of exchange of civilities—so many weeks' board at my house to be repaid by an equivalent attention from you—it ceases to be hospitality and becomes a mere matter of barter; a thing that belongs to trade and not to friendship. Of course, I do not mean to say that there is not something of mutual benefit in all hospitality, but it is a thing to be put one side and wholly lost sight of, so far as the host is himself concerned, and on the part of the guest to be set down to gratitude and not obligation. If I am entertained by some friend I am not to rack my brains for a way to repay him, but am never to lose an opportunity for the expression of my gratitude. If you give to your friend the use of your house, and feed him from your table for a certain length of time, and set it down as a debt to be discharged by him in a like manner at some future time, you do not treat him as well as you treat the tramp whom you feed on your door-step.

Hospitality can never reach its highest development in America till it is freed of the taint of our national sin—ostentation. Whether we entertain as a nation or as individuals we disturb the order of our lives, not that our guest may be comfortable, but that he may be impressed with our material prosperity. If an Emperor or a Prince ever visits our shores, we cast him into a maelstrom of sight-seeing that drags him away from what is best and most beautiful, and most orderly in our national life. We make him dance in halls less beautiful than his own halls; eat at dinners not as well cooked as his own home dinners; review troops that are but a travesty of his own armies, and worst of all, make him listen to speeches that have more sound than sense, and more words than wisdom. Now and then a visitor rebels against this kind of treatment, and persists in quietly studying our institutions. That wise ruler, Dom Pedro, cared far more to see how we managed our national industries, how we cared for our poor and our criminals, and how we educated our children than to listen to the fulsome platitudes of chronic after-dinner babblers, or to see how well our women looked and danced at a ball, or to have a visible demonstration of how many butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers we could get to don tawdry uniforms, and march about our streets. Within a score of years the whole country has had two spasms of gay madness over the visits of two sons of European rulers. Those who remember these visits will not be likely to contradict me when I say that neither the Prince of Wales nor the Grand Duke Alexis gained as much knowledge of the real strength and the solid resources of the country, as he could have gathered from a careful reading of any half-dozen reliable books on

those subjects. We did not of course dazzle them with our troops or our civic celebrations, or befool them into the belief that they saw us in our normal condition; they knew they were seeing America under exceptional circumstances, and though they were bound to be civil, and treat our good intentions with respect, they would probably much rather have been left more to their own inclinations, and less at the mercy of reception and entertainment committees. In more ways than one we did these young scions of royalty a moral wrong, and would have been equally guilty toward Dom Pedro if he had not had the moral courage to resent being made the central figure in a show. The Grand Duke Alexis and the Prince of Wales came to study the country and its institutions; and we robbed them of the possibility of doing so. They came to study us as a people, and we immediately put away from them all that was best in our republican life, and instead of standing before them in dignified simplicity, we arrayed ourselves in flaunting rags of ostentation.

And what is true of our national hospitality is true to a great measure in the hospitality of our homes. We make an innovator of our guest. Who has not made a visit when he has felt that his presence created a revolution in the whole domestic economy. We think we hide the effort, but the guest knows if the whole establishment is sustaining an immense and unnecessary strain to provide for his entertainment. The family comforts are entirely hidden; and the "company" discomforts are paraded everywhere. The guest feels as if the house had been especially "swept and garnished for him;" and to carry out the suggestion of the quotation, that he is very much like an evil spirit entered into it. The host does himself a wrong and does the guest a wrong. The guest is put in the position of one whose delight is in a glazed formality; and the host, deprived of his comfortably worn fire-side chair, his slipshod slippers and his easy dressing-gown, finds himself playing a part that gives him no pleasure. The guest is given plenty of plate, elegantly appointed rooms, choice food and a downy bed, but the host hides away the best part of himself beneath a cloak of pretension, and has a contempt for himself for doing so.

The truly hospitable man should never be so much himself as when he has a guest in the house. Our best self should be the home self, and there should be no guest in our houses who does not love us for what the home self reveals in us. When the friend crosses your threshold, forget what you have or have not to give him in the way of material comforts, and let your whole soul go out in a benediction of welcome. Do less than this and you will give your friend a heart chill as he enters in. O, the pang of going to visit some dear old friend, perhaps a college chum or a playmate of your childhood, and finding yourself among strangers! To find the well at which we have drunk many a draught of sweetest familiar intercourse all frozen over —that is disappointment indeed. We put out our hand to grasp a hand that "lang syne" we have held warmly and lovingly in ours, and we find it gloved in mail. We enter a house where we expect to find welcome, and we find formality. We strive to stay our time out, and then go home with a heavy heart, very sure that the world *is* hollow, and our most cherished doll stuffed with the most unmistakable saw-dust. Our old friend, whom we have loved and honored and laughed and joked with, has given us the best that his upholsterer and his butcher and his servants could furnish; but of his own self we have found nothing but a lay figure. Such visits occur everywhere and every day, and never without doing a moral wrong to all concerned. There is discomfort for the host, discomfort for the guest, discomfort for the housewife. The host thinks less of himself, the guest thinks less kindly of his host, and the housewife is made to bear a burden of extra care for no praiseworthy purpose.

True hospitality has nothing obtrusive or intrusive about it. It is as hearty and spontaneous as a kiss. He is the best host who knows how to take away from the heart of his guest the feeling that he is being entertained. A guest can never feel

quite at ease when he knows that he is expected to play the principal part in a pageant especially prepared for him. We verify the Frenchman's opinion, already mentioned, by undertaking too much for our guests. The tired literary man goes to visit at the house of a friend, and he finds that a dinner party has been arranged for him on the very first night of his arrival, and before the fatigue of his journey has worn off. He is expected to be beaming and lovable before a circle of people who are almost entire strangers to him. He feels that he is put very much at a disadvantage, but there is no escape for him. He tries to be brilliant, with the consciousness of being silly sitting heavily upon him. He tosses about all the night afterward by the nightmare of his conversational failure grievously tormented. The next morning there is a gathering at breakfast, and afterwards a drive and the sights of the neighborhood to be gone over. On general principles he hates sight-seeing, but cannot say so. In the afternoon there is another dinner at the house of some hospitable neighbor, and perhaps a concert or some other entertainment in the evening. The quiet hour with his old friend becomes next to an impossibility. He longs for a little rest, for the ineffable sweetness of being left alone; but such a boon is denied him. In some houses he might as well long for the moon. Willy-nilly he must be entertained, and so he drags through the weary days of his visit and is glad when it is over. Some of my readers will say that I am arguing from exceptions; but I will venture to say that every one who reads these pages will remember more than one such visit that he or she has made, and will agree with me when I say that there is not one host in fifty who knows how to entertain his guests without more or less of the restraint and discomfort of formality.

In France and in England they manage the matter of entertainment better than we do. The Englishman who invites you to his house makes his home your castle; and the Frenchman whose guest you are has so much social tact that he puts you at ease at once. In both countries all the social plans for your entertainment are only arranged after your own will and inclination are consulted. There is about English society a barrier of reserve; but that once broken over, you are in the midst of the easiest and most delightful social system. The sense of freedom in an English country house is charming. You shoot, you drive, you walk, you join the other guests or remain in your room, as you like; and the whole establishment is pervaded with an atmosphere of country rest such as one expects to find only in the family. You are, indeed, for the time being adopted into the family, to share all its comforts and joys, while you are left free of all family perplexities. Between host and guest there is an honest recognition of individual rights and preferences, and the sense of personal freedom has so bracing an effect that the best social points of both are brought out to a remarkable degree. Yet all their easy social courtesy is governed by certain social laws as unvarying as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is to a large degree the result of these laws, and until we adopt a similar code, we cannot have anything like a complete social system.

In America, hospitality is left too largely to chance. We make visits when we feel like it, or find it most convenient to do so, and think we have done our whole duty in the matter if we write a line and say we are going—"if agreeable and convenient,"—as if the two conditions went necessarily together. In England it is considered the height of ill-breeding to go anywhere uninvited; even intimate friends do not consider themselves absolved from this rule. In England the terms of an invitation, too, are made very definite. You are asked to come at a certain time, and the limit of your stay is indicated. When your time is up you are expected to go away, and to consider the host's invitation to prolong your stay—supposing he gives you one—as a mere polite form to which under ordinary circumstances you must return an equally polite but more sincere negative. How often a whole American household is thrown into a spasm of disarrangement by a prolonged visit. Mr. Smith comes for a week, and

Mrs. Jones is invited for the next week; or the cook has given her notice of leaving, or a house-cleaning campaign has been planned. When Mr. Smith's week is up he concludes to stay another week, and Mrs. Jones comes, and there is only one bed-room for both, or Mr. Smith and Mrs. Jones may be uncongenial spirits, or the cook does leave, or the house-cleaning has to be put over; and so it happens that Mr. Smith put everybody to a world of trouble, and when he does go you speed his going with a degree of heartiness not consistent with the spirit of hospitality, and are extremely careful how you invite him again. Why, I can count a score of men and women among my acquaintances that have visited away their friendship, simply because they hadn't the good sense to go home when the designated limit of their visit was reached.

In this paper I have not spoken particularly of balls and parties, and such other forms of entertainment as are wholly conventional. They are things that belong only to the border land of hospitality, when the word is taken in its best sense. Every man must at sometime or other find it in the line of his duty to receive and entertain his friends, but no man ever need give a ball or party. They are at best, for most people, stupid things; handsome rooms turned into a millinery show, with a dash of the florist's trade in the corners and on the stairs; and a little further on, a pastry-cook's odorous display. Perhaps too, there is music—of anywhere least refining in a place like this; but useful enough to drown the discordant voices of a crowd who strive to out-sound each other in empty social-babble. That is not hospitality, but a comedy in which all concerned play parts more or less silly, and withal a fruitful field for heart-burnings, envy, dyspepsia and some score more of soul and body evils.

True hospitality is a thing that touches the heart and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment with the truly hospitable man means more than the mere feeding of the body; it means an interchange of soul gifts. Still it should have its laws, as all things good must have laws to govern them.

The obligation to be hospitable is a sacred one, emphasized by every moral code known to the world, and a practical outcome of the second great commandment.

There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy.

However much the circumstances of business or mutual interests may demand in entertaining a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be wholly worthy of a place in that *sanctum sanctorum* of social life; but when once a man is admitted to the home fireside he should be treated as if the place had been his always.

The fact of an invitation gives neither host or guest the right to be master of the other's time, and does not require even a temporary sacrifice of one's entire individuality or pursuits.

A man should never be so much himself as when he entertains a friend.

To stay at a friend's house beyond the time for which one is invited is to perpetrate a social robbery.

To abide uninvited in a friend's house is as much a misdemeanor as borrowing his coat without his permission. It is debasing the coin of friendship to mere dross when a man attempts to make it pay his hotel bills.

The fact of two men having the same occupation and interests in life gives to neither a social right to the other's bed and board. A traveling minister has no more right to go uninvited to a fellow-preacher's house than a traveling shopkeeper or shoemaker has to go uninvited to the house of his fellow craftsman. Men are ordained to the ministry as preachers, teachers and pastors, and not as private hotel-keepers.

They who go into the country in summer as uninvited guests of their farmer friends should be rated as social brigands, and treated accordingly.

These few social maxims are by no means to be taken as a complete code of laws. Others quite as important will spring up out of the personal experience of every reader of this article, and the justice and equity of all may be tested by that infalli-

ble standard of society—the Golden Rule. There can be no true hospitality that in practice is a violation of this rule; and you may safely rest assured that you have given the fullest and most perfect measure of entertainment to your neighbor if you have done exactly as you would be done by.

Wm. M. F. Round.

THE FAMOUS BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

I.

In the fifteenth century? But what difference does that make with a brave old city of the Netherlands? A hundred years, more or less, leave a light mark on such solid stuff as the Antwerpers built into their wide straight streets, their burly citadel, and their cathedral, famous even in famous days for its rare tall tower and magnificent walls. The city lay as fair and rich on the blue breast of the *Scheldt*, in those days as to-day; while the wooden shoes of the lace and carpet-weavers clattered busily through the streets, a countless flock of white sails filled the harbor, or glided by canals into the city's heart, and the long lace-trimmed waistcoat that every rosy burgher wore was hardly deep enough for the florins crowding in his purse.

Indeed, the weight of these purses seemed almost the only serious trouble the Antwerpers knew in those days; ways and means must be found for relieving them; and it was a lucky morning, one of the rosiest of the burdened Burgomeister's thought, when he spied a lot of iron-rails, most skillfully and delicately wrought, awaiting sale.

"That is well; now I can have flowers around my garden as well as in it," said Herr Burgher, and he bought them all; but before they were fairly in their places, a new determination took possession of him, for every study of the rails brought their rare and exquisite designs more fully to his view.

"Now this will never do!" said Herr Burgher again, who like many of his Antwerp brothers needed his waistcoat large for his heart as well as for his florins; "only the hand of a genius ever finished such work as this, and genius must have fame for its reward. And beside all that, a true artist is not so common a thing in Antwerp. Here, Vosterman!"—turning to a clerk,—"run to the iron-dealer and say I must know what workman sent him the rails I bought yesterday."

Vosterman left the warehouse with a measured step, for the run of an Antwerper is not what we are accustomed to on this side of the water, and the answer was as slow in coming back, for it took time in those days for the iron-dealer to send a message twenty miles from the city, and hear from the forge-master again. But it came at last.

"And a poor answer, too, after all the trouble thy master has taken, Vosterman," said the iron-dealer. "It seems God is not always pleased to show us a wonder when we think we have found one, and those marvelous rails were only made by a boy after all;—a mere boy of fourteen, who hammers at his master's forge like any other blacksmith, when he cannot get leave to idle at some such piece of work as this. Quintin Matsys is the child's name, but that, of course, a citizen of thy master's state will hardly care to hear."

"Will he not indeed!" cried Herr Burgher, in double excitement when he heard. "Quintin Matsys, a boy of fourteen, made my rails? Then let news be sent to Quintin Matsys to appear here without delay, and I will find a master for him who shall let him 'idle' to his heart's content, for one three months at least! We will have one more famous artisan in Antwerp before many years!"

The second message set off at the same deliberate rate as the first, but when the twenty miles were passed at last, it dropped like a bombshell of excitement into the little mud-walled cottage near the forge.

"Go to Antwerp! Thou to go up to Antwerp!" exclaimed Gretchen Matsys, with a start that let a row of flaxen curls fall out from under her widow's cap. "Ah, then thou wilt be a great and rich man, some day, but I,—I shall be left alone!" and between laughter and tears, there came strange wrinkles in Gretchen's smooth, fair cheeks.

The boy rail-maker lifted a pair of blue eyes of wonderful depth and beauty, and looked earnestly into his mother's face.

"But thou shalt never be left alone when I am either great or rich," he answered steadily. "Did not the good God leave me to thee, when he took my father from us? Only be patient a little while; I will be a great iron-worker,—on that I am determined,—but it will be only for thy sake, mütterchen!"

"Ah then, if thou art determined!" said Gretchen, the rain-bow of smiles and tears still covering her face. "That has meant always the same thing, since the days long ago when thou wert forever meddling at the fire, because thou wert determined to do as thy father did! That was what turned a pair of old horse-shoes into a pair of bracelets fit for any lady to wear, with a pretty hand clasping the ends together, as well moulded as if any one had ever taught thee how such things are done! And then when thy poor father was carried to the church-yard, thou wert determined thy mother should not want; and when did so slender a pair of hands carry such a burden so well? And now, if thou art determined to be a great man, why then,"—and Gretchen's tears fled away before her smiles at last.

"Yes, but it will be because the good God has planned it for thy sake," repeated the child quietly.

"Yes, yes, that is certainly true;" answered Gretchen, fixing her eyes upon him almost with a look of awe, and then, as a new thought struck her, she added suddenly, "And there is thine adopted sister Lisa,—I shall not be the only one who must take thy good-bye! A true sister Lisa has been to thee, or even more like an angel, ever since she found us in the first dark days of our trouble! Trouble must come when a strong heart and hand like thy father's are taken out of a house, but when God lets a soul like hers find it out—ah, that is the time! And her father, too! It is a rare thing, indeed, when even an angel persuades an artist like Johann Mandyn to take thought for the poor, under his velvet cap, and find work for a blacksmith's boy in the midst of dabbling with fine paints, and turning off pictures that bring hundreds of florins apiece!"

A sudden shadow fell on the sensitive lines of Quintin's mouth and chin, for good-bye was as ugly a word to say in Holland, and in those times, as we ever find it now; but there could be no delay, and the early morning saw the boy-blacksmith well started on the twenty miles that lay relentlessly between him and the blue thread of harbor and distant spires he had dreamed over so many times.

Horseback traveling was only for the rich, and litters were only for the rich man when he grew sick or old, but the miles melted away for all that under the quick step of the little iron-worker, until the blue thread widened, and the city rose broad and clear before his eyes.

"And so this is Antwerp! This is what a city really is! Ah, I must do well, indeed, if any one is to want my work here!" he thought: and, "So this is Quintin Matsys! These are the child-fingers that really made my rails! Well, well, we must give them time, indeed, before we can ask many wonders, and then!" thought Herr Burgher, as his wondering little gray eyes twinkled down at the slender boy before him.

But Herr Burgher seemed to find himself mistaken for once. It was a merry Flemish laugh, the master iron-worker's, as he looked his new apprentice over from head to foot, but the laugh soon changed to wonder and then to delight, as one piece of delicate work, one artistic rare design after another, grew under the light tools he had given him.

"Three months!" he cried at last. "No! No! Two-thirds of that time have already passed and here is an order for a well-cover, to be wrought with such skill as

no hand in Antwerp equals but this boy's! He shall do it, and frame a pattern, too, that shall put the one sent me to the blush, and give my work-shop a fame that every other in the city shall covet in good earnest!"

The coveting had begun already, if the dark looks on his fellow-workmen's faces could give any sign to Quintin.

"A pretty pass things have come to," they muttered, "if we are to let a pale-faced boy blind our master's eyes and take the best pieces of work out of our hands! The youngster will not find it serves his turn long to put on airs with skilled workmen. We will find ways to put him down, even if it comes to uncovering his cunning fib about his age."

"Who dares say that?" shouted a fiery voice behind them, and turning, they met the flashing glance of the boy-blacksmith, while his slight form, drawn to its full height, trembled with indignant pride.

"You may call me a child, or say what you please about my work;—I am only sorry if you would rather do it yourselves; but to say I do not tell the truth! Let no one ever try that again!" and the men turned shamed-faced to their tools. They would not have believed such a blaze could come into those handsome eyes they had thought gentle as a girl's.

It would have done their hearts good to see how the blaze died out, when Quintin was alone that night, and to hear him cry, "Ah, mütterchen, it is very dreary here, in spite of high wages and tall towers! If I only had not determined for thy sake! If I did not believe the good God had planned it all, and would give me strength for thee!" But there was nothing to guess or to bring up past quarrels in the grave, gentle face he brought to his work the next day.

There was something for him to guess in theirs, if he had but cared to look for it; the wonderful well-cover made a fine beginning; but one morning hammer and file were missing, and the sneering laugh of the foreman rang out when Quintin quietly asked if any one had borrowed them.

"Borrowed your tools, indeed! Do they then carry such a charm that we cannot hope to do work as fine as yours, without them? Do not disturb yourself; we are quite satisfied with our own."

"Then some one has taken them without either borrowing or begging, and I must have them again," replied Quintin indignantly; but a shower of mocking answers were the only reply.

"Now we will see what famous things genius can do! Great glory our master will have from his new workman! A wonderful well-cover you will make now, without either hammer or file!" but the boy-blacksmith straightened himself, and looked defiantly at the group.

"It *shall* be wonderful, and I *will* make it without either hammer or file," and gathering up his remaining tools, he disappeared into an unused room, and bolted the door behind him. Day after day passed, with whisperings and wonderings in the shop, and sounds of busy work inside the bolted room. Quintin's face grew paler and thinner, and the workmen threw more and more furtive glances at the closed door, as they thought their hour of triumph drawing near; the time was nearly passed. "To-morrow the master will be asking for the well-cover," muttered the foreman with a low, malicious laugh. "He will find that obstinacy and a damp room have made poor work for his apprentice as well as for himself."

The morning came, and Quintin's quiet, determined face had hardly passed into his room when the master's voice was heard. "Now I will see the well-cover! Now there shall be a proud day indeed for the old workshop!" But the foreman shook his head.

"I fear the boy has been idling. He has kept himself and his work out of sight, and here are some of his most important tools wasting themselves," and he drew Quintin's hammer and file from a drawer in his own bench.

The master knocked hastily at the bolted room, the rusty lock turned, Quintin threw open the door, and stood facing him with bright spots glowing in his pale cheeks.

"The well-cover is ready!" he said, and the astonished workmen crowded round to

see. It *was* ready; and though no one has ever discovered how, its delicate tracing, its quaint, artistic figures and graceful groups were finished and perfect, without touch of hammer or file.

"Ah, but now truly thou hast done a wonderful thing!" cried the iron-worker in great excitement. "There is no master-artist in Antwerp who could have planned such figures in such a grace, or given such a finish with all the tools heaven ever vouchsafed us for our use! Yes, my shop will be famous, as I said; but thy work shall live long after we, bits of potter's clay as we are, crumble back to the dust we came from!"

The iron-worker spoke the truth, and this very day the famous cover of Quintin Matsys rests on its well, in the shadow of Antwerp's greatest pride, her tall Cathedral Tower.

II.

Five years passed away, and Time had been as busy among the Antwerpers as any workman whose hand was more plainly to be seen.

"Who is that brave young fellow who passed us just now?" asked a velvet-capped citizen of a long-waistcoated burgher with whom he walked.

"And thou dost not yet know Quintin Matsys the young iron-worker in whom all the city takes such pride?" was the answer. "Why, he but came here as an apprentice five years ago, and now every one has heard of him. He is the best iron-worker in the city to-day, with workmen at his beck and nod, and no need to handle a tool for himself beyond the drawing-pencil that furnishes all his choice designs. But if I were a worker in heads, like you, I would not wait to know him as an iron-worker; I would have him sitting to me as a model before many days went by. Those eyes of his are fine enough, but such curve and outline of a mouth and chin, with the grace of a woman's sweetness and the strength of a strong man's will, God does not grant to many a man in this day. A gift like that means something, thou mayest be sure. His fortune is made already; and as for happiness,—that comes with the rest, of course."

But the burgher's last words would have seemed mockery to the young iron-worker in the midst of fame and all the ease and comfort prosperity could bring. A servant opened the door of his comfortable house as they were spoken, and Quintin Matsys stepped inside; but the stillness and solitude fell like a shadow upon his heart. "Ah, mütterchen?" broke from him more bitterly than on the night when unfriendly fellow-workmen made Antwerp seem so dreary a place; "ah, mütterchen, it was so little while, after all, that the good God granted me to make a warm and pleasant home for thee in Antwerp! And of what use is work, since I can no longer do it for thee; or praise, if I cannot see joy shine out of thine eyes at hearing it? But now I am alone! Even Johann Mandyn must needs go searching Italy for new fancies for his easel, or I might have had a sister, at least, to be glad when I succeed. But doubtless the little Lisa is grown a tall, fair woman before now, and her poor blacksmith friend of olden days is forgotten long ago. Italy is too far away; one cannot hear whether a friend is alive or dead, if once they disappear among its olive trees and its rusty pictures; and Lisa might not care to remember, even if she could. A tall maiden and a child of ten years old,—that is a different thing."

But the Antwerpers cared, if no one else did, and orders came crowding in for the wonderful work the young iron-master could produce.

"So then it seems I have at least a duty to do, and that is always something to thank God for," said Quintin, as he saw it. "He must still have a plan for me though he no longer leaves me the joy of working for thee, mütterchen. And one must always be determined—that does not change."

Time slipped on again, until at last one evening the city was lighted for a merry festival; the streets were thronged, the church doors were open, and many feet pressed in and out as prayers and anthems took their part in the celebration. "Come! let us get home! there are too many people here;" exclaimed an old man, in irritable tones. "We might have chosen a better

night to say our prayers, when these Antwerpers were not all in such a haste about it together!" and he passed quickly down the church steps, the young girl at his side following as closely as she might. "Give me your arm then, dear father," answered a voice of peculiar sweetness; but at that moment some one crowded from behind, her small foot slipped, and she would have fallen to the pavement if a young man just approaching had not reached out his arm and saved her.

"Oh, a thousand thanks!" murmured the same delicious voice; and the light fell on the young girl's face as she turned it half shyly, half terrified, toward him.

That face! Was it only its beauty that had sent such a thrill through the young iron-master, as for one instant its exquisite moulding, its wondrous sweetness, its mist of golden hair rested upon his arm? "Ah, one need not go to Italy then to paint Madonnas!" was his first thought; but in another instant the old man's voice crying querulously, "There! there! I will take care of my daughter myself? Here, Lisa, thy father's arm is the only one for thee to lean upon!" flashed the truth into his heart.

"Lisa!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Had she not, then, once a brother Quintin? Do not snatch her away from me so hastily, Johann Mandyn! It is six years already since I even knew that she was alive."

A pair of keen black eyes twinkled sharply at him for one moment from under the old man's tasseled cap, and he answered carelessly, "Ah, yes; Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith's boy. Thou art well grown since I saw thee, and hast done my daughter a good turn to-night—I will remember it; but there is no need to trouble thee farther: I will see that she walks carefully the remaining way."

"Ah, but that is not all we must remember," interrupted Lisa hastily, as Johann pulled her away. "It is indeed my brother Quintin whom I was hoping every day to find. He must come and see us; he must find we have not changed."

"She has not changed?" repeated Quintin, as he walked rapidly to and fro across his lonely room that night. "I do not know as to that. I thought her an angel when she first found me half-fainting with hunger beside my father's grave, but she is Heaven itself to-day. Ah, it is wonderful that even God can create such beauty and such a soul together!" Slowly but surely solitude vanished from the young iron-master's rooms. New hope, new joy, new promise for by and by, were driving it away; and wherever he turned his eyes, the vision of a fairer face than Johann Mandyn had found in Italy, seemed hovering in its place.

"No, do not call me brother any more!" he cried at last. "Give me a dearer name than that, Lisa! I have not even my mother left to share my life with you. It is all yours. Do not refuse it, and take away this last new hope God has granted me in her place!"

A flush like sunrise spread over Lisa's cheek, but her beautiful head drooped, and she turned her face away. "Oh, Quintin, do not ask me so hard a question. I only know I can never let you leave me; but my father! He will never consent, and I cannot do what he refuses. He has loved me too long and too well for that!"

"Where is he?" cried Quintin. "Let me go to his studio and speak for myself. Since thou hast not said No, I will fear the word from no one else."

It was a strange place, that studio of Johann Mandyn's, with brushes, easels, and pictures finished and unfinished, jumbled together—the nervous, irritable little old man in the midst, his artist's cap always awry, and his black eyes always on the watch for the fame that was almost his, but never quite within his grasp. Art, his own glorious Art, was all he desired for himself; yet for Lisa, for Lisa's sake, he must be known for what he was. Had God ever bestowed an artist's genius and a child like Lisa upon one man before? Ah, the world must understand that yet!

He turned sharply, brush in hand, as Quintin entered. "Ah, it is thou," he said petulantly. "It is only Lisa who interrupts me at this hour."

"There was a time, in days gone by, when Lisa and I ran in and out together," answered the young man.

"Yes, yes; quite gone by, and better forgotten. Things are very different at ten years of age and at twenty-one."

"That is true," answered Quintin; "and it is precisely for that reason that I have come to speak with you."

Johann looked keenly at him, half ready to put his brush to the canvas again. "Do not talk in riddles," he said irritably. "Time is precious with a pursuit like mine."

"Then I have come to ask thee to give me Lisa for my wife," said Quintin, meeting the look with an undaunted face.

The brush was thrown violently from Johann's hand, and an angry scowl darkened his hard face. "Thou! Give my Lisa to thee! An artist's daughter and a blacksmith's son! Or if thou art no longer a blacksmith, thou art a tradesman, a worker in vile metals, and it is quite the same thing. Dost thou not know that art—" but he stopped, astonished at the flash that shot back from Quintin's eyes.

"A worker in vile metals may be an artist as well as thou!" he answered; "and however that may be, I am a man of honorable soul, and with hands that have wrought out a name and independence no citizen of Antwerp can despise. And as for my life, whatever its origin may have been, I challenge thee to find any mark upon it that God will call a stain."

"Well, well," said the old man, calming himself a little, "thou art a worthy fellow, I will not forget that, and I will not say Lisa shall not remember thee; but to marry her! None but an artist shall ever claim my Lisa's hand; the earth may melt away, but I will never change in that."

"But if she should never love an artist—if she loves only me?" urged Quintin.

Johann hesitated. "Then she shall be wedded, like her father, to the only true and glorious love, to art itself; and her father's fame shall be her dowry, her wedding gift! But never fear! Lisa has a soul that will answer when the true touch is laid upon it; in the mean time, it would be a strange thing if I should not take good care of my own child."

"It is of no use," said Quintin, when he had found Lisa again; "a whole world could not move thy father, that is plain; thou must marry an artist and no one else."

"Yes," answered Lisa, sadly. "I knew too well what he would say. Only an artist is worthy of an artist's child; he has told me that far oftener than he said it to thee.

"That need make only one difference, however—a little time," reflected Quintin quietly; "though time is a cruel jailer when he shuts loving hearts apart. Wilt thou not wait for me until I am an artist, Lisa? Wilt thou not promise me that? It will not take more than two years, and then I will find thee again. It is God who plans all our lives; he will keep thee for me until I can return."

But few days passed before the Antwerpers were mourning a great loss: their famous iron-worker, their genius, from whom they were expecting still greater things, had left them—shop, house and business sold, and no one could learn precisely whither their owner had betaken himself. To Haarlem, it was rumored, but no one knew.

"The foolish fellow," muttered Johann Mandyn, at his work; "is there no other girl but my Lisa in the world, that he must throw away a trade quite respectable enough for him, and go idling off out of her sight? A fine husband he would have made, indeed!"

Slowly, slowly, dragging, as it seemed to Lisa, at an endless pace, the two years wore away. Cruel jailers, indeed; and never a word or token did they allow to reach her as they passed. "But is not a woman's heart as strong to endure as a man's hand to work for her?" she asked herself, and she went about with a firm step, and sometimes a snatch of her old songs; but Johann watched her keenly now and then; her cheeks were losing that perfect color he had tried so often to copy with his brush. But even two years cannot endure forever; one by one the days wore away, and as the last one shone brightly over the old city a manly figure in doublet and velvet cap ran hastily up Johann Mandyn's steps, glanced at the window against

which a beautiful face rested dreamily, and in another instant Quintin Matsys clasped Lisa once more to his heart.

"Lisa! Thou hast waited for me? But no; I need not ask!"

"And thou? Thou hast come back to me an artist?" answered Lisa with a glowing face.

"Did I not determine? Where is thy father? I am in haste, like a school-boy, to say my lesson to him, and tell him that Quintin Matsys, the artist, asks his daughter's hand."

"But thou canst not say thy lesson yet; thou must wait till he returns; he will not be at home for a full hour yet."

"I must wait? Come into his studio and we will see," answered Quintin; and Lisa led the way.

It was the same queer place, half strange, half gloomy, with palettes and brushes laid, as if for a moment, beside an unfinished picture, the picture that beyond all others Johann Mandyn would have told you was to make his fame,—a wild, headlong grouping of the ruined angels' fall.

Quintin took up the palette, and Lisa held her breath as with a careless hand he began light strokes upon the foremost figure's outstretched limb. Would her father ever forgive such a reckless marring of his work?

But in another moment her musical laugh rang through the gloomy room.

"A bee! A bee!" she cried. "Only do not give it a sting, Quintin! There are too many bees already gathered round my father's brush." The bee was finished, the old man's step was heard, and Lisa hurried Quintin into an adjoining room.

"Ha!" cried Johann Mandyn, as his quick, nervous glance fixed upon his picture. "What miserable intruder has lighted here? Thou hast sucked poison, at least, for thy boldness, so begone!" and, seizing a fan, he brushed it hastily across the bee. But the insect did not stir; a second blow disturbed it no more than the first, and Johann brought the twinkle of his keen, black eyes closer to the canvas.

"What!" he cried, "What do I see? A bee, and yet not a bee? Whose hand is capable of this? What genius has honored my studio while I was gone?"

"An artist from a distant city, dear father," answered Lisa's sweet voice, and he has left this picture also as a gift to thee.

"Johann snatched the picture from her hand, and gazed at it with brighter and brighter light shining in his face.

"I can do nothing like this!" he cried at last, with a despairing gesture. "Ah! if an artist like this would ask my daughter's hand!" and at that instant Quintin entered the room.

Two years can seem so long, and yet how quickly two more can flit away! The Antwerpers began to find they had lost no glory with their famous iron-worker, for their new painter was bringing still brighter honors to the town.

"Ah! but thou wert an artist, a true artist in thy soul all the time, and that is what my father often says, now that he is so proud of seeing me thy wife!" said Lisa, as she heard their praises.

Quintin looked earnestly down into her beautiful face.

"It was the good God's plan for me,—but then, also, one must always be determined," he replied.

The world has echoed Lisa's words down to our own time. Quintin Matsys's pictures are cherished as choice treasures to this day, and the Antwerpers whisper as they stand in their cathedral, and look proudly at its favorite altar-piece, *The Descent from the Cross:* "Yes, it was our own blacksmith boy who painted that, and those who are most learned in these things tell us that even Raphael's brush could not have done better with some of its heads." *

Isabella T. Hopkins.

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*The foundation of this story is a sketch in Chambers's Miscellany, Vol. VII.

SOME EUROPEAN CHURCHES.

I.

LICHFIELD AND SALISBURY.

THE American traveler in Europe who has cared enough for architecture to make any study of it, even the most superficial, finds that some of the most interesting things he sees are the churches. He has heard of such or such a building, and perhaps read descriptions of it, but to stand before it and see it with his own eyes, is a very different thing. One of the pleasantest of sensations is that with which he starts of a fine morning on the railroad toward some cathedral city, knowing that he has plenty of time before him for leisurely inspection and quiet enjoyment of what he is going to see. It was in such a mood of pleasurable anticipation that I rode from Chester to Lichfield, and drawing near, leaned from the car window to catch the first possible sight of the church spires rising against the sky above the mass of city roofs. In the approach to a city, these spires or towers are the prominent feature in the view; and in continental places, especially, the city seems not so much to contain the cathedral as to have been itself built about that important center of life; for such it, or the religion it symbolized, was during the early and middle ages. The Church which demanded of all men their unconditional reverence and obedience, extended in return its protection to all. So the houses seem to cluster about the sacred building as the people themselves clung to the spiritual powers for shelter from injury and violence.

The station at Lichfield is a mile and a half from the city, and arriving at dusk I caught no glimpse of tower or spire that night. But early the next morning I stepped from the quaint, comfortable small inn into the dingy little street, and found my way along and out of it into the cathedral close. One who has never before visited England, feels that he is tasting the essential flavor of English life when first he enters one of these "haunts of ancient peace." Shut in by the residences of the bishop and other clergy, houses of dark brick or stone that pretend to nothing but solidity, but have a pleasant picturesqueness of mellowed tones and ivy draperies—softly carpeted with a turf ever green and shaded by venerable trees these closes always are; always, too, visited by a subdued sunlight in harmony with the scene, and pervaded by a decorous quiet. In none, surely, does there reign a profounder peace than in the little green square at Lichfield; its stillness makes it seem too remote a place for any echo of uproar from the active world beyond to reach it. And the cathedral more than most others has the look of a relic of an antique time. One hardly knows why this is, for it is not especially timeworn, nor is the exterior of so very early a date; it is early work of the Decorated period, begun about 1310.

Lichfield Cathedral is comparatively small, and has nothing grand or imposing in its aspect; but few that I have seen have pleased me more. The warm brown stone of which it is built has not the severe character of the gray stone used at Salisbury, Canterbury and elsewhere. It has the great advantage of having its three spires complete and in good preservation; for it is not unusual to find cathedrals that have been "curtailed of their fair proportions" for lack of means to carry out the whole original design. The two spires of the west front have numerous window lights, and are enriched at the corners of their bases by paneled and crocketed pinnacles. The three doorways are shallow and not an impressive feature. The central one is simply ornamented with a series of graceful cusps; and the spaces between the doors are covered with paneling work of gable-headed arches. Above the doors a line of statues under arched canopies runs across the whole front. The sculptor had an evident intention of making them lifelike and spirited; he certainly succeeded in giving an ingenious variety of grotesquely comic attitudes and expressions to this row of grinning stone kings. Over them is a double row of pedestals and canopies, meant for statues which either were never placed there or have been broken and destroyed. These are divided

by a large central arched window, having half a dozen lancet lights in the lower compartment, and in the upper a great foliated circle. The gable over this is filled with open-work ornament rather more odd, perhaps, than beautiful. At either side of this gable is a double light window; the remaining space is decorated with more paneled work, and a pretty open gallery encircles the bases of the towers.

I had come in time for the ten o'clock morning service, and entering the cathedral joined the small congregation gathered in the seats nearest the choir. Listening to the clear sweet voices of the chorister boys, and following the familiar, homelike prayers, it seemed as though devout feeling had never found better support in its upward aspiration. There was, if one may say so, a cheerful solemnity in the tone of that worship, the expression of a serene and thankful trust in Him to whom it was addressed. When the service was finished, I was free to wander delightedly about the beautiful interior of the cathedral. The building is too long for perfect proportion, as is apt to be the case with English cathedrals. The roof should have corresponded in height to the great length of the nave and choir if a very large edifice had been intended; if otherwise, the length should have been curtailed so as to be in harmony with the comparative lowness of the roof. The interior effect of Lichfield, as at Westminster and other churches, is injured by the screens separating the choir and nave, which, though often very beautiful things in themselves, hinder one from taking in as one would desire, a single comprehensive impression of the total length.

The nave pillars and the vaulting are fine Early English work, as is the arcade of small trefoil-headed arches, enriched with crocketed canopies, running along the base of the aisle walls,—always, I think, a beautiful feature. The windows are later in date, and are filled in the heads with good tracery of the Decorated period; some few are Perpendicular, and are the only things in the building one could wish altered. The triforium consists of arched mouldings enclosing open, trefoil-headed arches, with double lights separated by a slender pillar. The clere-story windows above are of a kind not very common; they have a quaint and simple beauty, being merely spherical triangles containing a group of three trefoils. In the whole design of the church there is great harmony, as there is purity in the details of ornamentation.

In the aisle near the choir is a monument to Major Hodson, whom many will know better as the Harry East of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" than as the East Indian hero. Beyond this is Chautrey's famous and beautiful group of the sleeping children. The wood carvings of the bishop's chair and the choir stalls are very fine, and though not so profuse and elaborate as those which I had seen the day before in Chester Cathedral, superior in clearness and boldness of cutting. The most elaborate piece of workmanship in the church is the new reredos of white and colored marbles, exquisitely inlaid and sculptured in the Italian style, although by English workmen. The cost of it was 2,000 guineas. In the choir the double row of windows, one above another, are separated by a plain space and a line of open "zigzag" ornament, the only trace of Norman work in the building. The Lady Chapel is said to contain very rich and beautiful decorated work, but as it was undergoing repair, I could only peer in to catch a glimpse of the seven large windows, and then finish a visit which had well repaid expectation by a look at the Chapter House, a decagon with beautiful Early English vaulting springing from a central shaft.

Lichfield is not so well known to tourists as Salisbury Cathedral, but it is quite as well worth a visit as the latter. Salisbury has been always architecturally interesting as a complete and pure specimen of the style of the period to which it belongs. This Early English, or Early Pointed style possesses a certain severe and simple dignity, and I had expected to be much impressed by Salisbury Cathedral. But I confess to having been, on the contrary, considerably disappointed in it, as a whole. I came to spend a Sunday in the place, and took up my abode at the "Angel," another of those small, clean inns which at first one is sur-

prised to find in these unpromising and ugly little places,—cities so-called, I believe, because the sites of cathedrals; but having nothing of a city about them except pavements and dull, unbroken rows of small, brick houses, and an absence of anything pleasantly green. One feels that to live in these dreary-looking houses would be an intolerable oppression; and one hastens to escape from the narrow streets into the open, verdant space where the cathedral stands.

At first sight of Salisbury one cannot but notice immediately how disproportionate are the height and the great length of the church. The roof is too low to give that look of soaring, sky-seeking height, which is one of the peculiar and beautiful characteristics of the finest Gothic buildings. The sharply-pointed Early English arches especially require this height for their due effect. What a contrast to Salisbury in this respect is the church of St. Ouen, at Rouen! Nowhere is there a stronger effect produced by fine proportions. The unbroken perspective view of the church, especially as seen from the vantage of the east end of the triforium gallery, is admirable, and constitutes the chief beauty of the edifice. A less important but yet noticeable defect at Salisbury, is the too great length of the center light in the triple-lancet windows of the clere-story. Where the central light rises so much higher than the side lights and the spring of the arches is not from the same point, the result is unpleasing to the eye. Again, there is a painful lack of color in the church; a fault which may be, and perhaps is, to be remedied at some future day. It was the perverted taste of later days that ruined the original beauty of strong coloring in Gothic buildings. How important an accessory to the full effectiveness of these interiors is color, any one may see for himself who compares the interior of the lovely St. Chapelle at Paris, with this of Salisbury, for instance. Color belongs to the character of Gothic work; it goes with clustering shafts and springing arches, broken outlines and mingling lights and shades, the variety and complexity, the seriousness and grotesqueness in which the free fancy of the Gothic mind delighted. A short time ago Notre Dame, at Paris, was richly colored in imitation of the original work; but for some reason the polychrome color has been removed again lately, except in the chapels, and the stone laid bare. A gentleman who procured a tile from the roof of the Alhambra as a memorial of his visit there, had the curiosity to scrape the surface of it, and discovered underneath a layer of whitewash the rich color of the ancient decoration.

Indispensable, too, to a Gothic church are the "storied windows richly dight;" but at Salisbury there is so little stained glass—only a few poor windows in the choir—that the whitish walls have nothing to warm their sickly, almost ghastly tone. The unpleasant effect is increased by the multitude of columns of dark gray granite, looking like iron, which cluster about the main shafts of the pillars of the nave and choir.

Unlike Lichfield, the exterior of the cathedral is more striking than the interior. The west front has ornament of a very marked kind, and is quite unlike the facades of a later period. In the central compartment, over the plain porch, is a row of canopied statues, and above these a large, plain, triple-lighted window, the gable over it filled with smaller windows and a sunk panel with a statue. The other side compartments are filled below, either with windows of different sizes, or more canopied statues. Two-thirds of the way up there runs across a very pretty sunk paneling of diamonds filled with quatrefoils and trefoils, and over this is paneled work of arches with statues and quatrefoiled heads. A little arcade of very early appearance and a plain pinnacle at either end, finishes the ornamentation at top. The spire is well known as the most beautiful feature of the building.

The finest and most impressive view of the church is to be had from the north side, where the varied outlines of the double transepts, apse, nave, and fine north porch are seen to great advantage. For Salisbury is unsurpassed in situation; no fitter setting for a noble building could be imagined than that wide-stretching greensward bordered with patriarchal trees; and a Gothic cathe-

dral, even if not the finest one in existence, is a thing to linger by, to gaze on with sincere delight, and leave at last with regret.

II.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

How much of historical as well as architectural interest attaches to the Cathedral at Canterbury! At mention of it names of great men who have been connected with this ancient church rise up in memory,—Lanfranc, Anselm, Stephen Langton, Thomas à Becket. We find the beginnings of the history of Canterbury as far back as the end of the sixth century, at which time it is well known Pope Gregory the Great sent Prior Augustine as a missionary to Britain to preach the Gospel to the Saxons. Years before his interest in these people had been awakened, and the desire to go himself and convert them to Christianity; but after he had at length fairly started on his journey toward the distant island, he was recalled by pressing needs to Rome. He did not forget the design he had been prevented in carrying out, and when he became Pope he sent Augustine with forty monks to England.

It was to Kent that they were instructed to go, because, according to the familiar story, it had been the sight of certain Kentish youths, standing to be sold as slaves in the market-place at Rome, that first turned Gregory's thoughts to these British heathen.

Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, the King of Kent, was a French princess, and like all the royal family of France, a Christian, and had brought with her a Christian priest; but there does not seem to have been any attempt on her part to convert her husband to her own religion. Still doubtless Ethelbert was the more favorably disposed to Christianity on account of her. He was moreover a good and sensible man, willing to listen to what the newly-arrived strangers had to say to him, and in the end he accepted their teaching and received baptism. After a while Augustine was formally consecrated Archbishop, and then Ethelbert determined to give him "a dwelling-place and house of prayer within the city, and retiring himself to Reculver, gave up his own palace and an old British or Roman church to be the seat of the new Archbishop, and the foundation of the new cathedral." This was a State endowment, and Canterbury, therefore, is the earliest monument of an English church establishment. Of the actual building of this first cathedral, nothing remains. The arrival of Augustine explains why the Primate of England should be Archbishop not of London but of Canterbury. "Gregory had intended to fix the primacy in London and York, alternately, but the local feelings which grew out of Augustine's landing in Kent were too strong for him, and they have prevailed to this day."

It was Lanfranc, the new Archbishop whom William the Conqueror brought over with him from Normandy, who laid the foundations of the Cathedral as it now stands, and re-established the old church with his Norman workmen. Lanfranc's work was destroyed and the choir rebuilt between 1096 and 1110, by Ernulf, Prior of the adjoining Abbey of St. Augustine. He was succeeded by Conrad, who built the present choir. But in 1174, a fire broke out in the Cathedral that destroyed a great part of Conrad's choir, which had been hitherto the pride of the monks of Canterbury, and called by them the "Glorious choir of Conrad." They sent for an eminent French architect, William of Sens, who promised to preserve for them as much as possible what remained of the old work. He fell from a scaffold afterwards, and the building went on under the direction of an English William. This choir is considered the best type of the transition from the Norman to the Early English style. Gervase, one of the monks who has recorded the progress of the work, says that all the ornament of the old work was executed with the axe, while the later work was done with the chisel; and it is very interesting to see the junction of this old and new ornament in an arcade still remaining. In the crypts, too, may be seen the old Norman round arches side by side with the pointed arches. The mixture of styles from the early Norman to the Perpendicular of 1411, is marked and interesting. Norman work

had nothing of the lightness of the Gothic, but a very noble character of its own; fine and massive, and in the later work abundant in its peculiar style of ornament, which is not cut through the stone, but laid upon it. The sculpture on pillars and capitals and doorways is often exceedingly rich and beautiful.

It was the earlier custom to bury the primates in the Abbey of St. Augustine, outside of the city, which for a long time as the church of a patron saint and the one earliest founded, was a more sacred and important building than the Cathedral. But after Augustine and the first seven Archbishops, up to the time of the Reformation, the primates, with few exceptions, were buried in the Cathedral.

The bones of Lanfranc are there, and in the old Norman tower called after him those of Anselm, the great theologian and wise and good man; also those of Stephen Langton, the great primate who had so much to do with winning for England Magna Charta. There, too, is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, the fine bronze effigy still in most remarkable preservation.

The most striking event connected with the history of the Cathedral is the murder within its precincts of Archbishop Becket, and the spot where he fell is shown in the transept near the steps leading into the choir. A vivid and minute account of the murder with the events preceding and foling it has been given by Dean Stanley in his volume of Historical Memorials of Canterbury. The primacy, he says, involved the abbacy of the Cathedral monastery, and the primates had therefore with two exceptions been always chosen from some monastic society. These exceptional two had died under miserable circumstances. It was believed that Becket had received an awful warning from a mysterious apparition against appearing in the Cathedral Choir in his secular dress. It was found on examination of his body after his death that he had worn the hair cloth of a monk beneath his outer garments, and had submitted himself to the austerities of monkish discipline. The monks who up to that moment had been jealous of the elevation of Henry the Second's gay Chancellor to the Archbishopric, were transported to find that though not formally, he had virtually been one of themselves. They fell upon their knees, kissed his hands and feet, called him Saint Thomas, and hastened with enthusiasm to collect the blood and other vestiges of the martyrdom. The Church was considered to have been desecrated, and until a re-consecration, a year afterward, services were conducted in the chapter house. Three years afterward the Papal Court conferred the highest honors upon the murdered Archbishop; it sent legates to bring relics of him to Rome, and set apart a day as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury. A wooden altar was erected on the site of the murder, and the crypt where the body had been lain became the most sacred spot in the Church. There, and at the spot where Becket fell, the King afterward did penance and received absolution for the rash words which had caused the perpetration of the crime. Not only in England but through Christendom was the worship of St. Thomas spread, but Canterbury was of course the center of all. For the few years immediately succeeding the death there was no regular shrine; the tomb in the crypt was the spot to which the first great rush of pilgrims was made when the reconsecrated church was opened in 1172. In 1174 the fire broke out which as has been said destroyed the choir; and in the rebuilding of it the removal of the various relics contained therein, and especially of their greatest and most recent treasure, was a principal object in the mind of the monks.

In Italy the bones of a saint or martyr were almost invariably deposited either beneath or immediately in front of the altar; partly, no doubt, on account of the Apocalyptic image of the souls crying from beneath the altar, but chiefly because in the original burial places of the catacombs the altar was erected over the grave of some illustrious saint, so that they might seem even in death to hold communion with him. In the German and Celtic nations, however, Dean Stanley observes, the eastern portion of the Church was regarded as the most sacred; and there sprang up in the 13th century a

fashion of throwing out an end beyond the high altar in which to erect the shrine of any great saint on whom popular devotion was fastened. About this time took place, under the Pontificate of Innocent III., the burst of devotion towards the Virgin Mary; and in all cases where there was no special local saint, this eastern end was dedicated to "Our Lady," and the chapel thus formed called the "Lady Chapel." But the Lady Chapel, if there were any, took a less honorable place where there was some local saint, the object of popular devotion. The easternmost chapel at Canterbury had contained an altar to the Holy Trinity. When the choir was rebuilt after the fire the pillars of it were contracted with a singular curve, and the eastern end was enlarged for the sake of holding the honored remains of Becket; this furthest chapel is called Becket's Crown, from the circumstance that in it was preserved a golden likeness of the head of the saint, containing his scalp or crown, severed by the sword of one of the murderers. Not a trace of this shrine now remains; the only one in England is that of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.

It was in the year 1224 that Stephen Langton "translated," with great ceremonials, the remains into the new receptacle prepared for them. Then began the long succession of pilgrimages which for three centuries gave Canterbury a place among the great resorts of Christendom, and which, through Chaucer's poem, have given it a lasting hold upon the memory of Anglo-Saxons. A portion of the venerated blood, endlessly diluted, was given to Canterbury pilgrims; and a small leaden vial carried round the neck became their mark, as the scallop shell was that of pilgrims to Compostella. "The complaints of contemporary writers prove beyond a doubt that the levity, idleness and dissoluteness produced by promiscuous pilgrimages, provoked that just indignation which was one of the most animating motives of the Lollards, and was one of the first causes which directly prepared the way for the Reformation. Wycliffe lifted up his voice, and the memory of St. Thomas of Canterbury was one of the ancient forms which began to totter before him." Still at the time of Erasmus's visit to Canterbury in 1512 the offerings at the shrine averaged at least £4,000 a year. In 1534 the visitation of the monasteries began. In 1538 a summons was addressed in name of King Henry VIII. "to thee, Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury," charging him with treason, contumacy and rebellion. It was read within the walls of the Cathedral, by the side of the shrine. As at the end of thirty days the dead man had not risen to answer for himself, the case was formally argued at Westminster, by the Attorney General on the part of Henry VIII., by an advocate provided at the public expense on the part of the accused. Sentence was finally pronounced against the Archbishop that his bones should be publicly burned, and that the offerings at the shrine should be forfeited to the Crown. This story has of late been doubted, though there is nothing in it of itself incredible. It was the exact copy, so far as the citation and the burning of bones went, of what had been enacted in the case of Wycliffe. Everything which had honored the name of St. Thomas was swept away by the King.

The exterior of Canterbury, though plain, is very fine. The old Norman tower of St. Anselm rises at the right, in contrast with the beautiful central tower of the Decorated period. This latter is the most important of the four towers; those of the west front which in pictures are apt to look a little stumpy are not so in reality and fitly complete the massive nave. The noble old Church has the look of venerable age; a bit of ruined wall of Becket's palace stands near the eastern end; thick foliage and gray ivy-mantled buildings picturesquely surround them, and lend an air of harmony and peace. *H. Everett.*

THEOLOGY AND BEER.

In these days, when German theologians are coming so prominently before us through the abundant translations of their works, it becomes a matter of some little interest to know these learned Doctors in their incipiency, and watch the processes of their growth as German theological students.

Young Neanders, budding Meyers, and Strausses *in ovo*—no doubt we meet them here in Leipsic daily in the lecture room, in the library, and in the societies, literary and social. That haggard, reflective student on the next bench, for instance, who scribbles off whole volumes of notes with the resolute features of a climbing Titan, may be a Neander some day. And that other fellow who sits on the front seat next the kathedra under the range of the Professor's spectacles, and throws scornful glances at orthodoxical sentiments, has many of the symptoms of a Strauss. Baur is plainly legible on the sharp, critical features of another. In short, if the theological babe is father of the theological man, and this dingy, ancient-smelling lecture room is the nursery, then it is certain that the Dorners and Baurs and Langes and Tholucks and Taulers of the future are here. Or, if it requires too large an exercise of credulity to perceive so much future greatness in pin-feathers, at any rate this is the old nest whence they have flown, and the same genius of theology that mothered them broods over it still.

This is the old theological Saal in the second story of the university building, overlooking a quadrangular court familiar to so many American students. It is between lectures. The Professor of Exegesis has folded his manuscript at the first tap of the nine o'clock bell; the students have risen in their seats as he passed down the aisle to the door. It will be fifteen minutes before the lecture.

"Herr P., will you have the kindness to give me a match?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you," says a sedate-looking theologue scratching the match on his desk and applying it to a massive pipe-bowl ornamented with the pious features of John Huss. "This is the third time I've lit this pipe. They crowd us so close with lectures, one right on the heels of another, that one hardly gets settled down comfortably for a good smoke before in comes a Professor and down goes the pipe till the next recess! It's ganz miserable!"

"A fellow gets fearfully hungry, too," says a gaunt-looking divine on the next bench, extracting a coffee roll with difficulty from the depths of his coat pocket and blowing off the tobacco dust. "You see," he says, holding it up and turning it carefully around for inspection, "when a fellow gets only two *brödchen* like that and one cup of coffee three-fourths chicory for breakfast, it's more than he can stand to take notes for three or four consecutive hours in the lecture room. Why, a man might just as reasonably go out into the hayfield and mow; it's not a bit harder work."

This reflection combined with the sight of the *brödchen* proves too much for his feelings. He thrusts his hand spasmodically to his mouth and the *brödchen* returns with half its bulk. He managed to insinuate from behind the other half in a more pacified tone, that if he could only sandwich in a glass of beer now and then, between lectures, he wouldn't mind it so much.

While this conversation is going on in our corner, the great Saal is filled with lounging groups of students elbowing their desks, or stretched at full length on the benches, chatting and smoking and devouring smuggled biscuit.

What a scene in a theological lecture room! Tell it not in Andover. Publish it not in the streets of New Haven. But presently "Famulus," who has been standing outside watching for the Professor, opens the door and bows (he is paid for it). Instantly pipes disappear under the desks and in pockets; cigar stumps are laid carefully beside inkstands; pencil sharpening, which seems to be particularly annoying to a German Professor, comes to a sudden pause, the last *brödchen* disappears bodily—not into pockets, but irretrievably into hungry stom-

achs. Professor Kahnis enters in a light cloud of blue smoke that goes out to meet him as the door opens.

Few men are better known in Germany than he. None are superior to him in his specialty as a church historian. But his personal appearance is no index of his intellectual self. Dickens would have recognized him as one of those individuals "who might bring a suit for slander against their countenances and recover heavy damages."

He ambles up to his desk and turns upon us a plump face, naturally red, but flushed by climbing two flights of stairs to an overripe strawberry color; plants himself against the blackboard with hands folded under his coat-tails, and shuts his eyes—or they shut themselves; it is difficult for him to keep them open. He talks fast and vehemently, swings back and forth, carelessly erasing the chalk marks from the blackboard with his broadcloth, and opens his mouth widely to the embarrassment of his only tooth. He looks altogether, with his red, chubby face, like a dissipated cherub. It is a favorite amusement with the American students to see the Professor search for his pocket Testament. He wants to make a reference to the original. His eyes are shut as usual. Suddenly, without any previous intimation of what he is about to do, he strikes his finger nervously against the left breast of his coat, to sound the pocket—no book. Then the right pocket more excitedly—no book. Then he strikes both hands alternately against his coat-tails—without success. In nervous desperation he thumps his trowsers pockets—in vain. He pauses a moment to reflect, then institutes another search in the reverse order, and more carefully—trowsers, coat-tail, breast-pockets;—all the time we can see his book lying beside his manuscript on the desk. Although he looks troubled and annoyed, he has not opened his eyes yet. Suddenly it occurs to him; and his anxious features assume their natural look of cherubic serenity as his eyes rest for a brief moment on the stray volume and close again in peaceful meditation. It is a thing of almost daily occurrence, and affords excellent diversion to foreigners generally, yet the sober-minded Germans do not appreciate the drollery of it in the least. But the Professor's mind is strong, facile and clear as his body is gross, awkward and tubbish. It is astonishing how ethereal a spirit will sometimes consent to take up its residence in a body like his.

I have seen, here in Germany, the Genius of Metaphysics keeping house in a structure dedicated to the Beer-God Gambrinus, and perfectly at home.

At the close of this lecture the students separate; the greater part go to hear Professor Luthardt and the rest to look for Professor Delitzsch. It would be difficult to discover him without looking for him. For only the upper story of his head is visible above his desk, behind which he is perched on the top round of a high chair. It is only occasionally that, like Renan in the *College de France*, he looks up from the pages of his Hebrew Bible, and enforces an argument with the subtile potency of a smile, genial and honest, that makes you yield the point at once, without further discussion. He is a pleasant little man with a little red sunbeam of a face, hardly asserting itself above a broad, white clerical stock. He reminds one forcibly of Professor Lange of Bonn. He is lecturing on the book of "Job;" the German pronunciation of which he insists is incorrect. The English he says are nearer right; they call it "Chope," and he glances familiarly at me, as if to verify his pronunciation. He has undoubtedly the most profound acquaintance with the Hebrew language of any living person, and, standing upon the shoulders of Reuchlin and Gesenius, he sees further into the gloomy remoteness of Jewish antiquity than any one has yet penetrated. His commentaries, written in conjunction with Professor Keil, are at present the works of highest scientific authority on the Old and New Testaments.

But to know the German theologue is to see him, not in the Lecture Room, but at the Beer House, over a quart mug of the foaming beverage, after the day's work. One of them kindly took me under his wing and initiated me into the mysteries of his society. The trysting-place was the spacious back room of a restaurant; the curtains were

drawn and the door shut, except to the occasional intrusion of a waiter with a tray of glasses. Encircling the long table, each with his mug before him and a generous pipe, sat the divine brotherhood. The subject for discussion this evening is whether or not the Apostle Paul teaches the doctrine of a bodily resurrection. The debate is conducted with vigor and enthusiasm for the better part of two hours, and at the close an expression of individual opinion is called for. The majority of hands go up for the negative. It being settled that there is no resurrection of the body more beer is called for, and the meeting enters upon its second stage of "*Gemüthlichkeit*" or conviviality.

The President of the society vacates his chair at the head of the table, for the wittiest man of the company, Hengstenberg, "President of Fun," a nephew of the renowned theologian. Song-books are handed around, stilted on brass knobs, to wade through beer puddles on the table. The musician mounts his stool. "*Silentium*," says the President, "*das Leid steigt!*" (Silence, the song rises!) It rose; but it was not melodious. They sang as if every one of them was trying desperately to climb the scale and explode a note higher than the rest. It was uproarious. With my neighbor across the table, the song instead of rising seemed to have taken the opposite direction and gone down his throat; the expression of pain on his face showed that it was griping at his bowels. He pulled his diapason and went in. His head shook like the smoke-stack of a locomotive on an upgrade; his face gave immediate signs of bursting; still he went on down the scale. It was terrible. One note lower and he must certainly collapse. I turned my head away expecting to hear the report, and when I looked again his face was buried in a quart mug. He had tided over the lowest note with another half pint and was safe. The burden of the song was of the courtship of the Plesiosaurus, in the good old Pre-Adamite times, and of family troubles among the Pterodactyls; concluding with the wanton behavior of the Ichthyosaurus, who was carried home intoxicated one evening on friendly fins, from a banquet given by the highest circles of the "Lias Formation." "*Der schwarze Wallfish zu Askalon*" was announced for the next song. "Silence!" was shouted, and the song rose again. This time it was a comico-theological refrain, relating the chequered experiences of Jonah from the stand-point of the most recent biblical criticism. "The Black Whale" is the sign-board of a hotel at the seaport town of Askalon; Jonah arrives from his sea voyage and puts up there, presumably without baggage. At the close of the third day the landlord of the "Black Whale" asks for his pay; the prophet is strapped,—and the scene concludes as the clock is striking half-past three, daylight, when Jonah, still unable to square up, is seized by a servant and violently cast out of the Whale's belly. Thus the story is simplified and the miraculous conscientiously avoided.

At twelve o'clock the students began to disperse. Many still remained, however,—some until daylight. As we left them a quartette was regaling the company with "The Swedish National Hymn," as it was called. It consisted of an advertisement on the cover of a match-box of Swedish manufacture. They sang with touching solemnity and pathos:

> "Norrkopings, Tand-
> sticksfabriks patent
> Paraffinerade.
> Sakerhets. Tandstickor
> U-u-utan fosfor."

Lester B. Platt.

A PLEA FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

I HAVE for a long time had it much at heart to write out what I feel to be true about the use of what is called the Christian Year, and of the great Christian festivals which indicate its course. I am painfully aware that the use of these festivals has been

for a long time almost lost in New England, and that their restoration has been looked at by some as of doubtful value, and as putting us in the way of incurring indebtedness in quarters from which we do not like to borrow. It is more than hinted that in keeping Christmas and Easter, and the other holidays of the Christian Year, the unliturgical churches are encroaching on the domain of the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics; that we are touching the unclean garment of ritualism; that, in a word, we are renouncing spirit and paying court to form; that we are departing from the ancient simplicities and embarking on the wide sea of formalism. I do not wonder at these fears, for it is only by a wider outlook than we get from our own door-step that we see that we are a part of a much larger movement than we suspected; one of world wide importance, and one which we come to by no local and limited influences. Great movements spring from within; from the demands of man's own nature. They may be accelerated by local influences, but they have their main-spring in universal causes. Let there be a suppression of any one of the great doctrines of Christianity, and after a while it will come out with power; it will be irresistible. I might illustrate this easily at length. But the theme of this paper affords all the illustration I need. It is and always has been the natural way of men to perpetuate great historical events by celebrating the day on which they occurred: the birthdays of heroes, the discovery of great and world-convulsing agents like the printing press, gunpowder, steam and electricity, great throes of nations like the birth of liberty, all these have but one way of perpetuating their origin along the course of time, and that is by the hearty and reverent celebration of their beginning by those who feel themselves benefited by them. And what is done by all others is done by Christians when they keep the days in which Christianity commemorates its most emphatic time-marks. The birth of Christ, the death of Christ, the resurrection of Christ, the ascension of Christ, the gift of the Holy Spirit, are the great events of the Christian Year, and whether a man is a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian or a Methodist makes no difference in the case, and leaves him equally indebted to each of these grand epochs in the earthly life of the Lord Jesus. It is idle to say that we can love our Lord and appreciate his salvation just as well without these days as with them; it is not human nature to do this; it is not in accord with all analogies. It is found, for example, that in Germany there is more of family love and tenderness than there is with us; a most sweet and affectionate relation between parents and children; one which uses the pronoun "thou" as its natural expression, and which overflows in little delicate acts of courtesy which all have seen who have lived in German homes. But in that country it is also true that there is an observance of the family birthdays which would seem excessive to us; not one is forgotten, and in the interchange of caresses and of gifts, the family love comes to a free expression and enjoys a natural augmentation. With us the family birthdays often pass quite unnoticed, and if they be spoken of it is with little warmth; it is not an event eagerly looked forward to and joyfully remembered. It is a fair illustration of what may be done for our Christianity by a devout recognition of its great festivals. We must bear in mind that Christianity is a religion of facts; that it is as definitely historical as the story of the French Revolution or the Fall of the Roman Empire; that its records take special pains to show this, as such lines as the following would show: "And this taxing first took place when Cyrenius was governor of Syria;" that it is in one sense a part of the great world movement of all time; and that although its facts are to us of transcendent importance, and instruct us about the most solemn events of life and death, yet that none the less do they lie within the great domain of history, so that he who studies the life of Peter, or Paul, or David, or Moses, or Christ himself, to whom they all pay homage, finds himself face to face with the monarchs of Rome, the philosophers of Greece, and the civilization of Tyre and Egypt. And if we would keep alive the great facts which Christianity indicates as

its supreme moments, we must do it in the old human and necessary way, by keeping sacred the monumental days; the holy days as we love to call them in the disguised word "holidays."

And then there is a yet deeper truth, and one which I should like to catch so as to give it expression. It is an elusive idea, and one which trembles on my pen-point as I write; but shadowy as it is, it brings me great comfort. The story of the Incarnation renews itself and repeats itself in the festivals of the Christian Year. The visible Jesus is no longer here, and yet the need of an incarnation is always here; we must always have an embodiment of the human life of Christ, something which shall make the old, vanished historical life very near and very precious. By this I do not refer to him as he is in his Church as its life, inspiration and power; but I mean the loving command of our sensibilities and imagination, which shall keep the historical Christ a reality. Now then, I want to discriminate carefully from the mere memorial festivals which authenticate his existence and which keep alive the traditions of his being. I mean something more vital, more real than memorial days; I mean the days which, as in a round of observances, keep his life visibly and more fully before us. There lies just at my hand a book in the German language often referred to in Mr. Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life," and in similar books, which realizes what I am saying. It is Bunsen's Book of Prayers and Hymns, prepared for the use of thirty millions of German Protestants, though its scope is not much unlike an Episcopalian prayer book or a Roman Catholic breviary. Its round of service embraces the Christian Year, beginning with the four Advent Sundays, and keeping in successive thought all the great epochs of our Lord's birth, sorrows, death and ascension. I need not say that all the millions of Protestant Holland use a similar manual, and love and cherish the Christian Year. I need not say that in Geneva, the city of Calvin, from his own time down to to-day, the Christian Year with its usages and festivals has always been regarded as a part of religion, the best vehicle of the religious life. All through Protestant Europe, schools base their calendars on the festivals of the Christian Year; the wages of servants, the rental of houses and the sessions of Courts, are reckoned from them; and I cannot help thinking that what has always been considered sound in Calvinistic Holland, in Lutheran Germany, and in Calvinistic Switzerland, must contain in it the seeds of good. So that in the revival of the Christian Year in New England and in other parts of our country, I do not and cannot see the dominant influence of the Episcopal Church. I only see that there is a free and spontaneous swinging back to that which our fathers flung angrily away when they broke with England and everything English, and undertook to have a Christianity which should dispense with all that should savor of the hated English prayer book. And nothing more offensive can be said to us who are gathering together what our fathers broke into fragments and cast away, than that we are aping Episcopalians and leading the way to Rome.

In Scotland they will not use organs to the present day, because they are in universal use in England and are a reminder of the old and hated English rule; and he who introduces an organ into a Scottish Church does it under protest, and is charged with a desire to lead his countrymen into prelacy and ritualism. We have no such notions about organs; but we have inherited certain fears which I can hardly help calling foolish, that the use of common prayer, responsive reading in worship, the observances of the festivals of the Christian Year, and the decoration of church architecture with the cross, are subtle devices of Satan to lead us to Rome by way of London and under the convoy of the great Episcopal Church.

But because I have neither hatred nor jealousy of the Episcopal Church, but great respect for it, I often ask myself why it is that in these days, when uniliturgical churches have no service, we who have our home in them find our way in no considerable numbers on Christmas and Easter to one Episcopal Church or another, to enjoy there what we are not allowed at home. I ask myself, Is there a return to

mediævalism? Is this the influence of Oxford and its Tractarianism? Is it the power of the magnet at Rome, working through Episcopacy? I cannot find any Yes in my heart to these questions: I find only this, a yearning for a Christian Year; a year as real as that which begins with the first of January; a year which opens with the childhood of Christ, and which makes religion the story of His life. Not in the exposition of doctrines from week to week, which men may comprehend, but which to children are a wall of blank, dark mystery; not in the inculcation of precepts, good and reasonable though they be; not in passionate and earnest exhortation from week to week, though exhortation, at times, is right and necessary; but in the simple story of Christ, the life of Christ, that wonderful career, embracing everything; its divine advent, its guileless childhood, its spoken manhood, its death, burial, resurrection and ascension; these are the themes that all need to hear, and anything which brings these themes right before our eyes and hearts and consciences will do us good. The minister preaches on the Atonement; a few listen; experienced Christians speak one to another as they leave the church, and praise or blame the sermon; say that it is clear or that it is obscure, lively or dull, full or thin. But to the most it is nothing, just nothing; its range of thought is beyond the scope of their daily thought and speech. But let Good Friday come, with all its shade and gloom; let its meaning be uttered from a thousand pulpits, and re-echoed by a hundred thousand tongues; let a great capital be draped in silence and in calm, as London was the first day I saw it, on Good Friday, in the year 1855, and the fact of Christ's death—the fact, apprehensible by all, eloquent to all, will come home to men, as I well remember it did to me that April morning. Shall I ever forget the language of those silent, deserted streets? For I, a young man from New England, who had scarcely heard the name of Good Friday before, was brought suddenly to the English capital to find a more than Sabbath stillness; its churches thronged, its great Westminster Abbey and its great St. Paul's filled with a solemn multitude; and when, bewildered, I asked the cause, I was told "This day commemorates the death of our Saviour." And then I felt it; it was better to me than a great sermon on the Atonement. And this is simply human nature; and we shall be wise and we shall do well if we listen to its cry.

W. L. Gage.

MAUD PENNYFEATHER'S AMBITION.

It was an exhilarating spectacle that the people of Chepachet beheld, one January afternoon; the picture of a grown man pulling and tugging a small boy along Main street. The man was Mr. John Denike; the boy, Terry McGuire. Of the ludicrousness of the scene Mr. Denike was not unconscious. His face was red, and wore an expression of mingled vindictiveness and shame. To add to his discomfort, a young lady, coming in an opposite direction, checked her steps as she observed his plight, and then stopped short in his way.

The boy promptly began to howl.

"Oh, Miss Pen'feather!" he piteously cried, "he's a'takin' me to the jug."

"Why, Terry!" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproach; "what is the matter?"

Denike had stopped, but still held the boy, who was crying with all his might and main.

The lady looked inquiringly from Terry to the gentleman.

The latter bowed, acknowledging the implied question.

"The boy has been trying to pick my pocket," he said; "and I'm going to make an example of him." Then he added, "Are you particularly interested in him?"

"He is one of my Sunday School scholars," she said quietly.

John Denike shrugged his shoulders, and the girl saw and resented the motion.

"You mean he doesn't do credit to my teaching," she said hotly; "I don't suppose he does. I have him just one hour in the week. You expect that I should offset that against the one hundred and sixty-seven, when he is under other influences."

John felt uncomfortable. This emphatic young person was certainly not afraid to speak her mind. He looked down at the boy.

"Will you ever steal anything again?" he asked. The child could hardly speak through his tears.

"No, I wont," he cried, "if you'll le'me go."

John loosed his hold, and the boy did not wait for permission. In a breath he was around the corner and out of sight. The young lady bowed gravely. "Thank you very much," she said. John stepped aside, raised his hat, and in a moment she too was gone.

He half smiled to himself, as he went on his way. Indeed, he was rather relieved. It had been an episode, and the girl was certainly bright and pretty. He put his hand in his pocket and drew it out with an air of satisfaction. The handkerchief was there. It occurred to him that he might also confirm the safety of his pocket-book. He felt in the opposite pocket—and felt in vain. The pocket-book was gone. He stopped short in the street and ground his teeth. I am afraid his thoughts were not strictly evangelical. "The little beast!" he exclaimed with angry emphasis. "There was at least thirty dollars in it—and Nellie's picture beside!" and then reviling his folly in letting the boy go, and wondering if it would be of any use to seek the police, he turned slowly towards his home.

Miss Pennyfeather, as she went on her way, was scarcely less disgusted than Denike himself, without knowing as yet the depth of Terry's turpitude. She could not deny that his conduct was the saddest kind of commentary on her teaching. Fancy her added annoyance, when on going to Sunday School the next day, she detected Terry McGuire exhibiting to the other boys a pocket-book which she knew could not be his, and which under compulsion he tearfully confessed to have stolen from the gentleman the day before. Miss Pennyfeather appropriated the pocket-book. There were papers in it, a photograph of a wonderfully pretty girl, but not a cent of money.

"Where is the money, Terry?" she asked, imperatively.

The boy blubbered. He knew Miss Pennyfeather too well to attempt any denial.

"I took it out," he cried.

"How much was it?"

"Do'no," sullenly.

"Yes, you do, Terry," emphatically.

There was a minute's silence.

"Come, Terry, you might as well tell me."

Another pause.

"Terry McGuire!"

The boy fairly jumped.

"There was five dollars," he stammered.

"Any more?"

"There was ten dollars in another place."

"How much more, Terry?"

The boy looked up at Miss Pennyfeather and learned from her expression the uselessness of deceit.

"There was a place inside," he growled, in a barely audible tone, "as had seventeen dollars and a half in it."

Miss Pennyfeather went over the items in her mind.

"That makes thirty-two dollars and a half," she said. "Now, Terry McGuire, give that money to me."

And Terry, with another side-look at his determined teacher, extracted it from his pocket and did as he was told. The sum was correct. Miss Pennyfeather restored it to the pocket-book, and looked Terry severely in the eye. "For next Sunday's lesson," she said, "you will learn the eighth commandment."

"Know it already," growled Terry; "yer taught it to us last Sunday."

So she had. And Miss Pennyfeather felt all the more discouraged.

For two days John Denike carried resentment in his heart. He went so far, indeed, as to hold the girl altogether responsible for his misfortune. "If she had taught the boy not to steal"—this was his argument—"I shouldn't have lost Nellie's picture." So, on Monday afternoon, when he

met her again at almost the same spot, he looked across the street, and would have passed on, but that she put herself again directly in his way.

"Excuse me," she began, her face all aglow with a sense of her disagreeable position; "but I came this way on purpose to meet you."

John bowed. "Frank," he thought.

Perhaps the girl interpreted his reflection, for the color deepened on her face, as she continued:

"I was very much grieved, yesterday, to find that you had lost your pocket-book. I am glad to be able to restore it to you," and with the words, she placed the article in his hand. "Will you please see if the contents are right?" she added.

He opened it mechanically, glanced at the picture, and seemed to draw a satisfied breath. "I dare say it's all right," he said.

"Will you please count the money?"

Here was certainly a very positive young lady. John did as he was required.

"Is it right?" she asked.

"Oh yes," he hurriedly said, "quite right;" and then, after a second's pause—"quite right. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you. It didn't make so much difference about the money, but I should have hated to lose the picture"—

What did Miss Pennyfeather care about the picture? "Oh, certainly," she said in an indifferent way, and moved a little apart, as though on the point of leaving him.

"Are you walking up Main street?" he asked.

Miss Pennyfeather bowed.

"And may I accompany you?"

"If you want to."

"Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. My name is Denike—John Denike."

Miss Pennyfeather bowed again. She had heard of Mr. Denike, and knew him to be a member of the State Legislature, but of course, she did not say so. Probably Mr. Denike was now on his way from the State House, at the head of Main street.

"I am Miss Pennyfeather," she remarked, in a quiet way.

John Denike was now entirely reconciled.

"You will pardon me," he said, after a moment, while they walked along together, "for any implied reflection in my manner of Saturday."

"Of course I will," she said calmly. "It was the most natural thing in the world. There isn't a man in Chepachet who wouldn't have expressed the same thought, and if the boy, Mr. Denike, grows up to be hung, some one will write his obituary and say: "In early life he went to Sunday School and enjoyed the religious instructions of Miss Maud Pennyfeather. If Miss Pennyfeather had done her duty by her scholar, would Terry McGuire now be in a felon's grave?"

The girl's cheeks were flushed and her voice had a severe tone.

"Excuse me, Miss Pennyfeather," said Denike, gravely; "I think you overrate your own responsibility."

She shook her head and looked him earnestly in the face.

"But somebody is responsible, Mr. Denike; if not I, who is it? There are hundreds of such children in Chepachet. They don't go to school. I'm a public school teacher, and there arn't half a dozen of that sort in the building. They won't come; the principal doesn't want them, if they would. In Sunday School, my class is the only one of the kind, and that wouldn't be there, if I hadn't gone out and picked it up myself. The superintendent doesn't like ragged, barefooted boys. He draws the line of exclusion just beyond shoes and stockings. But these boys have souls, Mr. Denike; and they'll surely go to ruin, unless they're taught, not only for an hour on Sunday, but six days in the week. If the responsibility isn't mine, does it rest on the Church? or on the School Board? or on the Legislature, Mr. Denike? After all, arn't you somewhat responsible yourself?"

By this time she had stopped in front of a house, and was resting her hand on the railing of the stoop.

"This is your home?" he said enquiringly, without having answered her last question.

"Yes," she replied; "I live here with my mother."

"And may I not call to see you, some time?"

Miss Pennyfeather hesitated—he was certainly a very recent acquaintance, but he promised to be a pleasant one. To be sure he was interested in another girl, but that need make no difference, except as it might define more clearly their own relations. Miss Pennyfeather began to feel quite a friendly interest in the pretty face which Mr. Denike carried in his pocket. So she only said with a half smile, in almost the same words she had used before:

"Why, yes, if you want to."

Denike bowed.

"Let me answer your question," he said, "before I go. Of course I share the responsibility with every one else who legislates for the people. But the problem is a difficult one. Maybe you have some proposition," as he noted her more eager expression.

The girl gave a little low laugh, perhaps half ashamed of her excitement.

"Yes, I have, Mr. Denike," she said; "indeed, it's my hobby. Whenever I get hold of people who have influence, I bore them with it until their lives become a burden. My notion is to start here in Chepachet an Industrial School, under the School Board, where vagrant children can be brought in and taught some useful trade. It's my highest ambition, Mr. Denike, to have the charge of a school like that."

Her eye kindled and her face glowed with the words. John Denike, as he looked at her, forgot for a moment the face in his pocket-book, and thought he had never seen a much prettier picture.

"Indeed, Miss Pennyfeather," he said, as though protesting against her suggestion that he was bored, "I am very much interested. And I'd like to talk the matter over with you. Perhaps I can do something in the way of legislation. May I come soon and continue the conversation?"

Miss Pennyfeather nodded "yes," and bade him good-bye. Then the door opened and shut, and Denike was left alone. But the thought of Miss Pennyfeather's bright expression and the echo of her fresh ringing voice lingered with him all the way home.

Three months after that, the School Board of Chepachet found itself in a great quandary. It was seriously proposed—indeed it had become a law—that in Chepachet, education should be made compulsory. More than this, for the vagrant class and for children of poor parents an Industrial School was to be provided. The question that concerned the Board was not so much who had engineered the innovation, as whom they should appoint as principal.

"Properly," said old Mr. Gallup, who was the senior member of the Board and very slow of speech, "the place belongs to Miss Williams."

"But Miss Fairfield is very highly recommended," put in Deacon Orwig.

"She is very young," remarked Mr. Bushnell, who was himself verging on 80.

"Well, after all," declared Elder Knox, "it amounts to about this. Denike has more interest in this thing than anybody else. He wants Miss Pennyfeather, and she ought to be appointed.

And that settled it.

In all her life, Maud Pennyfeather had never passed a happier time than those three months. Never, indeed, had months passed so quickly. In her relations with Mr. Denike the Industrial School had, from the very first, been a topic of absorbing interest. The legislation affecting it was drawn in Mrs. Pennyfeather's neat little parlor, and all the details were there arranged from evening to evening between the two conspirators. Having a secret of this profound and important character, their friendship became peculiarly intimate and informal. Had it not been for the picture in Mr. Denike's pocket-book, Maud might have imagined there was some purpose in his attentions. But of course the fact of the picture left Maud no reason to infer anything of the kind. And strange to say, while she fancied she was glad of this, she more than once found herself entertaining a feeling of positive resentment against the pretty original, and a vindictive desire to abstract the picture and tear it up. It is only fair though to say that Maud, when she recognized these improper sentiments, would blush with shame and vexation and crowd them down in her heart. It used to annoy the girl, indeed she could hardly account for

it, that when she first knew Mr. Denike she was quite unembarrassed in his presence, but that now, when she went down stairs to meet him it would be with a flush upon her cheek, and tremor in her voice. Try as she might, she could not regain the composure of their earlier acquaintance. She hoped it escaped his attention. Perhaps it did. That she was being urged for the position of principal of the new enterprise, she was quite unaware.

The evening of the committee's decision, Denike found her in the parlor.

"You remember you told me once," he said, when both were seated, "that it was your highest ambition to have charge of such a school as ours."

Maud nodded, and looked at him—with a question in the look.

"The opportunity has fallen to me," he went on gravely, "of gratifying your ambition."

The color went all away at once from her face. She did not say a word.

"The School Board, Miss Pennyfeather, have concluded to offer you the appointment as Principal of the New School. This letter," and he handed her the envelope, "contains the official announcement."

The girl took it mechanically, holding it unopened in her hand.

"I have great pleasure in congratulating you," he continued. "To attain one's ambition, Miss Pennyfeather, ought to be an occasion for congratulation—ought it not?"

She looked up at his question—then dropped her eyes nervously. "Thank you," she said. It was all she could say.

This, then, was the end of it all. To be sure, it was the end Maud had wished. Three months ago, she had no dearer desire. Had anything taken its place? Was Maud deceived about herself after all, and did she have an ambition still dearer than that?

And so Maud woke up—to find the thing that had seemed best to her now within her reach, but stale and unprofitable; the thing for which she hadn't cared out of her reach, but of all things in the world the most to be desired. And yet she could not complain. Mr. Denike had only taken her at her word, and interested himself in a friendly way, to help her realize her aspirations. Now he would go off and marry the girl in the picture, whom, by this time, Maud absolutely hated; and she would be left to teach an Industrial School to the end of her days. But she would never let Mr. Denike know how it pained her—never. So she forced back the tears, and steadied her voice, and said, in a low quiet tone:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Denike; you have been very kind."

His own voice seemed to tremble a little when he spoke.

"But I'm going to offer you an alternative," he said.

Maud looked up. She was quite indifferent now to what he might say.

"I want to know," he continued, "if that still remains your highest ambition—or if, as people sometimes do, you may have changed it."

Maud gazed at him with open eyes, quite uncertain what he meant. Was he going to offer her some other position? It was all one to her, which she took.

"I may be asking you to give up a good deal," he went on, without waiting for her reply; "indeed, it strikes me as rather impertinent on my part, knowing how strongly you've set your heart on this thing, but I must take my chance. I want to ask you, Miss Maud, before you conclude to settle down in life as a teacher, if you won't consider the idea of becoming my wife."

Mr. Denike did not get any further than that. If he intended to, he was summarily cut short. For Maud, making a vain effort to control herself, at length gave way, and leaning back against the sofa, cried as though her heart would break. Happily Mrs. Pennyfeather was out and there was no risk of interruption.

John waited until the tears were checked, very well persuaded as to their meaning, and hardly certain what to say.

"I didn't mean to grieve you"—he began.

But she put up her hand deprecatingly.

"I know—I know," she said in a broken voice.

"Of course it was impertinent in me," he

went on, now savage with himself, "I ought to have known your character better. You are not the kind of girl to change."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, I am!" she cried. "I am! You haven't any idea what my character is. There isn't a more vacillating girl in the world. And I've lost every bit of interest in the school."

He grasped her hands and drew them away from the crimson, tear-stained face.

"Have you transferred it to me?" he demanded.

But Maud did not speak, and he was content to take her silence for an answer.

After a while, when she had regained her composure in a tolerable degree, a thought came to her, that sent the blood all out of her cheeks. How could she have forgotten it? She drew away from him and looked up into his face with a frightened glance.

"But the picture—" she stammered.

"What picture?" in a perplexed tone.

"Why, the picture in your pocket-book."

John Denike leaned back and laughed.

"You poor child!" said he; "have you been making a bugbear out of that? Why, it's only my sister Nellie. She's a missionary's wife and lives in the Feejee Islands. I was anxious about it, because it would be hard for me to get another one."

And so that cloud drifted away. And if it had not been for Terry McGuire I believe Maud would have been supremely happy. Some how or other the boy learned the news and took it upon himself to reproach his teacher.

"I interduced yer to 'im," he complained, "and now yer've went back on me."

Whether she had or not, Maud could not satisfactorily settle with herself. In the contentment of her new experience, this was almost the only disquieting element.

"You must have a dreadfully poor opinion of me," she said plaintively one day to Mr. Denike.

"Why?" he asked with unaffected surprise.

"Because I've let my ambition be so easily upset."

John smiled indulgently.

"Not upset, dear," he said, "only diverted."

And to this view of the case Maud not unwillingly consented.

Eliot McCormick.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT.*

At about seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 12th of September, 1875, the keeper of a boarding-house in Cambridge, Mass., hard by the college yard, found a lodger of hers still sitting over his writing, with the gas burning, in his study. She had last seen him in the door-way the evening before at about ten o'clock, when he seemed perfectly well and in good spirits. As he was accustomed to turn his nights into day, she concluded that he was worn out with a night's work, and had fallen asleep; and she was about to leave him to sleep on and take his rest undisturbed, when a sound startled her. It was a sound of distress from the supposed sleeper. It proved that he was insensible. A physician was hurriedly sent for, who said that there had been some kind of an attack, and that another was impending. The sick man was laid upon his bed, and additional medical advice was summoned, but in half an hour he was gone.

So died Chauncey Wright; mathematician, naturalist, metaphysician; for twenty-seven years a resident of Cambridge, and for a considerable part of that time a dominating intellectual influence in our leading university town; the man whom the London *Academy*, a year and a half after he was dead, unhesitatingly affirmed to be "one of the finest philosophical minds which America or any country has produced;" and

*Letters of Chauncey Wright, With Some Account of his Life. By James Bradley Thayer. Privately Printed. Press of John Wilson & Son. [Cambridge.]

the subject now of one of the most interesting of recent epistolary biographies.

Chauncey Wright was born in Northampton, Mass., on the 20th of September, 1830. On his paternal side he came of one of the very oldest of the families of the town. His grandfather was a Revolutionary private. His father was a substantial and respected citizen, keeper of a country store, and deputy sheriff of the county. "No object was more familiar in the streets of Northampton than the stout, short figure of the deputy sheriff, carelessly seated in his mud-bespattered open buggy, as he drove with loose-hanging reins his ill-harnessed, ill-groomed, hard-used, but rapid horse." Chauncey's mother was Elizabeth Boleyn, or Bullen, as the name was sometimes spelled; "a woman of sober character, goodness, and reserved habits." So much in brief for hereditary sources. The search for such would probably have to run further back than parents or grandparents for the shaping causes of the very remarkable personality now before us; for Chauncey Wright was distinctly unlike almost any person whose character and work have become a part of the public record.

One first intimation of his very peculiar mental traits is found in this oddly cast allusion to his early self in an autobiographic sketch written for his college "Class Book" in 1858, when he was twenty-eight years old, and when his philosophic tastes had come to control his thought and life.

"The baby on which I was founded [he says] was, I suppose, like other babies, except in respect to its destiny, of which, however, its friends knew nothing at that time. At an early period in its life, its grandmother discovered on its head, which was born without hair, a light down, from which she predicted the present color of my hair.

"This child, though unusually sober and good-natured, was in no way remarkable, except at the time, as being *the* baby; but this I have observed is ever a source of wonder. I bear at the present moment upon my forehead the mark of a wound which this child received in its first attempts at walking, and by which among other features I was afterwards distinguished.

"My father was a Democrat and an ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson, then President; and I escaped only by the skin of my teeth (not then grown) from receiving the name of this statesman. Fortunately the Fates and my mother interposed, and gave to this infant the name I now bear."

What a curious psychological light it is which plays over this passage!

His first day at the infant school Mr. Wright distinctly remembered, and it was to him one of the saddest days of his early life. "I came to my letters in tears," are his pathetic words. Ever indisposed as a boy to active exercise, he was indifferent to play, and for forms of religion could never avoid a certain sort of kind contempt. Kneel at morning prayer at school he would not, despite the directions of the mistress, though he was generally tractable, and got no punishments beyond slight corrections. The only outburst of the tender passion which he ever experienced seems to have marked this period, when he "conceived an ardent attachment" for one of the girls at the district-school. "I did not even intimate it to the young lady herself," he says, "but rather built small castles, or very diminutive houses in the air, wherein I dwelt in fancy with her I fancied,—I will not say adored." The confessor of this boyish love never married.

At the age of ten Chauncey took a fancy to the study of astronomy; and before he was fourteen fell into the habit of writing verse, but not such verse as SUNDAY AFTERNOON has lately presented from a writer of similarly tender years, a disparity which may be instanced by the following "poem" composed on the birth of a sister and brother, twins:

THE TWINS.

United by one strict relation
They do unbroken keep,
A concord suited to their station,
Togeather eat and sleep.

And may they grow and prosper well
And soon their use display,
Keeping one harmonious spell,
Togeather work and play.

And may they, when in old age prime
Look back upon the past,
Repenting all the misspent time,
Togeather die at last.

Chauncey was the third of nine children, five of whom died young. A younger brother, now living at Northampton, is the last survivor of the household. Another brother served in the 10th Massachusetts Regiment in the War of the Rebellion, and died of wounds received at Cold Harbor in 1864.

As a school-boy Chauncey was greatly given to "brown study." Often was he seen "to sit through a whole school session with a sheet of paper before him, and with a pencil, ruler, and compass, fill the sheet with curves and circles, squares and triangles, and all manner of figures, overlapping and underlying each other in apparent mathematical chaos,—whether of any significance to himself no one knew, certainly of no significance to any one else." Except in mathematics he was not an apt scholar; the lesson in Greek and Latin he sometimes forgot to look at. The playground he generally shunned, "preferring to wander away by himself and within himself, yet always companionable and pleasant, ready to chat with any one who would chat with him, and always well liked by all his mates. He was very observing of everything about him, making quaint remarks and philosophizing upon it."

"There was little about him to attract the attention of persons outside of his own family, and his life at home was usually withdrawn from the agitations of society. But, even if circumstances had been different, it would have taken much to make any strong impression upon his invincible quietness. To say of him that he was mentally sluggish at this time would probably give a wrong impression of one who in some directions was gentle, sensitive, and easily moved, and whose mind, throughout his life, was always in its own way exercising itself upon some problem or other."

As early as his fourteenth year indications appeared of the direction his intellectual development was so markedly to take. One such indication of a striking sort is found in a letter to his brother George, written from Northampton in July, 1845, which, after a few introductory commonplaces respecting the condition of the weather and the family, continues as follows, the extract being *verbatim et literatim:*

"Theories.

"In the begining God existed a mind like us who are made in his image or as we shall be in the future life and the qualities which characterise us and are finite in limit characterised him and were infinite in limit he created the earth ages before man with all the heavenly bodies now in existance except may be a few [1]

"During this period it was void like the comics[2] at present and afterward when it was fully formed the great changes were wrought in the space of six days. It was clothed with verdure, and was set performing its permanent and eternal work, of nourishing living beings of giving enjoyment to millions upon millions times millions of minds. The pesent world is divided into three parts Animals Vegitables & Minerals the latter being but the raw materials the others transformations of minerals into that which is capable of containing and giving enjoyment to living minds Animals and Vegitables are distinguished from each other by performing the same office in different ways the former directly and the latter indirectly by giving nourishment to the animal. Minerals comprise all solids and fluids except those comprised by the other two and are of infinite duration vital perishes and needs renewal this nature produces. It is known that a graft from and old tree in a new one dies of old age before the other parts the potatoe being but the root dies in the course of time and new is raised from the seed. Nature efects this in the animal by the sexes. In the vegitable by the same thing in a different form. In the vegitable the sexes are unite in one plant with some exceptions the office of the female is to give the seed form of the male to give it youthfullness otherwise it would die of old age as soon as the female.

[1] The words "may be" are inserted with a caret, as an after thought of qualification.

[2] Comets.

"Thus much of theory. Please give your opinion."

This is the thoughtful letter of a manifestly thoughtful boy; truly such notwithstanding its blunders of syntax, spelling and punctuation, which are to be charged, reader, not to the printer, but to the young writer himself, who was still in the public school. For a brief "theory" of the mysterious universe it is not a bad one.

Largely through the influence of the widow of Hon. Joseph Lyman of Northampton, who with some enthusiasm of faith had discovered in this odd boy the possible father of the man, it was determined that he should go to college. By dint of a few months of rather tedious work at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, he managed to equip himself for examinations at Harvard, and entered there in the autumn of 1848, though not without some conditions. Edward Everett was then President of Harvard, and Mrs. Lyman had previously interceded with him in behalf of the shy young applicant for admission.

Chauncey's four years in college were a fulfilment of the prophecies of his childhood. Books he let largely alone, yet somehow was usually prepared for recitation. "It grows more and more surprising to us," says Prof. Thayer, who knew him intimately at this time, "to see how little he read and how much he knew."

"His coming was always welcome: it was like the coming of a familiar member of one's family,—nay rather like that of some pet animal; it seemed the effect of mere gregarious extinct. He had generally, as I say, little or nothing to say; he *appeared* to be thinking of nothing; certainly, he was not preoccupied by anything that called for solitude or silence. He was always sympathetic, ready to listen, ready to talk, ready for an impulse in any direction. He was oddly impersonal, and his presence was as natural, as welcome, as little marked as the sunlight or the air. When strangers came near he was very shy and silent, but among his intimates as playful as a child.

"* * * I was in the same division with Chauncey, and was often a witness to the poor results of his labors in these departments. There was indeed something comic in Chauncey's helplessness and distress at a Latin, and especially a Greek, recitation. Small had been the work of preparation, and even disproportionately small was the harvest. He could neither translate nor pronounce respectably. But in mathematics he was easily master, and so in the physical sciences; while in moral and intellectual philosophy he was always good, and grew to be excellent. His themes and forensics also were good, and sometimes of unusual merit."

Reminiscences of him at this period by his classmates and college mates abound. One describes him as "always studying, without going through the usual forms and appearances of it." Another says: "The idea of seeing too much of Chauncey Wright never entered the head of anybody." Another: "I rarely knew of his reading a novel." Professor Cary, of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., who was his classmate, describes him as "not inordinately ambitious, not self-seeking, not envious, not suspicious, not critical of others' faults, not resentful of injuries, not one against whose rough corners his friends were constantly jostling." Dr. Cheever, of the Harvard Medical School, who was a near neighbor in Massachusetts Hall, says: "Many nights we spent listening to him until one or two in the morning. We planned to start him by invitation or skeptical remarks; and he would run like a good clock." Addison Brown, Esq., of New York, adds: "Whatever he said or did, it seemed but the surface only of a great deep beyond."

Chauncey graduated in due course from Harvard, ranking as the twenty-seventh scholar in a class of twenty-eight, and with a reputation for remarkable intellectual endowments which his subsequent history greatly enlarged.

Of that history the outlines are singularly few and simple. Immediately upon leaving college he became a computer in the office of the Nautical Almanac, then lately established in Cambridge. This position he occupied till 1870, the salary attached to it being sufficient for his modest wants, and its duties being of such easy accommodation to

his hand as to leave him in a large degree that liberty of person and attention which his peculiar habit craved. During this period he had now and then a private pupil; at one time he taught in Prof. Agassiz's school; at another, subsequent to 1870, he was both an instructor and a lecturer in the college; and for many years the fruits of his researches and reflections found constant expression in the columns of the *Nation* and the pages of the *North American Review*. A volume of his "Philosophical Discussions," with an introduction by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton was published in 1877. Until 1872 his silent residence in Cambridge was unbroken, save by a single rapid trip to Washington, an occasional visit to New York and Philadelphia, and vacation rambles in New England; but in the summer of 1872 he went abroad and made a pleasant tour through parts of Ireland, Scotland, and England, and as far as Paris. This was the sum of his wanderings and activities, the outward statement of which can consequently be made in a few lines. It is the record of the inner man which gives substance and power to his history. And this record is richly supplied in the letters which form the staple of Prof. Thayer's volume.

Mr. Wright's letters are a revival of the type of correspondence which "we read about." They are many and long. Many of them are abstruse and obscure. Few of them have interest except for thoughtful people who are fond of following a vigorous intellect along the intricate paths of pure speculation; though they are not wanting in touches of sentiment, and social feeling, and practical wisdom, and picturesque expression which must appeal directly to any sensitive heart. Many of them would work over into excellent articles for the *Nation* even now, while others would be a load for the stout *North American*. And yet there is not one which has not its strong fascinations of thought and language for every person who is at all interested in and competent to weigh the great problems which underlie the mystery of being.

The letters may be arranged in several groups of more or less distinctness. One set are addressed to Mr. Francis E. Abbot, now the editor of the *Index*, who was then just stepping off from the shore into the stream, himself an acute metaphysician, and quite equal to the discussions he held with Mr. Wright on "The Philosophy of Space and Time." Another set constitute Mr. Wright's share of a familiar correspondence with the Lesleys, a family with which he long had intimate and delightful associations. Still another set connects Mr. Wright with Professor Charles Eliot Norton and several members of his household, within whose cheery precincts our solitary scholar found a constant refuge—an oasis of affection and sympathy in the midst of the desert-like expanse of his own personal experiences.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of this affluent correspondence is that with Mr. Darwin, of whom Mr. Wright was an ardent admirer, and whose attention was first drawn to his Cambridge disciple by an article of the latter's on "The Genesis of Species." "Darwin," says Prof. Thayer, "was a thinker who fairly drew from him an unbounded homage; and this lasted till his death; I never heard him speak of any one with such ardor of praise." His correspondence with Mr. Darwin began in June, 1871, and ended in February, 1875, being enlivened by a personal acquaintance formed during his visit to England in 1872. Mr. Wright first sent Mr. Darwin revised proofs of his article on "The Genesis of Species," which was in type for the *North American Review*; it being substantially a review of Mr. Mivart's recent work upon that subject. Mr. Darwin was greatly struck with the article, and at once asked leave to reprint it in England. The letters which followed between the two were devoted chiefly to the scientific points with which Mr. Darwin's name has been so prominently connected. One of Mr. Wright's, which is especially and curiously entertaining, embodies a carefully minute statement of his observations upon the gestures of the head; a letter which Mr. Darwin replied would be very useful to him for a new edition of his book on Expression. The general tenor of this correspondence may be discerned in the following passage from a single letter by Mr. Wright:

"Among the multitude of topics in my

head last summer, one, for which I had no space from the length of my letter, related to a class of questions used in reflection, meditation, and, I may add, continuous thought or speech under distracting circumstances. To some of these questions you refer when you say, 'Why the hand should be raised to the mouth or face in deep thought is far from clear.' I came to this question from the speculations of which I wrote; and I hope—since it would make this letter too long to do so now—to discuss it with you some other time. But I may state here one general conclusion which I had reached. The service on which many gestures seem to be founded appears to be to prevent the attention from wandering, by turning it to something upon which it can be kept, and from which it can as readily be recovered. This prevents its wandering too far into the swamp of vague, uncontrollable feelings, such as those of self-attention, visceral sensations, and the reflexes from involuntary movements. The great sensibility of the face, especially about the mouth, seems to me to explain the gesture to which you especially refer; and even the pressure of the hand on the forehead appears to relate rather to vague sensations in it, thus controlled by the hand, than to any direct effects of the pressure on the action of the brain." * * *

A few other brief extracts from these letters, made at random here and there, will give the reader a sufficient idea of their general substance and flavor, and through that of the breadth and range of their author's mind:

To Prof. Charles Eliot Norton:

"Religion (subjective) means a man's devotion—the complete assent and concentration of his will—to any object which he acknowledges to have a right to his entire service, and supreme control over his life. Religion (objective) means the object or objects whose claims to this supremacy are acknowledged. An irreligious man is, then, first, one who acknowledges no supreme ends or objects; or, secondly, one who, though he acknowledges, does not habitually submit his will to such a power."

To Miss Catharine L. Howard [of Springfield]:

"Your question is one in natural philosophy: 'Why does molasses candy grow whiter from our working it?' This admits, it seems to me, both of a poetical and a scientific answer. After the manner of our countrymen it might be answered by asking other questions. Why does the sea grow white when the winds work it into foam? Why are eggs beaten white? Why is snow white? or, to descend to bathos, Why is soap-suds white?

"In the three cases where fluids are concerned, the sea, the eggs, and soap-suds, the admixture of air with them is the property common to them all. Let us believe, then, that a pure aerial spirit enters into and purges these gross fluids of their dark and evil properties. This might satisfy the poetical imagination and every good Christian's conscience.

"But the skeptical, scientific understanding demands to know more about it. * * Molasses candy, therefore, grows whiter from our working it, because the working introduces air into it, and thereby increases the number of reflecting surfaces near its exterior, from which white light is reflected without the loss, by absorption, of any of its constituents."

To Miss Grace Norton:

"I have just tried my butterfly nature in search of summer sweets. I spent Friday night at Blue Hill with the Putnams. On Saturday, I flitted to Portsmouth, going in the evening on a picnic, up with the tide, on the banks of the Piscataqua, and floating after tea, down the tide in the moonlight very romantically. On Sunday, Mr. Emery and I walked or crawled to York, visited our friends, the Brookses, of Cambridge, absorbed the beauties of the place by sunset, and returned by moonlight,—a round trip afoot of more than twenty miles."

To the same:

"Much of the sting of mere animal and inarticulate grief is removed by the form the sorrow takes under the influence of re-

flection and the calmer, more cheerful emotions which grow up with it. Pure love and true respect, which make their objects as enduring and deathless as they themselves are, take much of the pain away from grief. Their objects are always invisible, whether in the living or the dead, and they suffer no shock except from deceit, or the discovered unreality of those objects, or from spiritual death. The painful shock which we must, nevertheless, feel when a dearly loved friend is cut off in the course of a useful, responsible, or honorable career,—which we do not experience when the work of a life is finished before the life itself ends,—this comes, I am convinced, from an association of the instinctive aversion we have for death, with the sympathies we feel for the purposes, the ambitions, the aspirations of a true and devoted life. It is difficult to imagine that such a breach in nature can be reconciled with faith in benevolent providence. We cannot, at such a time, believe that anything can replace at all adequately the lost mother's love and care. But time and reflection dissolve this false association; not by that animal oblivion which still fears and shrinks from death, but by the survival and immortality of the real objects of pure affection,—in their past influences, in their essential worth, and in a reverent memory."

To Miss Jane Norton:

"Much of the happiness, the tranquillity of old age or of intellect, depends, of course, on the quality of our philosophy and experience, and, as you say, on unlearning much. The child thinks of heaven as a show or a refectory. Angels afterward people it, first strong and beautiful, then gracious and wise ones. To unite all these heavens in middle life, to keep the zests of childhood in harmony with the happiness that vigor and beauty and sympathy give to maturity, and to join to them the serenity of intellect, is to be truly happy in fortunate circumstances, if not to be great. Greatness is, however, too often anything but happiness, though not a dull, depressing misery. It is often a tumult in which the heavens are at war with each other."

To Mrs. Lesley:

"For five hundred years, from the time when old Willian Occam asserted common sense and experience against the devoted and enthusiastic subtilties of continental and Celtic schoolmen, England has taken the lead in every great revolution in thought and practice, even down to Darwinism. Other nations have done much in carrying out and even in discovering in detail the principles of practice and science; but whenever a great victory had to be won for progress, and principles had to be established not only in experience but against authority, English genius has done it. If this be attributed to English freedom, it comes to the same thing; for English freedom was the product of English genius or common sense, aided, no doubt, by an insular position."

To Mr. E. L. Godkin:

"Whatever the ambition or energy of purpose in the woman may be, she cannot draw on her resources of main strength at much more than half the rate the idlest men ordinarily do. This conclusion is founded, so far as its estimate of quantity is concerned, on the ultimate physiological measure of expended energy,—the waste of the system,—and especially that determined by its gaseous exhalations in the form of the carbonic acid gas of respiration, the measure of oxygen consumed, which is, in the average, twice as great in the adult man as in the female (except in gestation) during the child-bearing period. This looks very like a natural check put on the ambition of the female, and a compulsion of nature, beneficent on the whole, which assigns her to her natural functions, however vehemently the individual's ambition may determine otherwise, or rebel against their lot."

To Prof. Lesley:

"Thank you very much for your objection to one of my theological arguments, as well as for your expressions of approval. The theological arena is a new one for me [a reference to an article of his on "Natural Theology as a Positive Science" in the *North American Review* for January 1865], and I

am painfully conscious of being poorly armed for its contests. The study of exact sciences, where one cannot go astray without falling into absurdity and incomprehensibility, is not so good a discipline as is commonly supposed for preparing the mind against inaccuracies of thought and expression in matters full of darkness and pitfalls."

To Mr. Simon Newcomb:

"The world has been deceived for more than sixteen centuries by metaphors invented by some Alexandrian Platonists speculating on the nature of virtue. Sects, schisms, and strifes have been the consequents of these unfortunate metaphors drawn from the Roman law. While everybody recognizes as real those feelings which we describe as a sense of moral freedom and the feeling of responsibility, few attend to the metaphorical character of the names which are given to them."

To Mr. Francis E. Abbot:

"I do not believe that Space and Time are pure hypotheses posited to account for the relations of phenomena. I think they are really cognized as ultimate differences in phenomena; but the continuities of Space and Time must either be of the nature of hypotheses, or else I think we must grant your position of a faculty above sense and understanding capable of cognizing them. As hypotheses and as the only hypotheses we can form to account for or rationalize our experiences, they may be regarded as truly necessary to thought and universal, like the relations on which they are founded."

This last extract brings us to the edge of that wide and deep sea of pure abstract speculation in whose limitless expanse Mr. Wright was so thoroughly at home, and which he traverses on one track or the other in so many of these letters. In this direction we will follow him no further, not even venturing an attempt to define his philosophical system, further than it has been already indicated.

That he was a positivist Wright of course confessed and denied not; but there is justice in saying of him, as he said conjecturally of another, that he was "religious in spite of his positivism." Certainly a sweeter and more lovable character is seldom revealed in literature in association with intellectual gifts so great, and habits of life so singular. He was a man who, tired of the forms of Christianity, would be set down as an infidel, but who to its spirit was sincerely responsive. "The light in him was so pure and steady," says Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, who had known him from boyhood, "that he seemed to me all unconsciously to have been enlightened by the One True Light, and his perfect candor and sweetness were more than what we call natural. * * * I cannot doubt that the heavens which seemed closed above him on earth are open now, and that being of the truth he hears the Teacher's voice."

Mr. Wright's personal appearance was in keeping with his inner strength. Without being handsome it was striking. He was a Joseph Cook-looking sort of man. Reddish hair, a ruddy face, and light blue eyes proclaimed his nervous, sanguine temperament. His figure was of good height, his head large and well formed, and his countenance gained in expression as he grew in years. His presence was altogether a marked one. A predominant trait of his nature was shyness. Among the throng he moved close-buttoned as it were; only to the few did he reveal himself, and then always with utmost modesty and self-suppression. As an instance of this temper it is mentioned that, attending a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute by Prof. Benjamin Peirce, he had a seat near the front, and was always in it until the lecturer happened to refer to him in a very complimentary manner: by this "he seemed utterly overwhelmed, and never appeared at the lectures again." His hours of sleep and exercise were exceedingly irregular; he was an over-indulgent smoker; and he became addicted to an intemperate use of stimulants; abuses which undeniably strained his physical system, and probably contributed to the unnatural abridgment of his years. He was "pure as a woman in thought and speech," and some of his freest intellectual friendships were with women. "This

fact," observes Prof. Gurney, "was the strongest of testimonies, were testimony needed, to a singular rectitude and purity of soul in Chauncey, and to the native delicacy of spirit and absence of all personal claims which make such relations cordial and easy. Like the friendship of children, which he always inspired, it gives a certain stamp as of sterling quality to his character."

The chapter of estimate contributed by Prof. Gurney to the volume which has suggested the present article, forms its conclusion, and as a summary is remarkable for its grasp, acuteness, and interior discernment. Prof. Gurney found in Mr. Wright a most striking illustration "of the immense amount of nutriment that an original and meditative mind may draw from a single author." For a long time Sir William Hamilton was his master, to whom in his early days his relation "was in a way like that of a devout Christian to his Bible." He was also a careful student of Whewell. The theory of Evolution as at first presented, he did not "take to," but the publication of Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* carried conviction to his mind. From 1860 dated the new and powerful current in his intellectual life; amounting almost to a "philosophical conversion." Hamilton he gradually abandoned for Bain and Mill; and Mill came to hold the supreme place, by a tie which "grew stronger and stronger to the end of Chauncey's life."

Such, rapidly examined in the light of his letters by the aid of his friends, was Chauncey Wright; a man of whom more will be known now that he has gone from us than was known while he was with us; a man of great originality of plan and eccentricity of action; whose performance has much for our admiration while not without its errors for our avoidance; and the story of whose career adds some charms almost of romance to the substantial values of biographic fact.

Edward Abbott.

BEYOND THE TOLL-GATE.

Barbara was not a very large girl, and she had seen only a little of the world; but she was much pleased with what she had seen, and was always interested in everything new and strange. All the first years of her life had been spent in the heart of the town, and there she had been kept most of the time in the house with her mother; for the children in that neighborhood were neither good nor pleasant. But Barbara did not think it was stupid to stay in the house so much; her mother talked to her a great deal and could always think of something for her to play. Mrs. Snow sewed all day except when she was working about the house, and sometimes Barbara sewed too—for she was already clever with her needle—and sometimes she played with her doll. Every day she had to read two pages and to learn a spelling lesson, and sometimes she wrote on a slate "Barbara Snow," "Barbara Snow"—a whole slate-full of Barbara Snows in queer tumble-about letters, but her father thought she would make a good plain writer in time. He used to set the copies on the slate after Barbara had gone to bed, and sometimes in the morning she would find, "Will you take a walk to-night?" and would copy it just as carefully as she could, for she was always delighted when she could have a walk with her father and mother. Mr. Snow was away at his work all day, and I believe this was the only thing which troubled Barbara much—that he could not stay at home.

One night, a while before my story really begins, he had come home looking very much pleased about something; and after supper he told Mrs. Snow and Barbara that he had something to show them. Barbara could not think what it was, and was more and more puzzled, while they first walked some distance and then took a horse-car and rode a long way. But at last they stopped at the pleasantest-looking shady side street, and Mr. Snow presently stopped

again before a small gray house, unlocked the front door and asked them to walk in. It was a little house and the trees in the street shaded it, and there was a little garden at the back with a tree of its own, and a grape-vine by the kitchen window and a grass plat, and there was a seat under the tree. Barbara's father asked if they really liked the house after they had seen it all, and Barbara's mother said it was the nicest house she ever saw for three people like themselves; so you can imagine how proud Mr. Snow was to tell them that he had bought it that very day and had had almost money enough to pay for it, and that he thought they could save enough to pay the rest by the last of the summer.

Barbara and her mother were as happy as queens, and they went about to see everything again and to look into each of the rooms. Barbara found that the window of hers overlooked the little garden and that she could put her hand out and catch the leaves of the tree. At last they had to lock the door and come away, though they would have liked to stay much longer. Barbara thought it was great fun to have a ride in the horse-car so late in the evening. They kept passing other cars with bright red lights, and her father let her have the money to pay her own fare, and the conductor smiled pleasantly at the little girl, and the bells on the horse-cars sounded like something saying Barbara's new house—Barbara's new house—Barbara's tree—Barbara's tree—all the way home.

It was very soon after this that they moved, and soon it seemed to Barbara as if she had always lived in the new house. It seemed home-like at once when the furniture was put in its place; but I know you will believe me when I tell you that every day Barbara found something new. Once it was a ladies' delight in bloom in the garden, and another day some scarlet-runner beans which her mother had given her to plant, came up long before she expected them; and one morning a woman who lived alone in the next house but one, gave her a dear gray kitten. Mrs. Snow was very busy all the first week getting the house into good order and Barbara helped her whenever she could, and learned to keep her own bit of a room as neat as wax. She hemmed herself a little duster one day; her mother told her she need not be careful about the stitches, and she never enjoyed sewing so much. It was too bad that her father could only be at home in the evening, but that could not be helped, and he was as happy as they and whistled and sang merrily; and he put up shelves and mended the cellar stairs and the grape-vine trellis, and drove nails somewhere or other until it was too dark to see. And he kept saying that Barbara was growing rosy, and it was worth everything to all of them to live in that good air. He was so glad he had bought the house, and a man felt like somebody when he had earned a house of his own like that.

Barbara could go out doors as much as she chose, for the streets were so quiet; and she used to like to walk up and down and look at the other houses. There did not seem to be any children living very near except two or three little babies. Two girls and a boy used to go by every day to and from school, and Barbara used to wish they would stop and say something to her; she was very shy with other children and would not have thought of speaking to them. She was to go to school herself when the next term began in September; she dreaded it, but September seemed a great way off, so she did not think of it much.

One day when she had been living in the new house about three weeks, she took a longer walk than usual along a street which she had never followed before, and she came to a place where there was a gate across the road. She walked close up to it, and could not think what it meant. The road looked very pleasant beyond, and there were some teams not far ahead which had surely got past the great gate somehow. And Barbara wondered about it and stood still watching until a woman drove up in a rattling wagon. She seemed in a great hurry, and an old man came out of the little red house at the side of the gate, then the woman gave him some money, and he opened the gate and she went through. The toll-keeper was just going into his house again when he

saw Barbara. "Did you want to go through, little girl?" said he; and our friend answered sadly, "No, sir; I was only looking." And then with great bravery she asked, "How much would it cost?"

"Only a cent for you, dear," said the toll-keeper, who seemed to be a very kind old man. "Perhaps I shall go in some day," said Barbara, and he smiled at her as if he should be as glad as she if that ever happened. "You just call 'Gate' if you don't see anybody, for these warm days I don't sit by the front window. I'm getting a little deaf, so I keep the gate shut this time o' day; there are plenty will run toll if they get the chance, but I don't keep 'em waiting;" and then he nodded and went in.

There was a little red seat at the side of the house, and Barbara sat down there and watched the people who drove and walked through the gate, and a great black and white cat came and rubbed against her, and once a hand-organ man came and played three tunes, and the toll-keeper himself came out to listen to him. You don't know what a good time Barbara had that afternoon. She was gone so long that her mother was afraid something had happened to her.

And after this she thought of nothing so much as this toll-gate and the pleasant toll-gate man; and she went there three or four times to sit on the bench by the house and watch the people. Her father told her all about it; that it was a turnpike road and they made people pay who went that way, because it took a great deal of money to keep it in repair. There were some bridges farther on. Somehow or other Barbara believed it was much pleasanter the other side of the gate than it was on the side she lived, and she wished with all her heart that she could go through and see for herself what was there. In all, four hand-organ men had gone that way and she had never seen any come back, and there were not nearly so many people coming out from this beautiful country as went in; but you see that Barbara was there always in the afternoon, when people were all coming out from town.

When the gate was swung wide open she could see some gardens, and there were children playing about and shouting and calling to each other. And one hot afternoon a breeze came through and over the gate as if it were very cool and comfortable beyond. By little and little, Barbara made up her mind that everything pleasant was to be found the other side of the toll-gate, and that she should never be quite satisfied until she could see that part of the world about which she thought so much by day and sometimes dreamed at night.

One day she had been to do an errand for her mother, and she saw a bit of money on the ground which proved to be a silver three-cent piece. Barbara looked up the street and down, but could not see anybody, so she held it tight and went home as fast as she could run.

"I suppose you can have it," said her mother; "it is not much, and if we hear of the owner I will pay it back. I don't believe you could find the owner, there are so many people passing back and forth all day."

"I hope it did not belong to a little girl," said Barbara gravely, "for she will be so sorry about it. Can I spend it all at once?"

"What for?" asked her mother smiling.

"To go through the toll-gate with one cent, and to come back with one cent, and to spend the other in there. I would truly be back before it was late. Oh please, mother!"

Little Barbara was in real earnest about her plan, and her mother smiled the more. "What a funny girl you are," said she. "I wonder why you care about doing that?"

"It is so pleasant there," said Barbara. "I wish I could go." And so Mrs. Snow said she might, but she must not wander too far and must keep on the same side of the street all the way and not trouble anybody.

So that very afternoon Barbara brushed her hair smooth and put on her best dress and the hat she wore to church, and kissed her mother good-bye as if she were going on a long journey. Indeed she felt as if she were, and her heart failed her for a minute as she went back to see if there was any milk in the kitten's saucer, but she would not have given up going for all the world and went away bravely down the street. The

neighbor who had given her the kitten had come to see Mrs. Snow, and they were sewing together.

"What an old-fashioned little thing she is," said this neighbor as they watched our friend go away. "I asked her yesterday if ever she wasn't lonesome without any mates to play with, but she said she told herself stories when she was lonesome. She's as good as gold, I can see that, and as neat as a nun."

"Yes," said Barbara's mother, leaning out of the window to see her again before she turned the corner, "she makes no trouble at all for a child."

Barbara hurried, she was so anxious to get to the gate, and the old toll-keeper looked surprised and pleased when she came up to his window and reached up her hand with the three-cent piece. "I'm going through to-day, sir," said she, and the old man nodded as he gave her the two cents in change. "I hope you will have a good time, my dear," said he kindly; then Barbara took two or three of her short steps, and was fairly on the other side of the gate.

It was a little strange that the street and the houses and the people were after all very much like those she had always seen. It was very pleasant, but it was not so different as she had expected it would be, though there were fewer houses and a great many more fields; and she picked some flowers that were growing by the side of the road, and these were worth coming for; she had thought there would be some flowers. Once some ladies drove by in a pretty low carriage, and they smiled at Barbara, who was standing there just then and who smiled at them, but they did not know she was a little girl who had half hoped to find fairy-land and all the beautiful things she knew about, on that side of the toll-gate.

Barbara could not help growing sorry; it had been better to think all those treasures were there and not to go through the gate, than it was to be here and find everything so much like what she had seen before. There seemed to be no place to spend her cent, and it would have been very hard if she had not had the flowers.

But by and by, when she had walked out into the country a long way, or so it seemed to her, she came to a small house with rose-bushes all in bloom round it, and vines growing on strings that were fastened to the low eaves; morning-glories and scarlet runners; and such a pretty cat sat in the doorway, so Barbara stopped to speak to her. Just then a little woman came to the door, and when she saw our friend she said: "Don't you want to come in and see the pussy?" So Barbara went in.

"Whose little girl are you?" and Barbara told her. Then the old woman asked if she had been sent on an errand, and Barbara told her about wanting to see what was beyond the toll-gate. That her mother knew, and she might go as far as she liked, only not across the street for fear of the carriages."

"You have walked a good way," said the new friend. "I think you had better come in to see me a little while, and play with the cat; perhaps I can find something else to show you."

Barbara was really getting tired, and she was glad to put her hand into the old lady's, and go into the house with her, for she seemed so kind; and in the room at the right of the door what should she see but another old woman who looked exactly like the first, and Barbara looked first at one and then the other, with great wonder.

"Why, you're just alike!" said she, while they both laughed.

"We are twin sisters," said the first one she had seen, "and this is Miss Rhody Brown and I am Miss Ruthy."

Barbara looked at them very hard, and saw that one had a black bow on her cap and the other a green one, and one had a rounder face. This was Miss Rhody, and she told her sister to fetch the kittens while she briskly went into the next room and came back with a little chair just large enough for Barbara. The kittens and the old cat played together with some spools, and the old sisters and their little visitor watched them, and laughed a good deal at their frolics. I am so sorry I cannot tell you all about this afternoon, for Barbara got rested and had such a pleasant time.

She told Miss Ruthy and Miss Rhody about her father and mother and the new house, and it was so strange to think they knew the old toll-gate man very well. She picked up their balls of yarn whenever they dropped them, and they said to each other afterward how thoughtful and good she was for such a little thing, and so well-mannered. And they gave her a picture of a boy with a dog, and showed her a great many other pictures, beside a large box full of shells which their brother had brought home from sea a great many years before, and these Barbara would have liked to play with for hours.

And at last Miss Ruthy, the black-bowed sister, disappeared for a few minutes, and when she came back she asked them to come out into the kitchen ; and there was a little round table spread with a feast for Barbara. There was a China mug with a rose on it, full of milk, and a plate of gingerbread cakes cut in ever so many different shapes—a star and a heart and a leaf and a cat; and there was a crisp turnover with a crinkly edge.

Barbara did not know what to say, it was such a surprise to her. She shyly sat down in the chair which Miss Ruthy had placed for her, and she wished her mother knew what a good time she was having. She was really very hungry, and everything was so good, while the old sisters smiled at each other and were so pleased, and Miss Rhody said two or three times that she thought when she was making that turnover that it was a pity some little girl couldn't have it.

It would have been very sad to say good-bye if they had not told Barbara so many times that she must come and see them whenever she could and that sometime she must come and stay all day, if her mother was willing. Miss Ruthy meant to walk part way home with our friend, but just as she was getting her bonnet a man stopped at the door with a wagon, and after he had finished his business the sisters asked him if he could take a little passenger as far as he went? And presently, after Barbara had kissed both her kind friends good-bye, and had patted the cat and each of her kittens, and had put one of each kind of the cookies into her pocket, she was lifted to the high wagon-seat and drove away in state. It was growing late in the afternoon, and the sunlight was growing yellow, and the birds were flying about; the shadows of the trees and of the people they met were very long on the turnpike road. Barbara's flowers had wilted, but she had them still, and the old ladies had picked some bright red roses for her, and she kept taking a sniff of these every little while, because they were so sweet. The man was very kind; he told her that he had a little girl at home who went to ride with him in that very wagon almost every day. He stopped just before you came to the toll-gate, and he took Barbara out carefully and gave her two cents, so she could come that way again some day, which was certainly very kind.

And it seemed as if a great deal had happened since she had seen the old toll-keeper before. He knew her at once, and looked glad to see her, and asked her if she would not like to be clerk of the toll-gate, and if she would not come to see him soon. He took the cent she gave him, but when he had done talking he took another cent out of his own pocket and gave it to her for a present. So Barbara went home both rich and happy. There was a great deal to tell her mother; and do you think that Mrs. Snow had known the two old sisters herself, years ago, before she was married, and she said she must go to see them very soon. She and Barbara had such a pleasant walk together that day, I know you would like to hear about it if I could only stop to tell you; and how Barbara had made each of the old ladies a spool-bag; a black silk one and a green silk one like the bows on their caps. And Barbara often went to see the toll-keeper, and though now she had been through the gate, and could not make up any more stories about what was there, she could make up stories about other things. She spent so many pleasant days that summer beyond the toll-gate, and she thought everybody there tried to make you have a good time.

"I hope you will always be a good girl," her mother said sometimes, "for then you will be happy wherever you are." But Bar-

bara always says she thinks it is a great deal pleasanter living in the new house than it ever was in the city.

So we will say good-bye to her and give her many good wishes, dear little dreaming Barbara! for we hope all the gates she opens may be on the way to something better and happier. It costs something to go through; but never mind, for though Barbara could not tell herself stories any longer and had to pay a cent, did not she find the wild flowers and the kind old friends, the little feast spread on the round table, and the man who brought her part way home when she was tired, not to speak of the roses, the shells and the cats? *Sarah O. Jewett.*

A POET WE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

Considered purely as an economical question, it would probably be better for any country if its wars could be fought by its old or middle-aged men, and its young men and boys be left for the work of recuperation. War is a terrible evil and a sickening experience, in any case; but its cost is by no means told when the loss of life has been summed up arithmetically. For it has not taken those who could best be spared, nor those who could best spare themselves. The youngest, the strongest, the bravest, the most hopeful, the most enthusiastic,—these are gathered into an army; and it is the very flower of these who do its hardest work and lead the way to its deadliest perils. Nor will individual bravery or skill in any way reduce the chances of destruction, as to some extent they did before the age of firearms. Those who would accomplish most if they survived, are the surest to fall.

It has been often remarked as a cause for surprise, that the civil war of 1861–5 produced so little good literature. In its vast operations and varied territory, in the principles involved, in the desperate nature of the struggle and its relations to current history, nothing could have been grander or more romantic. For history, poetry, and fiction it furnished endless themes; and in that young manhood of the nation there should have been a fair proportion of literary genius, which, seeing and participating in that grand drama, might be reasonably expected to produce its appropriate contribution to our permanent literature. This we have looked for in vain, because these were among the men who never returned from those bloody fields and squalid hospitals and murderous prison-pens. Theodore Winthrop fell at Great Bethel, Gen Lytle at Chickamauga, Fitz-James O'Brien in a skirmish; and who can tell how many of less note, but equally promising, were lost to us in those terrible campaigns?

I know of one, and it was his story that suggested these paragraphs. Possibly personal friendship has enhanced my appreciation of the few poems which he left; but as I re-read them after a lapse of fifteen years, they impress me more strongly than ever with the idea that their author was essentially a poet, who might have done noble things in verse.

What could more prettily set forth a simple character, or more vividly recall the scenes in our streets in those days when the nation rose to its grandest heroism, than the following lyric, scratched down in his notebook by a young stone-cutter, who had looked up from his work to see two or three regiments marching away for the seat of war, and who was now waiting at the recruiting station for orders to come to his own?

MY BEAU.

Oh, I am dinned with rolling drums
  And oft-repeated cheers,
And tired with marching 'mid the throng
  Beside the Volunteers!
For all day long my heart and eyes
  Went with the foremost row,
Where, handsomest among them all,
  I saw my darling Beau.

The tears were on my cheeks unchecked
  Throughout this woful day;
I did not heed the people's looks,
  I cared not what they'd say;

For why should I disguise my grief,
Or strive to hide the woe
That bursts unbidden at the thought
Of parting with my Beau?

You surely must have noticed,
As the ranks went marching by,
That tall young fellow in the front,
With such a bright blue eye.
I know a dozen hearts that ached
This day to see him go;
But I alone among them all
Could claim him as a beau.

He was the only beau I had:
Of all the lads, but he
Seemed ever to have cared to win,
Or thought of loving me.
But had a thousand sought my hand,
Howe'er so rich, I'd throw
The greed of gold from out my heart,
And give it to my Beau.

Yon starlit flag is dear to me,
Because beneath its shade,
To fight for what we all believe
Is right, he stands arrayed.
Though were he on the other side,
The Stars and Bars, I know,
Would be as dear as Stripes and Stars,
While floating o'er my Beau.

A victory would be death to me,
Were he among the slain;
I care not who shall win the fight,
So he comes back again;
Nor to which side the bloody tide
Of war shall ebb or flow,
If it but brings me home unwrecked
That man-of-war, my Beau.

I think the following was written in camp near Harper's Ferry, in October, 1862. I am sometimes inclined to think it contains the best lyric line in our language:

REVEILLE.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;
Come, part with them all for a while again,—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long, I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

A poem suggested by a photograph, which he wrote *currente calamo* in a letter, shows a touch of that rarest of all literary gifts, the power to blend humor and pathos.

THE BEAUTY.

Be it my most pleasing duty
To describe a little beauty;
Though I never saw her face
But within a picture case.
'T would look better in a bonnet,
With a wreath of flowers upon it,
And a living smile to sun it.
But even round that picture-cover
Love and Memory ever hover,
Like the bees round tops of clover.
It is the daguerreo-type
Of all that's rich and rare and ripe!
Let me count the rosary
Of her charms, and bend the knee
Of unpretending poesy
Before the leather-covered shrine
Of this patron saint of thine,
Who, combining every grace,
Reigns a female Bonny-face:

Hair in deep, dark currents flowing,
Whose smooth waves with light are glowing!
As in countless drifts and whorls
It breaks upon her neck in curls.
Flashing eyes, with azure tinged,
Jetty arched, and silken fringed;
Blest he'll be whom their warm glances
Coax along to love's advances;
Happy he who shall behold
Love's first buds in them unfold.
Her dainty nose I'll not define
As either Greek or aquiline,
Nor it with ostentation call
"The noblest Roman of them all"—
But all their beauties blent in one
Could only match this paragon;
For in it mingle all the graces
Seen in those of classic faces.
Cheeks on which, though peace reposes,
War again the jealous roses.
A dainty mouth enwreathed with smiles,
But free from all coquettish wiles,
Whose curvéd lips, vermilion hued,
Are love's own sweet similitude;
While through them oft are seen beneath
Flashing pearl-enameled teeth.
Throat that like a marble column,
Curtained by her tresses' volume,
Stands revealed as in a niche,
Splendidly adorned and rich,

Moulded to artistic lines,
And polished till it fairly shines.
There you see, all rare and bright,
A face of which I dream at night.
If her charms I've rightly told,
'T is an angel you behold.

Who will win and wear the beauty?
Some old fellow, grim and sooty.
You smile, and doubtless think it funny;
Let me add, he'll have the money—
A sour and mouldy hard old crust,
Round whom dame Fortune drifts her dust—
Some brute, who may abuse and thump her,
Or some sleek young counter-jumper—
A shrewd, adulterating grocer,—
Methinks I hear you mutter "No, sir!"
Ah! my boy, you should know better;
One of them is sure to get her.
Depend upon it, she'll be won
By Jones, or Brown, or Robinson.
If she fishes for a mate
With youth and beauty as her bait,
The chances are, she'll catch a Tartar,
And die a matrimonial martyr;
Or, after years of angling, marry
Tom—ay, even Dick or Harry!
If her heart is not as true
As her features fair to view,
For you to strive to rival Mammon
Is worse, my friend, far worse than gammon.
Most beauties are, you should consider,
Knocked down to the highest bidder.

Every one has some sweet face
Prisoned in a picture case,
Or by memory's magic art
Photographed upon the heart;
And we all, in gloomy days,
Steal apart and on them gaze.
Some bring thoughts of hope and gladness,
Some of by-gone days and sadness;
As old eyes, by longing kindled,
Fondly to past pleasures travel,
And weird fingers, lean and dwindled,
All their web of life unravel,
For the threads of golden sheen
That far apart are dimly seen.

As an instance of the perversity with which events refuse to fulfill the auguries of the poet, I may mention the fact that the original of the portrait, instead of rushing upon any of the fates so lugubriously portrayed in the verses, entered a convent! And as plain history has been so often called to the support of poesy, I may also say, in justification of the praises of her charms, that when she took the cars for the city of the convent she was accompanied by a train of thirteen ardent admirers!

A fragment entitled "Memory and Hope" begins:

Back through the mist and film of years,
Through a cloud of blinding tears,
O'er a file of silent biers,
We look with sighs,
And see, ranged on Memory's shrine,
Lights of love and pleasure shine,
With the lustre of red wine
And brilliant eyes.

In a poem entitled "Twice at a Grave," he makes a picture of an autumnal landscape by three stanzas of the simplest kind of description:

The sunlight danced among the trees,
The mellow sunlight of the fall,
As, shaken by a chilling breeze,
The brown leaves eddied o'er the wall,—
Unclasped their palsied hands for ease,
And circled o'er the graveyard wall.

The leaves from stunted oaks, blood red,
The golden yellow maple leaves,
Before pursuing west winds sped
For refuge 'mong the rising graves;
They drifted o'er the sod-clothed dead,
In heaps between the turfy waves.

Before me lay a lonely mound,
On which the grass was freshly grown,
And at whose head, with sunlight crowned,
Rose up a ghostly marble stone,—
A slab on whose pale face profound
Her name and age distinctly shone.

Here is a complete ballad, of the old fashion:

There is a green wood where the river runs darkly,
Under the branches that shadow its tide,
And the unsunned wave's rolling above a fair maiden,
Around whom are clinging the robes of a bride.

Deep in its bosom her white form is lying,
And round it is drifting the soft yellow sand,
While her golden hair loose to the current is flying,
Waved by the water-sprite's tremulous hand.

Through the pulses of Nature a death-beat is throbbing,
Each tree, like a pall, o'er the wave flings its shade,
And from the far meadow the wind comes in sobbing,
Aimlessly down through the sorrowing glade.

Yet the gloom has not spread where yon castle is shining
So bright in the sunlight that whitens its wall;
There guests are assembling, feasts spreading, wreaths twining;
But soon must it come like a blight over all.

'Twill sadden the music the joy-bells are ringing,
'Twill wither the garlands the peasant maids twine,
'Twill hush the glad songs that the minstrels are singing,
'Twill dim those bright eyes that the jewels outshine.

Now all are assembled, and gay plumes are dancing,
Music and laughter float over the throng,
White necks gleam with diamonds, and dark eyes are glancing—
Why lingers the bride in her chamber so long?

Proud bridegroom, stern sire, blithe guests, she lies sleeping
In yonder green wood, 'neath the cold wave, to-day!
Be your pride and your anger and mirth turned to weeping;
For well is her vow kept with one far away.

Besides these and other short poems, he left a story in verse, of about one thousand lines. It has a strong, tragic plot, and many powerful passages, though it is uneven in execution.

The author of these poems from which I have quoted was Michael O'Connor, who was born in Orange County, N. Y., in 1837. His educational advantages were comprised in the common school and access to public libraries. At the usual age he went to a trade. at which he worked in various places till he enlisted in the national service in the summer of 1862. He was then at Rochester, N. Y., where he became a sergeant in Company K of the 140th Regiment, with which he marched to the seat of war.

If it were my purpose to show what a writer of prose we might have had, I should quote liberally from his army letters. He left also a novel, which a Mr. John McLean had purchased for a literary weekly that he designed to start in New York. But the project was given up, the novel has never been published, and all attempts to discover the present whereabouts of the manuscript have proved unavailing.

Sergeant O'Connor, when he left Rochester, was as athletic, as hopeful, as earnest, as a young soldier need be. But in three months he succumbed to typhoid fever, and died in a wretched sty called an army hospital, at Potomac Station, Va., December 28, 1862. A lot so simple and a life so brief can be expected to furnish but little of the usual material for an entertaining story. It is only in the artistic quality of his literary work, and in his genial personal character which shone through that work, that one finds the justification for publishing even so slight a sketch as this. His conversation, on whatever theme, sparkled continually with those thick coming fancies which are the heritage of the poet born. To us who knew his industry, his facility, and his enthusiasm, nothing could seem more certain than that if he had lived a few years longer he would have created poems of which his country might be proud. Whether his melodious voice was stilled forever when the cold December shadows settled down upon that dreary encampment by the Rappahannock, or whether he is singing in some other sphere the songs of which he could here have achieved but the rudest prelude and outline,—who shall say?

So seems it to my musing mood,
So runs it in my surer thought,
That much of beauty, more of good,
For him the rounded years have wrought;
That life is life, however blown
Like vapor on the summer air;
That power perpetuates its own;
That silence here is music there.

Rossiter Johnson.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

History abounds with illustrations of the unnatural quarrel between wealth and power on one side and poverty and ignorance on the other. This is particularly true of ancient history. In the times prior to the Christian era the brotherhood of man and the great law of love were dimly read by the light of nature, and there was a constant fight, not only between nations, but between rulers and ruled, nobles and commons, masters and slaves of the same nation. One rises from the perusal of Roman history with the impression that conflict and carnage were the order of each day. The Roman kings usurped so much power and prerogative, and were so corrupt, that neither patricians nor plebeians could endure their rule, and they were banished.

Under the Consuls the plebeians expected more equitable laws; but the nobles managed to get possession of most of the land, which they leased to the plebeians at an exorbitant rent. They were also the sole capitalists and demanded usurious interest. The consequence was the ruin of Italy. Every industrial interest was paralyzed. The plebians were goaded to madness by the exactions of the nobility, especially by the law that the poor debtor, unable to meet his obligations, should become the slave of the creditor.

In the midst of this conflict between capital and labor Rome was attacked by foreign enemies, and the plebeians refused to defend the country in which they were so oppressed. In the most critical period of the war they deserted the army (B. C. 493) and marched in a body to a hill called Mons Sacer, three miles from Rome, where they were joined by vast numbers of their sympathizing brethren. The patricians were unaccustomed to the drudgery of military service, and Rome lay at the mercy of her enemies. At this juncture Marcus Valerius, a nobleman in every sense of the word, who had always opposed the unjust exactions of the patricians, went to the rebels on Mons Sacer, and, as he had ever been their advocate, gained a hearing. He told them, in substance, that the body politic was like the human body, composed of different parts, varying in dignity and importance, but all essential to the completeness of the whole. As in the human body there must be hands and feet as well as a head; and as the head could not say to the feet, "I can get along without you," so the feet could not say, "We have no need of the head." Just so in the State, there must be rulers upon whom will devolve the responsibility of government; in the army there must be a head, a controlling power, or else the infantry and cavalry would accomplish nothing. As a thing inevitable, there must be ranks in society. The rich are necessary to furnish capital and labor to the poor, and the poor by their labor supply the multitudinous wants of the rich. All are but parts of one whole, which is perfect only so far as each performs its office well.

The plebeians, cooled of their passion by a few days' absence from the city, had the good sense to see the point of Valerius's speech; and on the condition that the just laws which he had formerly advocated in the Senate should be enforced they returned to their ranks in the army. Thus was Rome saved by the idea of the unity of interest between the patricians and plebeians, conveyed under the same simile which Paul afterward used to show the unity of the Christian church.

We refer to this page of Roman history because it so aptly illustrates the selfish strife which is so wont to be generated between different classes in society; the destruction of all public and private interests to which it tends; and the cure of the great evil which, like a centrifugal force, has ever been threatening the disruption of all social compacts.

History abounds in such illustrations. Powerful nations have been destroyed; rich cities brought to ruins; prosperous families scattered; strong corporations made weak; and all because this principle of unity of interest has not been comprehended, or at least has not had practical sway in the hearts of men. If it has been believed, the faith has been dead, for it has been without works.

But right here we are confronted with the question, "If this unity of interest between rulers and ruled, landlords and tenants, capitalists and operatives, really does exist, how does it happen that men do not see it, and govern themselves accordingly?"

We are ready to grant that men have been slow to comprehend the common law of humanity. Even in that smallest and best cemented of social organizations, the family, terrible dissensions have occurred, and all because of the willfulness or greediness of one or more of its members. When family alienations do occur they are of the most bitter kind, for there is no foe like one of the household. If such divisions can happen in the family, much more must we expect them in larger societies held together by bonds less apparent. It is because men take such narrow, selfish views of things that each is greedy for himself regardless of

the good of the whole. They forget or have never thought that we are all in the same boat, and must float or sink together. It requires magnanimity to forego selfish interests for the public good, and magnanimous men have not abounded on the earth.

Thanks to the progress of Christian civilization, the common brotherhood and common weal of man are better appreciated than formerly. In barbarous and monarchical times, the doctrine was, "Might makes Right," and kings were supposed to possess the divine right of controlling the wills, the work and the wealth of their subjects. Paley makes this striking illustration of the condition of property under hereditary monarchies: "If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, perhaps the worst, pigeon in the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy and more hungry than the rest touched a grain of the hoard, all the others flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what has been practiced among men."

The precepts laid down by the great Lawgiver, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," have gradually leavened society to such an extent that Paley's picture of it seems now a caricature; still, there remains too much of the old selfish principle. The practical workings of this principle have been everywhere more or less modified by the Christian law of love, but they are still manifest on the farm, in the workshop, the factory, and wherever capital and labor are accumulated. The greater the accumulation, and the greater the number of middlemen between the capitalist and the laborer, the less does sympathy exist between them, and the less is the unity of interest felt. Hence come exactions and oppressions on one side, and strikes and riots on the other, which end in great loss to both parties. Both are generally to blame, and both suffer. The mutual dependence and common interest are not apt to be appreciated by either party. On the side of the capitalist there is a consciousness of power—the power of wealth which furnishes the sinews of war; and with this consciousness comes very naturally a feeling of lordship, if not of oppression. "On the side of the oppressor there is power," as the good Book puts it. The capitalist may not be conscious of this feeling, but human nature is found among intelligent capitalists as well as among other folks. If they can be so blinded to the rights of humanity as to grind their employes down to the living point,—just where soul and body can be kept together,—while they live luxuriously, it is no wonder that the latter are sometimes goaded to madness by toil, self-denial and suffering. They forget that the wear and tear of their muscles are offset by the brain work and nervous irritation of the capitalist who is weighted with great and varied responsibilities. Let the laborer and capitalist help bear each other's burdens, and the toil of both will be lightened and the profit increased.

How can labor and capital be brought into closer union and be made to co-operate more harmoniously for their mutual benefit and the advantage of society at large? This is the question of the day. The answer is that the great principle of community of interest between labor and capital must be preached till it is fully understood, and then employers and employes will devise ways and means of carrying the principle into practical operation.

One mode we desire to suggest, and this is, that operatives in organized corporations be made sharers, under certain conditions, in the profits of their labor. This makes them not only theoretically interested in the corporation, but directly and tangibly. When dividends and wages jingle together in the pockets of laborers they will feel a stimulus to faithful labor such as they never felt before. Touch a man in his pocket and you touch a force that has great power.

We are aware that this method has been ridiculed by some capitalists as Utopian, but experience has shown that it is as wise in practice as philosophical in theory. It is no new method. Farms have always been leased, more or less, on shares. Many manufacturers are now dividing profits, above a certain per cent on their capital, with their operatives. But the most noted and most successful example of the practical workings of this principle is furnished by our whale-ships. The owners of these have always made partners of all the crew, from the captain down to the cabin boy. Each has for his wages a certain fraction of the oil taken, the fraction varying with the skill and service of the whaler. All understand that the success of each depends upon the success of all, and each works with a will. Vigilance, fidelity and co-operation are the watchwords on board of a whale-ship.

The principle of partnership between labor and capital is capable of various modifications to suit varying circumstances. That it can be introduced in some form into all our industries we have no doubt. There is an intrinsic community of interest between labor and capital, whether it be recognized or not; but it is far better for all concerned to make it so apparent that the dullest operative can see it and conduct himself accordingly. When this good time comes the demagogue will no longer have a cry with which to stir up riots and rebellions, and the laborer will not succumb to morbid madness, as he contrasts his circumstances with those of his employer. Not the least of the blessings of this system is the satisfaction which the capitalist will feel in seeing his employes contentedly and faithfully doing their duties, not as eye-servants but as partners, and, more than this, as men whose manhood is acknowledged.

Alexander Hyde.

TOO WIDE!

O MIGHTY Earth, thou art too wide, too wide!
  Too vast thy continents, too broad thy seas,
  Too far thy prairies stretching fair as these
Now reddening in the sunset's crimson tide!
Sundered by thee how have thy children cried
  Each to some other, until every breeze
  Has borne a burden of fond messages
That all unheard in thy lone wastes have died!
Draw closer, O dear Earth, thy hills that soar
  Up to blue skies such countless leagues apart!
    Bid thou thine awful spaces smaller grow!
Compass thy billows with a narrower shore,
  That yearning lips may meet, heart beat to heart,
    And parted souls forget their lonely woe!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE REPORT OF THE AMATEUR TRAMPS.

THE report of the two detectives who traveled as amateur tramps through Western Massachusetts last summer ought to be profitable for doctrine to some and for reproof to others. These two men joined themselves to whatever strolling bands they chanced to fall in with, and before the end of the season they had learned the trade of the tramp, and had informed themselves of the number and character of these marauders in the district assigned to them.

Several hundred professional tramps were prowling about this district. Sometimes they would collect in large camps; generally they traveled in gangs, but on approaching a settlement they always scattered. Their subsistence was gained partly by begging but chiefly by stealing. When they were begging they always pretended to be seeking work; but when they gathered in their camps they made no concealment of their determination never again to soil their hands with labor. During the railroad riots about four hundred of these tramps collected near the Boston and Albany railroad and prepared for a descent upon the nearest large town for the purposes of pillage, as soon as the strike should be reported.

These social parasites have been increasing ever since the war. Many of them are men who once worked for their living, and who took to the highway at first because they were thrown out of employment, but who have become so thoroughly demoralized by their vagrant life that they will never work again unless they are compelled. Many others are men who never did work, and who follow the profession of the vagrant because they like it best.

It ought to be evident that this is an evil requiring sharp and summary treatment. A little longer nursing of it will render a good many districts of our country as insecure as Italy was under the Papal regime. And the things to be done are plain.

First, we must stop feeding these tramps. Those good Christians who cannot turn a hungry man from their doors ought to read the detectives' report and find out whom they are supporting. The testimony of an experienced English police officer, quoted by Professor Wayland, that "ninety-nine out of every hundred professional mendicants are also professional thieves, and practice either trade as occasion serves," is amply borne out by the evidence of the amateur tramps. It is better that the hundredth innocent man should suffer than that the ninety and nine freebooters should be helped on in their villainous career. Pray think, good ladies, of the crimes that you are abetting, and *the suffering caused by these crimes to your neighbors* when you help these miscreants on their way. Do not bestow all your pity on the tramp. Have a little mercy also on the honest people whom the tramp preys upon!

Second, we must have, in every state, some such system as that recommended by the New York Charities Aid Association, and outlined by Professor Wayland in his paper on Tramps, by which every vagrant beggar shall be arrested, placed in confinement and compelled to work for his living not less than ninety days for the first offense and not less than six months for the second. We cannot enter here into all the details of the plan referred to, but it has been carefully considered, and all legislators ought to study it. The evil is a serious one; it cannot be reached by moral measures; the only remedy is force and it cannot be applied too soon.

OUR NEW SAINT FRANCIS.

HIS other name is Murphy. He belongs to the Holy Catholic Church, the Methodist wing of it; and he has been canonized in his lifetime by the blessings and the prayers of thousands of the poor.

The other Saint Francis was something of a scamp in early life. His escapades are carefully narrated by his biographers as a good background for his later sanctity. Finally he was flogged and thrown into prison for his offenses; and while in prison he was converted and devoted himself to the service of the poor.

Much of this is true of the modern Saint Francis. He, too, found Christ in prison—(for the prison is a place where men sometimes find Christ in more senses than one)—and gave himself up to a service whose demands and whose rewards he did not then at all forecast.

"Mediæval Europe," says the historian, "owes much to the Franciscans. They went everywhere, and were like flames of fire wherever they went. First of all they roused the masses. Poor men, wearing nothing but brown frocks girded about the waist by bits of rope, they brought the gospel home to the poor. By and by they made

themselves felt in every walk of life." It begins to look as if modern America were going to be a large debtor to the new order of Franciscans—to Murphy's men. If "the masses" of mediæval Europe were any more thoroughly roused than the masses of some of our American cities and towns have been by the preaching of Murphy it must have been a sight to see them.

It is to the poor that Francis Murphy preaches —the poorest of the poor—the men who have lost manhood and honor and self-respect in the bondage of strong drink. And when he preaches they listen. No doubt about that. Night after night the largest halls are crowded to suffocation; hundreds stand for hours, or cling to the edges of platforms and the railings of galleries, listening to his proclamation of liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

He is a study—this man Murphy. Get a seat on the platform if you can, where you can watch his movements. The great crowd, orderly and cheery, is waiting for his appearance. Suddenly there is a brightening of faces and a clapping of hands and Murphy walks forward, bowing to the audience, shaking hands right and left and beaming on everybody. He is a short man, about as tall as Moody but not quite so stout, though his chest is full and his limbs are muscular. The face is Celtic but shapely, the bright eyes look out from under heavy eyebrows, the clean shaven jaw is firm, and the generous mouth is curtained by a black moustache. A good-natured man, beyond a doubt; and on the best of terms with his environment.

The service begins with singing. The great choir lead in two or three of the "gospel melodies" of Bliss and Sankey, the congregation joining in the chorus; and there are one or two sacred songs of a more pretentious character by singers who go about with the apostle of temperance to sing the gospel, after the manner of Sankey. Then Murphy rises, Bible in hand, and reads a few verses, commenting on them in a homely and pointed fashion. His exegesis is sometimes queer, but never mind about that! Bad exegesis often yields good doctrine. If the sacred writer does not say just what the expounder represents him as saying, he might well have said it. Then there is a short prayer, and the orator naturally passes along ways of familiar and informal talk into the speech of the evening.

The story of his own life makes up a good part of all his speeches. If he stays only a day or two in a place you get an abridgment of it; if he tarries longer he gives it to you at length, in installments, with more or less of discursive moralizing and description and appeal thrown in evening by evening. The story is well told. You would not tell so much of it if you were in his place; but you do not feel, after all, like censuring his frankness. You can see in his experience the depths of degradation and woe into which drink plunges men; and he evidently thinks he has a better right to show you the dark side of his own life than that of any other man's. Often as he has told the tale it is far from being a mere recitation. His heart swells with emotions that are not simulated, and the tears start from his own eyes as he speaks of the woes of "mother" and the children in the days when drink was cursing his home.

Now and then he strikes off into digressions humorous, descriptive, dramatic,—some of which are very telling. The story of the Irish girl, who felt so grand riding in her mistress's carriage that she wished she could stand on the sidewalk and see herself drive by is capitally told; and always when he drops into his native brogue the Irishman that he gives us is a genuine bit of character. Some of his more tragic passages are simply tremendous. His description of Sheridan's Ride, for example, or his imaginative portrayal of the "upas tree" of intemperance, are astounding performances. Such rhetoric, such elocution, such acting are not often heard nor seen. He races back and forth across the platform; he roars like a caged tiger; he leaps, at the climax of his passion, three or four feet into the air.

Of course you do not approve all this; it is not your way of doing it. Neither do you approve all of Murphy's orthoepy or syntax. But it does the business. Crude though the performance may be, in spots, it is a telling performance. The acting is immense, but it is scarcely more excessive than is often seen upon the classic stage. The rhetoric may be faulty, but it is a big-hearted man that is talking; and the people do not stop to measure his words by critical standards. And now and then comes a passage of natural description or a touch of human nature that mark the real orator.

What is better the spirit of the man and his methods of work are so wholly Christian that they disarm criticism. "You can't querl with me," he says every day, "for I won't querl." If the Catholic priest forbids his people to attend Murphy's meetings, Murphy eulogizes Father Mathew, and says not a word about the priest except in kindness. For "the rumseller," so long the black dragon of the temperance reformer, he has nothing but sympathy. And if the prohibitionist denounces him for his gentle treatment of the liquor dealers he only says to the prohibitionist, "God bless you! we are going to get every body to stop drinking liquor, and then nobody will want to sell it!" Not a word of censure or denunciation falls from his lips.

Better still, his whole reliance is on the divine power. All his meetings are intensely religious meetings. All the songs that are sung are sacred

songs. The pledge includes the phrase, "God helping me." Every man who signs it is told that he will need God's help in keeping it. And almost all of those who are reclaimed in his meetings confess their sense of this need and their purpose to seek this help.

There is nothing to say in the view of all this, except to heap Murphy's oft-repeated benediction upon his own head and cry "God bless him!" May the new Franciscan order grow faster and live longer than the old one! May the boys with the badges of blue like the Gray Friars of old go everywhere, and be wherever they go, "like flames of fire," kindling a new hope in the heart of the drunkard, and lighting the way by which he may escape from degradation and woe!

LOOK ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

Some things and some themes are of such a nature that they can only be seen or known in part; their vastness makes it impossible to comprehend them. It is only a partial view of them that the largest mind ever gets. All those truths which relate to the mode of God's being are of this character. Men try to make definitions of God; to define the infinite; to bound the boundless; to map the shoreless sea. Of course this is sheer fatuity. And the man who makes his picture of God, whether it be of wood or of words, and insists that you must worship it—that you are not to be allowed to think any thought of God that his image or his formula does not give you—ought to be told that he is not only a bigot but an idolater.

It may be well for us often to try to express our ideas respecting the Almighty. The expression of them may help to enlarge and refine them. But the attempt to impose our phrases upon other men as the measure of their thought about God is a mental absurdity and a moral wrong.

But while there are some subjects which, from the nature of the case, can never be comprehended, there are others of which some satisfactory view may be had if we will only put ourselves at the proper point of view. They are to be looked at from a certain definite stand-point; they cannot be seen at all clearly until you reach that stand-point. They are like those curious street-signs once in vogue, that were all blurred and jumbled until you reached a certain position in front of them or on one side of them, when they became legible.

Almost every artistic production must be looked at from the proper point of view, else it is not truly seen. The stereograph is not shown to you in its clear perspective until you have adjusted its distance to the lenses of your eye. The oil painting is a mere blotch of color until you stand in the line of the reflected rays. The painted window shows you its glory by day only on the inside, and by night only on the outside.

There are some kinds of cloth that are made to be looked at on one side. They have a right and a wrong side. And there are statements of truth that are made in the same way. Every creed has a right and a wrong side. Every attempt to put religious truth into systematic statements must have rough and uneven surfaces and raveled ends. Yet the people who make these statements always turn the best side of them towards themselves when they look at them. They see all their beauty and symmetry; they see none of their defects. And generally every sectary contrives to look always on the right side of his own creed, and always on the wrong side of every other man's. All there is of harshness, of inconsistency, of incompleteness in beliefs that he does not hold he will see and gloat over; he will exaggerate and caricature the weak points of other men's doctrines; he will make it appear that persons holding such beliefs must be fools. They would be fools if they thought what he represents them as thinking. The right side of their beliefs—the side that they look at—he takes good care not to see. And they, for their part, will be equally careful to keep their eyes on the wrong side of his belief.

Why will men be so perverse in their uncharitableness? Why not look sometimes on the right side of the things of others?

Manuscripts that come to this office rolled are sometimes unrolled,—not always. A writer who does not know that a rolled manuscript is an abominable nuisance is presumably illiterate. It is of no use to send anonymous contributions. Our articles are all signed. We cannot return a manuscript to "Xerxes, Springfield, Mass.," because the postmaster will not receive a letter bearing such an address. If "Xerxes" has a box in the Springfield Post Office we can communicate with him through the mail without the use of his name; otherwise we cannot. Neither can we undertake to return nor to preserve manuscripts not accompanied with stamps for the prepayment of return postage.

This looks serious. Professor Phelps of Andover, who ought to be good authority, says in the *Sunday School Times*, that a revival of religion means all these things:

"The payment of honest debts; dealing in trade by equity rather than by law; the giving up of tricks of trade; a living price for slop-work; the sale of pure milk; the surrender of trades which are inimical to public morals; the destruction of distilleries; the refusal to lease houses for immoral uses and hotels for the sale of alcoholic liquors; care not to be ignorant of such leases; suffering loss of dividends for the observance of the Lord's Day; the honest report of property to assessors; a fair day's work when working for the government; refusing to cheat the post-office; truthful invoices of imported

goods; honest oaths at the custom-house,—in a word, *freedom from guile* in transactions of business."

The Professor says that a revival which does not bear fruit of this sort is no revival at all. Is it not true that such a work of grace as this needs to begin *in the churches?* And if such a revival as this should pervade the churches would there be any difficulty in gathering converts?

"An aggressive piety," some earnest "worker" says, "is the kind that we need to cultivate. No doubt the thing meant by this phrase is a thing to be desired, but the phrase itself has an uncanny sound, and may mislead some zealous people into indiscretion. There is an "aggressive" piety which is not among the things that are lovely. There is a religionism that is impertinent and intrusive and domineering; that demands your "soul" very much as the highwayman demands your purse; that has no respect for individual rights and no recognition of the sacredness of personal religious feeling. Many well-meaning Christians cultivate this type of piety, and they ought, if possible, to be shown that their sort of "aggressiveness" is not among the Christian graces.

The resignation of the elder Tyng from the rectorship of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York closes a most fruitful pastorate. Dr. Tyng has earned a good degree, and an untroubled repose; and we trust that the substance of the heaven he has so long been hoping for will be his for many quiet days before he enters upon the "rest that remaineth."

Mr. John Fiske, in the last *North American Review*, makes several statements that to some minds will be reassuring. "I believe," he says, "that modern scientific philosophy, as represented by Spencer and Huxley, not only affords no support to materialism, but condemns it utterly, and drives it off the field altogether. I believe it is even clearer to-day than it was in the time of Descartes, that no possible analytic legerdemain can ever translate thought into extension or extension into thought. The antithesis is of God's own making, and no wit of man can ever undo it." So far as the doctrine of immortality is concerned, "the absence of scientific proof affords no ground for a negative conclusion. If soul can exist when dissociated from body, we have no [scientific] means for apprehending the facts, and therefore our inability to apprehend it does not entitle us to deny that soul may have some such independent existence. We cannot allow the materialist even this crumb of consolation—that, although he cannot prove that consciousness ceases with death, nevertheless the presumption is with him and the burden of proof upon his antagonists. Scientifically speaking there is no presumption either way, and there is no burden of proof upon either side." This, from the ablest expounder of Mr. Spencer's philosophy in this country, will disabuse some minds. Mr. Fiske adds that though science cannot touch the question, the moral probabilities are still to be considered, and for himself he inclines to answer it in the affirmative.

Mr. Murray's recent eulogy of Servetus as "the mild, the gentle, the good, the St. John of his age, the whitest-hearted saint of the time," is somewhat overstated. Servetus was a very poor sort of saint; but no matter what his character was; it was not for any offenses against law or morality that he was put to death; it was for his religious opinions. If he *had* been "the whitest-hearted saint of his time," he would have been burned all the same.

The decision of the Illinois Supreme Court that Bishop Cheney's church in Chicago belongs to the congregation and not to the "Protestant Episcopal Church," is in the interests of justice and common sense. The notion that a "denomination," big or little, has a right to control the property of every congregation connected therewith, and that the denominational authorities may take away the property from the congregation when things do not go on to suit them, cannot be too summarily corrected. The people who build the church ought to control it and worship God in it according to the dictates of their own consciences, free from the dictation of any centralized religious despotism. Let the ecclesiastical "powers that be" have all the power over the congregations that adhere to them that they can gain by moral instrumentalities; but let them not be aided by the laws of the state in enforcing conformity to their regulations. The title of the church property ought to be vested, just where the Illinois court says that it is vested,—in the local religious society; and it is contrary to public policy and to religious liberty to suffer any bishop or conference or synod to meddle with it at all.

It costs the United States about $1,700 a year to support a soldier fighting the Indians. It costs the American Board about half as much to support a missionary preaching to them. Would it not be cheaper to send more missionaries and fewer soldiers?

Mr. Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* begins a new series with the January number. The author is still striving, with that half despairing enthusiasm which renders his later writing so pathetic, to enlist the English public in his St. George's Society, in which agriculture is to be mixed with the manly sports, and decorated with the fine arts. The scheme is not, thus far, brilliantly successful, though Mr. Ruskin's money has been poured into it without stint. The new series of

Fors will not be devoted to this project alone; it will also try to be what the author of "Ecce Homo" calls a "winnowing fan," separating between the honest and the dishonest; in Mr. Ruskin's own words, it will urge those who choose to be honest "to join together in a brotherhood separated, visibly and distinctly, from cheats and liars." The prospect of the organization of an Anti-Cheating-and-Lying Association is indeed cheering. How it may be in England we cannot say, but there is a great field for such a society in this country. One discouraging fact confronts us, however. The Christian church would seem to be precisely such an association as Mr. Ruskin proposes, and yet the people who join it do not all stop cheating and lying. We are afraid that some of those who join Mr. Ruskin's church will continue to cheat and lie; and that some will even cheat and lie in order to get into it.

THE Jubilee Singers have had quite a triumph in Berlin, where they have not only sung in the palace before the emperor, and in many private entertainments of the aristocracy, but have also given several concerts in the great Academy before large and critical audiences. The German critics are exhausting their learning and eloquence upon these untutored vocalists. Their melodies are pronounced "wonderfully pure and natural as works of art," which they certainly are not; for there is no art about them. It would be just as accurate to pronounce a violet or a strawberry or the cooing of a six-months baby, a "wonderfully pure and natural work of art." The social ostracism which the minstrels have frequently suffered in this country they do not encounter on the Continent. The German gentry do not hesitate about receiving them as guests in their homes, and the exclusion of them from hotels and railway cars in America is a proceeding which the German mind is unable to comprehend.

THE Southern question is rapidly solving itself in the only desirable way. An Atlanta paper gives a long report of a crowded meeting of the colored voters of the city who had assembled in the City Hall "to listen to addresses from Hon. Jos. B. Cumming, the Democratic nominee for Senator from the Eighteenth Senatorial District, and Hon. H. Clay Foster, Independent candidate for the same position. Both these gentlemen were present *by invitation of the colored people themselves.*" The fact is that "the White Man's Party" of the South is splitting in two, and both halves of it are bidding for the colored vote. The negroes will not be disfranchised under this dispensation; their rights are much more likely to be respected when the party line cleaves the races than when it divides the one race from the other. Here are the questions put by the negroes to these gentlemen who were competing for their vote:

"1. Are you in favor of the State's levying a tax for educational purposes—the benefit to be equally enjoyed by all classes?

"2. Are you in favor of the State continuing the annual appropriation of $8,000 to the Atlanta University for the higher education of the colored youth?

"3. Are you in favor of the law known as the 'Laborers' and Mechanics' Lien Law?'"

When negro voters can ask such questions of candidates for office and get satisfactory answers to them, the danger of their re-enslavement is exceedingly remote.

OF the reports that have lately come to us from the South one of the most notable is that of Professor Spence, of Fisk University, Nashville, concerning an organization called the "Tennessee State Teachers' Institute." The work of this organization is done by the teachers of the Congregational, Methodist and Baptist colored schools in Nashville, who have gone through the state and northern Alabama holding local "institutes." The day sessions were for the professional instruction of teachers of the common schools, and the night sessions were popular gatherings in the interest of education. To these assemblies men and women and children came from great distances to remain all day,—the teachers learning the art of teaching, and the audiences furnishing the classes for the illustration of the methods of teaching. The educational missionaries were generally entertained free of expense by the white people of the neighborhood. All of which goes to show that the blacks are not losing their desire for education, and that the whites of the South are taking a deeper interest in the work of educating them. Signs of a better relation between the two races are multiplying, and we may hope that the extravagant and visionary project of deporting the negroes to Liberia will be discouraged by the intelligent self-interest and humanity of the Southern whites.

QUITE a number of people at the North are deeply anxious about the peace policy of President Hayes; but we find two classes of persons who are generally in favor of it. These are the soldiers, and the teachers from the North engaged in the work of education at the South. General Armstrong of Hampton represents both these classes, and he is a hearty supporter of the President. Other missionary teachers in the southern schools have borne testimony to the greatly improved condition of the negroes under the new policy. The men who fought are ready to have peace, and the men who have lived at the South ever since the war declare that peace has come. They ought to know what the facts are, and they would appear to have no motive to misrepresent them.

THE California Senate, in its memorial to Congress, asserts that "there is no evidence that a

single Chinaman has been converted to Christianity." What evidence do these gentlemen want? Our information is that quite a number of Chinamen have been baptized and are living exemplary Christian lives. Are the honorable senators quite sure that they know a Christian when they see him?

LABOR troubles on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, as well as in the mining regions of Pennsylvania have been accompanied by intimidation and bloodshed. Strikes may not often be expedient, but they are lawful until the strikers resort to violence. Then they are simply insurrections and ought to be suppressed by the militia.

THE passage of the silver resolution through Congress has caused a depreciation of our bonds in London. That is to say, this legislation has already impaired the credit of the United States. Those whom we owe begin to fear that we are not going to pay our debts in full. Under these circumstances, it is to be hoped that we shall not be under the necessity of borrowing again very soon. A nation that by sheer force of legislation plunges into bankruptcy and obliges its creditors to settle for less than the full amount of their just claims, —whether it be fifty cents or ninety-two cents on the dollar—is likely thereafter to have some trouble in borrowing, not only abroad but also at home.

THE testimony of the journalists that Samuel Bowles was the ablest of their craft is generally and heartily expressed, and the tributes paid to his memory both in the newspapers and in the memorial service held the other day in Springfield, reveal the fact that he was not only an able editor but a most engaging companion, and a most loyal and generous friend. The newspapers, of course, have had much to say about his genius for journalism; but the speakers at the memorial service put even more stress on what one of them called his "genius for friendship." Indeed, the intensity of this man's affection, the strength of his attachments, were little understood by those who did not come near him. Many of his neighbors, even, thought him a cynic, but he came much nearer being an enthusiast than a cynic. "The trouble with it is," he said one day, speaking of another journal, "that it lacks enthusiasm. A newspaper isn't good for much that has no enthusiasm." The heartiness with which he hailed any strong and manly word or deed, proved his own enthusiasm. Mr. Hayes was not his candidate for the Republican nomination, and he doubted his fitness for the presidential office; but when his letter of acceptance was published, setting forth in such vigorous and unqualified language the principles on which, if elected, he proposed to conduct his administration, Mr. Bowles endorsed his candidacy with a cheer. If, afterward, he was less hearty in his support of Mr. Hayes, it was because it seemed to him that the promises of the letter of acceptance were likely to be broken, and that the candidate was in the hands of the Philistines. He was mistaken in this, but he was not any more mistaken than the Philistines themselves. And when, after his inauguration, the President showed his will and his power to disengage himself from the people who supposed that they had him in their toils, and to make good the promises of his letter of acceptance, the dismay of the managers was no greater than the delight of the journalist. No one who talked with him about that time would have pronounced him a cynic. Indeed, negative and critical as his methods often seemed, he was a man of most positive faith. "There is an element," he said after the overthrow of a certain iniquity, "that these fellows never take into account; and that is God." It was not flippantly, said: it expressed the unfaltering confidence of the man in the "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Many things that go by the name of religion got small respect from him; the fussiness and the intolerance of sectarian propagandists he could not well abide; but to any genuine man of any faith whose heart was in the work of doing good he was ready to give abundant honor. Of course he made mistakes in his estimates of men. He sometimes praised bad men; he sometimes censured good men. Of course his downrightness sometimes seemed downright harshness and injustice; but those who knew him best, and many even of those who have suffered from the stings of his censure, confess to-day about his grave that he was a good man and true; that he loved with a sincere passion the things that are highest; and that there is more room in the world to-day for brave thinking and honest living because of what he has done.

THERE has been a little misapprehension in certain quarters as to the opinions of the editor of this magazine concerning the proper treatment of heretics. The New York *Sun* which shines for all when it is not enveloped in fog, asserts that he "condemns, in the *Independent*, the practice of orthodox Christians mingling socially with heretics." And the *Catholic Review*, observing that he is ready "to begin banning his unorthodox neighbors," suggests that it is difficult for any Protestant to tell who is orthodox and who is a heretic. We beg to assure the *Review* that nothing in the world is easier. The word heretic can have but one intelligible meaning; it signifies the man who does not agree with you. And the intimation of the *Sun* that we have condemned the practice of mingling socially with such people is a very inadequate statement. We intend to introduce into the next Triennial Council of the Congregational Churches a bill providing that any person who shall venture to differ in opinion

with any regularly ordained Congregational minister shall receive thirty-nine lashes for the first offense, for the second shall be put in the pillory, and for the third shall have his ears cropped. When that bill shall become a law the days of heresy will be numbered.

THE exposure of Barnum's latest attempt at fraud in the manufacture of a "petrified man," leads to the inquiry whether this impostor has not got about to the end of his career. Certainly his feeble practice upon the credulity of fools is getting to be very stale and disgusting; and is it not time to stop laughing about it and denounce it as immoral and injurious? The people whom Barnum succeeds in humbugging, are people who cannot afford to be humbugged; and, if there were no commandment against lying, a regard for the welfare of the poor should lead all benevolent persons to refrain from abetting a man who beguiles away their money by simple imposture.

PRESIDENT ELIOT says that there are students in Harvard College who spend less than $500 a year and others who spend as much as $2500. He says that the smaller sum will maintain a student, but that it will require extreme frugality to live upon it; from $650 to $850 he regards as a fair annual allowance. We greatly doubt whether the conditions of life in a college where an annual expenditure of $850 by a student is regarded as moderate, are favorable either to scholarship or to character. The luxury implied in this estimate is not the friend of sound learning nor of pure morality.

MANY pupils in our high schools have lately learned that several of the gases have never been liquefied. That must now be unlearned. Within a very few weeks all these stubborn gases have had to succumb,—nitrogen and hydrogen holding out longest,—the former liquefying under a pressure of two hundred atmospheres, and the latter under two hundred and eighty, or nearly four thousand pounds to the square inch. The cold attained in producing this result is estimated at five hundred degrees below zero, of Fahrenheit's scale. Some day these gases will probably be frozen, and it may even be that we shall fill our ice houses, by and by, with solid chunks of air.

GAIL HAMILTON has found a Lodge in a vast wilderness of error, and "there," in the affecting words of the familiar hymn, she "intends to reside" for the present. It is pleasant to know that there are those among us who will see that life is not deprived of its zest by any lack of contradiction.

THE death of Dr. J. B. Mozley, Regent Professor of Divinity at Oxford, removes from the Church of England one of its most illustrious scholars, and from the church universal one of the ablest of recent defenders of the faith. His works on "Predestination" and "Baptismal Regeneration" have been less known in this country; but his "Bampton Lectures on Miracles," his "University Sermons," and most notable of all, his late discussion of "Ruling Ideas in Early Ages," have a place in the libraries of our most thoughtful ministers that is given only to the works of masters in theology. Dr. Mozley was eminently conservative in his habits of thinking, but he was a scholar rather than a partisan; and the services of such thinkers can be ill spared by the church at the present time.

THE students of heredity have one new fact on which to base an induction. The name of M. Prevost-Paradol will be remembered as that of the French minister at Washington who committed suicide in that city in 1870. His son, bearing the same name, has recently taken his own life in Paris. Probably the keenly sensitive and morbid temperament of the father was inherited by the son. Possibly also certain mental as well as physical tendencies were handed down by the father to the son. The son was not to blame for the father's suicide; how far the father may have been to blame for the son's no man can tell.

IT is at last definitely settled that Suleiman Pasha is none other than Pat Sullivan of Cork, Ireland. The Cork *Examiner* has the news. His early home was Karrica Druddad "on the river Lee"—the same river whose pleasant waters "the bells of Shandon sound so grand on," in those whimsical verses of Father Prout that Thackeray loved to repeat. During the famine of 1847 the family of the hero removed to Cork city, shortly after which his sister Ileen sailed for East Troy, N. Y. The circumstances connected with her departure were peculiarly affecting:

"When his sister embarked at Cork for East Troy, N. Y., he was not apparently moved, but when he returned home he was noticed, while solacing his mother, to burst out in emotional tears for his sister. He left off his favorite game of 'Knox,' a Cork game, and Racquets, and his aged mother would say to him, 'What is the matter, Paddy?' 'Nothing, mother, I can't live in Cork.'".

Forthwith he went to London, plunged into journalism, shortly emerged and took second cabin passage to Constantinople, enlisted in the Turkish army, entered the military school from which he graduated with honor, and rapidly rose to high rank in the service. For all this no less an authority than "Veritas" vouches in the Cork journal, so that the case seems to be fully made out. Indeed the etymological probabilities are almost sufficient of themselves to establish it. The derivation of Suleiman Pasha from Patsey Sullivan is much more obvious than that of "pickled cucumber" from "Jeremiah King."

And the fact that "Knox," (which is probably a Hibernian spelling,) and "Racquets," were the favorite games of his youth, shows that Patsey, though lowly-born, had all the elements of a second-class journalist and a first-class Turk.

THE terms of peace have been settled between the Russians and the Turks, and only wait to be confirmed by the other Powers. That this confirmation will be secured is not doubtful; for the three emperors are said to have a good understanding; the interests of France are not greatly affected, one way or another; Italy is not in a position to raise any objection, and England has suffered her opportunity of armed resistance to pass. The preliminary agreement is said to include the following items: 1. The autonomy of Bulgaria, with some extension of her territory—a Christian governor to be appointed by the Porte and confirmed by the European Powers. 2. The independence of Roumania. 3. Local autonomy for Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the independence of Servia. 4. The increase of the territory of Montenegro. 5. The cession to Russia of the territory near the mouth of the Danube lost in the Crimean war, and of a portion of Eastern Armenia. 6. An indemnity in money,—said to be fixed at $100,000,000. 7. Some arrangement whereby Russia may have the freedom of the Straits. It will be observed that the promises of Russia respecting the Christian nations have been kept, and that the heavy hand of the Turk has been lifted from every one of them. To this part of the bargain none of the other Powers can object, since it is substantially the programme proposed by the Conference at Constantinople. The cession of the Armenian territory, and the opening of the Dardanelles to Russia will, of course, be resisted by the English diplomats; but the resistance can hardly be effectual. The result of the war is the practical extinction of Turkey as a political power in Europe.

THE recent battles in Asia Minor have been fought upon historic ground. The pupils in the High Schools who are studying the Anabasis will find that Xenophon's little army marched, 2,278 years ago, through many of the places where the Turks and the Russians have met during the last autumn. Trebizond, Erzeroum, and Ardahan were all halting-places of the Greeks, on their return from Babylon; and the mountain from which they first saw the sea is supposed to be Kartchkal-Dagh, between Ardanach and Batoum. Mr. Layard, the great explorer, has just obtained from this region trophies of a still remoter past, in a series of architectural ornaments which formed part of the decorations of the palace of one of the sovereigns of Armenia, about twenty-six hundred years ago. These bronzes are covered with devices and inscriptions, in a language that nobody can decipher. Van, the ancient city from which they come, is of very high antiquity—having been in existence at least a thousand years before the beginning of our era. From this ancient city came a portion of the host that overthrew Nineveh and destroyed the Assyrian empire, six hundred years before the birth of Christ.

VICTOR EMANUEL was a saint in very much the same sense that the devil convalescent was a monk; but he has done a good day's work for Italy, and history will take care of him. Altogether his successes have been more remarkable than any of his contemporaries have achieved, scarcely excepting Bismarck. Italy was a group of fragmentary principalities when he came to the Sardinian throne; now it is a first-class power, holding its seat in its ancient capital, and rising steadily in the respect of the world. To have builded such a kingdom is glory enough for one man. The king was always a good Catholic, barring his denial of the temporal power; he reverenced the Holy Father as a spiritual but not as a political sovereign. And although the Pope had excommunicated and anathematized the king, he relented at last and suffered the sacraments of the Church to be given him. Probably the curse was transferred with the crown to King Humbert, but we trust that he will wax fat under it, as his father has done.

SEVERAL of the Old Catholic communities in Germany are determined on more radical reforms than have yet been secured. In Baden a movement is on foot to authorize the marriage of the clergy and the translation of the liturgy into the German tongues. Some of the priests, it is said, intend to settle the question of celibacy, so far as they are concerned, by getting married before the Synod meets to take action on the matter. They are not going to let their practice lag behind their principles.

IN England, Dr. John Henry Newman, the great and good Catholic divine, has been elected to an honorary fellowship in Oxford. In Scotland, an influential meeting of Protestant associations has voted to resist the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in that country by legal measures. In Spain an order has been issued by the government forbidding the preaching of anti-Catholic doctrines, and the sale of anti-Catholic books in the streets, highways and public establishments of every kind. Of these three signs of the times the one visible in England is much the brightest.

THE Bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church have on file the applications of about five hundred ministers from other denominations for admission to the ministry of that communion. This would seem to show that there are not nearly enough sects in this country. The object of a sect is, of course, to supply ministers with em-

ployment; and the fact that every new clerical employment agency is overwhelmed with applications shows the need of increasing the number of these agencies. Who will undertake to supply this "felt want" by organizing several new sects?

LITERATURE.

A SMALL book, but one whose value is out of all proportion to its bulk is Mr. Bacon's "Church Papers."[1] There is no sharper pen in any man's hand than that which Mr. Bacon holds; and the contributions that he is making to the discussions of current questions are not only acute and readable, they are generally just and wise. In the preface of this volume the author speaks of it as "a book which nobody will buy, which very few will read, and which hardly any one will approve." For the honor of American letters we should hope that this might prove to be quite too low an estimate of its usefulness. The public can scarcely hope for the continued respect of intelligent persons if it neglects a book like this.

The first three essays are of special interest to Congregationalists, though Christians of other names will find in them much that is suggestive. "The Fundamental Fallacy of Current Congregationalism," is, according to Mr. Bacon, the notion that the Church is purely the creature of a "social compact." This notion is assailed again in the second essay, where, in opposition to four false theories of the Church,—the Papal Theory, the Bourbon Theory, the Formal Theory and the Jacobin Theory,—as he names them, he presents the Rational and Scriptural Theory, which is that all the Christians dwelling in any neighborhood *are* the Church of Christ in that neighborhood, whether they have signed a "covenant" or not. Through both these essays the analogy is closely run between the organizing principle of the Church and that of the State. The correspondence between the theory of the Church which he is confuting and the theory of the state propounded by Rousseau and his school of political philosophers is shown, and the inadequacy of both theories is made very clear. The doctrine of Hegel, or rather of Aristotle, that man is a political animal, and that wherever there are men there is a state, is shown to be still more applicable to religious society. The question whether a neighborhood of "visible saints," "living members of Christ" while "separate and unconnected," may be regarded as constituting a church of Christ, is therefore absurd. Such a case is not supposable.

"That is not the way in which 'visible saints' live. When they try to live so their sanctity becomes invisible at once. They are no more 'visible saints' but visibly unsanctified. 'By this we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.' The problem in theology that begins with supposing a neighborhood of Christians without mutual love and intercourse under the law of Christ, is as rational as a problem in magnetism which should be founded on the supposition of a collection of steel magnets having attraction towards the pole but no attraction for each other. If, under the laws of human nature, human neighborhood implies human society, and human society implies the state; then, *à fortiori*, under the laws of the regenerated nature, Christian neighborhood implies Christian society, and Christian society implies the church. The law of Christ concerning common and mutual Christian duties is already in force, and the authority of administering its earthly sanctions resides with the community of Christians."

This theory of the Church cuts the tap-root of sectarianism. Let it be understood that all the Christians living in any community constitute the Church of Christ in that community; that it is the love of Christ in them and not any covenant that they may concoct, or any orders that they may import from abroad that makes them one; that the organizing force of Christianity is nothing of man's thinking nor of man's willing, but "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," and sectarianism is done for. The recognition of the simple fact that there is but one Church of Christ in any community; that the various congregations of different names are all parts of one whole; and that therefore these several congregations ought to be in closer relations with one another than they are with any other congregations elsewhere,—opens the way for the restoration of unity to the Church.

The "Confessions of a High Churchman" was written with a pen dipped in caustic. We suspect that Mr. Bacon recognized in one of the characters of the book under review a clumsy caricature of himself; and though there is no trace of temper in his criticism, the satire is of the keenest.

The two papers next following are styled in the table of contents "Irenical Letters." The first is addressed to the Bishop of Western New York and the second to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both of them relate to the unhappy divisions among Protestant Christians on the continent of Europe. When the sectary changes his sky he does not change his mind; at any rate he never

[1] Church Papers. Sundry Essays on Subjects Related to the Church and Christian Society. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

leaves the worser half of it behind him. All his sectarian prejudices he carries with him on his journeys; and if, therefore, two dozen Protestants are found inhabiting some European city, it is found necessary to have at least two churches. Mr. Bacon's letters to the two Episcopal dignitaries named are intended to show the evils of such a division of Christians and to suggest some practical remedies. The letters are written in the most Catholic spirit and they can scarcely fail to make a deep impression upon all who read them.

The seventh essay tells "How the Rev. Dr. Stone Bettered his Situation." It is the review of a volume by the Rev. James Kent Stone, D. D., producing his reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic. Here, again, Mr. Bacon's wit finds a fruitful field. Dr. Stone sought the Catholic fold because he could not live without certainty; and the manifold contradictions of the Roman Catholic doctrine are exhibited in a very striking light. The essay concludes with the following neat *reductio ad absurdum:*

"Until two years ago the author, believing himself to be entirely sincere and candid, held, as the result of private judgment a system (according to his own statement) wildly inconsistent, illogical and self-destructive, which he vindicated to himself and others by arguments plausible and satisfactory. Within two years, after candid but astonishingly brief examination, in the exercise of the same private judgment, he has dropped that system and adopted another, also with entire sincerity, and vindicates it by plausible arguments which he is not permitted candidly to reexamine. It is solely by the use of the same private judgment that played him so false before, that he has come to embrace the other system.

"*Qu:*—What is the probability that he has got the truth now?

"This is what he never may know.

"One thing alone he knows intelligently,—that the Roman Church is the true Church of Christ; and this he knows only by his poor private judgment which he is not permitted to revise. Every thing else he takes on the authority of this. And this, being known only by private judgment, may be a mistake.

"Poor man!"

The next four papers are sketches of the Old Catholic movement in Europe which Mr. Bacon had excellent opportunities of studying, during his residence in Geneva. The four with which the volume concludes discuss questions pertaining to the relation of the church with modern society. Sunday Laws, Theatre-Going, the Temperance Reform, and the question of Divorce are the topics treated; and they are treated with a breadth, a vigor and an incisiveness that leave little to be desired. Altogether this small volume is a notable one, and they who read it will be likely to join with us in the hope that the promised volume of "Theological Papers" from the same pen will be speedily forthcoming.

It may be the duty of the good reviewer to anathematize Thomas Starr King and all his works. But after looking over this volume of sermons[1] we have solemnly concluded that we cannot do it. Of course there are plenty of the faithful who will see that it is done. But while there are expressions here and there to which we should take exception; and while the *theory* of Christ's person held by Mr. King was one that does not express our thought of him, yet there is no worthy meaning in the word "Evangelical" which may not be applied without reservation to these sermons. The terrible fact of sin is not denied. "Who can utter or fathom," says the preacher, "the evil of sinfulness when we see what its curse is,—nothing less than a falling away from a unity or fellowship with God; not the breaking of a law alone, but unspeakable distance from the presence and strength of the Lawgiver; not a misuse of goodness merely, but a turning away from the light and benediction of him who is better than his goodness; whose presence, whose face, whose approval are worth more than all he can give us besides." And when he comes to speak of salvation from sin and of Christ as the Saviour, we find words that show the most humble reverence and confidence in him. "God became human" in the incarnation, he says: "and the extent of our Christianity is measured by our faith that God is an infinite Christ." "In our best moods, in our silent hours, when we are most truly and deeply men, we adore goodness, we enthrone self-sacrifice, we pay our heartiest homage to the spirit of love, we worship Jesus Christ." In the highest sense of the word these are spiritual discourses; they are not merely the application of ethical laws to the conduct of men; they recognize the deepest need of the human soul—that of reconciliation with God and of fellowship with him; and they press this truth of man's personal relation to a supreme God with tenderness and with power upon the conscience of the hearer. It must be a very ill-balanced mind that these sermons could "unsettle," and a very crabbed and sterile heart that would not be made tenderer and more fruitful by reading them.

One of those waves of discussion respecting the second coming of Christ which are frequently reported in history as passing over the Church, seems now to be upon us. The topic, always to a class of devout minds a fascinating one, has been brought into prominence at this time by the pronouncements of Mr. Moody, and by the extensive circulation of the documents of the Plymouth Brethren.

If the expectation of the speedy personal coming of Christ can be cherished without casting contempt upon the work that God is now doing in

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1 Christianity and Humanity: A series of Sermons, by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

the world, no harm will result from it; but if the effect of such a belief is to make men feel that the world is growing worse instead of better; that civilization is a wreck, and that Christianity under the present dispensation is a failure,—at least so far as any prospect of the conversion of the world is concerned—then its evil effects soon become apparent. Such a posture of mind toward the kingdom of God now established and steadily advancing in the world is not to be encouraged. "How is it that ye do not discern this time?" is the question that Christ puts in all the ages to such faithless disciples. The belief that the world is going to ruin as fast as it can; that Christ is soon to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, not in saving the race, but in destroying it; and that all that the Christian can do is to gather hastily a few brands out of this impending burning, is not a cheerful faith, at any rate; and it rests on a narrow view of Scripture and of history.

As a help to that broader view which takes in the present as well as the future, and which sees the fulfillment of Scripture in development not less than in catastrophe, Mr. Greene's little book ought to be welcomed.[1] It is the result of no little patient study and of a wise method of interpretation. Mr. Greene is a most comprehensive thinker. His mode of dealing with texts and with facts differs widely from that of the mere etymologist or doctrinal specialist. And while his book will be regarded as vague and mystical by readers of a dogmatic temper, it will lead every reverent and candid thinker out along the broader ways of Providence to heights of vision from which it will at least be certain that the jejune and statistical theories of the Advent are wholly inadequate. The book is in no sense controversial; its temper is devout and its discourse, though always careful and measured, often rises to real eloquence.

THE Sunday School teacher who wishes not only to explain but to apply the Scripture sometimes finds that the current selections from the book of Chronicles yield him small results in the way of a practical lesson. Indeed the great difficulty in all Sunday school teaching is in making a judicious application of the Scripture to the lives of the pupils. This difficulty is not greatly relieved by the various "lesson helps." Mr. Trumbull in the *Sunday School Times* does, indeed, generally contrive to hit the point in a very direct and practical way. He seems to have a genuine homiletical faculty. But many of the moralizings of the International Lesson expounders are about as inconsequent as Artemus Ward's best jokes. All who desire to get the practical point of the lesson will find the volume of sermons by the Monday Club[1] a valuable aid. These sermons are generally short and plain; the Scripture has been carefully studied with the view to its spiritual rather than its scientific value, and though the results are unequal the volume on the whole will be very useful to teachers of advanced classes.

SIDNEY SMITH'S "cassoway on the isle of Timbuctoo," undertaking to "eat a missionary, blood and bones and hymn-book too," would find almost any modern minister hard to digest if swallowed with *all* his hymn-books in his pockets. The accumulation of these hymnals upon the library tables during the past twenty years has been very rapid. It is not very long ago since one never saw any hymn-book in a Congregational or Presbyterian church except "Watts and Select," though occasionally a copy of "Village Hymns" might be found in the vestries. The other denominations also had each its single manual of hymns, and there were scarcely any others. Now their name is Legion. The publication of the "Plymouth Collection" about twenty years ago opened the flood gates of hymnology, and the deluge has followed. And although such an outpouring has brought along with it not a little flood-wood, yet the general result has been a great improvement in the character of the hymns sung in our churches and a great increase in the interest felt in this part of the worship. Didactic and doctrinal hymns are generally dropping out of the hymn-books; they contain more poetry and less preaching than once they did, and they have become, in a far higher sense than formerly, helps to devotion.

No one has yet thought of printing an "unabridged" hymn-book, yet we are bound to have it, one of these days. Somebody will be sure to print a book containing all the hymns in the language, and will urge it upon the churches as the only desirable manual of praise, because it contains all the hymns in the language. Some people will want it, of course; but others will be content with a hymn-book very much abridged. It will begin to be evident pretty soon, that a *selection* of hymns is all that is really available, and that no selection can contain all of every body's favorites.

The three Hartford pastors seem to have been governed by this principle in compiling their hymn-book.[2] Instead of the fourteen or fifteen hundred hymns which most recent collections include this book contains only four hundred and seventy-seven, all told. Yet the selection is judi-

[1] Glimpses of the Coming. By Richard Gleason Greene. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

[1] Sermons on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1878. By the Monday Club. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

[2] The Christian Hymnal. A Selection of Psalms and Hymns with Music, for Use in Public Worship. Hartford: Brown & Gross.

ciously made, and the hymns are nearly all poetical and devotional. The music has been edited with great care by Dr. Parker whose qualifications for this task are unusual. Many of the fine tunes of Barnby, Sullivan, Dykes, Monk, and the other recent English composers are included; and some of Dr. Parker's own arrangements and compositions are among the most serviceable in the book. The volume also contains a good selection from the Psalms commonly used in chanting with well-adapted music, the ancient unmetrical hymns, the Catholic creeds, and thirty-two lessons from Holy Scriptures for responsive reading. As a manual of worship it is therefore sufficiently full, and we have no doubt that any intelligent congregation, after using it for a year or two under wise direction, would come to prefer it to the vaster and costlier hymnals.

SCARCELY any of the established favorites among our American story-writers have kept their hold upon their public more firmly than Miss Warner has done. It was a good many years ago that "The Wide Wide World" was first talked about; and although none of its successors has made so deep an impression, all of them have found a hearty welcome. There is a large and very respectable circle of readers to whom every new book of Miss Warner's is an event. And there are good reasons for this.

In the first place, the character drawing is always admirably done. All Miss Warner's people are characters, and not lay-figures. The picturesque side of American country life appears in her stories in its best light. There is also a genuine feeling for nature, which gives her stories pleasant scenery and a local habitation. And the great problems of the Christian life are stated by her so clearly, and solved by her with so strenuous a devotion to the highest ideals, that young readers of tender consciences are apt to seek her as an oracle if not a prophetess.

The last story[1] is unusually fresh and captivating. The heroine is one of Miss Warner's best creations, and the story of her life is told with great power. It would be difficult to imagine a harder struggle between conscience and affection than that which makes the tragedy of Diana's life. A woman who for conscience's sake could do what Diana did, could endure, undismayed, the flames of martyrdom. Yet such trials may come to all, and do come to many. That not a few prove too weak to endure them and purchase delight with dishonor is too true; but many also by God's grace are strong enough to resist the temptation, and to stand fast in their integrity. So long as there are such people among us there will be witnesses whose testimony to the power of Christianity is quite as worthy of credence as those of the early martyrs. And so long as we see this spectacle of supreme fidelity to the right in opposition to the dictates of interest and the cravings of passion, we shall not all become converts to the utilitarian philosophy.

The lesson of trust and the lesson of faithfulness taught in "Diana," are lessons that need to be learned anew every day; and Miss Warner is certainly an agreeable and impressive teacher.

[1] Diana. By Susan Warner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

THE "No Name Series" will not need a name very long if it includes many books as slight as the last volume.[1] The society into which the story introduces us is of the most vapid variety—a tedious round of insincere civilities, and a sluggish current of the smallest talk. All the characters have the air of being bored, and the reader speedily is made partaker of this mood. It must be that people of this description really do live—even in Boston; for no one would take the trouble to imagine such shallowness; but to live among them would be distressing, to describe them must have been fatiguing, and to read about them is debilitating.

NOT all of us have yet seen the other side of the sea; but what with the photographs brought back by the travelers, and such piquant sketches as this "One Year Abroad,"[2] many of the famous places of the old world are becoming quite familiar. It is a sprightly little book, making one think of Mr. Warner's "Summer Saunterings," yet rather the jollier of the two; and it will serve both for reviving the pleasures of those who have traveled, and for whetting the appetites of those who have not.

VERSIFIED nonsense is no worse than prose nonsense, and though neither is the best reading for Sunday afternoon, there are hours when nothing else is so good. The nearer a college song comes to being gibberish, pure and simple, the better it is. This kind of value is possessed by many of the rhymes[3] of Mr. Adams. When he speaks of them as "poems" he speaks inaccurately if not profanely. They are no more poems than they are prayers. But the rendering of the German-English dialect is very happy, and some of the puns of which the other verses are made up are quite ingenious. The collection is one over which a number of tired people might usefully spend half an hour after supper.

[1] The Wolf at the Door. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[2] One Year Abroad. By the Author of One Summer. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[3] Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems. By Charles F. Adams. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——APRIL, 1878.——No. IV.

THE CREW OF THE SAM WELLER.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," "THE JERICHO ROAD," "THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST," ETC.

IV.

"FIVE-MILE current, I should say," remarked Deacon Packsitt, as he walked the deck of the "Sam Weller," and moodily observed the surface of the river. "About a hundred and twenty miles a day, that means, providin' we have no bad weather so's we have to lay up. So we'll be in Orleans in four days, unless the current slackens—which there ain't no danger of its doin'. Only four days to the end of the trip, an' nobody converted yet! *Have* I done my best, or hav'n't I? I've certainly been instant in season an' out of season, an' what's come of it all? Nothin', unless the Lord sees somethin' that I don't. Brown ain't no nearer the Kingdom than he was when we started; I hope he ain't *further* from it! An' as for Lugwine—well, Heaven forgive me! I'm about ready to believe that some folks ain't got no souls any way. 'Twould take an awful load off of my shoulders—my soul, I mean—if I could really believe that there *are* folks without souls, an', consequently, folks that ain't worth savin'. P'raps Brown could prove it to me with that smooth tongue of his, that *will* talk a feller down just when he knows he ought to be uppermost. But before I ask him about it, I'll go through my Bible, with the Concordance to help me, an' see what it says on the subject."

The Deacon raised his head, merely to rest it, and happening to notice that Vicksburg, which town he was just passing, made a very pretty picture when the light came from an evening sun, he allowed his perceptives to relieve his reflective power for a little while. Fine views were not peculiar to the Deacon's own country, nor even to the Mississippi River as a general thing; so the old man gazed until the light faded and left the hill and its houses to their own natural ugliness. And the scene suggested to the old man a spiritual parallel.

"That was just like Brown, lookin' at himself, I verily believe," said he. "He's got splendid health, an' that's the light that glorifies every thing in himself that he's so well satisfied with. I never saw my own depravity till I left Long Island, came West, an' nearly died of the ague. But it *does* seem as if the devil helped his own. Every other new Eastern man that ever came down this river with me has had a tough time with the chills before he got this far. Pity we couldn't have two or three hot fogs before we reach Orleans; *they'd* fetch him, and they'd make us lay up, too, an' give me more time at him. I honestly *do* believe that chills an' fever has done more to Christianize the West than everything else put together—except the spirit of God."

The Deacon paused for a few moments to reflect on this topic, and to peel, with his knife, some very thin shavings from one of

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the sweeps upon which he leaned. But realizing that he was losing sight of the main subject, he rallied himself after considerable effort, and continued, still with himself for sole auditor:

"Well, you can't *make* a horse drink, no matter how often you lead him to the waterin'-trough—an' I never could see that it did any good to push his nose down under the water; it only frightened him, an' made him splutter, an' always after that he'd want to drink at any place but that. I mustn't get him in *that* fix, else who knows but some Universalist would get hold of him?—*then* he'd be damned in spite of anything. He likes old Lugwine now a good deal better than he does *me*, an' I never saw anybody before that wanted to be around that old cuss all the time, unless it was a deppity-sheriff. I wouldn't feel so bad if he took to Soole an' Tanker; they ain't much, to be sure, but they've experienced a change, unless Methodist doctrine is all a mistake, an' I daren't say *that* just yet."

In justice to the Deacon's observing faculties, it must be admitted that Brown had been influenced fully as little by the old man's arguments as the Deacon himself feared. Occasional fits of remorse he could not escape; for with a mental nature which, though warped, had never been rendered inactive by bad physical habits, he had also all his time at the disposal of his thoughts, no matter in what direction his mind might insist upon working. But a man who successfully withstands an attack of any sort, no matter how bad his own cause or how good that of his antagonist may be, acquires new power and skill as a combatant; and it follows that the defaulter, who generally strove against his conscience until it retired, and on all other occasions refused to retire himself, began to experience longer periods of ease, and assaults which grew feebler with each recurrence.

Besides, he was approaching a city which, small thanks to what is called interesting news, had impressed itself upon his mind as the most irreligious city in the Union. News-letters which he had seen from there seldom contained any word about churches and benevolent societies, but much about horse-races and duels. And yet, did not his own bank handle a great deal of commercial paper from New Orleans: did it not rate, proportionately with its quantity, as good as the paper of any other mercantile center? And if the people of this supposedly heathen city were as honest as those of ——. But soft! that line of argument was unintentional: if they were as honest as other people, how could his own system of paganism affiliate with theirs? In point of physical morality, he might find some "sets" in society there as low as any one could desire, but for sensuality or brutality he had no longings. There was one point of contact ready made for him, however, with beings of an intellectual order; for he knew by a New Orleans journal which he had purchased at a landing above, that the theatres were open on Sunday, and that the dramatic tastes of the people seemed to be of a high order.

He drew the paper from his pocket, and re-read the advertisements of amusements, and read again and yet again an ably-written review of a late performance by a prominent "star." Then he fell to musing upon plays he had heard and read, when he heard lumbering, uncertain steps approaching, and then he heard the voice of old Lugwine remarking:

"That an Orleans paper you've got?"

"Yes," replied Brown, in a tone many degrees removed from the amiable.

"They're bully papers; leastways, them that I've seen is," said Lugwine. "Most always there's somethin' in 'em about a tip-top fight somewheres. Papers up our way ain't wuth house-room. Even ef there *is* a fight, all they ever do is to say there was one, and that the feller that licked is either in jail or the sheriff's after him. Why, a a preacher left five or six around our settlement once, and Nemi Flicker looked 'em all through, an' all there wuz in 'em fit to read was 'bout how a feller that they called a visionary, or somethin' like that—"

"Missionary?" suggested Brown.

"Yes," said Lugwine, after a moment of deliberation, I guess *'twas* missionary—'bout how he was sliced by some fellers in Afriky that didn't want to hear him preach,

but he would do it, instid of takin' hints when they heaved rocks at him. 'Twasn't much of a story, neither; fur he didn't hit back narry time, an' he jist prayed instid of cussin' 'em. You haint seen nuthin' of the kind, only livelier, in that Orleans paper I s'pose?"

"None that I remember," said Brown, shuddering and smiling almost at the same instant.

"That's too durned bad!" said the old man feelingly, as he leaned dejectedly against a barrel of pork, and thrust his hand into his pockets to avoid the labor of sustaining them in air. "I don't feel over an' above well to-day, and somethin' of that kind would pick me up almost as good as whisky."

The evident sincerity of the old man affected as well as amused Brown to a degree which caused him to search the paper again for material of a sort which he, for himself, always rejected at sight. Fortunately for Lugwine's spirits, the search was not unfruitful. There *had* occurred a difficulty, in the Achafalaya region, between two scions of good families, so the affair was reported as respectfully as if it had been a mere excusable altercation instead of a brutal fight; reported, in fact, as it would have been in almost any Northern journal, if the social considerations had been similar.

"I've got it," said Brown, with an uncontrollable shiver. "Here it is," he continued, handing the paper to Lugwine.

"Well, now," said the old man, with an odd alternation of hesitation and eagerness, "its too bad, but my eyes are botherin' me a heap lately; would you mind readin' it to me? I'll do as much for *you* some day."

Brown hastily determined to study his auditor by way of neutralizing the details of the story, and began to read, old Lugwine seating himself close beside him:

"UNFORTUNATE DIFFICULTY.

"We learn from a gentleman owning a large plantation on the Achafalaya River, the particulars of a deplorable affair which transpired several days ago. Two young men of finest family had been spending an evening socially with some friends, when conversation turned upon the cotton crop of the neighborhood. What was merely a difference of opinion unfortunately assumed the aspect of an issue of veracity; and each gentleman, being rather heated with wine, charged the other with untruthfulness. The efforts of the other gentlemen present being powerless to prevent a conflict, a hostile meeting, with knives, was immediately arranged and carried into effect. Both gentlemen——"

"Knives," interrupted Lugwine, "are just the thing, if a feller means business. There ain't any snappin' of caps about a knife, an' no feller haint got a chance to fire up into the air, an' spile the fun of them that's mebbe come miles to enjoy the fight. Go ahead."

"Why, Lugwine," remonstrated Brown, "That's just the trouble. If men meet with knives, some one is sure to be hurt; if they use pistols or guns there may be a chance of both being satisfied without any harm being done."

"I'd like to know," said Lugwine, with judicial deliberation which failed to entirely conceal his injured feelings, "if cheatin' the awjince out of the show isn't doin' no harm? No sir-ee; knives are the things. I heerd once, from a young feller that once run a school in the East somewheres, but come down to our neighborhood to hide about somethin'—'twasn't none of my bizness to ask what it wuz—I heerd from him that once there wuzn't no such thing as shootin', an' all kinds of fights wuz settled with cold iron. Why, he told me 'bout one fight that thousands of fellers got into—Thrasher-money, I think he—"

"Thrasymene?" suggested Brown.

"I reckon that *wuz* it," said Lugwine. "I see *you* know about it too. *Wuzn't* that a fight, though? The fellers got so hot slashin' each other that an earthquake came along, and they didn't know a dog-goned thing about it. A feller kinder takes more interest in a row when his man's near enough to grip, you know."

"And it makes him hate his enemy a great deal more, too," said Brown.

"Of course it does," replied Lugwine,

'an' it ort to. What's the good of fightin' if you haint got a good hate on? An' then, when you hit a man with a knife, you know *where* you hit him, if you feel around with the knife a little puttikilar; but a shot—why, if you don't send him to kingdom come first pop, you don't know whether you hit him at all, and so there ain't nothin' to encourage you."

"But, Lugwine," argued Brown, "one man deserves just as good a chance as another in a fight, for the sake of his family as well as himself."

"Look a-here neighbor," said Lugwine, sprawling on the deck so that he might look up into Brown's face, "you ain't talkin' fight at all; you're goin' on like a church member! I kinder set considerable store by you; I hope the Deacon ain't been a comin' it over you an' spilin' you?"

As the old man spoke, his gaze became so earnest, so serious, so reproachful, that Brown's eyes turned away from it, and he felt conscious of having done something to be ashamed of. In a moment or two he recovered himself, and then flushing angrily, he crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it overboard, rising at the same time, and beginning to pace the deck with long strides. So trying to be a heathen had really come to this! He could not avoid laying himself open to a suspicion of being religious; he could not stop thinking as he had thought; he was losing the respect of the brute who had become almost his model, and worse still, he had involuntarily become abashed and ashamed under the suspicious looks and suggestions of this ignorant, degraded old wretch! He had imagined himself as raising himself, by metaphysical effort, above the level of the dumb followers of mere moral tradition. Although he had recognized Lugwine as being upon the desired plane, it was only as a sort of camp follower—a bit of inert debris which had been thrown to the extreme edge of the desired life, by the active force which is as peculiar to the center of paganism as to any other system of life.

Why certain thoughts, sentiments, sayings, sometimes present themselves opportunely yet without call, is beyond explanation; but no one,—not even the creature of pure reason, can deny that such coincidence of demand and supply frequently occurs. As Brown strode back and forth, there came to his mind, for no cause that he knew of, the expression:

"From him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

H'm! What if that saying should really be a wise one after all, in spite of his own belief that it was spoken merely from human sentiment? What *had* been taken away from him? His paganism? Well, he would admit that he hadn't acquired much of it, so far; he could easily get it back again. Perhaps it was his religion? Well!—he smiled sarcastically as he talked to himself—if he had so little of it that it had to be taken away from him, then good riddance to it; it hadn't kept him out of trouble at home, and had been the source of most of his mental anguish since he had—had come West. For what had that passage come into his mind, any way? Was there really a devil who went about tormenting men? He of course could not attribute his visitation by this saying to any spirit but one of evil, for was not its effect annoying? Had anything really been taken away from him?

Considerable noise was being created aft, and Brown, looking carelessly up to discern the cause, saw old Lugwine throwing a long fish-line into the water and jerking it speedily in again; he was evidently trying to recover the newspaper. The anxiety depicted on the old man's countenance, and his phenomenal industry amused the young man considerably and changed the current of his thoughts. Seeing that no effort of his own could increase the length of his over-short line, the old gentleman gave up his attempt, and bestowed upon the line, the paper and his own soul, a number of condemnatory expressions. Finally, his temper having been allayed, he sauntered sheepishly up to Brown, and said:

"Say, I didn't mean to make yer mad, but I hev seen lots of good fellers made kinder like somebody else, by that old cuss of a Deacon, an' fellers like him."

"Never mind," said Brown, "I wasn't exactly mad; I happened to be thinking about something else."

"Well," said the old man, biting industriously at his tobacco-plug, "I wuz afeard I'd riled you awful. Do you know, you throwed away that paper before you finished the yarn?"

"Did I?" asked Brown, who had entirely forgotten the story.

"Of course you did," replied the old man, waxing earnest. "You only got to where they agreed to fight with knives; that ain't no story; the fight hadn't even begun, an' there's the paper out in the river all wet; it'll sink pretty soon! The's just one thing to be done; let's dump the skiff into the water, quick, an' go out an' grab the paper before it sinks."

"Hang the paper, and the fight, too!" exclaimed Brown. "Here! smoke a pipe of good tobacco; play seven-up—anything, rather than find out how two men cut each other to pieces. Men were made for something better."

"There you go again!" complained Lugwine; "if that *don't* sound like a preacher what *does* it sound like? 'Tain't *my* fault if I hear such things when you go an' say 'em."

Brown again began to feel ashamed, and to hide his sensations from his interlocutor he hurried forward. "From him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath;" this saying again obtruded itself upon his mind, and with it came a dim glimpse of what he had really lost by having it not. If he was so sensitive to the suspicions—even the opinions—of a mere bit of human scum like Lugwine, did it not seem that his self-respect had been taken away? He fought the idea at once, and fought it desperately, but desperation is not the quality with which a man can vanquish a truth—a truth which is fresh, undimmed, uncorrupted, as yet, by any metaphysical attacks from the quarter to which it should trust for its sustenance. The truth conquered, and Walter Brown, gentleman, financier, scholar, man of society, church member, son, brother and lover—a man who had enjoyed the advantages of every human incentive to self-respect, saw himself as the willful destroyer of a quality more precious than any which his brutish companion had ever carelessly owned and lost.

The Deacon came on deck just then to look at the weather and the river, but he was not so narrow of vision as to lose anything else that was within reach of his glance. He saw his stranger-hand leaning listlessly on the pork-barrels, dim-eyed, heavy-faced, a mere sullen cur, in spite of his fine figure and beauty of face. The Deacon was startled, and said to himself:

"*Is* it the ager comin' on—Glory be to God!—or is it conviction, greater glory be to the same? In either case, I've got the chance I'm lookin' for—the best chance I'm likely to have this side of Orleans. Whether he needs quinine or prayers, I'll speak to him." And then he advanced and said, aloud:

"Seem to be feelin' down again. Anything I can do for you?"

The defaulter looked at the Deacon from under his eyelids only; he seemed, even to himself, unable to raise his head.

"There's plenty of quinine below, if you've been took with another chill," continued the Deacon.

The young man shook his head impatiently.

"An' there's balm in Gilead—there's a physician there," the old man continued. Then getting no response, he approached closer to Brown, laid a hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Young man, I hate to meddle with other people's business, but if I ain't awfully mistaken, you've got some consid'able trouble on your mind. It's *your* affair, an' I don't want to pry into it, as I said; but ther *is* somebody you can't keep it from. Go to *Him*, young man; He's too much of a gentleman to run himself on *you*."

"I've been there," responded the defaulter, after an unsuccesfful attempt to keep silence. "He can't do anything for me."

"That word 'can't' is an insult even to a a man," replied the Deacon; "don't apply it to God. I don't know what you want of Him, but—"

"I want fifty thousand dollars of Him," said Brown.

The Deacon retired precipitately. Here was a fellow who was mixing business and religion—a mixture which the Deacon, in

spite of a pretty fair conscience, knew nothing about. Why would men make such attempts, he wondered? To Soole, crawling up the ladder and commenting upon the strange appearance of his stranger messmate, the Deacon explained:

"He's got business troubles on his mind."

Soole slouched up to Brown, tried unsuccessfully to catch his eye, and finally whispered, apologetically:

"I'd take coffee back, if I was you. *I* can't afford half as much as can be got rid of at Brackelsville."

Brown looked up enquiringly, and regained, only to lose them an instant later, his customary spirits, as he divined the probable cause of Soole's advice. "Thank you," said he, and turned away to rid himself of his would-be assistant. Strolling aft he was hailed by Tanker, who was at the helm, and who said to him:

"Seem to be down in the mouth, pardner. Fellers often air when they're gettin' near Orleans. Made up your mind what you're a goin' to do when you git there—what you're goiu' to take back with you, I mean? Jest take my word for it, there ain't nothin' like sugar. Low freights, you know, 'cordin' to what it'll fetch when you git it home."

The young man again changed his base, angrier and more tormented at heart than he had yet been. The feeble means suggested, contrasted with the greatness of his need, even if restoration of the bank's money could restore him again to the life which he had lost and the only life he cared for, showed him with terrible distinctness the hopelessness of his position. There was no sense in hoping against the odds which were against him; there was no life but the old life which presented any attractions. There was no one alive who cared for him but to punish him through the means which were provided for the punishment of criminals. Why should he continue to live if no one had any interest in him but from selfish motives? The river was beside him and all about him; *it* could keep his secret, if he cast himself into it. But no, there were those tell-tale initials upon his arm; water seemed always reluctant to keep its dead; he would be cast up, he would be found, recognized, and his memory would be branded as that of a coward as well as a defaulter. Well, he could tie the sounding lead and other weights about him, so as to bury himself beyond chance of resurrection. If no one cared for him—

"Say, neighbor," sounded a familiar voice at his ear, causing him to start violently, "the paper is gone; I saw it sink. I won't say anything more agin yer, 'bout talkin' like a preacher, but I *am* disapp'inted worse than thunder. Would yer mind readin' the old woman's letter over agin to me? *That* only sez that *Emery Ginnison* shot the sheriff's deppity; there wasn't no knifin' *there*. It'll be lots an' gobs of comfort for me now, yer can jist bet yer life on it."

Brown mechanically stretched forth his hand for the letter which Lugwine was slowly extracting from its odorous receptacle. Lugwine awkwardly smoothed its many folds, and Brown took it between the extreme tips of finger and thumb, while the old heathen rubbed his hands in anticipation. Brown read the letter automatically, being absorbed in the fragments of his own thoughts and apprehensions, and consequently he began to read, forgetful of its import, the closing paragraph of the epistle:

"I'm prane for—"

"What in thunder is the old woman a prayin' about now?" asked Lugwine. "I disremember that when you read it last time; I spose I was so took up with the way that *Emery Ginnison* got even with the deppity-sheriff that I forgot all about what came after. But she's alluz a prayin' for somebody or somethin', jist as straight-ahead as if 'twould do some good. Women are durned queer critters, anyhow; did yer ever know one of 'em thet could miud her own bizniss, an' wouldn't go around botherin' herself with other folkses affairs? Been around among women much in your time?"

"Some little," answered Brown, looking backward a few years with sentiments not at all quieting in their influence.

"Well, now, there's Almiry," said Lugwine, rolling a splinter tenderly back and forth under his huge brogan, "you never see such a woman. Good enough, as women go—best woman alive, in fact. Never cus-

ses after I've been off two or three days with the boys; always hez somethin' fur me to eat, whether *I* fetched it in or not. Yer might leave a jug of four-year old right under her nose fur ten year, an' she'd never steal a drop of it. She's alluz a doin' somethin' for the young ones, though what *they* need to hev done for 'em *I* never can see. An' yet she's alluz got time to pester her mind 'bout somebody else. Nobody else ever does anything for *her*. She hears, somehow or other, 'bout ev'rybody that gits into scrapes round our naborhood, an' over in town too. She don't git paid fur it, like preachers do, or I could see through it. *She* don't keer a cent 'bout how that deppity-sheriff got shot; ef I wuz home, an' tellin' her bout it, she wouldn't listen much —she'd act jist ez if she wuz asleep, an' yit, if the deppity came into the house chawed up, or Emery Ginnison came in to hide from them that might be after him 'bout the shootin', she'd be as soft-hearted to one uv 'em ez she would to 'tother. Dog on my cats ef it don't beat *my* schoolin."

And this was the person who, alone of all he knew, was caring anything for him, even if the method of her attention was one which he had come to consider as decidedly antiquated! So the defaulter mused. That others might be equally earnest in the same direction, as was more than likely, the young man had not imagined; for the imagination of a debased man, no matter how active it may be, is more likely to crawl than to soar. Father, mother and God he knew much about, but——the Prodigal Son, even, seems never to have thought of his father, rich and powerful, until his lower nature, his stomach, compelled him to do so. An ignorant, low-down old woman was the only person alive who was caring for him for reasons other than personal. Her husband liked him, to be sure, but how long would he continue to do so after the gratuitous tobacco-pouch became empty? Soole and Tanker—pshaw! he had frequently given advice to unfortunates himself, out of the love of giving advice, and dodged the recipients afterward for fear that they might ask favors of him. The Deacon—well, all these old church pillars thought to save themselves from eternal fires by plucking somebody else from the burning.

Well, at any rate, he had not asked for her sympathy; she had bestowed it unsought. Still, she had seen in him the necessity for it. She had seen him but for a few moments, and even in these her mind must have been partially occupied by thoughts of her husband. The defaulter was not conscious of having thought at all of his unpleasant position on the morning of embarkation; could it be that his face, which had successfully locked his guilty secret from the sharp-eyed officers of his bank, had been as crystal under the eyes of this ignorant old woman? If so, how and where could he secrete himself from the eyes of the world in general?

As the young man pondered, the river kept on its course, and as Brown went on duty at the helm that night, the Deacon informed him that the boat would reach New Orleans in time for the crew to go to church on Sunday morning, it being already Thursday night.

"I suppose, though," remarked the Deacon, "that you don't care much to go to church, seein' that you b'leeve all principally in yourself. But don't you think there's something kind o' touchin' an' manly in a lot of men and women, lots of 'em smart folks too, gettin' together on Sunday an' humbly expressin' their trust in a power that they never saw, an' yet b'leeve must be managin' the things they don't understand? When *I* was a young man, even though I was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, I used to enjoy goin' with the multitude, whether they was doin' evil or good. 'Twas generally evil, an' I didn't hang back from doin' my share, but long before I got into a state of grace I took a good deal of comfort out of bein' with them that served the Lord. It kinder brought me nearer to my own kind, an' made me feel as if I had lots of friends, even in a church where I didn't know man, woman or child. You'd better try it just once—you'll feel all the better for it."

The defaulter hung moodily upon the great rudder-sweep; he was grateful, at least that the darkness of night hid his face from his superior officer. Suddenly business came

into the Deacon's mind and banished religion for the moment.

"'Bout three or four mile down," said he, "there's a new cut-off. It don't 'mount to much as a rule, but the river's pretty high jest now, and there might some little coast steamboat be comin' up through it. Keep the boat's head well out in the stream."

The Deacon descended to his bed, and the defaulter to his thoughts.

ST. MATTHEW'S AND ST. MARK'S.

St. Mark's and St. Matthew's are two churches in an inland city, whose biographies may interest some of the readers of Sunday Afternoon. Why should not churches have their biographies as well as individuals? They have their characters, even to idiosyncracies and hobbies; they diffuse an influence about them, wholesome or unwholesome, precisely like an exaggerated type of human being.

These two churches were born in the same religious family, at the same time; they held the same creed, possessed about the same resources of property and social influence and culture. They should have been as alike as twins.

But they were totally unlike.

St. Mark's was an offshoot from the old congregation of St. Peter's. There was really no reason in any difference between the creeds or opinions of the mother church and the seceding body for any separation. The real reason lay in the merits of a certain Rev. Jacob Supplee, who had won the younger portion of the congregation to be his disciples. He was a young, warm-blooded man, with a talent for assault. Every Sunday he attacked some heresy or heterodoxy, from the date of Kant to Strauss and Darwin, with an airy dash and bravado that swept his hearers along with him. On Friday he "crammed" with the dogmas of the infidel selected, whether Gnostic, Positivist or Scientist, on Saturday he demolished them in a thirty minutes' sermon, and on Sunday hurled it at them, while his disciples triumphed victoriously as one host of Pharaoh after another went down beneath the waves of his rushing eloquence.

Feeling themselves hampered by the old conservative members of St. Peter's, they resolved on a separation. For six months they worshiped in a hired hall. As we before stated, there was much wealth and culture in the new church. The majority of them lived in houses built and decorated in accordance with what their owners considered artistic truth. Many of them had been in Europe and had brought back statues, pictures, Persian carpets and *bric-a-brac* for their homes. Naturally when these people, on Sunday mornings, went out of the beauty and softness and color of their own houses into the square hall of the church, with its whitewashed walls, hemp carpeting and wooden chairs, they were chilled and disgusted. Their consciences grew uneasy. What right had they to lavish money on their own dwellings and build no house for God? How did this hired hall pay Him honor? Besides, the new congregations of the Presbyterians and Baptists were each building magnificent temples to His glory. The organ in the Baptist church cost double the price of the whole building in which they worshiped; and the Baptist brethren had not half the solid wealth of which they could boast. There was Dove, the Baptist banker, who had put down a round ten thousand—Dove was very shaky indeed, etc., etc.

The matter was talked about in private at first among the members; the ladies were all, without a dissenting voice, vehemently in favor of building. Then vague hints were dropped in reference to it by Mr. Supplee in sermons. A good deal was said by those in favor of it about carnal-minded devotion to worldly things, (meaning pictures, Persian rugs, etc., at home,) and neglect of the service and glory of God,

(meaning a new church, organ, etc.) Some visiting clergymen openly expressed their surprise at the lack of energy in spiritual affairs in so young and vigorous a church.

At last the St. Mark's people found it impossible to worship in their plain hall without sharp compunctions, and when they knelt on the hemp carpet felt one moment that their Maker was insulted by it, and the next wondered whether the dissenters who were in the back seats were laughing at it secretly.

Of course a fire smoldering so hotly as this is soon kindled into flame. A meeting of the vestry was called on Monday. Subscription papers went round on Tuesday. Without any difficulty thirty thousand dollars were raised. In the course of a week, a dozen eligible lots were offered to the committee for sale. But a wealthy grocer (not a communicant) relieved them of all difficulty in decision by presenting them with a corner lot in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. The gift was received with enthusiasm. But it insensibly altered the plans of the committee and the ideas of the congregation. The thirty-thousand-dollar house would look shabby in the neighborhood of the most magnificent private dwellings in the city; or, though they did not put it into words, they felt that the house which could be built to the glory of God on Sixth Street would not redound to His glory at all on Franklin Avenue. The architect in offering his plans submitted first one which would "suit the location," and afterwards one in accordance with the price named. A most meager, paltry affair it seemed. Both the committee and the congregation felt themselves roused to generous emulation. They were convinced that this was the Lord's work. The subscription papers went round again; but only twenty thousand dollars were added.

"But I am confident," said Mr. Supplee to the committee, "that the church will do better than that, when warmed up to the work. I will make appeals from time to time; stir up their consciences. As the building progresses, their zeal will increase. Nothing will draw forth fervor in money or love like a tangible object."

"My advice then, gentlemen," said the architect, with a smile, "would be to make the tangible object as worthy fervor as possible. Take this plan," unrolling the costly one upon the table, with an off-hand air. "Leave a margin for their generosity. It's like putting a high ideal before a man and bidding him live up to it. Besides, sir," turning to Mr. Supplee, "the sermons preached under such a dome as this, must elevate your people. Consider the effect upon your imagination,—your breadth of thought. They will gather the interest of their money in that way, if no other."

"No, sir," said Mr. Supplee gravely. "No personal considerations move me in this matter. I look upon this temple simply as an offering to Almighty God from my people. Though," he added, "I should be loth to deny the effect upon the religious emotions of beauty in art. I hope you will illustrate it nobly in the present instance. Well, gentlemen, what do you say? Shall we count upon the generosity of the people or not?"

The master-builder interrupted the answer by a suggestion that the estimate of cost for the finer design was very liberal,—thrown off hastily,—that, no doubt, by shaving in corners, he could bring it down considerably.

That was decisive. The committee with $50,000 to build a church, began to build one which would cost $150,000. Every man or congregation that has built a house knows the result. The edifice, when handed over by the builder, had cost, in round numbers, $200,000, with one tower left unfinished under a wooden cap. To be sure, it was considered a perfect work of art by the congregation: the carved gargoyles were the most hideous to be had for money. The wood even in the cellar was genuine black walnut. The frescoing was bold in design and delicate in finish. For two or three months the congregation worshiped in the new temple with a delighted complacency, which, if not devotion, was so close an imitation that it deceived themselves. Every pew was crowded. The floating religious population, which has as keen a palate for novelties as had the Athenians, came to see the building and to hear the new organ. At

first, nothing but applause was heard; then the visitors began to hint doubts and hesitate dislike.

"There was no ventilation. The air was like that from a bake-oven."

"The air was good enough, but the acoustic properties were bad. In certain angles you could not hear Mr. Supplee at all."

"The coloring was too gaudy. The building lacked shadow. It looked like a gilt bon-bon box. Why had they trusted the painting to that fellow Sprout? There was the great Italian"—etc., etc.

"The color was very nice, but what mongrel architecture was this? It was a perfect pot-pourri of orders. Compare it with the severe simplicity of true art in the Baptist church," etc.

The congregation became individually disheartened. They forgot to join in the hymns, looking about from dome to nave with critical eyes.

Besides, now that the church was built, there was no enthusiasm in raising money for it. Subscriptions stopped, sewing circles, fairs, charade parties flagged in zeal. When the time came to pay the semi-annual interest on the mortgage, it was a dead weight which they could scarcely lift. When the time came for the second payment, the load was well-nigh intolerable. In the next year, and indeed, all succeeding years, the combined efforts of the congregation have been needed to meet this obligation. They declare this spring that they stagger under it. They give little or no money elsewhere, simply because this building, like Aaron's serpent, devours all other charities. Domestic or foreign missions receive but scant support from St. Mark's; their fund for the poor is reduced to a meager pittance. Mr. Supplee has almost ceased to try to rouse them to works of benevolence or mercy."

"My people," he says to other ministers, "are taxed as far as their strength will bear, to be just. They cannot afford to be generous."

Meanwhile, the contractor who holds the mortgage has threatened again and again to foreclose. The man needs the money which is justly his due. For the lack of it he was forced last winter to limit his work, and thus from two to three hundred laborers were thrown out of employment. They cast black looks at the stately pile as they go by, and call it a gigantic swindle. But the members are certain that they built it to the glory of God, and doubtless many of them were sincere in that endeavor.

St. Matthew's congregation has had a much shorter and simpler history. It was in the beginning, a body of men and women who gathered around a young minister in the poorer part of the city. George Paton was from the country; an exceptionally clear-minded, downright young fellow, with a natural quick, womanish tenderness towards all the weak and helpless of God's creatures. Coming from the country, he was moved uncontrollably by the misery and vice which met him at every turn on the crowded streets. The lad, like old Robert Barrow, thought he heard a voice bidding him go out and compel these people to come in. Many young men hear such a voice in the beginning of their ministry, but in the routine of church management, the dulling noises of their common-place lives, it dies out and is almost forgotten. How many clergymen leave their regular "beat" of church duties to visit a gaol, a pawnbroker's neighborhood, a gin shop, to "compel them to come in?" But Paton, now that he is a bent, gray-headed man, hears the voice as terrible and urgent as in his early youth, commanding him to go into these highways and byways. At first, he literally brought his congregation, one by one, to hear the message which he was bidden to deliver; hiring a hall, and filling it with the poor, the halt and the blind, whom he found on week days. Rumors of the wonderful force of his appeals began to circulate among the wealthier classes of the town. Many came to hear him from curiosity and remained because they were warmed and fed. Those who were thus warmed and fed, however, were, as a rule, simple-mannered, earnest men and women like Paton himself. They were roused and touched as never before in their lives, by his appeals to them to help each other, to help the poor

about them, the red men, the black men, the prisoners in their county gaol, the heathen Chinamen by the river.

"Must we carry all this load?" they said. "Are we our brothers' keepers? This Paton claims kindred with all the world."

They laughed and grumbled, but they went next Sunday to his little hall. They began as they listened to him to waken, to perceive long, wide outlooks from their narrow lives, unopened before. They began to find that there were stretches of life, work, sympathies, outside of their family cares, their shops, their hobby of dress, art, books or society; life and work and sympathy which took hold of God.

Presently they came to him, one by one, each saying in his own way, "What can I do?"

George Paton always found something for them to do. After a year or two, the hall becoming crowded, they bought a lot near their working-ground and built a large church, solid and plain but inexpensive. There was not an inharmonious line; not a tawdry tinge of color about it; but not a dollar was spent on luxurious appointments. The congregation as a whole was as wealthy as that of St. Mark's, although the majority of the members were poor. These members paid for the church, and set aside an endowment fund to sustain its current expenses from year to year.

"Now we have that burden off our minds," Mr. Paton said to his flock; "you have here a church free to all, with money set aside to warm, light, and keep it in repair. Whatever money you have to give hereafter will go straight to the work of preaching the Gospel or feeding the hungry."

A certain Judge Simms, in the church, had a secret desire to see a rose window in the church, similar to that in St. Mark's, or a little finer if possible.

"I will pay for it," he said to Mr. Paton. "I enjoy beautiful things about me. God has made the flowers bloom and the birds sing. He meant us to cultivate the beautiful on earth to His glory."

"Yes," said Mr. Paton.

The next Sunday he set before his people the condition of two or three miserable coal districts, where there was no church nor school.

Judge Simms met him coming out of church. "I will head the subscription to send a missionary there. The rose-window can wait until January."

But in January, there was the story of the county gaols in the state to hear, of insane girls strapped to the floor or chained in cells, and the Judge's subscription did not go to stained glass, but paid for their admission to an asylum.

In the spring there was a freshet which destroyed the houses of half the mill-hands living down by the river, and St. Matthew's church fed and clothed hundreds.

In the spring there was a great city burned to the ground, and thousands of poor wretches were turned out homeless; in the autumn came the story of famine in another country. St. Matthew's was always ready with its helps, the Judge always ready with his subscription.

The rose window is not yet ordered. "I wanted to put it there," the Judge said in his last illness. "It was a favorite fancy of mine. I thought the Lord would be glad to see His temple glorious. But there were always so many of the hungry to feed and the naked to clothe! I intended to devise money for it in my will, but I have endowed instead beds in our Children's Hospital and Orphan's Home. I think the sight of the little children there, well cared-for, happy, learning to be Christian men and women, will be fairer in His eyes than any pretty mixture of colored glass."

The Judge had the reputation among St. Mark's people of being "a good, well-meaning man, but with no capability of high emotional feeling, or the devotion which grows out of the cultivation of æsthetic sensibilities."

The Judge heard this opinion and looked bewildered.

"Maybe so," he said. "But I did what I could."

He is gone now where the opinion of St. Mark's or St. Matthew's will have little weight.

St. Matthew's church is old, and is undeniably very plain compared to others pos-

sessed of as large resources. The young people this spring are anxious to put in costly windows, a new organ, velvet carpeting, etc., and to hire a noted soprano and basso for the choir.

But Mr. Patton has opened a new Mission chapel and a Workingman's club-room, and is now contriving an association by means of which unemployed laborers will be helped to buy land in the waste districts of the state and to colonize there. The church, he says, ought to set an example as to the proper outlay of money. No honest man, with the times as hard as they are now, if he is in debt to his poorer neighbor, is going to treat himself to fine furniture in his house, or even to noble music."

"But St. Matthew's is not in debt?" cried his hearers. "We do not owe a dollar!"

"My friends," said the old man, "we are in debt as long as there is a human being on the earth poorer in body or soul than we. We owe him education, civilization, the Gospel—that help, in short, which is to make a man of him instead of a brute. Until we have met this great and terrible obligation which rests upon us, every dollar spent in luxury in our place of worship is simply defrauding our creditors. Beauty is a help to devotion, eh? Oh, children, the sight of a single man whom we have helped out of misery and vice to a clean, honest life, is a better help to devotion than all the red glass or velvet carpeting in the city!"

But Mr. Paton by most people is looked upon as an extremist in his views.

So St. Mark's and St. Matthew's work, each in its own way, for the honor of their Master. Each is a type of a large class of churches throughout this country.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

EASTER LILIES.

Darlings of June and brides of Summer sun,
Chill pipes the stormy wind, the skies are drear;
Dull and despoiled the gardens every one;
What do you here?

We looked to see your gracious blooms arise
'Mid soft and wooing airs in gardens green,
Where venturesome brown bees and butterflies
Should hail you queen.

Here is no bee nor glancing butterfly;
They fled on rapid wings before the snow;
Your sister lilies laid them down to die,
Long, long ago.

And here amid the slowly dropping rain
We keep our Easter feast, with hearts whose care
Mars the high cadence of each lofty strain,
Each thankful prayer.

But not a shadow dims your joyance sweet,
No baffled hope or memory darkly clad;
You lay your whiteness at the Lord's dear feet,
And are all glad.

Oh coward soul, arouse thee and draw near,
Led by these fragrant acolytes to-day!
Let their sweet confidence rebuke thy fear,
Thy cold delay.

Come with thy darkness to the healing light!
Come with thy bitter, which shall be made sweet!
And lay thy soil beside the lilies white,
At His dear feet!

Susan Coolidge.

SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS.

II.

REPHIDIM AND SINAI.

We left the Hebrew host toiling upward from the maritime plain of the Gulf of Suez, along the Wady Feiran, and approaching the defile where Amelek had mustered all his wild desert rangers to oppose their farther progress; and may now more particularly mark the circumstances which preceded the contest of Rephidim. The lower part of the Wady Feiran is dry and desert, but its upper part above the entrance of the lateral valley of Wady Aleyat is comparatively well watered and verdant, and was no doubt very valuable to the native tribes. At the commencement of this fertile portion there is a strong position, flanked by hills and affording good means of retreat in case of defeat. The defenders of such a position would also have the advantage of water and pasturage, while their assailants must march for three days through an arid waste. On the one hand the Amalekites were here defending the frontier of the habitable country under favorable circumstances. On the other the Israelites, after the dreary march through the wilderness of Sin and the lower stretches of Feiran, would hope when they reached the upper part of the valley, to enjoy comparative ease and plenty. How bitter then would be their disappointment, when arriving faint and thirsty, they found the pass occupied by their enemies, ready to bar their entrance, and so situated that defeat or retreat would be equally fatal to their assailants. There was no way of flanking the position of the enemy. They must conquer, or return to perish in the thirsty desert through which they had been marching. Accordingly the biblical narrative informs us that on reaching this place, where they had no doubt expected to find rest and water, the Israelites "chode with Moses," and gave way to the utmost alarm and irritation. It was here that the rock was smitten to give water to the people, and surely there never was greater need of a miraculous intervention. Refreshed and strengthened, a chosen band under Joshua attacked the position of the Amalekites, and after a protracted fight extending throughout the day, and apparently after several repulses, succeeded in storming the position and putting them to flight. Moses watched the fight from a neighboring hill, and prayed to God for the success of Israel; and when the battle was decided he raised an altar to Jehovah, calling it Jehovah Nissi (The Lord my banner), and he is said to have written a memorial of it in "the book"—that book of records which we now have in Exodus and Numbers. The explorers identify a hill, Jebel et Tahûneh as the "Gibeah" on which Moses must have stood to witness the fight, and not far below the field of battle is one of those rocks which the Arab traditions indicate as the smitten rock from which the water flowed.

It is worthy of note that before reaching Rephidim the Israelites would have passed over the outcrop of the cretaceous limestone and of the underlying sandstone, now

known to be of carboniferous age, and would have entered on the much older gneiss and slate underlying the sandy and gravelly bed of the wady, and flanked on either hand by the high granitic or syenitic masses of Serbál and Banát, the whole constituting a wild and alpine scenery altogether strange to the greater part of the people, and fitted to impress them with awe and terror. On the other hand, the walking is now good, and generally over a clean granitic gravel, the deeper colors of the old rocks are less glaring in the sunlight, and there are many high cliffs giving the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The scenery of this first of the battles of the Lord's host is so vividly sketched by Captain Palmer that it would be wrong not to quote a part of his description.

"The road now lies wholly among the older rocks, whose somber lines and varied outlines afford a pleasant change and relief to the eye after the glare and sameness of chalk, and the somewhat overrich coloring of the sandstone cliffs. The ranges, especially on the left, here take fanciful forms and rise in long serrated ridges now and then surmounted by graceful cones." (He then describes the banded appearance of the higher hills, caused by dark red, purple and olive green dykes of dolerite and diorite traversing the dull brownish gneissic rocks of the hills.) "From a point almost a mile further on, the character of the route gradually changes and the scenery increases in grandeur at every mile. We are now entering the intricate labyrinths of the Sinai mountains, approaching the huge clusters of which Mount Serbál forms the crowning feature; the hills draw closely in on either hand, the wady becomes more and more winding the higher you advance, and its bed ere long contracts to but half or even less of its former width. High banks of alluvial deposits cut through by the passage of torrents guard the mouths of tributary valleys; chalk debris disappears and gives place to boulders of gneiss and granite; shade is now abundant, the air cool and bracing, and the spirits of the scorched traveler, half depressed it may be by the fatigue and exposure of his march, now rise to buoyancy and even to enthusiasm." (Here occurs Hery el Khattatin, according to Bedouin tradition the scene of the miracle of water in Rephidim, where is a large block of fallen granite covered with pebbles placed there by the Bedouins in commemoration of the event. In this neighborhood are also many of the Sinaitic inscriptions, which however the explorers do not believe to be of great antiquity). Above this place the scenery of the pass becomes so wild and grand as almost to overwhelm the mind; here and there stupendous cliffs rise perpendicularly above the path, elsewhere the slopes are covered with immense slides of disintegrated rocks, and the devastating effects of winter torrents are plainly seen in the main valley and its tributary glens. The rocks from the hill tops to the valley's level are to all appearance absolutely bare. At the mouth of Wady Umfús the traveler halts to enjoy a glimpse of Jebel el Banát, a towering ridge of red granite of matchless depth of color, and the yet more magnificent view of Jebel Serbál now near at hand. A mile further on we come to the little oasis of El Hesweh—palms, water and Bedouin dwellings—a bright spot of living green in the midst of stern desolation and just where a wide rugged valley, "Wady Aleyat, descending from the Eastern slopes of Serbál comes in from the South-east, we get our first view of the great palm-grove of Wady Feiran, a rich mass of dark green foliage winding through the hills."

It was in front of this Eden of the Sinai desert, that the Amalekites are supposed to have posted themselves, and we may imagine the discouragement of the people when they found the sword of the desert ranger excluding them from this paradise and threatening to drive them back into the wilderness, and the earnestness of Moses in his prayer that success might be granted to the arms of Joshua.

The battle of Rephidim opened to the Israelites a comparatively fertile and watered country leading to the great plain before Sinai. Farther, it enabled them to open communication with the Midianites dwelling on the East side of the peninsula, on the gulf of Akabah, and who were

friendly to Moses and his people. Accordingly we find that immediately after the battle, Jethro, the priest-chief of the Midianites, was able to meet Moses and to bring to him his wife and sons, who for safety had remained in Midian. This brings up some interesting questions respecting the Midianites of the Sinaitic peninsula and their relations to the Hebrews, for which, however, reference must be made to the work itself.

The whole route traversed, with the localities of water, may be reviewed as follows:

Suez to Ain Mousa,	8 miles,	good water.
" Ain Hawarah,	56 "	saline water.
" Wady Gharandal,	63 "	water.
" Wady Useit,	69 "	water.
" Wady Shebakah,	84 "	some water by the way.
Shebakah to Sufsafeh the "Mount of the Law,"	82	abundant water near Sufsafeh.

Total from Suez to Sufsafeh or Sinai, 168 miles.

The actual position of Mount Sinai has been a subject of keen controversy, which may be reduced to two questions: 1st, Was Mount Sinai in the peninsula of that name or elsewhere? 2d, Which of the mountains of the peninsula was the Mount of the Law?

As to the first of these questions, the claims of the peninsula are supported by an overwhelming mass of tradition and of authority, ancient and modern; and though Dr. Beke has adduced very plausible reasons in favor of a position east of the Gulf of Akabah, our explorers show conclusive geographical evidence against this view. They think however that his suggestion that some portion of the forty years' wandering took place in the great Arabian desert, merits consideration, and that this extensive desert region deserves careful exploration in this connection.

If this question be considered as settled then it remains to inquire which of the mountain summits of that group of hills in the Southern end of the peninsula which seem to be designated in the Bible by the general name of Horeb, should be regarded as the veritable "Mount of the Law." Five of the mountain summits of this region have laid claims to this distinction; and their relative merits the explorers test by seven criteria which must be fulfilled by the actual mountain. These are: (1) A mountain overlooking a plain in which the millions of Israel could be assembled. (2) Space for the people to "remove and stand afar off" when the voice of the Lord was heard, and yet to hear that voice. (3) A well defined peak distinctly visible from the plain. (4) A mountain so precipitous that the people might be said to "stand under it" and to touch its base. (5) A mountain capable of being isolated by boundaries. (6) A mountain with springs and streams of water in its vicinity. (7) Pasturage to maintain the flocks of the people for a year.

By these criteria the surveyors at once reject two of the mountains, Jebel el Ejmeh and Jebel Umm-alawi, as destitute of sufficient water and pasturage. Jebel Katharina, whose claims arise from a statement of Josephus that Sinai was the highest mountain of the district, which this peak actually is, with the exception of a neighboring summit 25 feet higher, they reject because of the fact that it is not visible from any plain suitable for the encampment of the Israelites. Mount Serbál has in modern times had some advocates, but the surveyors allege in opposition to these that they do not find, as has been stated, the Sinaitic inscriptions more plentiful there than elsewhere, that the traces of early Christian occupancy do not point to it any more than early tradition, and that it does not meet the topographical requirements in presenting a defined peak, a convenient camping-ground, or a sufficient amount of pasturage.

There only remains then the long-established and venerated Jebel Musa—the orthodox Sinai; and this in a remarkable and conspicuous manner fulfills the required conditions, and besides illustrates the narrative itself in unexpected ways. This mountain has however two dominant peaks, that of Jebel Musa proper, 7,363 feet in height, and that of Ras Sufsafeh, 6,937 feet high; and of these the explorers do not hesitate at once to prefer the latter. This peak or ridge is described as almost isolated, as descending precipitously to the great plain of the district, Er Rahah, which is capable of accommodating two millions of persons in

full view of the peak, and has ample camping-ground for the whole host in its tributary valleys. Magnificent photographs of this plain and the mountain are given in the work, which leave no reason to doubt that it is just such a theatre of the giving of the Law as the most sanguine and vivid imagination would conceive. "From the time when the traveler enters the plain, the peak of Sufsafeh stands out sharp and clear against the sky," and he never loses sight of it for a moment till "he crosses the dry wady bed at its foot and gazes up at the tremendous cliff in front of him, and which is sufficiently steep to be described as a mountain that may be touched." Farther, it is so completely separated from the neighboring mountains that a short and easily intelligible description would define its limits, which could be easily marked out.

Another remarkable feature is that we have here the brook descending out of the mount referred to in the Exodus, and besides this five other perennial streams in addition to many good springs. The country is by no means desert, but supplies much pasturage; and when irrigated and attended to forms good gardens, and is indeed one of the best and most fertile spots of the whole peninsula. The explorers show that the statements of some hasty travelers who have given a different view are quite incorrect, and also that there is reason to believe that there was greater rainfall and more verdure in ancient times than at present in this part of the country. They further indicate the Wady Shreick in which is the stream descending from the mount, as the probable place of the making and destruction of the golden calf, and a hill known as Jebel Moneijeh, the mount of conference, as the probable site of the tabernacle. They think it not improbable that while Ras Sufsafeh was the Mount of the Law, the retirement of Moses during his sojourn on the mount may have been behind this peak, in the recesses of Jebel Musa, which thus might properly bear his name.

Other interesting considerations are of a political and military nature. It was necessary for the Israelites to have a secure dwelling place for some time, in order that their religious and social institutions might be fully organized before their march northward to Canaan. For this purpose the plain of Er Rahah and the region in its vicinity were admirably fitted. It is in the very heart of the peninsula, and approached only by passes easily defended, one of which the Israelites themselves had to force at Rephidim. It was too remote to be attacked by Egyptian expeditions, had these been sent against it, and the Amalekites after their chastisement at Rephidim were not likely to assault a place whose strength was so well known. It was on the borders of the territories of the friendly Midianites, with whom Moses had sojourned so long and was connected by marriage. It would thus give a secure abode, with supplies of water and pasture; and after the hardships already endured by the people, would appear to them a haven of comparative rest; while on the other hand it was sufficiently a wilderness to wean them from Egyptian habits and train them to the hardihood of a desert life.

In geological character the Sinai mountains, including the Mount of the Law, are of great antiquity and simple structure. They consist of a red syenitic granite associated with other ancient crystalline rocks, and on which rest mica schists and gneisses much older than the sandstone of the region, which is known to be of the age of our Coal-formation rocks. Thus the syenite of Sinai, though a rock of igneous origin, must have been cooled down in the far back Palæozoic age of Geology. This effectually and forever disposes of the theory held by some interpreters of Exodus, that Sinai was a volcanic mountain, and that the terrific phenomena which accompanied the giving of the law were those of an eruption. It is to be observed also that "the thunders and lightnings and thick clouds" of the Mosaic narrative, rather resemble the appearances of an atmospheric disturbance than of a volcanic eruption.

Lastly—for the benefit of those who love to consider the purely human element in religion, Moses had sojourned in the region, and knew perfectly the way by which he was leading his people; a way which he had fully

learned in his long exile. The place had been indicated to him by divine revelation, but independently of this it is evidently one of those grand shrines of nature which man vainly tries to rival in his temples and cathedrals, and which strike awe into the human heart, and lead it to lofty thoughts and imaginings; and such a place must have had peculiar impressiveness to a people reared in the flats of the Egyptian delta and who had just been stirred by the marvelous experiences and excitements of their flight from Egypt. It was thus one of the most fitting spots on earth to be the theatre of the revelation to man of a new and purer faith, unmixed with the figments of human invention, and leading to a worship of the one God the Creator.

The expedition did not discover any certain indications of the sojourn of the Israelites. The Sinaitic inscriptions, so called, are now known to be of less ancient date. There are however numerous Egyptian inscriptions indicating expeditions to work the mines of turquoise and copper, and dating as far back as the third or fourth dynasty, long before the time of the Exodus; and it is a curious coincidence that the latest king whose name has been recognized is that of Thothmes III., the last great king of the eighteenth dynasty, under which the Israelites flourished, and which was succeeded by that nineteenth dynasty under the early kings of which their captivity commenced.

The numerous round stone houses attributed to the Israelites by Arab tradition, are supposed by the explorers to have been the abodes of the Amalekites. They are built with thick walls of rough stone, and the roofs are made with overlapping slabs, and are said to be exactly similar to the ancient "bothans" or bee-hive houses of Scotland; and they are also similar, in so far as the overlapping stone arches and thick walls are concerned, to the peculiar houses of Peru and Central and Western America, as described by Squier and others. Some of them had been used as burial places, and in these were found shell ornaments. There are also stone circles, like those in so many other countries, and which contain stone cists very similar to those found in ancient sepulchres in Europe. Those that were opened contained crumbling bones, with charcoal, shell beads, and flint weapons; and in one case a bracelet of copper. All these are attributed to the Amalekites and other early races, and are carefully separated from the buildings and tombs of later dates, ruins of which abound in the peninsula.

That some of the more ancient sepulchral remains will yet be referred to the Israelites is not improbable; but it must be borne in mind that the region explored is only that of the three months' journey to Sinai, and of the encampment of about a year before the Mount. In this length of time little of a permanent character is likely to have been effected by the Hebrews; and if their dead were simply buried in the soil, no surface trace may remain of the graves of those who died. All the indications in Exodus are also at variance with the idea that the Israelites at this time either erected permanent buildings or commemorated their sojourn by durable monuments. The whole of the arrangements of Moses were based on the idea of a temporary sojourn and a preparation for a march into Canaan, no mention is made of any inscription on stone except the tablets of the law, and the book in which Moses is said to have recorded the story of the fight at Rephidim (Exod. 17, 14) was probably a roll of skin or papyrus.

The monuments of the children of Israel, if such exist in the Peninsula of Sinai, are rather to be sought in those portions of it in which the longer sojourns of the forty years' wanderings occurred; and it is to be hoped that these may yet be subjected to scientific scrutiny similar to that already executed for the country between Suez and Sinai. As preliminary to this, a reconnoissance has been made by one of the party engaged in the survey, Mr. E. H. Palmer; and the results have been given to the world in his interesting book—"The Desert of the Exodus." * He shows the hopeful character of the inquiry, by the suggestion that the numerous tombs at the Erweis el Ebeirig, the probable site of Kibroth Hattaaveh—the "graves of those who lusted," may be those of the people who died in the plague at that

* London, 1871.

place, after the second descent of quails. No excavations seem to have been made to test the truth of the suggestion, nor have detailed surveys been made of the regions extending from Sinai to Kadesh, and thence to the eastern border of ancient Edom, a region in which the long sojourn of forty years seems to have been passed—a sojourn which, as Mr. Palmer well remarks, is rather to be regarded as the residence of a numerous pastoral people in the country, than as a constant movement from place to place in a compact body.

In the meantime the facts already stated, and still more the study of the maps and photographs of the survey, cannot fail to impress us with the reality of this old Hebrew history. We have here no mere myth, illustrated by the fancies of enthusiastic pilgrims; but the itinerary of a hard and eventful march, through a country presenting the most marked physical features; and this is now compared with the careful measurements and scientific observations of men who have traversed it, step by step, with as prosaic accuracy as if the object had been not to follow the wanderings of an ancient people, but to work out a practicable line for a high-road or a railway. The result is unquestionably to show that the writer of the Books of Exodus and Numbers must have traveled through the region which is the scene of his history; must have personally experienced the difficulties of the journey, and must have been better acquainted with the country than any other traveler whose works we possess, up to the date of the ordnance survey.

The Exodus of the Israelites is not a mere question of curious antiquarian research. In that journey they were representatives and examples for us and for all the ages of the world; and their national migration was not only a grand protest against tyranny and injustice, but an important step in the development of God's plans for the salvation of our race. It is well then that this stirring and beautiful history is not a romance or even a legendary tale, but a true record which will bear the application of the severest tests of modern science.

J. W. Dawson.

JOHN BANNOCK.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH JOHN HIMSELF RELATES IN WHAT ESTIMATION HE IS HELD BY HIS NEIGHBORS.

"BRING some more ale, will you? and be smart about it;" and a pewter pot is hurled across the tap-room, to be flattened against the bar.

The landlord of the Ratcliffe Arms picks up the cup and smiles, grimly. He takes no notice of the demand, but directs a half-pitying glance at a shock of tangled brown hair, sunk between two arms on the oaken table; then polishes his bar a moment, and, lighting a clay pipe, seats himself to read with the critical gravity of a British householder, allowed by law to cast his vote.

The head is still for half an hour; while outside the voices of boys at play, the hum of a wandering bee as it dashes against the open window, and the quiet ticking of the tall eight-day clock that has ticked in precisely the same manner for fifty years, alone break the silence of the summer afternoon. Then the head is slowly raised, revealing a coarse and sullen face, framed in a rough beard. One eye is purple and black; any villager would say the eye was so disfigured in a fight. An ugly scratch scars the cheek; a village child would tell the same tale. The half-shut eyes of the face peer round the room in a drunken stupor. Then a dirty hand is lifted, and the torn cap on the head dashed to the floor. As the dull eyes look on the cap the throat is distended with a wild yell; and the head again falls between the arms. All is quiet now.

Outside the boys shout and laugh at their thoughtless sport, and a butterfly flutters in through the open window and flutters out

again. In a little while the rough head is raised once more, the stupid eyes peer round the room; and, after a hard stare that seems to indicate the return of reason, the man's voice, thick and husky, asks:

"What time is it, Reub?"

The landlord looks up from the paper, and answers in a quieting way:

"About six, Jack. Keep quiet, there's a good fellow. Take a nap, and you'll be on your pins in less than no time."

A pause. The landlord assiduously reads his paper. All this time the reason of the dazed man, with the stupid eyes, is trying to make clear to itself what has been said. At last, when the landlord, having forgotten the occurrence, is deep in an interesting column, the man at the table mutters:

"On my pins! Why shouldn't I be, eh?"

The landlord looks up surprised, but, remembering what has passed, makes no answer and reads on.

"I'm a-going to get up anyhow," stutters Jack, supporting himself and leaning on the table as if he feared it would probably fall away into bottomless space. Reuben, the landlord, drops his paper and starts to his feet.

"Sit down, Jack, there's a good fellow. Don't make a fuss in the house. You may as well be quiet as not."

"Now I ain't a-going to make no fuss. I suppose I know what I'm about. If I didn't, it isn't the likes o' you as could tell me"—this with a pugnacious air. "Be quiet. Don't in any way worry yourself into heart disease"—this sarcastically, the weathercock of his drunken spirit having veered round.

The form of the man—it is clumsy but strongly set—staggers across the room, cautiously stopping now and then, knowing it cannot reach the window in that trip, then staggering on. The landlord watches the transit with a half-amused, half-pitying air.

"Now I hope you'll be quiet," he says when the drunken man has reached the window.

Jack makes no reply. He is gazing, a strange light in his sleepy eyes, at the boys running and shouting on the green. The prospect before him was of that beautiful Devonshire type which soothes, and at the same time charms, the beholder. From the windows of the tap-room in the hamlet of Tamerton could be seen, calling up thoughts of heather and harebells, the purple hills of Dartmoor. A brief gleam of the Tamar's waves, flowing by a wall of woods, arrested the wandering eye. Down below the village stretched the fragrant meadows, dotted with bleating sheep, with here and there a group of tawny cattle standing meditatively in pools of water. A little way down the street on which the tavern stood—there is, by the way, but one street—the cottages with overhanging peaks and sometimes a thatched roof thick with swallows' nests were huddled together, white and clean in the rays of the sun. The green—and what village worth the name does not boast a green?—was made the fairer by the shade of three or four stout, massive oaks, whereon were carved the names of some far off on foreign seas, of others married and settled down to a life of toil and quiet. These grand old trees had stood—well, I will not say; for no one has ever told me how many years, and in truth no one knows. But about the age of Tamerton itself there can be no doubt. If you look on a Roman map of Devonshire, you will see the name of one place, and one place only: that is Tamerton.

On the green this afternoon in June a number of boys, who had been looking out of a window in a large school-room not far off, ill at ease and pining for the open air, are running and shouting as if they knew—what they never seem to know—that youth, so brief and careless, must be made the most of. Their cries are borne into the low tap-room to the ears of besotted Jack Bannock who is looking sullenly out. A belated bee humming wings its way past the window. A girlish burst of laughter rises on the air, and a fresh breeze, blowing through the tall oak before the Ratcliffe Arms, swings the sign above the door. Tick! tick! goes the clock in its old domestic, monotonous way, looking down approvingly on the clean bar with its silver-mounted tap and bright glasses, on the hams that hang solidly from the rafters, and the big open fire-place that will roar in the winter-time, and bound and

blaze up the ancient chimney. The landlord reads on through the parliamentary news with its "Hear! hear!" and "Loud applause" scattered throughout the columns. He smiles occasionally, as a thrifty man should smile, and in a good-natured way pushes off the cat, that has dared to jump up on his substantial knee.

The man at the window is looking out, his rough hair blowing over his face. On a sudden he turns round, and a voice startles the landlord:

"I wish I was a boy agen!" The sentence is garnished with an oath.

"What's the matter, Jack? What's the matter now?"

"I say I wish I was a boy agen. And so I do. Come here. I want you. Come quick. You must."

The landlord leaves his paper with a sigh, and approaches the man at the window; wondering what queer turn has come over him now. He feels his arm grasped, and a hoarse voice speaks in his ear, while a big finger is pointing to the green, and a sodden face is worked up to a strange, unusual passion:

"Do you see them boys on the green? I was a boy once. I had as light a heart as any one of them. I could jump and run with the best of them. My eye was as bright as any lad's; and I was as happy as a boy could be. That's the same green as I played on. Them's the same trees I played under. They was standing then. They'll be standing when them same boys as is playing now are in their graves, and other boys be playing there. That green was there when I was a boy; and the grass was as long as it is now, and the daisies was as thick. When you and me be dead that grass will grow as beautiful. And what am I? A poor drunkard that—"

"O no, Jack. You're alright."

"Don't stop me. Don't stop me. I be a poor drunkard, and I know it. But what was I then? A brave, stout, bright boy. There! you see the lad yonder that runs faster than the others, and is stronger and quicker? When I was a boy I was like him. Everybody said Jack Bannock was a fine lad, and would do a credit to the village. And what credit has he done the village Not a bit. He drinks worse and swears harder than any man in the parish, and his word goes for naught. He brawls and fights all the days of the week, and shuns the church on the Sabbath. There's no lass as will speak to him. There's no lass as will look upon him. But there was a time when I was thought better of. There's a tree over yonder, an oak; you see it? That big one, all rough and gnarled like, with the broad branches. It was under that tree when the moon was shining one summer's night—when the nights was sweeter to me than they be now—I told Mary I loved her, and she said she loved me. Yes, *me*, who now be feared and hated by all the folk around. I was a happy lad then: not even the Squire up at the big house when he brought home his young bride last Whitsuntide was more happy than me with my girl. She died. And then everybody said as how I was going to the devil. They said as how I was drinking and fighting: which was true. Some whispered as how I was a poacher. But it was only whispers. They never caught me. But the whisper *was true*. I was a poacher. I *be* a poacher. That's what I be now. And there was a time when no boy on the green was brighter and better and stronger than me. No boy as loved his parents more. And there was my poor mother, God rest her. If she'd a-been living now I should be an honest man, and getting her bread to eat in my tumble-down cottage. But she is dead. She lies under the sod yonder in the graveyard. And who let her die? The parish let her die. There's not even a stone to mark where she was buried. I've spent the money that I earned to give her a headstone in drink, like a dog that I be. And was I ever a boy like them on the green? No, I cannot believe it. I could have had no comrades, no lass to love me! But I did, God help me. And she died. Do you see the blue river yonder? The Tamar? The beautiful water that I used to love more than the green land? No boy knew the channel better than I did. No boy could sail a boat on it better than I could, in rough or in calm. I used to know it from Sophill and Maristow down to the

breakwater, and from Cathole down to Maker, better than any man in the place. I knew every cove, and every stream that ran into it. I used to row over to Landulph at night-fall to hear the chimes of the bells. Do you think I'd care for the bells now? I used to swim in that river, mornings and when the moon was shining; and no lad better. Didn't I save a child when I was no more'n ten years old? And they say I never had a heart, and be a rough, swearing, godless man, and can't get any work to do, and that I'm a poacher. So I be, I own it. I'm not fit to live. God would be merciful to me if he killed me. I——"

And here the rough fellow broke down, hid his face in his hands, and would have cried like the boy he used to be, if a feeling of manhood had not restrained him. He only shook a little, and stood there, unwilling to look up and face the sunshine and the boys at play on the green, where once he was wont to play when the afternoons were as fair as this one was. The landlord could say nothing. A man of few words was he; quite unequal to the task of soothing the broken spirit of the poor wretch beside him. Not that he was indifferent. No; his stout chin trembled with emotion, and his lusty arm was about the shoulder of the other man. He looked out at the boys; then shifted his eyes to the oak before his door; then changed his glance to the blue river away in the distance; but he could say nothing, and was silent. A linnet chirped as it lit on the sign; chirped, and a man's heart was nigh to breaking below. A fresh breeze swung the sign, and the bird flew away. The landlord felt he must say something; the bird had gone, and he had a clear field before him.

"Cheer up, Jack. Every cloud has a silver lining, they say. You'll soon be alright; never fret, man. You're only a little low. There's no reason why you shouldn't get work; and come here o'nights afterwards, and smoke your pipe, and drink your glass, and chat with the boys."

It was a tender chord at that moment to touch upon. God knows drinking for the future was furthest from the man's thoughts.

He raised his head with sudden energy, threw off the landlord's arm, and seized him by the collar, his face ablaze with passion.

"Drink my glass! Curse you! It is the drinking o' that glass, *your* glass, sold in *your* house, sold by *you*, as has ruined me, and made me what I am. If it hadn't been for *you* and *your* drink I might ha' been an honest man now. And you talk to me o' drink when I be mad at the thought o' it. Curse you. Curse your drink."

And with his whole strength he pushed the landlord from him, and ran out.

A moment after, two gentlemen rode up, dismounted, and tying their horses to the hitching-post, entered the tavern.

"What is the matter with Bannock, landlord?" said the first to come in,—a gentleman dressed in white corded breeches and blue coat,—smiling cheerfully as he beat his boot with his riding whip; "I saw him chasing down the street like a madman, without a hat, his hair on end, and his eyes as wild as a driven hare's."

"I can't tell you, Squire. He was in here a moment since, talking rather strangely of his boyhood. Then he rushed out all of a sudden before I could stop him."

"Touch of the deliriums, I presume," said the Squire, carelessly.

"No, no," replied the landlord stoutly, "there was nothing in particular the matter with him. He was saying he would try to reform, and I hope he will."

The landlord looked both of the gentlemen bravely in the face, and seemed to mean his words, every one of them.

"But you will lose one of your best customers," hinted the Squire roguishly, tapping the landlord confidentially on his broad chest.

"I don't care for that. I shall be glad to lose him, if it will make him a better man. And there's the making of a good man in him, sirs."

"Yes, there is," mused the Squire, with his legs apart, rubbing his chin; "I've often thought so."

"Making of a good man in him!" said with contempt the second gentleman, turning round from a sporting picture he was examining. "I don't believe it. The fellow's a good-for-nothing, a brawler, a poacher, a

frightener of women. I'm only afraid I didn't pass on him a proper punishment the last time he was brought before me."

From which the reader will infer that this disagreeable gentleman was a magistrate. And he was dark, gaunt and hard-featured enough to be as cruel on the bench as the infamous Judge Jeffreys of times, thank God, in the past.

"You're a trifle too hasty in your judgment, Underwood, to please me," said the Squire, his ruddy face becoming grave. "There's good bottom in the fellow. It only wants developing. I am thinking of giving him some regular work to help him on. I'm not so sure he doesn't deserve it."

"You're a model country gentleman, Hardy," sneered the magistrate; "the fellow first snares your pheasants, and in return you wish to make him an honest tiller of the soil. Ha! ha! You're amusing.

"That's more than I can say for you, my friend," retorted the other a little pettishly; "but don't let us quarrel. Landlord, two of your honest pewters, that my friend may drown his sarcasm and I my ill humor."

The landlord bustled about, glad to be the means of breaking up any difference that chance words might have occasioned.

"There you are, Squire," said he, when he had drawn the ale, and it was foaming at the pewter brims, "as stout and healthy a tap as you can find anywhere in this good county of Devon."

The gentlemen took their ale, and drank it down with a just appreciation, while the landlord looked at the process as though he derived from it an equally pure enjoyment.

"I believe you, my friend," quoth the Squire, setting down his mug with a satisfied bang. "What d'ye think of it, Underwood? Can you beat the Tamerton ale in Tavistock? I'll wager you can't. Come now!" The Squire waved his red bandanna cheerily and oratorically.

"It is good ale, I must admit," replied the gloomy magistrate, as if the concession had cost him a pint of blood. "I've seldom tasted better?"

"Said like a man," roared the Squire, slapping him on the back with the touch of an elephant.

The landlord's face was radiant with smiles at this tribute paid to his ale. But, be it told, he was used to it, and such flattery was not likely to spoil him.

"Now, friend Gilbert," said the Squire, "I have something to say to you. Do you think you can spare me your man for hay-cutting to-morrow? I have a capital crop down in the Long Meadow, and I would not have it spoil for the world. I am trying to beat up all the men I can. I would like to get my hay in in a week at the farthest. If you can spare your man you will do me a great service."

"Yes, sir, I think I can," said the landlord; "I shall not need him to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the Squire, warmly, and as to"——

"What's that row about?" broke in Underwood. "Listen."

They did so, and a confused, unintelligible murmur met their ears. The next moment they were at the door, and the landlord was craning his neck over the heads of the others.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH JOHN, OF WHOM THE WORLD IS ASHAMED, SHAMES THE WORLD.

A little way down the crooked street, past the green, and before a cottage that stood alone in its rude neglect, a crowd was gathered. The Squire, the magistrate and the landlord were at a loss to understand why the people had come together. There might have been in all thirty persons, talking among themselves, and scanning with stretched necks something in their midst. They were not very much excited; they seemed rather to be engaged in earnest and critical conversation which had reference to that around which they were collected. The attention of the villagers had been generally attracted; for the boys had abandoned their sports, and women who before might have been seen ironing through open windows, had left their employments, snatching up a child as they went. From an upper window of the cottage Bannock's face looked down upon the knot of people; and at first it occurred to the landlord that some drunken freak of the man had drawn together a

mocking crowd. It was clear, however, that he was not the object of attention, for the eyes of the men and women were directed to something in their midst that seemed to be on the ground.

"What's up?" queried Underwood.

"It can't be a fight," surmised the Squire, "or the women would take care to be out of the way."

"Probably a dog-fight," suggested the landlord.

"No, I think not," said the Squire, "that's of too common occurrence to attract any special attention."

But Gilbert still cleaved to the idea of a pugnacious meeting of some sort; for he felt very sure that there was nothing under the sun more magnetic than a well contested fight, provided the beholders were out of danger. Accordingly he informed the Squire that Josh Barnes had recently purchased a very fine rooster which he had offered to match against any bird in the neighborhood. The Magistrate replied that such a proceeding on the Queen's highway was impossible.

"I should not wonder," said he, "if it were some vagrant or other begging his way through the country. In such a case, I shall give orders to Billings to lodge him in jail, for the statute against these nuisances must be strictly enforced. Let us go down and satisfy ourselves."

It may be mentioned at this point that Billings was the blue-coated guardian of the place, and therefore invisible at any crisis like the present. Nothing that could be tortured into the suggestion of Billings was near.

The three men walked quickly down the street; the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, and the Squire without his hat, which he had left on the counter while he cooled his brow. The Squire led the way—robust, impetuous old fellow, as he was—his riding whip swinging in his hand, and his rather short legs moving very fast. Next came Underwood, keeping up with an effort, and setting down the whole thing as a confounded nuisance. Last trotted the landlord, blowing and perspiring.

"Here comes the Squire," cried a shrill-voiced, bony woman, making a low courtesy, and wiping the mouth of her child for exhibition.

"O, here comes the Squire," chorused all the other women with the air of having just made the discovery.

"Squire, you be wanted here," said a stubby laborer, with pipe and red waistcoat.

"What's the matter?" asked the Squire, breathless with his walk.

"O, only a woman," said the stubby man with the assurance of one who has taken in the whole situation and relapsed from his curiosity.

"Only a woman! What is the matter with the woman?" demanded the Squire testily as he pushed his way to the front.

"Faint-like and tired, sir," cried the shrill-voiced woman. "She's been on the road, and has gived in."

With her head supported on the lap of a good-natured dame, lay a young woman, pale and apparently lifeless. She belonged to the laboring class, and seemed to have traveled very far, if one might judge from her dusty clothing. Her black hair fell over her shoulders and touched the ground. It set off the pallor of her girlish face which bore signs of intense suffering. Her features were pleasing, and so gentle withal that they excited the pity of those around her. The villagers had seen her fall on the roadway and had been prompt to lend their aid and sympathy. Now and then, indeed, lifeless as she seemed the greater part of the time, her hands twitched convulsively, her lips trembled, and her bosom heaved.

"You mean by 'gived in' that she's exhausted?" questioned the Squire of the shrill-voiced woman.

"Jes so, Squire."

"Poor thing."

There was silence among them while they regarded intently the girl's worn face.

"I see no room for pity," said the stern Underwood; "a girl doesn't come wandering into a village alone, and a good-looking girl at that, without some purpose. I do not hesitate to say I think she is a vagrant, probably a young woman of bad reputation."

"You lie, mister, she ain't."

The voice came from above. Everybody looked up. The flushed face of Bannock was seen at the open window.

"What is your opinion worth, fellow? Your own character is none too good. Let me advise you to keep from breaking the laws and haunting the tap-room. Perhaps then what you have to say will have more weight."

"He's been drinking to-day, sir, I see him myself," ventured a small boy.

Underwood rewarded the small boy with the comment, "Of course he has. He's not worth paying attention to."

"But the character of Bannock is not in the balance now," said the Squire. And it was this timely interruption that prevented a further passage-of-arms between Bannock and the magistrate. "We must do something for this poor girl. Have you given her any water?"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman who was holding the girl's head upon her lap, "we've given her some, and I think she'll come to shortly."

Even as the woman spoke the girl trembled a little, and while the crowd in the pause that followed were regarding her half in pity, half in curiosity, her eyes opened. She did not seem to understand at first where she was or whence she came. She looked around on all faces, and then shut her eyes again.

"Who are you, my poor girl? where do you come from?" asked the Squire kindly.

"O, don't ask me," she cried, her eyes open in a minute.

"I told you so," said Underwood, "she's just what I said she was. She will do no good in the parish. She had better be brought to, taken to the lock-up, and examined in the morning."

A sneer came from above. Some one was opposed to the magistrate, opposed to the changing mood of the crowd; and the more on the side of the girl as the world, which had always been against him, was now slowly but surely turning against her.

The temper of the crowd was trembling in the balance; swaying between pity for a woman's weakness and repugnance for a woman's doubted reputation. They were not educated people. Only poor laborers, simple folk they. The opinion of a man armed with the majesty of the law, and strengthened by the position he held in society, would naturally have great weight with them. Underwood was a magistrate. His experience should warrant his knowing a bad woman when he saw her. The simple villagers were frightened at the thought of having a tainted being among them. All indecision was set at rest by words dropped from the lips of age.

"I don't know but what his Honor is right," piped the palsied oracle of the village, a curious old fossil in drab tights; "I remember a case like this some years agone. There was a young woman, just like the likes of her be, as come in to the parish, and she was a bad un, she was. She led away some o' the lasses."

That settled it. A respectable magistrate had affirmed the girl lying on the ground to be a female of loose reputation, the antique relic of the past had hunted up a precedent from his musty old brain, and the chain was complete.

One man continued to sneer; the man at the window above. His spirit was working up. Was not the law accustomed to pounce down on him, and mete out to him the harshest punishment? Was not there a woman below in a fair way to fall under the displeasure of that law? Was not the world always against him? Was it strange that he should be against the world?

In vain did the Squire urge that perhaps they were judging wrongly. But the magistrate reminded him that his good nature had often been enlisted on the side of those whom the law had thought fit to punish. It must be admitted, too, that the Squire himself did not like the looks of things. A woman, fair to look upon, tramping friendless through the country, without being able to give an account of herself, is seemingly a dangerous character to interest oneself in. The girl was too weak to contradict them. Her eyes were shut. A doctor would have told you it was a toss-up whether she would live or not. But there was no doctor near.

"Take my word for it," said Underwood,

"she's doing no good in this section of the country. She's a bad sort. Where do you come from, girl?"

She did not answer.

"You see she's stubborn. She won't commit herself. Then I think it my duty as a magistrate to commit her."

Here he laughed a hard laugh at his miserable joke, and the villagers haw-hawed too. A moralist who combines wit with censure will surely win the popular heart. The tide was completely turned.

The man in the window above had dashed his pipe against the opposite house, and given vent to some deep curses. His face was not now seen at the window.

"I think she ought to be took to the lock-up, boys," piped the oracular fossil. Why will not people learn that the oracle is a chattering fool?

"Where is Billings?" inquired Underwood.

"I think he walked off when he see the crowd gather," said the bright small boy.

A roar followed this sally. The utter absurdity of Billings's presence at such a time met with popular favor.

"Who will carry her to the jail and undertake to bring her to? As a magistrate of this county I have the authority to detain her until she can give me, in my official capacity, an account of herself. Failing to do that, the law will deal with her for the misdemeanor of vagrancy. A half-sovereign to any one who will undertake the job."

"If I has my say, no one will *dare* to undertake it," and Bannock pushed his way through the circle, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves. "You call yourselves men and let your hearts be turned against a poor girl by a man who has no more pity in him than a hawk. You call yourselves churchgoers, decent, honest folk, and act like whipped curs. You say I be a pest to the village, a good-for-nothing, a poacher, a drunkard, a liar, a dishonest man; you say I don't go to church, and shun the parson. It's all true. You're good; I'm bad. But bad as I be I'd cut my heart out before I'd be doing as you be doing. The girl's a bad 'un, you say. And who told you? That man did. And how does he know? He don't know no more'n you nor me knows. She's a bad girl because he says so, is she? Why, I wouldn't trust to that man's feelings, magistrate though he be, high up in the county though he be, for all the money in the Bank of England. The girl's done nothing. She was coming through the village and falls faint at my door. Who 's got a right to help her and tend her if I ain't? No one. And I be a going to help her and tend her. She shall not go to jail. She shall have my poor old mother's room. She'll be no longer a vagrant. She won't be breaking any o' Her Majesty's laws—laws agin the poor, laws agin the helpless. If I choose to take this woman into my house, that man can't do nothing. What is her business? Her business is with me. Where's she a-coming to? She's a coming to my house. That man can't do nothing; not he. D'ye think I'll care what people'll gossip and say? I've got no character to lose, and if I had, I wouldn't care. You're decent, church-going folk, are you? No, you ain't. You're a flock o' sheep that rushes where that man tells you to. I be a drunkard, a poacher, and all that, be I? I be hard, rough, brutal, be I? But by the God up there, I be not such a brute as to ill-treat a poor friendless girl as has done nothing but faint at my door."

John Bannock stopped, his rough face flung back defiantly, his knotted throat standing out, his breast heaving; grand in the assertion of his manhood.

The crowd, a flock of sheep as he had said, were at once on his side. There were cries of "Hear! hear!" and "Jack 's right;" also an intimation from the oracle that they were perhaps wrong, after all.

Bannock did not wait for any one's approval. He took up the girl tenderly in his strong arms. "Mrs. Bennett," said he, in his awkward way, to the woman who had held the girl's head in her lap, "if you'll be so kind as to come up and help me bring her round, and"—here he hesitated, "if you'll stay in the house till the poor thing gets well, to shut the mouths o' the gossips, you'll do me a good turn that I shall not soon forget."

The two went up the stairway, Bannock

carrying the girl. The crowd, after talking over the wonders of the day, dispersed. The magistrate, now as much in bad odor as he was popular before, walked angrily to his horse, and, mounting, rode away at a hard gallop. The Squire and Gilbert, the landlord, entered the cottage.

When they came out, the landlord knew very well that the Squire had left five sovereigns behind him on the mantel-piece; and the Squire was equally certain he had heard the landlord say:

"Jack, if I in my poor way can do anything for the girl, count on me. If I have wronged you, and helped to make your life what it is, I ask your forgiveness."

Both of the men were too full of emotion to talk of what they had seen. But they told each other that up in that low, dark room rough John Bannock was crying.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH HAS ONLY THE BEST TO SAY OF EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.

THE next day all the village was asking how the girl had passed the night. She was in a high fever, the village was told. The Squire rode down on his bay horse, and was admitted by privilege. When he came out he remarked that John Bannock had kept watch over the sick girl the whole night long. That wouldn't do! Accordingly the Squire galloped over to Plymouth, and brought its best physician to give his opinion and prescribe a course of treatment. The report was: "Keep her quiet. With care she will be well again in a short time. Do as I have told you, and the probability is she will be able to sit in the sunshine in a week at the most." The effect of what had happened on John Bannock was a study. He would take no rest until the girl was out of danger. He had taken upon himself the responsibility, as it were, of her safe recovery, and he meant to do his duty. For three days and nights he scarcely slept, and refused to leave his post. On the fourth day the girl was declared out of danger. Up to this time John had felt no desire to visit his former haunt. On the afternoon of the fourth day he was sitting in the window of the girl's room breathing the fresh air that came in through the casement, when he saw two of his old cronies approaching the house. They stopped beneath the window. Would Jack go up to the tap-room with them and drink some ale? No, Jack would not. They went on. The craving was strong upon the man, and he knew it. But he fought against it with an iron will, with a stern face. He had vindicated his manhood the other day in face of the world. Would he fail and fall on the way now? No; with God's help he would not. The landlord was passing the house. If Jack cared to have a mug of ale, the landlord would bring it down to him with his own hands? The temptation was strong. Surely as much as that could not hurt him. Did Jack say he would like to have some ale?

"What is that man asking you, Mr. Bannock?" said a voice from the bed. This was almost the first time the girl had spoken since her reason returned. All day she had lain looking at the wall, at the persons who came in, with that helpless, satisfied expression seen on the faces of convalescents.

"He is asking me if I'll drink with him, Miss," replied John Bannock, a troubled look upon his face.

"And you would rather not?" she said.

"No, I don't want to," said he.

She understood him.

"Will you come here?" she asked.

He came. "Will you swear to me by the memory of your mother, about whom I have heard you speak, that you will never touch a drop of liquor again?"

So mild, so sweet and entreating were the eyes looking into his very soul, as he thought, that though appalled at the magnitude of the request, he solemnly promised as she had asked him. He was very thoughtful the rest of that evening, glancing ever and anon at the bed with a grateful look in his eyes.

In a day or two they told her of all that had passed; of her falling in the street, of John's manly conduct. They did not tell her of his former life, but she had guessed it when she had watched his troubled face on that fourth, ever memorable day of her stay in the village. She was never tired of following his movements with her eyes, in

which, at such times, there seemed to spring up an unusual tenderness. In a week she was able to sit in the sunshine and talk with Mrs. Bennett, as that worthy woman sat knitting in the doorway.

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It is a beautiful night. Such a one as prompts one to say: "What would I give to be on the sea before Venice or on the lake of Geneva, alone with my own thoughts." The full moon sails in a blue, cloudless sky, making the fair county of Devon a very paradise to dwell in. In the broad day when no magic moon lends poetry and enchantment to each stream and line of hills, Devonshire is as beautiful as heart can desire. Justly is it termed the Garden of England. Go where you will you cannot find its equal; you would not want to find its superior. The hamlet of Tamerton is set down between two slight swellings of the land on the banks of the Tamar, a river not unsung, that divides the counties of Devon and Cornwall. Away in the distance, on this summer's night, can be seen above the hamlet, a thin wreath of mist about them, the silent, spreading hills of Dartmoor. Below, the waters of the Tamar, rippling brightly in the moonlight, murmuring any song that fancy asks, but ever a sweet one, flow down to the sea; past ancient baronial castles, past sylvan dells of English park, past many a point where stands a chapel ivy-covered, or a rugged tower.

On a hill above the hamlet rises the church of St. Brideaux, venerable with its eight hundred years of age; its architecture quaint and massive, its mullioned windows white in the moonlight. The moon shines as sweetly to-night as it ever did or ever will upon the overhanging gables of the little village and the fair country around. Nearly opposite Tamerton its light strikes on the old houses of the ancient borough of Saltash; further down the river, on England's battered war-vessels anchored in the stream in their old age as mementos of the past; further down still, on the formidable fortifications of the sea-port of Plymouth, with its forest of masts and thousands of lights. From over the water on this calm night are borne the sounds of the bells of Landulph, worthy rivals of their sisters of Shandon, sung to immortality by Father Mahoney. The chiming of the bells, mingled with the flow of waters and the stirring of the breeze, the peaceful sound of the "watch-dog's honest bark," and the burst of the tawny-throated nightingale, make many a wanderer pause on the hills and in the valleys to call up hallowed memories amid the beauty of the night. The dark woods of Warleigh on the left bank looking down into the cool wave below, seem to listen in solemn thought to bell, and wind, and bird; and further out in the stream where the silvery ripples circle and run, a boat now and then is seen gliding along, manned by a fisherman, enchanted with the prospect and the stillness of the night.

On a bench beneath the very oak where John Bannock told his early love, within sight of the green whereon he played as a careless lad, in hearing of the waters which had lent a sort of romance to his neglected childhood,—beneath the stout old tree, John Bannock sits once more to-night. Beside him is the girl whom he protected from insult, perhaps saved from death. They are talking together as old friends would talk.

"Tell me, Miss Mary—I have never asked you before—how you come to fall at my door, and where you'd come from. It's none of my business, to be sure; but I don't think you'd mind telling me, would you?"

"My story is short, Mr. Bannock"—

"I can't let you call me Mr. Bannock," breaks in our friend. "We mustn't be so distant. We're only poor folk, and why not know each other better? Will you please call me John?"

"Well, 'John,' if you wish it," she says laughingly. "My story is not long. I lived some twenty miles from here, with my father and mother. My mother died when I was a little girl. Father then took to drinking, and made our home miserable."

She stopped, for a groan from John Bannock made her think he was unwell. She then remembered the troubled look she had seen on his face, and the vague rumors that had come to her of his irregular habits. She was sorry she had spoken.

"Go on, Miss Mary; don't mind me. Go on."

"My father," continued she, "lost friend after friend, and, although I had never harmed a soul in the village, the neighbors began to look upon me with distrust as the daughter of the man whose character was a by-word and a reproach to the fair name of the place in which we lived. One night my father came home from the tavern and beat me so badly that I was ill for many days. He did not improve; and so brutally was I used that people were indignant. Finally a prominent gentleman took the matter in hand, and father was arrested. He blamed me for this, and would have killed me when I came to see him in his cell. Upon my testimony would rest the charge against him. Remembering what had been when my poor mother was alive, I was unwilling to be the cause of my father's punishment. I fled from the village, not wishing any one to know who I was or whence I came. It was night when I set out, and the next day, foot-sore and fainting, I reached your door, where I fell, unable to proceed further. The man who found me here yesterday brought tidings of my father's death."

Weeping, Mary broke down; thanking her protector a thousand times for the helping hand he had stretched out to her.

John Bannock then told her the story of his life. His father died when he was too young to know what he had lost. His mother died a little later. He pointed out the graveyard from where they sat, and he deplored the life that had barred him from doing justice to her memory. While yet a boy he had been lodged in jail on the charge of stealing a watch, of which, after he was released, it was found and acknowledged that he was innocent. Until then he had been a lad of whom the village was proud. That undeserved punishment had left a sting in his heart, which hardened his nature and led him into the company of men who changed his whole character. Many a night, he told her, when the moon was shining like it was to-night, he had launched his boat and landed on the shore below Warleigh woods, to set snares for the pheasants of the Squire's preserves. Crouching down in the bushes, he had seen the game-keeper passing on his nightly rounds; but never, except in one instance, had he been interrupted, and then he escaped after a hard tussle unrecognized. He pointed out the green where he had raced as a boy. He bade her listen to those bells, which had often seemed to his youthful heart in the long summer nights like the voices of angels. She could hear the wash of the river, could she not? Often had he lain in the woods to be lulled asleep by that sound; and while so lying his misspent life had come before him in its full force, and—although he would tell no one but her—he had wept to think what an honest man he might have been. But bad opinion had always met him. No one respected him, all feared him. Having no friends he ran deeper in his bad courses, and until a little time since he avowed—and he prayed God and man for pardon—there was scarcely a night when he had not been sodden with drink and flushed with fearful passion. The Squire and the landlord were the only persons who had ever had a kind word for him, and Underwood was his bitterest enemy. He told her of the day she came; how he had been looking at the boys at play on the green, and a great feeling of remorse had come over him—such as he had often felt alone, but never before in the sight of man. Her coming, he believed, had really saved him; and if he had done her a service she had done for him what the world could never have done. But, with God's good help, he yet hoped to live a better life.

Why relate what the reader can plainly foresee? Under the old oak tree, gnarled and storm-beaten, where he had told his love to the Mary who had died, in sight of the green and in hearing of the river, he told his love to the Mary who had altered his life. With rude and simple words he told it. Not in such dainty language as would embellish the archives of love, but with an honest warmth that would have made the cheek of the stateliest lady in the land blush with homage to his manly heart. Since John Bannock had so bravely made himself the protector of the friendless girl no one had dared to breathe a word against her good name. Her gentle face had won the hearts

of the children, her modest bearing the esteem of her elders. She had not been long in the village when no one could have been prevailed upon, much less did they desire, to speak of her in any but the highest terms. In view of John Bannock's change of conduct and his tender treatment of the girl whom he honored on his own threshold, there were shrewd heads who argued that something would come of it. When therefore on the next Sunday the bans of John Bannock and Mary Elmer were read in the old church of St. Brideaux, the crowd that flocked around John and his sweetheart testified to the popularity which he had attained, and to the esteem in which was held the bride whom he had won. The following congratulations will likewise bear witness to the satisfaction which the news of John's intended marriage created:

The Squire: "John, my friend, I always said you would come out right in the end. I wish you and your bride,—yes, I must have a kiss,—all happiness. By the way, the situation of game-keeper is vacant. Now, no thanks. Good-bye."

Underwood: "Bannock, your hand; I wish you joy. You have shaken my want of faith in human nature. It is better than I thought it was. You have given me a lesson, and I thank you for it. If I can ever help you in any way in my power, do not be afraid to look me up."

The landlord: "Jack, old boy, give us your fist. Mrs. Bannock to be, you've got a man for a husband. And Jack, how about the green, now, eh, old fellow? And the river and the bells? May you soon have a boy to play there! You may count on me at the wedding."

A new headstone stands over what was once an unmarked grave. A sunburnt man often walks there when the sun is going down, and his happy wife and children walk with him. His heart is as light as when a boy he played on the green or sailed the waters of the river he loves.

John Talbois.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Few of us who met Charles Kingsley during his visit to America, will forget how sadly the news of his death, so soon afterward, fell on us as if it were the loss of an old friend. His journey came too late, when he was on the downhill of years and had less of the freshness we had always associated with the writer and the man. But we remember still the face, lighted with keen thought, the soldier-like bearing, the voice that betrayed in its hearty tone the love of the scholar for his west country dialect, and the spirit with which he chanted to us the wild Norse Sagas. His presence brought back the Charles Kingsley of our youth. We had lost in later years somewhat of the faith with which we had followed him and other noble Englishmen, as leaders in the sacred legion of progress. Grim Thomas Carlyle in his den at Chelsea, no longer a prophet, but making sour jests over the Jamaica Quashee; and Ruskin, fallen from his early inspirations into the frothiest cynicism, had wearied us of our hero worship. We had heard, too, of the author of Alton Locke as now a sleek canon, talking in very conservative fashion of slavery and the American republic. But the visit renewed the old affection; and now the memoir, coming just after his death, gives us the whole personality of the man, his relation to the thoughts of his time, and the brave part he played from youth to age in its most stirring strifes. We have read it with an eager delight to its last page, and count it the life of a Christian workman in this England of our day, which will grow larger to all seeing eyes in each day to come.

It is, then, a fitting tribute to him that we sketch what such a life has done to help us in our aims for the same social and Christian end. If I shall linger a little on his youth, it is because few have kept the mind and heart so unchanged into manhood.

A bright picture it is, which she who knew him best has written so well in these opening pages, of the parsonage at Holne under the brow of Dartmoor, where he was born in 1819; the father, artist, natural historian and clergyman; the West Indian mother, full of poetry; and the childhood spent in the charming scenery of Devonshire. It was here he gained the tastes which never faded in the after years; his love of long walks and field sports, and with these the rare knowledge of Nature that kept him from the brute side of country training. It is delightful, in later days, when worried by the little strifes and little men of the Church, to see how he flings off all care with a glimpse of the sea at Torquay, or a fishing trip with Tom Hughes by the Scottish streams. His was the healthiest of natures. There was in him that rich humor, the necessary element of large-minded men, a bright fancy and a hunger after all living stores of literature. Yet, if he was not born to be a cloistered scholar, he was still less to be a mere man of elegant letters. His leading trait was his earnestness, the soldier-like manhood that made him, like Robertson and all of kindred temperament, accept life as a battle; a calling, as Luther translates the commission of St. Paul to his son in the faith, "to do thy knightly duty." We have all along, in the school-days at Helston, under Derwent Coleridge, and in the college experience from King's in London to Cambridge, the waymarks of his swift growth. He graduates with high honors in the classics and the mathematics; but the usual round of studies does not fetter him, and he reads everything—Porphyry and Jamblichus, Chaucer and Carlyle. He passes through an unhappy time of religious doubt, when he says hard things of the Athanasian Creed; but these measles and mumps of skepticism, as with most healthy minds, are soon over, and we find him reading for holy orders in the church.

It might seem as if this choice of the ministry was hardly the natural one for a man of his marked literary tastes. Yet his biography shows that he was not guided into that path by any counsel of others, still less by any lower thought of preferment. It was, he says in his early letters, the profession "fitted to check the faulty side of his mind and give fullest room for his energy." There is not much likeness in him to the pale, preterhuman type of clergyman we have been taught to revere; yet perhaps his life may show us some reality beyond our pattern of cravat or manners. We have learned from him that his phrase "muscular Christianity" has not a little to do with a clear head and a warm Christian heart. His biography in the little parish of Eversley, is as sweet a picture as that of George Herbert in Bemerton. This scattered group of three hamlets near Windsor forest, made up of farmers with a sprinkling of poachers; the old church in the midst and the parsonage under the shadow of the stately fir trees, was his home from the first year of his ministry to his death. There was a charm to him in country life, and a quiet center of literary work. "I have no lust," he wrote, "for the Babylon of England or the Continent." Yet it was no rest of refined leisure. Here he labored as curate and rector in his parish duties, visiting from cottage to cottage, ready to converse with the farmer, or pitch hay with the haymaker in the field, busy with coal clubs or lending libraries for the poor, and preaching on Sundays the village sermons which were afterward to speak to all England. Here he brought his young wife, and there grew round him a household of loving children, where he found all the society he asked, until his fame gathered at the parsonage a group of the best scholars in the land. He seemed to have no breath of ambition for the clerical paradise of London; and though never rich and often straitened, he would not seek anything outside his chosen work, nor bend a conviction for an income. I know no nobler history of an unselfish ministry in our time. Indeed, it is the secret of his literary fame, as his letters show, that he looked on his novels or his poems as written for a high Christian purpose. The inspiration of his genius lay in this sense of his calling as a minister of Christ to man; and amidst his honors he always loved to come back to the parsonage with the three fir trees, the simple life among the poor, which had trained him

to be an apostle to the England of his generation.

With this glance at the home where the young scholar found his inner growth, we can better understand the conditions in which he began his larger work as one of the leaders of the new time. Clearly to know, however, what this work was, we must spend a few words on the state of the English church at that critical period. As we look back to-day, after more than forty years of a struggle greater than any since the Reformation, we can appreciate its meaning more truly than even the most thinking man could do at the outset.

The national church was passing through a new phase of its history. All those social problems which have so deeply stirred the mind of England,—the rise of the Chartist movement, the reforms in popular education, the growth of dissent,—had reached a point where they could not be put back. But Anglicanism of the old type had no other conception of a national establishment than as the keeper of all privileges in church or state; and the Evangelical section, once the power of a spiritual life in such a man as Wilberforce, had become as narrow in theology and in methods of religious work as the high church party. Both, in Kingsley's phrase, "were impotent to meet the national want." It was out of this pressure that the great Oxford movement came. Already, when our author began his ministry, John Henry Newman, in the flush of his genius, with Pusey, Keble and other ardent scholars, had awakened the re-action which they dreamed was the Catholic revival of England. We need not misjudge them at this hour. They were honest, devout scholars, who had studied their time through the window of their Oxford cloisters. The one idea, which gave all its real power to the Anglican movement, was that of a unity of our broken Christendom beyond the despotism of a Latin church, or the sectarian theologies of the Reformation. But they could not see that this is in truth the historic principle of Protestantism itself, which can only work out its result in the slow growth of Christian learning and social forces. Unity to them was a tradition of the past. The restoration of the ancient church with its creed and priesthood and ritual, was the cure of all evils. It was not strange that such a movement seemed at first a grand reality; sacred art, poetry like the "Christian Year," new orders of monastic preachers and workers among the people, gave it a marvelous growth. But this ideal of a Nicene perfection had no reality outside their own fancies. It was a misreading of Christian history. The episcopate of Cyprian and the infallible councils could not be transplanted into the nineteenth century. It seemed a New Jerusalem, coming down from the primitive skies to England; but it was only another Peter Wilkins's flying island, now in Nicæa, and then in Oxford, never touching *terra firma;* and on its edges stood the host of Anglo Catholic saints, in many colored vestments, chanting the Athanasian creed with all the damnatory clauses, or showering on the profane crowd below the blessings of baptismal grace. The dream had its natural awaking. Unconsciously to themselves, as we know from that "Apologia" in which Newman has laid bare each step of the movement, the intellectual leaders were borne by the tide of their church principles into Rome. We have not yet seen the end. The party survives in its second ritual stage of Mackonochies and Tooths; its thinkers are gone, yet it holds its sway by a certain real work among the poor, and by the more real charm of sensuous worship. Modern physiology has proved that in some orders of animated being there is a brisk sensitive life, after both hemispheres of the brain have been taken clean away.

It marks the character of Kingsley, that from the first he saw clearly the ground-error of the Oxford school, and was its life-long opposer. At a glance it might be thought, that to his poetic temperament such an ideal would have been most winning. He was a reverent lover of the church; and the story of St. Elizabeth, wrought into his earliest poem of the "Saints' Tragedy," shows how the Christian past spoke to him, as to Montalembert, in every image of holy womanhood or saintly sacrifice. But with his fancy there was joined a clear English sense. No criticism on the school of New-

man can be more searching than his words in an early letter, that "it sapped the two divine roots of the family and the nation." Yet it was in no party spirit he opposed it. He did not join with any who raised the fierce cry of Romanism, nor did he deny the partial good it might have done by infusing new life into the body. But he saw that it was a movement backward and not forward. He loved the church of England, because in his view its creed was that of the simplest positive faith, and its national position linked it at once with the historic life of the past, yet with a sound progress. It was therefore he was drawn alike as a scholar and a man of action toward those who are called by the name of Broad Churchmen. Nothing in his day and nothing now shows so truly the incapacity of many in England to understand the growth of their own church, as the use of such a word to denote a party. High and Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic are dogmatic parties. But the very character of Broad Churchmanship lay in this, that it represented a stage in English thought when the old issues were decayed, and a more living formation was needed. It was no school. It made no new creed or organization. Its guiding minds were of various types. They were men sincerely attached to the faith and worship of the church, but they sought, instead of party traditions a sounder learning in theology and history to meet the wants of their time. Coleridge, the foremost of English thinkers in that direction, had brought forward the spiritual truth of Revelation against the shallow naturalism of his age. Thirlwall and Hampden had applied a philosophic criticism to doctrinal history. Arnold, with his more practical training, was educating the Tom Browns of Rugby. But the mind which had most influence on the thought of our young scholar was that of Frederick Maurice. We do not yet appreciate the personality of this one man in shaping the Christian growth of his generation. His earnest faith in the creed of the church, his study of the principles of revealed truth in their bearing on history, yet his dislike of all systems that narrowed its spiritual life, made him a riddle to the Dr. Jelfs, who could only measure him by the foot-rule of their definitions. Maurice was no logician, and his defect is seen at times in a certain mysticism of style; but he is the most quickening of thinkers in his own field. It was not only his intellectual mastery, but the grand moral elements of the man, his love of truth, his large heart, his unselfish labor, which won the reverence of Kingsley. I find no instance of manlier friendship. Maurice is to him always his "dear master;" he clings to him in his own mental struggles, amidst church persecution, and all his self-denying toil for working men. But it was especially the early volume on "The Kingdom of Christ," that shaped the ideas of Kingsley. Few know to-day what power this book, which Hare called the noblest since Hooker, had forty years ago over young Christian scholars. It was the aim of the author to find in all the discordant systems of Christendom the partial truth which witnesses to the divine fellowship, and should lead us at last to no dream of a Nicene age, but to the recognition of the Kingdom of God as an unbroken reality to-day. That faith gave a new meaning to the whole life of the young curate of Eversley. There dawned on him the idea of his own work, to make this kingdom of Christ a social fact, then and there in the England of the nineteenth century, with all its dogmatic parties, its feuds of class, its sleek Phariseeism, and its hard Gospel preached to the poor in the cotton mill or the colliery. The national church was no political establishment, and no sect among sects. It was the English household of Christ whose roots were entwined with all the growths of social life; and its clergy were to be the representatives of the nation, champions of the people, without respect of persons in state or church, without any fear save the fear of God.

And thus began his public life as author and worker in the van of earnest Englishmen. It was a tireless activity of brain and pen, from 1848 to his riper age. His parish at Eversley was never neglected amidst other cares; and one of the noblest proofs of his fidelity is given in his Vil-

lage Sermons. It is a wholesome fact to recall what an impression was made all over England, by this little book full of the freshest Christian thought, plain to the unlettered yet inspiring to the scholar; and what power it had to create in the English Church much of the best preaching of its pulpit since. Men felt as they read these simple, outspoken words, which had been heard by the village folk of Eversley, that there was somewhat in such a gospel of real righteousness, nearer to them than the fine rhetoric of a Melville, or the polemic of many church divines. But with this he entered heart and soul into more public work. He was eager to aid Maurice in his College for working men; and some of his robust essays saw the light in the "Politics for the People," and the "Christian Socialist." "Parson Lot," as he was called among his genial friends, was no theorist, but could handle abuses of trade in real life, in stinging papers like "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," which reached the English conscience. "Yeast," appeared in Fraser in 1848, and two years later the work which gave him his first laurels, "Alton Locke." At this day, it is hard to understand the praise or the rebuke it called forth. There was undoubted talent in the book, and it was one of the earliest in that portraiture of the English working man, so happily followed since; but it was a youthful beginning. Carlyle gave the best critique, in his frank letter. "To make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow; and I include all duties under that one. Saunders Mackaye is nearly perfect. Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing at present; any time within the next two centuries, it is likely, there will be enough to say about them."

But it is not so much "Alton Locke" which asks our review, as the Philistinism that raised so wild a hue and cry against its author. It was well-nigh a death-blow to his clerical reputation. He was called a pestilent radical and an infidel socialist. We can only recall these things to-day with a bewildered smile, yet it is well to keep them in memory, that we may know somewhat of the conservatism which still loves to talk of those good old times of Church and State. There was in Charles Kingsley no jot of the social theory so common across the channel from St. Simon to Leroux, which would overturn the laws of labor and reconstruct the world by social affinities into a new phalanstery, with a French *chef de cuisine* to cook every dish, from the *table d'hote* to the religion. He was a thorough believer in a constitutional monarchy. He defended the right of property, and would deal with social wrongs only by social law. He had the sympathy of an English gentleman with the most refined culture, and the reverence of a Christian for the worship of the Church. His socialism was that of an earnest mind and a stout heart against the abuses of his time. We need not claim for him the wisdom of a statesman, or a thorough drill in the details of political economy. But it is to his immortal honor that he was the true friend of the people in that critical time, when the Chartist movement threatened a war of classes; and the influence of such men saved London, more than its horse-guards. We find him now in the city calming the mob, and then in some smoky manufacturing town lecturing to the crowd on the Christian law of capital and labor. There is no better instance of the struggles through which he was forced to pass, than the story of his sermon in a London church at the time of the Exhibition, when he preached to the workingmen on the true liberty of Christian law and the falsehood of mob rule, yet was publicly insulted at the close by the clergyman. It was in such labors, amidst many cold hearts, sometimes with broken health, yet with unshrinking earnestness, that his years flew on. He was in that happy class of parsons barred out from all mitres or orthodox honors; but it did not vex him in his brave work, or in his study at Eversley. Already he had begun to be understood by the England of the newer time, and his parsonage was filled with the growing troop of friends—Arthur Helps, Froude, Ludlow, Hare, Bunsen and others of the best brain and heart in the land.

We may spend a few words here on the books which followed "Alton Locke" in ripe succession, and set him among the fore-

most in literary fame. He had remembered Carlyle's counsel. The fire was slower and the malt sweeter; yet there are few who have reached such finish in the midst of a busy professional life. "Westward Ho," "Amyas Leigh," "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," were written before the age of 38. As a work of art, and still more as an outgrowth of his Christian thought, "Hypatia" must remain his best creation. Nothing can be richer than this picture of an age buried to almost all in the crypt of church folios, but touched by his hand with such coloring as to make anchorite and pagan real men of our day. But it reveals, far more, that religious aim which I have said was the secret of all his writing. For it spoke the living truth of church history, and unmasked better than a dozen graver books, that romance of the Nicene age written by the novelists of Oxford. Every reader could know the saintly graces of Cyril and his mob of monks who defended the faith by murder; yet the portrait of the wise and good Augustin is drawn with the most reverent feeling. It was not strange that the book should be called "immoral" by the divines who had inherited the ethics as well as the orthodoxy of Cyril; and years after, when the degree of Doctor of Laws was proposed for Kingsley, the charge was renewed by the magnanimous leader of the Oxford school with such holy zeal as to defeat him. But the book remains, in Bunsen's words, "a great and lasting work" of genius. We will not linger on the rest. All his novels have the like wealth of fancy and keen portraiture of character. As a poet, he had not the constructive form of a great master, yet his marvelous skill in the mother tongue, and his deep sympathy with all life in nature or the heart of man, make the few poems he has left dear to us, as we love a bit of Landseer more than acres of canvas. The "Andromeda" is the best example of the classic hexameter in English. Longfellow's "Evangeline" has more of dramatic beauty, but it must yield to the Greek fire of Kingsley, poured into the purest Saxon speech. His "Santa Maura" is nobler in the same vein than Tennyson's "Simeon Stylites." There is no ballad of Uhland more exquisite than the "Fishers," or the "Sands of Dee." And what shall we say of the childrens' books, in this day when so many scribblers by the million have never learned the secret, that he who will write must first "be converted and become as a little child?" We read the "Greek Heroes" as a young Argive might have listened to Homer, and the "Water Babies" is the fairiest wonder-tale of our time.

But we must return from the writings to the man. Almost thirty years of busy life had passed over Charles Kingsley, since he entered on his ministry, to the time when he began to gather in the ripe fruits. He had won fame as an author, at the cost of church honors. He was now to find that his earnest work had the repayment he had never looked for in his life-time. I know, indeed, no nobler encouragement to the laborer in any cause of truth or human right, than we find in the growth within even one generation of the ideas to which he had pledged his manhood. The social reform, that seemed at the time of the Chartist movement the coming of Anti-Christ, had been won step by step in Parliament. Cobden and Bright had led the nation into the path whence it will never turn back. It was already seen by stolid Tory and timid Whig that the policy of the past had been well-nigh their own ruin; and if they feared the growth of liberal opinions, they were forced to yield respect. Nor was the change less striking in the tone of University and Church. There had risen by degrees, out of the party strifes, a race of nobler scholars than in any time since. Hales and Chillingworth; wise and earnest churchmen, but of no old party type and no Oxford hobbies, who represented a critical learning, a sound study of history, and a generous sympathy with the culture of the time. Lightfoot, Stanley, Westcott, Davies, and a host beside, are the signs of the larger life, that will outlast the morbid humors of these forty years. The conscience of the Church had been awakened, too, to its social duty; and it had begun to feel what Kingsley had so often urged, that if it would keep its national claim, it must do national work. It was these changes, which at last

brought him the honor he deserved. We need not dream, indeed, that ecclesiastical narrowness was gone; but it had not the strength of former days that had pushed Maurice from his chair. In 1854, the author of "Hypatia," when an invalid passing his summer at Torquay, writes in an amusing letter that he is shunned by all the clergy of the neighborhood, and finds good company among the sea urchins; but five years later he was one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, and the year after was chosen Professor of History at Cambridge. Such honors, indeed, are of small worth, save as they show the change of tone; for they came when he had won success by his own strength, and after many lesser men had long been bishops of fat sees. Nothing is more pleasant than to read the letter of the worthy Dean of Chester, even nine years later, when Kingsley was made Canon of Chester, in which he speaks of his fears at the first encounter with this suspicious radical, and the sweet comfort of finding him after all so sound a churchman. It is the best feature of the man that he bore his honors very meekly; and while he was glad of this new field of work, he loved the three fir trees at Eversley, a fishing trip with Hughes, or an earnest talk with Maurice, beyond all gifts the University or Church could bestow.

We are specially indebted to this biography for the light it has thrown on the studies and the ripe convictions of his last years. His parish life at Eversley remained as dear to his heart as ever; but his public work was changed with his entrance on his new duties as Professor of History. I need not speak at length of his results in this special path. We can not claim for him that critical power to be found in scholars like Arnold or Freeman; and the habit of mind so long trained in other literary work hardly fitted him for history. "The Roman and Teuton" has indeed the mark of a fresh genius which might have been very fruitful, had he followed out that germ of study into the early growths of European civilization. But the influence of men of his type is not so much in learned octavos as in the spirit they breathe into science or letters. He had the same magnetism over the students at his lectures as in the pulpit, by his insight into historic principles and his moral honesty. We find him busy with all the stirring questions of the time, lecturing at social science meetings, urging larger plans of university education, and entering with eager thought into the new problems of natural science. He is always the same Christian believer, while the fearless advocate of intellectual and social progress. It is at this point we may recall the famous passage at arms with Newman, which called out the "Apologia." A sentence in an article printed in Macmillan's Magazine, in which he said that "truth, for its own sake, had never been a motive with the Roman clergy," and that "Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole, ought not to be," was construed into a personal attack on the morality of that erratic divine. None could be farther than Kingsley from the thought of a personal insinuation; it was solely against the untruth of the system of which Newman has been a leader, that this just charge was made. There is an intellectual immorality which may be joined with entire honesty of heart. Leigh Hunt tells us in one of his bright essays, of a friend who "had the privilege of exaggeration, without losing his abstract love of truth." It is a vice that belongs, alas! to many Protestant as well as Roman champions, and deserves the same rebuke. Yet if I should choose in our own time the two master works which show the most perilous sophistry in reasoning, the dogmatic end that sanctifies any logical means, I should name the "Essay on Development" and the "Grammar of Assent." I admire the intellectual feats of Newman as I do those of an athlete, but I prefer the ethics of Charles Kingsley.

But I must turn to other points more directly touching his position in his own church. There are not a few, as I said at the opening of this essay, who look on Mr. Kingsley as one of the early liberal leaders who at last became a stolid conservative. But we can now understand from his biography the true and healthy growth of his character. There had come to him, as to all

such earnest minds, a time of more positive convictions, after the energies of youth had been sobered; and this change in himself was yet more strengthened by the change which had passed over Church and State. His faith in the real progress of England was now assured. His faith in the capacity of the Church to throw off at last its backward tendencies, his love of its positive yet broad creed, its historic symmetry, had taken deeper root. He had dropped the impatience of the years when life was a half-fought battle, and without the cynicism of the Diogenes of Chelsea, was better able to understand his quaint saying, that, "of the grand social and moral questions, it is like there will be enough said within the two next centuries." This riper character is found in all his writing and his doing. We see in his letter to John Stuart Mill on the *res vexatissima* of woman's rights, his hearty sympathy with every effort for education, yet his unflinching maintenance of the Christian law of the household. His knowledge of natural science only deepens his belief "that science and the creeds will shake hands at last," and he hopes that he may help on the reconciliation, although he may "suffer the fate of those who see both sides." In the same spirit he wrote in 1864, when the famous "Essays and Reviews" had roused so fierce a storm. There was not, as a sane Churchman might think, enough in a small book of disjointed criticisms to frighten the scholarship of the nation. Indeed it has proved after the long softening of the muscles from the Oxford divinity, like the Russian cold-plunge after the steam, a healthy shock, which will end in a more thorough Christian criticism. But pulpit and pamphlet and convocation sounded the alarm, as if Christianity were in peril. It was to his honor that Charles Kingsley refused to sign the circular against the essays, but in his letter to the Bishop of Winchester he gave his sound opinion. He deplored the book as one which "only raised afresh the doubts that have passed through the mind of every thinking man in the last 25 years, yet gave no help to a practical solution." This he believed the great need of the Church, to defend its truth against such negative critics, not by noisy persecution but by a better learning; and we may thank God it has begun to learn the lesson.

But we cannot dwell longer on the incidents of these last years. It might have been thought that with his strength of body and unfaded youth of mind, there lay before him a long career of noble toil. Yet it is plain, from his biography, that he himself foreknew the breaking up of his powers. The death of Maurice in 1872, and that of Norman McLeod, called out the confession, "he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone as I am surely going." A few weeks by the sea-shore or among the hills had hitherto recruited his strength, but the overtasked body had lost much of its old energy. More and more his failing health alarmed his friends, and at last, in 1874, after he had just entered on his new duties as Canon of Westminster Abbey, he resolved, by the advice of his physician, to fulfill his old wish of a visit to America. To him it seemed the revival of his youth, although to us he had the look of premature age. His letters are brimming with adventures, from the Rocky Mountains to the smaller wonders of Washington and a New York dinner. The hearty welcome which he won and the remembrances he left behind him, cannot be better told than in the letter of Whittier to Mrs. Kingsley: "My copy of his 'Hypatia' is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory; but since I have seen him, the man seems greater than the author." But we had hardly bidden him a happy sail homeward, when the news came of his sudden and fatal illness. He died in January of 1875, at the age of 55. We will not linger on the story told with such tenderness by his wife in this memorial. It was fitting that he should be laid at rest in Eversley by the three fir trees, and all the honors so well paid him by all England, are less than the love of the village folk, old and young, who gathered in the plain churchyard. The quaint epitaph, "*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus*," tells the whole life.

Happy the England, which has had such a son in her old age! We love the scholar,

the preacher, the poet; but the word of Whittier is the true one, that "the man is greater than the author." It is the life of a soldier of Christ, who in a time of struggle, when the church and nation needed great hearted leaders, chose for himself the front of the battle, who never gave up for great bribes or small one honest conviction, and whose influence has been more than his books, or all books, in the manhood he has bequeathed. And it is happier yet for England, that she can say even in such a loss, with stout Henry over the body of Percy:—

"Now God be with him, quoth our king,
Sith it will no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he."

We may have an historian like Arnold, a thinker like Maurice, a preacher like Robertson, a writer and leader like Kingsley, but such an apostolic succession of men is rare in one generation. The church that has given them birth will not die; and it will be time enough in another thirty years, when they who come after have gathered in the harvest, to understand the sowers and the sowing. *E. A. Washburn.*

THE FIR TREE.

HEAR'ST thou the song it sings to me?
The endless song of the dark fir tree.
Before my window, beside my door,
It sighs and whispers forevermore.
By dawn, or daylight, or night's mid-hour,
I hear its still small voice of power.
"Eternity! Eternity!"
Is the hourly message it brings to me.

When I am weary and worn with pain,
And the burning sunshine fires my brain,
Faint, and listless, and fit for death,
It swings and rustles with fragrant breath:
"Hot and lonely thy noon may be,
But there is a long, long rest for thee:
Eternity! Eternity!"
This is the psalm of the old fir tree.

Sometimes the storms of Summer pour,
The lightnings dazzle, the thunders roar;
Those dark boughs groan, and writhe, and sway.
But sighing and moaning still they say:
"An end to the tempests of earth shall be;
A tranquil morning awaiteth thee—
Eternity! Eternity!
Beyond this fateful and angry sea."

When Winter hath scattered leaf and rose,
And the boughs bend low with heavy snows,
Their patient drooping a lesson lends,
To a life borne down with the care He sends.

"Bend to thy burden! awhile for thee
The weight and the wear of toil must be.
Eternity! Eternity
From care and carking shall set thee free."

If the ways of man my spirit vex,
And the ways of God my soul perplex,
When He hath taken my life's desire,
And molten my heart in his fining fire;
When the dearest eyes I cannot see,
And the voice I longed for is dead to me:
"Wait! for thy longing shall find the key;
Eternity! Eternity!
There shall the dayspring come back to thee,"
Softly singeth the dark fir tree.

When I shall sleep in my quiet grave,
Oh kindly fir tree, above me wave!
Utter thine anthems to one who grieves
Under thy shining, singing leaves:
"Keep thy faith like the fadeless tree!
Tender and true let memory be.
Eternity! Eternity!
There thy lost love is waiting for thee!"
Blest be thy music, oh dark fir tree!
And blessed the Maker who fashioned thee!

Rose Terry Cooke.

ETHICS OF "ADVANCED SCIENCE."

Conscience is a great embarrassment. Its vexatious meddling with matters of practice is familiar to everybody. According to Shakespeare, "It makes a man a coward. A man can not steal but it accuses him. * * * It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and live without it." In addition to these serious practical inconveniences, conscience has of late years become a great obstacle to scientific speculation; indeed it seems likely that much of current speculation can not go on, unless measures are taken to abate the nuisance. In other words the validity of moral distinctions, and the unconditional duty of right living, are foregone conclusions with all men who are worthy to have any voice in determining human opinions. The better class of "advanced scientists," agree with the most rigid Christian moralists in emphasizing this point. There are, indeed, some men, notably in Germany, who clamor in the name of science to be freed from the moral law; but the prevailing sentiment about them, even in scientific quarters, is that they should be met, not with argument, but with rebuke. Certainly the advanced scientists of England and America are in no mood to listen to the obsolete brutalities of Hobbs and D'Holbach, who denied any natural distinction between right and wrong. Morals must be upheld; and any system which seeks acceptance from men must make some provision for morals, if not for religion. The need of religion is not so universally admitted; and yet Comte's "Religion of Humanity," Strauss's "Worship of

the Cosmos," and Professor Clifford's "Cosmic Emotion" indicate that advanced scientists regard even religion as a necessity. But however that may be, it is not to be thought of that moral distinctions should be denied, and the sins of the world taken away by a stroke of definition. This is the general feeling upon the subject, as much among respectable sceptics as among believers. And here it is that conscience becomes so troublesome. Science is not at liberty to lay down its premises and trust to logic for the conclusion. Whatever the premises, a fixed point is given which must always be taken into account. Conscience is so intertwined with our entire system of beliefs that scarcely a speculation can be started about which the question does not arise: "But what about conscience?" One man concludes that life and thought are only the outcome of molecular combinations; and at once the question starts up: "But what about conscience?" Another discovers that there is no freedom and no future life; and again the vexatious question arises: "But what about conscience?" Some come down from the observatory or out of the laboratory, and announce that there is no God, or that if there be a God we can know nothing about Him; but in each case the old question is reëchoed: "But what about conscience?"

Now this is extremely vexatious. Science cannot go its way in peace; but in the very moment of a great discovery or generalization this intractable moral nature starts up before the speculator as Elijah did before Ahab when he had killed and taken possession. And what makes it worse is that this troubler of Israel cannot be ignored. In the popular mind morals stand or fall with the beliefs in theism, freedom and a future life. This may be a mistake; but unfortunately the opposite doctrines have produced little but evil fruit. Materialistic and atheistic saints are extremely rare appearances, and this serves to support the popular view. Here, too, we find the explanation of a peculiar sensitiveness which advanced thinkers manifest at being charged with atheism or materialism. Various prominent speculators have lately made us acquainted with the doctrine of automatism in mind and morals, and they have repeatedly assured us that life and mind result, mysteriously indeed but none the less really, from physical combination. There is nothing new nor strange about this doctrine, it is simple, old-fashioned materialism; but what amazes the critic is that its holders are unwilling to have it called materialism. Barely to suggest the word is sufficient to call forth passionate and even hysteric denial. One is forthwith charged with flinging dirt, and worst of all with resorting to the *odium theologicum.*

So peculiar a psychological phenomenon must have some explanation. It may occur to ill-conditioned minds that we are here dealing with the same mental tendency which leads men to prefer the title of embezzler, defaulter, etc., to that of thief, and which leads them to describe their operations as anything but stealing. But while this hypothesis would fully explain the facts, we think a better can be found. We believe that the surprising sensitiveness to charges of materialism and atheism which the writings of many prominent speculators show, is due not to a fear of public opinion but to a fear of themselves. They are not sure that they have left any sufficient ground for the moral nature. They are not sure that they are not on an inclined plane whose bottom lies far beneath them. Hence they wish to ignore or evade the problem, and hence when some critic declares that their views lead by logical necessity to a denial of morality, they are startled at finding the question forced upon them. Then they cry out, as much to reassure themselves as anything else: "I tell you I am not a materialist; I am not an atheist. I believe in moral distinctions as well as you. It is a wicked slander to call me an atheist!" To which the critic responds by asking them if there is any word in the language which rightly describes their views; and especially he asks them to forego hysterics and show that their declared views are not inconsistent with the moral nature. Until this is done the common sense of mankind is against them.

Plainly this showing is a necessity; and so far as assurances go, the work has already

been done. Hardly an essay or an address is produced by the other side which does not assure us that in any case the interests of morality are safe, and that a high moral ideal is just as consistent with atheism as with theism. Some, like Mr. Frederic Harrison, even carry the war into Africa, and declare that a belief in a future life is so far from necessary to morals that it is really incompatible with the highest moral development. These assurances we propose to examine. Personal inconsistencies may be allowed; but a system stands or falls by its logic. An inconsistent system is no system. Our speculators pride themselves especially upon their consistency; we demand that they be consistent here. We do not deny that the sense of right and wrong and of the beauty of right living may be very strong in men who think themselves atheists and without any immortal destiny. Ernest Naville says: "There are men all of whose convictions have fallen into ruins while their conscience remains standing, sole remaining witness of a demolished building." It would be strange if there were no cases of this kind. God, the Eternal Love, is not to be abolished by any one's unbelief. The Holy Spirit, the Light and Life of men, is not extinguished even if man's faith does falter and die. And human love, too, abides in the human heart, burning up baseness and spreading its flaming wings for illimitable flight. It is not strange, then, that a sense of moral beauty should remain even after its logical supports have fallen. But everybody knows that this is not often the case. In the history of philosophy, the denial of God has quickly and invariably led with it the denial of duty. The dream of the advanced scientist that morality is safe in any case is due to his ignorance of history. He does not know how often in the history of speculative thought the theoretic denial has involved conscience and duty in ruin. He also takes a too rosy view of man himself. He forgets that to the mass of men, duty is a hateful yoke and a heavy burden. He forgets both the revelations of iniquity which constantly startle the commercial world, and the selfish and anarchic passions whose mighty struggles make the social heavens and earth to quake. His plans embrace only the man of large culture and established self-control; and we do not believe that his system would work well even here for any length of time. Our thesis is that moral distinctions vanish, exhortation becomes an impertinence, and punishment becomes brute violence when God, freedom and the future life are denied. But let no one say that we are taking refuge in sentiment; for we are not arguing against such denial, but only pointing out what it implies. Indeed sentimental arguments on this point have not come of late years from the side of Christian theism. It is the other side which has deluged the subject with floods of sentiment concerning impersonal immortality, cosmic emotion, cosmic worship and the religion of humanity. We only demand that there shall be no paltering, no attempts to sew the new cloth on the old garment. If we are to accept the teachings of advanced scientists, we wish to do it with our eyes open; to know just where we are going and what we are giving up. This is desirable on all accounts, for clearness as well as for safety. The moral aspects of advanced science need to be more accurately determined. The question has been suffered to drag along like a chronic disease which has power to undermine life, but whose onset is not sufficiently sharp and decided to rouse the energies of the system to resistance.

But what do we mean by advanced science? We do not mean science, by any means. We believe that morality, religion and human welfare in general have no truer friend than genuine science. But recent speculations have made us familiar with the denial first of freedom, second of a future life and third of God. The last denial is sometimes replaced by what is called agnostic theism. This is only a longer way of writing atheism, as the two doctrines are quite indistinguishable so far as either science or morality is concerned. Its only advantage is that it enables one to have the game without the name. Now these views are not science, but they claim to be; and the dogmatists who hold them are extremely fond of giving them out as the latest and most advanced science. Hence the name. Our

claim is that any one of these doctrines leads logically to the destruction of morality.

At the very outset we are struck by a peculiar inconsequence on the part of the advanced scientist with regard to the moral nature in general. The believers in the mythical origin of Christianity used to explain the notions which the early Church held about Christ by referring to the Old Testament teachings concerning the Messiah; but when the question of prophecy was in debate, they found it convenient to deny any distinctively Messianic prophecies. A similar piece of strategy is fashionable in this debate. When one suggests that atheism or materialism is fatal to morals, the advanced thinker invariably treats us to a homily conceived in the spirit of the highest intuitional morality. God or no God, we are told, there is an eternal distinction between right and wrong. Whether there be a future life or not, it is still an imperative duty to live nobly here. In particular the eternal sanctity of truth and its supreme value for the seeking soul are largely dwelt upon. Christians are even twitted at times with believing immorally, that is with preferring the rest of unfounded beliefs to the noble disquiet of absolute loyalty to truth. The advanced thinker must have no other motto than the heroic words, "I covet truth;" and he must resign all the comforts, all the joys, all the hopes of his heart, if they seem to conflict with the eternal veracities. The homily is apt to close with a whispered prayer, just loud enough to be overheard, that he "may join the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in souls made better by their presence." By this time the objector is heartily ashamed of himself; and as he gazes upon this noble being in whom self is overcome and duty is all and in all he wonders how he could ever have made his unfortunate suggestion that any conceivable change of opinion could remove from duty the seal of inviolable obligation. This moral enthusiasm on the part of advanced thinkers is extremely gratifying, no doubt; but our satisfaction and appreciation are partly obscured by the fact that when the origin and nature of conscience are in debate the same eloquent writers are quite sure to tell us that conscience has a very earthly origin. Then we learn that there is no absolute right; everything depends on custom and circumstance. The moral nature has its roots in physical desire. Love of pleasure, fear of pain, a bit of sympathy and a large amount of selfish expectation will produce a conscience, when thrown together in the same being and worked over by the chemistry of association. Our distinctions of right and wrong rest upon no eternal nature of things, but merely express the way in which we were brought up. Had the "environment" been different, both truth and righteousness would have been different. One cannot help feeling surprise when he remembers that the expounder of this doctrine is the same superior being who before made such a glowing defence of absolute truth and right. Now we should be justified in calling a halt here, and insisting upon a choice between these two views. Both cannot be held at once. If conscience have the genesis just described, it is absurd to speak of any obligation higher than that of common prudence; but if conscience has any true right to rule, it cannot have had this origin. To hold now one view and now the other, according to the exigencies of the argument, impresses one with the same feeling of awe which invaded the minds of William Nye and Truthful James at the wonderful play of Ah Sin. Common honesty and that supreme truthfulness which has been set up as the chief virtue demand that a choice be made here. We say it deliberately and with emphasis—this fundamental inconsistency can be rescued from the charge of knavery only by postulating an ignorance equally dense and profound.

We pass to the specific denials mentioned; and first we consider the denial of freedom. When we object to physical fatalism that it denies morality, the scientific speculator is very fond of using the great Calvanistic theologians to screen himself from attack. When Professor Huxley made his address, "Are Animals Automata?" he warned his critics in advance that if he were to be summoned to answer for his doctrine of autom-

atism, he should not appear alone, but should bring Edwards and Calvin with him.

In the first place, appeals of this kind misrepresent Calvinism. The Westminster creed affirms predestination, but it is expressly said to be of such a kind that the liberty of second causes is not taken away but rather established. To the average mind this is equivalent to denying predestination, but the Calvinist thinks otherwise. Considered as a philosophical notion, there is all the difference in the world between physical fatalism and Calvinistic predestination. But in the second place, this is not a question of great names, in any case, but of simple logic. For our own part, we should be quite unconcerned if Edwards and Calvin did appear as Mr. Huxley's supporters. No more is the question whether theoretic deniers of liberty have practically admitted it. No system can be saved by the inconsistency of its friends. Let us, then, deny freedom, what must follow? The fatalist, appealing this time to Butler, says that nothing will follow. If there be any necessity, we are now living under it, and daily life would remain unchanged if we became conscious of that necessity. But this applies only to the external form of action and not to the inner life. This sameness of external form is probably what Professor Huxley means by one of his symposium utterances, which says that when it is seen that the consequences of moral law are as inexorable as those of physical law, men will break the one no sooner than they will the other. A fatalist will not put his hand in the fire any sooner than the believer in freedom; and when it is clear that moral law has consequences just as fixed, no theory will seriously affect conduct. But this again applies only to the external form; while sin and righteousness, merit and demerit are within. Now these vanish with the denial of freedom. There is no longer any merit or demerit. Upon this theory punishment becomes not a just retribution but a simple measure of self-defence. The element of righteousness has gone out of it; and the attack is no more wicked than the defence. The murdered is as blameworthy as the murderer; both alike are the victims of a diseased viscus. The only difference in actions is in the outcome, and not in the inner spring. When this is clearly seen, remorse and shame vanish, and with them the sting of sin; for the sting of sin consists not in being thrown down, but in having voluntarily fallen. The fallacy of the fatalist consists in taking the outer form of action for the inner life, and in the failure to perceive that he has lost all that makes action moral.

The morals of fatalism, therefore, must be purely external. It must classify acts by results only. The only thing to fear is external penalty; and to ward it off we have our wits. In a multitude of cases what we now consider the most infamous sins against the soul could be rendered harmless by proper sanitary measures. Prudence would still be necessary; but if only the inner shame were gone—and it would go if we were sure of automatism—it would be easy to reckon with natural laws. Under such a system the same external result might be reached as under a free system; but nothing short of absolute incapacity could imagine that there would be any morality in it.

Another result must be mentioned. Merit and demerit having disappeared, action would be estimated purely by its outcome. Feeble infants might be exposed; infirm persons might be knocked on the head; and even advanced scientists, if their doctrines threatened to disturb the social well-being, might be practically dealt with for the general good. Of course, truth would have only a practical value; beyond this point, it would be insanity to attribute to it any sacredness or obligation. Where a lie would serve the purpose as well as the truth it might be legitimately used; of course in some cases a lie would be preferable. That advanced thinker who so nobly scorned the repose of faith because he coveted truth, could only be an object of compassion, as being either a madman or a fool. Now we hold that these results follow from the denial of freedom, and that they do not represent what common sense understands by morality. Of course, the advanced scientist will deny our conclusion, but in default of argument we leave him to his sentimental indignation.

Let us pass to the second point, the denial of a future life. Here, too, the denier takes high ground in favor of intuitional morality, and repeats the common remarks about the absolute sanctities, etc. If there be no life to come, it is still a duty to be noble and not base. There is a sublime grandeur in heroic struggle and sacrifice even if we sink into nothingness the next moment. He is also careful not to miss the opportunity of expressing his scorn for the selfishness of those who look for a future life. But unfortunately these worthies are commonly entangled in the doctrines concerning conscience and freedom which we have mentioned; and that leaves us in doubt whether this fine talk is due to ignorance or knavery. But we omit to press this difficulty, and point out that struggling, agonizing, etc., are not heroic in themselves, but only when they have a worthy object. One might struggle, and even agonize mightily, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, but it would not impress any one as especially heroic. To struggle for nothing is the mark of a fool and not of a hero. Before we give way, then, to sentiment about self-sacrifice and agonizing, reason asks what this self-sacrifice and agonizing are for? The facts upon which this seemingly high-toned morality is based, are these: The moral law as revealed in every normal conscience is not cut out on the pattern of prudence or self-interest. No more is it cut out with supreme regard to animal or earthly interests; on the contrary, it claims to override them if they collide with it. Anything may and must be sacrificed rather than violate the sanctity of conscience. Thus the moral law appears in our lives as an unconditional imperative, commanding and giving no reasons. It is this fact which has led many intuitionists to imagine that the law is able to support itself. But this law, like all others, must justify itself to our reason. As a simple, opaque fact, disturbing animal happiness and flouting prudence, we want to know its authority and its meaning. No amount of sentiment can avail to answer or resist this rational demand; and it is one of the great services of the utilitarian moralists to have so forced this point upon the consideration of intuitionalists that it is now generally admitted. Christianity gives an answer. It says that the soul, which is the true man, is to live forever, and that every act of good or evil photographs itself indelibly upon its entire future. Hence morality has an infinite, because an eternal significance. Hence when hand or foot offend, we should cut them off and cast them from us. Hence we are to struggle and agonize to enter into life, for the gain of the world were nothing if the soul were lost. At once we see the tremendous significance of action. The moral law is no wanton impertinence but the organic law of the soul's life and peace. But if we reject this view, the law, so far as it transcends common prudence, appears as monstrous injustice. Conscience itself turns against it. Man has only this life to live, and the law will not let him enjoy that. The law no longer appears as something godlike, but rather as a demon hand thrust enviously up to clutch at the little happiness which his short life makes possible. Man is called upon to render justice, and shall the universe be unjust to him?

Christianity gives a reason for the moral law and justifies it to our intelligence. Let us abandon the Christian theory and see what ground there can be for obeying the moral law beyond the limits of earthly prudence. Much sentiment is poured out at once; and in particular the selfishness of our view is dwelt upon. We will not insist on the fact that this decrier of selfishness is commonly the one who bases the moral nature on the most abject selfishness; we only point out that he mistakes his antagonist. It is not the selfish instincts but conscience itself which protests against a law out of all proportion to the good of its subjects. Nor is it the selfish who have insisted upon a future life, but Socrates, Plato and Christ. The implied claim of the positivists that they themselves are the only ones who have emancipated themselves from selfishness would be infamous if it were not so ludicrous. After such a claim one is not surprised to see their founder abandoning the wife who rescued him from the mad-house, nursed him back into sanity and supported him by

her own toil, in order to devote himself to an "affinity." But, it is urged again, it certainly is selfish to refuse to sacrifice ourselves for the good of others, unless we see our own advantage in it. Here again the objection fails to touch bottom. There is nothing more abhorrent to the moral nature than just this law of sacrifice except on one condition. That the one should be essentially and utterly sacrificed to the many is to empty all morality and reason out of the system of things; and the world becomes the strict parallel of a helpless ship in mid-ocean whose crew, driven to cannibalism by starvation, kill the weaker one by one in order to satisfy their horrid hunger. If such were the case conscience and pity would command, not that some should submit to be eaten, but that all should stand by and perish together. Here is an autonomy of the conscience which conscience itself cannot resolve. Conscience justifies a rational self-love as much as it justifies self-sacrifice. In the average, my happiness is worth as much as another's. Ought I to sacrifice myself for him? he ought to sacrifice himself for me and prevent my action. Ought we to find our happiness in that of others? then I can make others most happy by doing the best possible for myself and letting them know how well-off I am. Intuitional moralists have almost invariably overlooked the dualism of conscience upon this subject. The New Testament reconciliation is the only possible one—he that loseth his life, the same shall save it. Personal good and universal good must be identified in a future life. Without this assumption there is nothing upon which the conscience turns more fiercely than upon this law of sacrifice. Of course, if any one finds delight in self-sacrifice, no one objects. As a refined form of egoism it justifies itself, but it can never be commanded as a duty.

Our claim then, is not merely that selfishness overrides conscience when a future life is denied, but that conscience itself abandons its high claims in that case. Here are the facts: In a few years it will make no difference to me what I have been. In a few generations it will make no difference to the universe what the human race has been. Whether happy or unhappy, moral or immoral, all will have passed away and left no sign. The difference between right and wrong will have been wiped out; and the righteous and the wicked will have reached a common goal. Now the holder of this view attempts to preach morality, and what can he say? Worldly prudence every one can understand, but what ground is there for anything more? Of course, we do not mean that everybody would plunge into beastliness if the belief in immortality were gone; differences of taste would still remain, but that is all. Duty would be an empty word, and taste would give the law of life. But taste has no law; and every one must be left to his own devices. Sadly enough the taste of the masses does not lie in the direction of moral ideas. Men are annoyed and vexed at any apparition of duty, and they would gladly shut it out of both thought and life. Now how could a humane unbeliever in immortality justify himself in disturing a pleasant worldly life by this nightmare of duty? If it were possible to implant in a cow grazing in rich pasture, unattainable and unreal ideals which should spoil the pasture and produce only unrest, would the act be humane or diabolical? Whereupon the objector in his grand way replies that there is an essential nobility in duty; but in the assumed circumstances this can only mean that his tastes run in that direction, and that he chooses to stigmatize the tastes of others as base and groveling. But what right has he to do so? His egoism and self-esteem are satisfied in one way; but that does not warrant him in interfering with others who differ from him. Each must be allowed to go his own way free from all interference and from insolent assumption of superiority on the part of others. If the egoism of one man delights in certain psychological fineries, he should be free to choose them. If another is better pleased with more substantial goods, let him be equally free. Above all, let moral absolutism, which alone is true morality, die the death. The critic must allow that if a future life be denied the present life would be more comfortable if the sense of duty were toned down.

It is unnecessary to discuss the effects of atheism upon morality, as it implies the difficulties already mentioned. We close by pointing out that, upon any theistic theory it is impossible to justify the ways of God either to the conscience or to reason without a future life, and without the Christian theory of that life. If we think of a period a few thousand years ahead when the present order shall have passed away and the ancient silence and loneliness of God shall have returned, we cannot help asking the question, "What was it all for? This meaningless stir of creation which has sunk back again into silence, was it worth while?" It is at this point that we can comprehend the despair of the Indian religions. We Occidentals have had a childish readiness to view God as the creator of the finite order; but that is precisely what the Oriental mind has found impossible. It did not doubt the Infinite, but questioned whether the Infinite could connect itself with such a finite. The finite, as we know it, is unworthy of the Infinite. He cannot descend from his sacred, everlasting calm and silence to take part in this stupid senseless turmoil of the finite. Hence the finite does not exist. It is a dream only, an illusion. God is not in it, for it is unworthy of Him. Hence, also, let us too seek to escape from it, and by reflection on the eternal and by withdrawal from action, let us lose ourselves again in the infinite rest and silence. Until very recently this conception was impossible to Western thought. It was a matter of course that God could not want any higher business than to make and maintain our world. And as for the world, it was a great success; a little blackened, indeed, by the Bible, but upon the whole a very excellent thing. All this has changed. Pessimism has made mighty advances in science and philosophy. It is becoming fashionable to deride the universe, and the cant of progress is receding. Our literature is full of it, from the magazine article written according to the prevailing fashion, to the magnificent but half-crazed utterances of J. S. Mill in his posthumous essays. Whoever has the words of eternal life, it is at last settled that science and philosophy have them not. From the Indian stand-point, the Indian notion is profoundly true. Conscience and reason are satisfied only as we advance to the Christian doctrine that the full purpose and magnificence of creation become manifest only in eternity. By a necessary development of thought, when we abandon this stand-point, speculation recedes toward atheism or unconscious pantheism. All speculation is in unstable equilibrium between these two extremes.

We have not sought to prove that advanced scientists are bad men, but that their doctrines lead by logical necessity to a destruction of morality. Neither sentiment nor personal character are concerned; but simply and solely logic. Hence appeals to sentiment and charges of misrepresentation are irrelevant in reply. We do not urge the results deduced as any disproof of the premises; we only insist that they flow from the premises; and there is no injustice in putting premises and conclusion together. We have given the question this prominence because we believe that mischief has been done by ignoring it. Let it be dragged into the light and kept there, until loose-jointed scepticism shall learn what it is doing, and until speculative trickery shall be forced to be consistent and to accept the logical outcome of its opinions.

Borden P. Bowne.

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER X.

VACATION DAYS.

EARLY in July Mr. Dyer, by my advice, resolved to spend the heated term in a clearer atmosphere. After a little hesitation, he pitched upon Lake George as the place most likely to suit him. Of course Agnes went. I was not a little amused to find, presently, that Hal and Maud needed a change of air, and that Lake George was just the place for them. Northrop Duff would also take Lake George on his way home. Well, things must drift as they would.

I cannot say that this summer proved as comfortable or satisfactory as previous summers of my life. Mary's maternal instincts insisted upon Lake George, and I begged her to take Jack along too. My solitary meals and the stillness of the house at night impressed me with a sense of a bachelor's loneliness as never before. Tom fled also, and I had no resource but my work. There was enough of that, for sickness and death took no vacation and made no distinction between the Lord's poor and the devil's poor during those long, sweltering days. A man's heart must be hard indeed who could feel no compassion. I found a certain satisfaction in spending myself for them, till I began to get seriously jaded in body and mind by the suffering I saw and was unable to relieve. However, I stoutly resisted the attractions of Lake George, and when the heat and my weariness became importunate I ran down to Nahant a few days, failing to regain my accustomed serenity even there.

September, with its cold nights and hot days fulfilled the promise of a rainy August. An epidemic prevailed in the city and my absentees were refused permission to return till October. Mary came first with Jack, conscience-stricken, as she averred, for leaving me so long alone. She was anxious also to get Jack into the High School, the term having already commenced. Hal followed, bound for his medical studies at New Haven. And lastly, Miss Dyer, Maud, Mr. Dyer, and Northrop Duff, who stopped for them on his return from California.

I found them all improved and changed. Physically they were in excellent condition, Mr. Dyer excepted, and even he was better than I had supposed he ever could be again. A change not easily defined was apparent in all, and more pronounced in Hal and Maud than in the rest. They were happy enough, for anything that I could see, but thoughtful and quiet, and I missed their former frolicsome gaiety. Somebody had stolen my children and given me men and women instead. Hal, especially, seemed years older. I had failed to credit him with the depth and earnestness he was manifesting now. He was home a good part of the time—his medical studies allowing him more freedom than his academic course—and I had larger opportunities for observation. To my surprise he would remain silent for hours, or plunge off into long, lonely walks, returning thoroughly wearied; and I often heard him striding up and down his room till nearly morning. Of course there seemed but one explanation to all this. Contrary to my expectation, his violent predilection for Miss Dyer had settled into dead earnest; and I could not and would not speculate as to the issue. But even that explanation, patent as it seemed, was insufficient, as I afterward ascertained. Maud was touched by a thoughtfulness that made her more beautiful than ever. She still sang, but her song was no longer the gay trill of a bird. She fluttered between a smile and a tear, and was strangely forgetful. Who had set my pet a-dreaming?

No one seemed disposed to be communicative; I got the most out of Jack. It appeared that during their absence, when Maud was not with her mother, she was with Miss Dyer, and that wherever Miss Dyer was, there could be found Northrop and Hal.

"I think Miss Dyer liked *me* best," explained Jack, with becoming modesty, "though she talked most with Tall

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Enough," as he insisted upon calling Northrop Duff. "What is the difference? Tall Enough or Northrop Duff? It means the same thing," he explained. "I tell you what," added Jack confidentially, "*she's* just bully! Hal heard me say that once and he half killed me. Then I called her 'Saint Agnes,' and didn't he put a stopper on me? What ails the young man? He's savager than a meat-ax. He said that if ever he heard me call her anything but 'Miss' Dyer he'd grind me to powder." And Jack buried his hands in his touseled hair, and looked more perplexed than ever I saw him before. But even Jack could not explain Maud.

Miss Dyer I did not see for some time after her return, though I called repeatedly upon her father with communications from our agent. Beneath his quiet exterior I found him as restless and importunate as ever, and his excitement could scarcely be controlled when he learned that our agent had ferreted out the fact that a man similar to Robert Lyon, but answering to the name of Norman Lee, shipped aboard an English brig bound for Sidney, Australia, three days after the affair at Mauna Loa. There was a possibility, a precarious one, that this man might have been Robert Lyon. The name of the brig and her captain were yet to be ascertained.

This, to me, vaguest of uncertainties was to Mr. Dyer proof positive that Robert Lyon still lived. A man can believe almost anything that he is determined to believe, and Mr. Dyer was determined to believe that Robert Lyon was alive, and should live till he had done with him. He had become possessed by the conviction that all his mental discomfort and uneasiness would vanish the moment he made this enforced restitution; and the thought that Robert Lyon by death had made restitution impossible was too torturing to be endured for a moment. The shallower depths of this man's mental anguish could be sounded by his vehement refusal to believe that any one or anything could stand between him and relief. No; he defied Robert Lyon to escape and leave him this fearful alternative. Sometimes I wondered if he ever thought of the possibility that he was defying something or Someone whose hand directed Robert Lyon's movements and shaped his fortunes.

These interviews with Mr. Dyer were sufficiently harrassing previous to his absence for the summer. But since his return, and perhaps because I was a little jaded, they had become too painful and exhausting to be endured unnecessarily. The night of which I am about to speak I escaped early, bent on walking off his depressing influence. It was a cool, crisp November evening. I buttoned my coat and bared my head for a moment, taking a full, deep breath to rid myself of the intolerable pressure of this man's sin, wrong, or whatever it was, and started off, facing the wind. There is something clean and healthful in a strong wind, and before I had gone half a mile I began to feel its influence.

In passing the chapel of Tom's church, my attention was arrested by a full tide of song pouring out into the darkness and the night. Tom was an accomplished musician, with a keen ear and correct taste, and he had been an educating power to his congregation in this particular as in many others, until they were said to have the finest singing in the city, especially at their social services. I stopped to listen. The full harmony of well trained voices sent out to me that exquisite hymn of Bonar's:

> "I heard the voice of Jesus say,
> Come unto me and rest."

And, again—

> "I heard the voice of Jesus say,
> I am this dark world's light."

It seemed a direct answer to questions I had been fruitlessly asking, and in obedience to an impulse I was still too languid to resist I entered unobserved and took a seat near the door.

Tom's subsequent prayer was very earnest and sincere, a conscious outpouring of the wants of himself and his people into the ear of a compassionate Father and into the heart of a loving elder Brother, whose life and death had made possible a glorious immortality.

Then came another hymn, so restful and satisfying that I could feel my weariness

passing out of me at every pore; leaving me in a state of quiescence, a sense of lying still in loving hands, too precious to be disturbed by the utterance of thought. Toward the last, I became conscious of a full, clear alto, charged with the soul of the singer, leading me onward and upward to some unknown region unvisited before. I had no wish to see or curiosity to know who the singer might be.

An hour filled with earnest devotion, helpful in every sense, fled swiftly, and the audience rose to sing the parting hymn.:

> "Abide with me—fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide."

And hearing again that wondrous alto I turned and saw Agnes Dyer with closed eyes and uplifted face entreating with song her Lord and Master.

It would be impossible to tell the emotion with which I was filled during the singing of that pathetic hymn. And the closing line:

> "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me,"

became a prayer that was on my lips for mouths and abides with me still.

Waiting a little I saw that Miss Dyer was alone, and offering my arm we walked slowly toward her home. She expressed her pleasure at seeing me there, and for a little fell into the old, unrestrained way of talking to me. I saw into her soul once more and was conscious of a change there; a reaching out and longing for other souls; a palpitating love and anguish that bore others as it had long borne her father in supplication to the bosom of the Infinite. My eyes were full of tears and I could not speak. Was this the secret of the change in Maud and Hal?

At her own door she came back to herself and the restraint and distrust concerning me. I could not bear it, and taking her half unwilling hand between my own, I said with a voice I could hardly control:

"Miss Dyer, I intreat you, distrust me no longer. I am cruelly placed, I withhold only what I must, in loyalty to"— I stopped. How could I go on? Already I had said too much. Surprised and moved, she was searching my face with eyes that looked me through and through. In a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, she finished the sentence:

"To my father?"

She made it a question that must be answered, and I said,

"Yes."

She grew white even to her quivering lips but she did uot move her eyes, and when she spoke it was more like a cry than a question:

"Has my father anything to tell that his daughter must uot know?"

"Have compasion; I am under bonds."

She turned away and threw up her hands aud held them clasped above her head. I knew that she was praying. The moments slid by and we stood immovable as the stone statues that guarded the entrance, and as silent as death.

When she turned to me again her face was as one to whom some awful apprehension had settled into a certainty. I was shocked.

"It is nothing so dreadful—nothing to be so wretched over. Believe me, Miss Dyer."

She gave me her hand as if she needed the little comfort I could give. But she asked no further question. She would go to her grave first. The restraint she put upon herself brought back the cold reserve that looked like distrust, aud that hurt me more than anything else, and I entreated:

"You will have faith in me? You will trust me again?"

She searched my face. There was something of the father's wariness in the girl. It was a full moment before she answered, slowly:

"I cannot see that you are to be blamed. It is well that you have said what you have. I shall understand you better."

"And you will trust me?"

She waited. She was so essentially truthful that she dared not promise anything she was not sure of fulfilling. At last she said:

"If I can, and I think I can. If I do not, the fault is my own. There is an impression to be grown out of, and we are not always masters of ourselves. God help us both." And with an earnest clasp of the hand she bade me "Good-night."

I saw the doors close upon her, and realized that a trust, however lost, is the hardest thing in the world to regain.

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER'S WORK.

THE ensuing winter was one to be remembered. Early in January, Hal came home by his own special desire to study with me. At the same time Northrop Duff transferred his theological studies to the seminary here. It was a part of a pre-arranged plan, and appeared to be satisfactory all round. It is probable that they found more work and less study than they at first anticipated.

For some time the city had been unusually quiet and thoughtful. A few individuals gathered quietly here and there for earnest conversation and prayer. The weekly church prayer-meetings, time-worn institutions—attended by the church deacons, a few elderly women, persons recently afflicted, and the discouraged pastor, who sometimes felt that these withered meetings were like mill-stones about his neck—began spontaneously to fill up. Middle-aged people, members of the church in good and regular standing, who had not been inside the church to say nothing of prayer-meetings, for a longer time than they would willingly remember, came gingerly in. Old people with a premonition of a change for others, if not for themselves, and young people, drawn by they knew not what, came in singly or in groups—surprised to see one another there. A vague feeling of expectation, not easily defined, pervaded and depressed the people like a foreboding or presentiment of some coming event. If any one had asked, "What is the matter?" no one could have answered. Least of all, would they have gone to the few who were earnestly working and praying, to ask, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

But amid the expectant hush came the solemn answer—the first few, heavy drops of a plentiful shower upon a thirsty field. The whisper went round from one Christian heart to another, "The Lord is here; let us join hands." Warm Christians, lukewarm Christians, cold Christians, began to feel the rising tide that sent in scores of unconverted souls to be saved on the shore; and the work went on apace. There were noon-day prayer-meetings for business men, morning, afternoon and evening prayer-meetings for every one, and some of the churches were open all day. But the most effective work was done by the converts themselves, enrolling as laborers in the new service, going into the highways and byways, entreating, persuading, almost compelling the poor, the wretched, the vicious, to come, hear and receive the Saviour who died for them. For a time business was almost suspended, and the people walked softly as if expecting to see this Christ, who was so evidently present, visible on the streets.

Among the first fruits of this movement were the children of our own household. Hal, Maud and Jack, dear old Jack! the most efficient worker of them all. I could but feel that Miss Dyer's influence had much to do in preparing them for the early acceptance of the truth. Indeed, I cannot say but Hal and Maud were already Christians, lacking only the assurance to declare themselves. Miss Dyer's joy was too deep for words. More than once I saw her and Northrop rejoicing together in the new joy of their friends.

Often they gathered in our parlors before the evening service, Maud, or Hal, or Miss Dyer at the piano, and all singing. Maud and Jack soprano, Miss Dyer alto, Hal tenor and Northrop bass. Such singing I never heard before, and never expect to hear again this side the celestial gates. I doubt if the same persons could sing like that again under any circumstances. These fresh young voices, soulful and earnest, interpreted the grand old hymns till they glowed with a new and vivid meaning, or, taking up the spiritual songs in vogue, rendered them with so keen a relish that their souls seemed borne upon the breath of song into the very presence chamber of the Great King. Often I saw Mary sitting with clasped hands, listening, while tears of joy ran down her pale cheeks. Already she saw all her loved ones, living and dead, an unbroken circle in the heavenly home.

They went out to work together during

the harvest, Hal and Northrop throwing aside their books for the time; Maud, Agnes and Jack with earnest solicitations bringing friends and acquaintances, anybody and everybody who could be persuaded to listen or to come. Jack gave himself body and soul to the work, forgetting to eat or sleep till compelled. He wrought in the High School, the Sabbath School, the streets, everywhere, and his success among the boys was remarkable.

In Tom's congregation the work was quiet but deep, and Tom himself was another man. I never saw his dark, sensitive face in those days without thinking of the Apostle Paul. His joy over those who came, his tender solicitude lest they should fail to make a full and intelligent surrender of themselves, and his importunate anxiety for those who held back, absorbed him day and night.

The season passed leaving an abiding impression upon the community, making itself felt in homes, in business circles, and in all the relations of life. But there were two hearts which, though blessed to overflowing, were still burdened. Tom's secret and most urgent prayers had gone up hourly for his poor lost brother, whom he still believed in the land of the living; and Agnes's soul was wrung with unutterable anguish as she looked at her father and thought, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and he is not saved."

To say that Joel Dyer, although confined to the house and walled up in his impenetrable egoism, could live in the midst of this intense interest unmolested, is to say that a man can stand in the presence of a consuming fire and feel no heat. Before he was approached upon the subject, a new element of uneasiness had made itself felt, for which he was at a loss to account, and after he began to know what was going on in the city, he was troubled to the core. But to all the prayers and entreaties of his daughter he remained as stolid as stone. He soon made it impossible for her to talk with him. Attentive and intelligent as he was upon any other subject, whenever this was mentioned he looked as if she spoke an unknown tongue, or as if he heard not at all. Agnes found this an intolerable trouble, to be borne only by laying it open before the Lord.

To me he spoke with considerable freedom, but he had made for his uneasiness a channel in the direction of Robert Lyon, and into this he shoved all disturbing influences to be carried out of and away from himself until this man should be found and compensated for whatever injury he claimed to have received. It was the only thing approximating to a wrong that he could be made to entertain in relation to himself, and even here he could see no injury for which money could not atone.

Early in the spring our agent returned with what seemed reasonable evidence that Robert Lyon was living, or at least that he was not lost at Mauna Loa. A man answering the description, calling himself Norman Lee, three days after Robert Lyon was supposed to have been lost, shipped before the mast on the brig Hercules, Captain Jones, bound for Sidney, Australia. While the Hercules lay at her dock at Sidney to discharge and reload, this man had protection papers made out by the United States Consul as "Norman Lee, sailor, native of Connecticut, United States," with description of person and age, which tallied precisely with that of Robert Lyon. He was evidently not a sea-bred man, and this would seem to have been his first voyage as sailor; otherwise, his papers would have been made out in an American or United States port. It was further found that he sailed with the Hercules for Liverpool.

Following the Hercules this was proved: that after a prosperous voyage, as she made the south coast of Ireland, a heavy gale came on, continuing through the day. The Hercules was deep laden and labored heavily. At eight o'clock in the evening she shipped a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam-end, swept her decks and carried her masts by the board. She was now unmanageable, and drifted till the light at Old Head, off Kinsale, was discovered, the wreck still nearing in, when shortly she struck and went to pieces in an hour.

Of some sixty souls aboard only seven were saved. One of the seven was Norman Lee, sailor. With the rest of the ship-

wrecked men he was forwarded to Liverpool, and there attracted considerable attention, especially among sea-faring men. One of the many who visited them was the American sailor then in Liverpool whose life Robert Lyon saved on the voyage from San Francisco to Hawaii. He at once recognized this Norman Lee as Robert Lyon, though just then unable to speak with him, and believed that he was recognized in turn. Later in the day he attempted to see him, but found that Norman Lee had just sailed on a steamer bound for Holland, instead of waiting and returning to America as the consul had advised.

It was possible that the sailor might have been mistaken, since this Norman Lee might only have borne a close resemblance to Robert Lyon. But even that doubt lost its probability in a few days, for, in looking over some old books in Tom's library, I chanced upon a volume of adventure, on whose fly-leaf was written:

"Presented to Robert Norman Lyon, on his tenth birthday, by his affectionate mother, Rachel Lyon Peebles."

His name then was really Norman, and if he wished to disguise himself what easier than to drop his first name and change Lyon to Lee. I could but admit that a strong case had been made out.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Dyer's anxiety lost at all its intensity under these developments. He was like iron at a still, white heat. I wondered how long his nervous system would bear this strain before it became a total wreck. But even here, this man understood himself better than I imagined.

Some ten days after our agent's return, Mr. Dyer sent an urgent note desiring my immediate presence.

I found him controlling himself with difficulty, as he paced incessantly the long narrow apartment, more like a gallery than a parlor, where he passed most of his time. He motioned me to a seat without speaking, and for a little continued his walk, as if he was propelled by a momentum not to be overcome at once.

He made a striking picture, his long dressing gown swaying about his tall figure as he strode, his hands clutched rather than clasped behind him, his shoulders stooped, his long, white face, and close-cut gray hair, that stood up like a brush all over his head.

After a while he stopped, opposite me, speaking in a suppressed voice that betrayed the excitement he was holding down.

"Jackson, the agent, is sick. He will be unable to do anything to the purpose for months. Meantime, this Robert Lyon will go to the Pole or some other equally inaccessible region, and I shall have to wait and wait eternities. Look there," pointing to a breadth of carpet where the colors and wool were worn down to the gray back, till it seemed a narrow, white foot-path running across a green field, "I have worn that within the past four months. Night after night I have walked there till daylight; and day after day I have walked there till sunset, with that devilish Robert Lyon following me step by step, waiting and waiting and waiting, till I could curse like a fiend if there were anything to curse. How long do you suppose it will be possible for me to endure this? I know, if you do not, that the end is not far off. I have got to *do* something or *die*."

I looked at the man as he stood before me, his blazing eyes fastened on mine with frightful intensity. He was quite right. It was action or death.

Seeing that I understood and acquiesced, and so made his task easier than he had anticipated, he dropped into his chair and continued: "Now I will tell you what I propose to do. I am going after Robert Lyon myself."

"You?" looking at his wan hands and thinking of his exposed condition.

"Yes. Why not? It can do me no harm. It will be a thousand times better than waiting here—a thing impossible much longer."

That he should do this, himself, had not occurred to me before, but looking at it now I could see no objection equal to the risk of remaining in enforced idleness with this consuming anxiety upon him. He saw, for nothing escaped him, that I acquiesced in this, too, and he added hurriedly, "Now you shall know why I sent for you this morning." Looking fixedly in my face and grip

ing each arm of his chair as if nerving himself for a desperate effort, he said emphatically, "I want you to go with me."

"*I?*" and I rose to my feet. This was pressing his claim, real or imaginary, with a vengeance.

"Yes, you,"—with a forward gesture of his hand, as if he would put me into my seat again. "Wait—listen till I am through. You have worked incessantly the past sixteen years, giving yourself no time for rest or recreation. A bow that is always bent will soon break. You are not as well as you were a year ago. There are days when your work drags heavily. Give it up for a year. Turn your patients over to Dr. Hope. He needs them and will do well by them. You shall lose nothing. I will pay you and bear your expenses. You will have opportunities for study and observation, and will return a younger and healthier man. And," speaking slowly and positively, "go I *must!* Go, I *cannot* without *you.* There! do not say a word," seeing me about to speak. "Go home; think it over. Two weeks from today we must be off."

He rose and abruptly left the room. It was the most discourteous thing I ever knew him to do. I had no choice but to go home and think it over, as he enjoined.

He had presented his case with consummate tact. Joel Dyer should have been a lawyer. It was true that I had not been as well since the epidemic the previous summer, and that sometimes of late I wished that I could never see another patient or hear another complaint. No one but a physician can understand the weariness resulting from the incessant and harrassing demands upon his attention, and, if he be at all susceptible—and he has no call to be a physician otherwise—upon his sympathies in dealing with all shapes and phases of human suffering. I have felt some days that I was a walking hospital; that I was made up of wards, and carried within me all the diseases and anxieties of my people. If life hung in the balance I was indescribably solicitous. If the sickness resulted in recovery my joy equaled theirs, or if in death, I went down to the grave with them and felt the gloom and chill as if I was also entering. All this a physician must bear, and carry to his next patient a hopeful face and encouraging words, even if he fears the worst.

That I could shake this off, and run quite away, had not occurred to me. The very suddenness of the proposal gave it a certain charm. It was like opening a door from a stifling room to the fresh air and clear sunshine of a broad field. Then, too, Joel Dyer had a claim upon me as my patient,—a claim that I had tacitly allowed to grow to preposterous proportions, but still a claim that I could not conscientiously ignore.

I thought the matter well over, consulting no one, and decided that if he would consent to one or two propositions I would go.

Seven o'clock found Mr. Dyer eagerly waiting. His face brightened as he looked in mine.

"You will go?"

"Upon conditions."

"Name them."

"Let me ask a question. Is your daughter to accompany you?"

"Yes, certainly. I could not go without Agnes."

"Then she must know why we go, and the circumstances. I will be no party to any concealment from her."

He looked distressed. "Tell—Agnes—all—that?" said he slowly, falling into one of his fits of abstraction. When he emerged he said with an air of remonstrance: "You do not know Agnes. She has peculiar notions. She will not see this thing as you and I do. She will think I have done some dreadful thing, and make a great time over a trivial affair."

"I think not. She is too sensible to make a great time over anything. At all events, unless she can be told I shall not go."

"Well, then," said he after a pause and with a laborious sigh, as if he were relinquishing his whole estate, "you must tell her. I never can."

"I have your permission?"

"Yes; only make her understand that it is nothing worth talking or thinking about."

"All right. One thing more: I shall bear my own expenses, and shall take Maud if your daughter consents."

"She will be delighted; the girls are fond of each other. It will take up Agnes's attention and keep her from"—he finished the sentence to himself. Turning to me he said briskly: "You must tell Agnes about the journey, and have her hurry up her preparations, if she has any to make."

"She knows you have this journey in contemplation?"

"No; I have spoken only to you."

SOME EUROPEAN CHURCHES.

III.

NOTRE DAME AND COLOGNE.

The Cathedral of Nôtre Dame at Paris is one of the noblest churches of any country. Like most continental churches it suffers from the disadvantage of its situation; hemmed in so closely by the city streets that nowhere except directly in front is there even a tolerably fair view of it to be had. Could it but stand as does many an inferior cathedral in England, how much more would its beauty be appreciated by the general eye! For the ordinary traveler, I think, is apt to overlook the claims to his notice which this fine church possesses. For one person whom you will hear mention it with admiration a dozen will be found enthusiastic in praise of Milan Cathedral. It is not strange, perhaps, for it is never the best work of any sort that commands the respect of the greatest number; yet how infinitely more worthy of admiration is Nôtre Dame than the showy attractions of Milan. The best thing about the latter church is the general effect of the large interior, although there is poor work and false work in it, as for example the roof painted in imitation of fan tracery. The exterior of the roof is a marvel, and no one but admires the elaborate ornament of pinnacles and buttresses and innumerable statues; but true taste objects to this placing of delicate detail where it does not properly belong, out of sight where the beholder is naturally supposed to stand, on the pavement below. If some of the labor bestowed there had been given instead to the adornment of the facade it would not be so poor and ineffective as it now is.

The foundation of Nôtre Dame was laid by Pope Alexander III. in 1163, and the choir and apse, built by Bishop Maurice de Sully, were completed by 1185; the choir with its massive round pillars and pointed arches is a fine example of transitional work. The west-front was not finished much before 1235. This facade, plainer than those of some of the French cathedrals, has a solemn impressiveness greater than that of any I know. It has the three deeply-recessed doorways usual in this style, encrusted with rich sculpture, and expanding outward so as to meet each other and stretch across the entire front; they have not however the sharp, ornamental gables over them which are to be seen at Rheims, Cologne and other places. The usual row of statues is surmounted here by an open balustrade of lancet-shaped arches. Then comes the great rose window, balanced by large double-lighted windows on either side, and above these again is a lovely open gallery of high, foliated arches connecting the towers and running along their bases. It is much to be regretted that the two spires are wanting which were designed in the original plan; in the sketch given by M. Viollet-le-Duc in his *Dictionnaire d'Architecture* it may be seen how fitly they would complete the noble structure.

It is difficult to give by mere description an idea of the varied beauty in the gabled and canopied buttresses of the nave, and the great flying buttresses of the choir and apse, adorned alternately with pinnacles, or edges truncated and paneled. An open quatrefoil battlement surmounts the high apse and the circle of apsidal chapels below. The windows of the nave and choir are also enriched externally with detached gables, foliated and crocketed.

The interior of the cathedral is equally

impressive with the facade. The series of chapels in a continental church, with their tawdy decorations and pictures mostly worthless, detract from the dignity of the sacred building. In Nôtre Dame a fortunate good taste has prevented this, and the chapels with their beautiful windows and rich wall-coloring do not interfere with the effect of grave repose which this interior produces. As wandering slowly on you reach the transepts, you are moved to sit quietly down under the solemn splendors of the deeply-glowing roses and contemplate the whole in the silence of true enjoyment.

So sitting and gazing, it is more than ever impossible to agree with the dictum of an old-established English authority in Architecture. "The Gothic of England is more pure, perfect, better-proportioned and more consistent than that of any other country," he says; an assertion hard to be borne out, one would think, and which indeed the author does not support in any way. The Gothic buildings of England surely contain as much mixture of the work of different periods as do those of the rest of Europe; and the best specimens of the best period in England certainly do not surpass the best specimens of continental Gothic; so that the epithets pure and perfect cannot be applied with any greater right to English buildings. "Consistent" is rather a meaningless word unless it be used as a synonymous repetition of the word pure; while to call English buildings better proportioned seems to argue a mysterious blindness. The fact rather appears to be that English churches often *grew*, as many other English things have done, quite inconsistently with the original design, but according to changing needs and desires; and a chapel (like Becket's crown at Canterbury) was added to a building already sufficiently long for good proportion. While as to beauty—of which to be sure there is no mention in the quotation above—how often do you see in England those rich porches, glorious rose windows, and airy pierced flying buttresses which charm you in France and Germany? Perhaps a little leaven of national jealousy has worked to raise the estimate of the home product. Certainly the decline from the pure perfection of Gothic is as apparent in the English Perpendicular as in the French Flamboyant. Are the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick or Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster any more admirable than the Palais de Justice or St. Maclon at Rouen? The degeneracy is there in each, though in each characteristically different; the one passes from the grace of freedom into the extravagance of unregulated fancy, yet in this contrives to attract us with a certain quickly-cloying charm; the other straightens into stiffness, and preserves in the place of true dignity the rigid stateliness of pride.

But writing of Gothic churches, there comes before the mind's eye the image of one great cathedral which dwarfs all others as a symphony of Beethoven does a quartette of Mozart. I remember how all I had hitherto seen seemed to sink into insignificance when I came to stand under the cliff-like front of Cologne. To look up at that majestic face of stone was to be overpowered as one only is by things greatest of their kind. What this front will be when the spires have reached to their full height it is almost too much to imagine; the towers now rise to within four feet of the summit of the Strasbourg spire, and when finished by their spires the total height will be 532 feet, or 84 feet more than the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. It is as impossible to realize the grandeur of this front by any words of another as to conceive in the same way of a great mountain. And to attempt to give an adequate idea of the different features of construction and ornament by an enumeration of them would be useless, for on so vast an extent of surface the details must be so numerous that an account of them would only bewilder. Yet in looking at the building itself there is not the slightest confusion for the eye, such unity and simplicity of design is there, such largeness and harmony of detail. The same simple forms of geometrical tracery are used throughout, and it is wonderful to see how skilfully monotony is avoided by slight variations in the combinations of trefoil and quatrefoil. The simplicity of this ornament, which the eye so easily takes in, prevents the confusion which

would otherwise come from its great abundance, for no spot of surface is left unornamented. There are double rows of flying buttresses, slightly crocketed on the edge, and pierced with quatrefoils; these, with the numerous open battlements and the forest of pinnacles which finish the tops of the buttresses, give an incomparable effect of lightness and richness to the whole magnificent mass.

The original architect of this masterpiece of Gothic is unknown. It was begun by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstetten about 1248, but the plan was too extensive for the means at command, and the choir was not consecrated until after 1320. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. of England, married a neice of Archbishop Conrad. His chaplain, Walter de Merton, accompanied him to Cologne and saw the building in progress there, and this doubtless had an influence on the style of the chapel (Merton College Chapel) which he was then building at Oxford. From 1509 until 1830 work was suspended on the cathedral. In 1850 the west front was completed, and in 1863 the whole interior was thrown open. And how wonderful this interior is! There is no Gothic cathedral that equals it in the whole scale of its proportions. But mere size is not the most impressive thing in architecture. Immensity of enclosed space may stir our wonder but will not move us to delight, for beauty alone does that; but it is when beauty and grandeur go together equally that delight and admiration mingle and thrill us with a deep emotion. Certainly Cologne is one of the chief glories of the Gothic; not even at Strasbourg is there such mighty breadth and lofty height joined with features of decoration so purely beautiful. The ornament is never so profuse or complex as to distract or trouble the single impressiveness of the whole. The interior has a nave and four aisles, divided by pillars formed of clustered shafts; four large shafts are set around with four, or eight, or sixteen smaller ones. Each pillar of the nave is decorated with a single colossal statue, set against it half way up its height. Above these the vaulting shafts spring towards the roof. The windows of the aisles are wide, and high as the nave arches; those of the clerestory are also very large, and the triforium is double, showing the tracery of the window lights through the outer row of arches. There is some especially beautiful dark old stained glass in the choir and apse; though I think there are no windows in Cologne quite so beautiful as some of those in the church of St. Gudule at Brussels. They are in the choir, and those on one side are mixed, of tints that shade from light gold through orange and dark burning crimson to brown; while those on the opposite side of the choir are representations of scenes with figures and architecture standing out against a peculiarly clear, light blue sky. It is this church which contains a most remarkable specimen of the rich Flemish carving,—the wooden pulpit supported by large figures of Adam and Eve, whom a great angel with a sword is driving from Paradise. The tree of life rises at the back of the pulpit, the branches spreading high and the serpent writhing up it. There is a sort of wall three or four feet high surrounding the platform on which the pulpit stands, magnificently carved with fruit and foliage, while at the corners are perched squirrels, cocks, and birds of paradise with drooping tails.

The visitor to Cologne has the satisfaction denied him in so many continental cities, of a reasonably large area of open space in which to stand and study the exterior of the cathedral. If he be one of those to whom a fine cathedral is one of the noblest and most largely impressive works of art, he sighs regretfully at leaving a spot to which he feels he may never return; and providing against such a possibility, lingers, striving to fix in mind an image to be kept henceforward among his memory's richest stores.

The one cathedral I know of which equals the beauty of Cologne is Rheims. If the values of various sorts of beauty were to be exactly estimated, the sculptures of Rheims might be preferred to the curves of the Cologne traceries. But what is suitable to the one would hardly have been so to the other; it seems at least to the amateur that it would have been too prodigious a labor to cover with sculpture the vast surfaces of

the German cathedral. Rheims is a large church, however, though it does not approach the majestic size of Cologne. The component parts of the wonderful facade are easily catalogued,—three deep doorways, a great rose, lancet windows at either side, and a long procession of statues over all; these are the main features, and such decoration may seem simple enough, but this front is in reality one of the richest in existence. The deeply-hollowed porches hold great window circles in their heads, and their cavernous sides and gabled pediments are encrusted with thick sculptures; statues under high-pinnacled canopies stand on either side of the windows of the upper story, and the row of enormous statues above shelter themselves under crocketed gables. With so much to challenge the attention, there is none of that elaboration of smaller details which confuses the eye in gazing on the worn front of Rouen, whose old age is rather pathetic than venerable. The Rheims facade diminishes in breadth towards the top with what seems to me very subtly fine gradations; not so much or so rapidly as to weaken the mass, but gaining in lightness by the truncation of the angular corners, and by departure from that perfectly straight line which gives something of severity to the simplicity of Nôtre Dame de Paris. With this wonderful front, its light towers and springing buttresses, anything more purely beautiful than Rheims is scarcely imaginable. Architecture is frozen music, Madame de Stael thought; if so we may liken Rheims to some one of Schubert's intensely rich, sweet strains.

IV.

CHURCHES OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In passing from the north of Europe to the south, the difference between the architecture of Salisbury or Strasbourg and that of Florence or Venice is as striking to the traveler as the difference in the air he breathes and the sky that overhangs his head. Ruskin, speaking of the Florentine Campanile, contrasts it with the Northern Gothic of Salisbury. "The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those gray walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martin's nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, colored like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea-shell." Making some deduction from the enthusiasm of his language,—for certainly the red and green marbles of the Campanile do not literally blush with the ethereal delicacy of a morning cloud,—this passage describes the beauty which so satisfies us in the one building and which we feel to be so wanting in the other. And this description of the Campanile may be applied to the Duomo or Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. This, too, has the same exquisite mosaic work of colored marbles set in the loveliest patterns around the doors and windows and in the spirals of their slender columns. What shining shapes of beauty must these buildings have been in their first freshness, before the white of their marbles had become yellowed with time's stain! I remember the sense of disappointment I felt on first seeing the Campanile, the morning after my arrival in Florence. I knew too little of Italian architecture, and had taken Mr. Ruskin's description too much *au pied de la lettre* not to find the reality fall short of my extravagant imagination. But I soon learned to think the day incomplete in which I had not had at least a passing look at it. In its own style it has a calm perfection of beauty that fills the mind with a pleasure full of repose.

The interior of the Duomo, though dark and somewhat bare in appearance, is impressive from its grand proportions. The church is 555 feet in length, 340 across the transepts, and the dome, exceeding those of St. Peter and the Pantheon, is with the lantern 354 feet in height. When finished with the new facade, the foundation stone of which was laid by Victor Emanuel in

1860, it will stand as one of the most grand examples of Italian architecture. We may gain an idea of what this facade will be, from those elaborate fronts at Siena and Orvieto, specimens of the same marvelously rich style of ornamentation.

There is perhaps more variety of architectural style in Italy than in any other country. The Roman Renaissance churches are, for the most part, painfully ugly in exterior, although some, such as St. John Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, gain a certain dignity from size and favorable situation; and some have an undeniable impressiveness of interior. Of course there is much interest other than architectural attached to many of these Roman edifices; there is a statue of Michael Angelo's or a picture of Raphael's to be found here, some curious old mosaic there; in this one the remains of more ancient buildings are to be seen beneath the present structure, while another is erected over the supposed spot where some Scriptural event has taken place.

The Pisan group of buildings has a character in some respects peculiar to itself; and the curious leaning Campanile, the Duomo, so faded in outer aspect, so beautiful with marbles freshly white and black within, the lovely arches of the cloistered Campo Santo, and the Baptistery with its echo so wonderfully solemn-sweet, make Pisa one of the most delightful of places to spend a day, or better still a week in. Different in style from any of these are the Veronese churches, built of brick, and spare of ornament, but far preferable in their quiet simplicity to the ingeniously tasteless fronts of the Roman churches, and often, as especially at San Zeno, admirable for noble proportion.

To one whose idea of a religious edifice has always been associated with the structure of the English Gothic or that of the north of Europe, these southern continental buildings seem at first strangely un-churchlike. None is more foreign to an Englishman's or an American's notion of a church than San Marco at Venice. Even after seeing it many times, one is still apt in looking across the wide *piazza*, past the tall campanile and the flying doves to the colored facade, the wave-like arches and airy domes of the cathedral, to forget its sacred use and feel it to be only the most fantastic Arabian Nights wonder of the enchanted city. San Marco is said to be modeled after St. Sophia at Constantinople, and is certainly the most striking example of the Byzantine style in western Europe. Though of later date than the plain old mother church that stands in silent loneliness on the island of Torcello, seven or eight miles out in the lagune, San Marco is the work of an early time; it was erected on the site of an older church dedicated to St. Theodore in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the facade receiving some additions in the fourteenth. The present church, dedicated to the patron saint of Venice, contains the remains of St. Mark, brought from the East, beneath its high altar. Built in the form of a Greek cross, the domes over the eastern and western arms rise above those of the other extremities; there are five round-arched porches recessed and set round with clusters of pillars of jasper, porphyry, serpentine and other deep-colored stones, and having the semi-circles of their arches filled with bright-hued mosaics on a golden ground. The five arches of the upper half of the facade, round like those below, have that ogee curve in the outer line which is common to the arches of all the Gothic buildings of Venice and gives them their Eastern air. Between them are pinnacles over canopies filled with statues; statues are set on the point of each ogee, and every arch is edged with a wave-like crest of sculpture. The southern end of the cathedral has lately been renovated and gleams, as the whole edifice once did, with the pure whiteness of marble, cut into open-work patterns delicately lovely as those of a Chinese fan, and the vari-colored tints of inlaid stone. Over the principal portal are ranged the four horses of gilded bronze taken by Constantine, it is supposed, from a triumphal arch of Nero's time, and carried to Constantinople, whence the Doge Dandolo in 1204 brought them to Venice; and high above these again shines the golden Lion of St. Mark upon its blue, star-covered shield. It is even more true of San Marco than of other buildings that but a very feeble and inadequate notion of it is gained

from the enumeration of details of construction or ornament; even Ruskin's glowing description (Stones of Venice, Vol. III.) leaves a brilliant but somewhat bewildering impression on our fancy. The cathedral itself needs to be seen as it stands, filling the view at that eastern end of the great square, the gayest of all the sunny Italian *piazzas*, where, however new in our ideas of a church building it may be, it is so entirely congruous with its surroundings. For I think no one finds anything jarring in the neighborhood to each other of those Renaissance, Byzantine, and Gothic edifices which enclose the larger *piazza* and the *piazzetta;* although certainly the inferiority of the former style is nowhere more apparent. It seemed to me that there could be no finer and more stately Renaissance buildings than some of those great palaces, such as the Palazzo Pesaro, for instance, which line the grand canal; yet my preference for the Gothic was never stronger than when I saw them there contrasted side by side. It struck me as hard for Scamozzi to have been obliged to put his work opposite to the broad, tranquil front and beautiful arcades of the Ducal Palace. So serene a state of mind, however, has the visitor in Venice, so full and satisfying is his enjoyment of the place, that though he may compare he will not be inclined strongly to disparage anything he sees.

But to return and enter the cathedral. Going in through one of the outer portals, one finds a long vestibule running across the whole width of the cathedral front, the ceiling of which is covered with ancient mosaics representative of Old and New Testament subjects. The capitals of the columns of this entrance hall are said to have belonged to the Temple of Jerusalem; some of them are very beautiful. The only monument here is the tomb of Manin, president of the republic in 1848.

Stepping over the red slabs in the pavement which commemorate the reconciliation that here took place between Frederic Barbarossa and Alexander III., one mounts a few steps and enters the dim interior. The general effect is solemn, though so much of gilding and color is lavished everywhere. Massive square pillars support the round arches that divide the nave and aisles. The eastern end of the cross, raised several feet above the nave pavement and containing the high altar, is separated choir-wise by a marble screen, surmounted by statues of the Virgin and the twelve Apostles. In front of this screen, at right and left, are pulpits of the same red marble. The color of the marble used throughout is rich but dark, and the gilding of the walls over the arches and in the domes has of course grown dim with time. The whole effect has, if I may so express it, a kind of subdued gorgeousness. The tesselated pavement, so cracked and discolored, is still beautiful, and, as I was glad to see on my last visit there, is being carefully restored, and the gold of the domes, though it does not flash back the sunlight as brightly now as of old, is yet an effective background for the reds, blues and greens of the mosaics inlaid upon it.

It needs the strong light of noon or early afternoon to enable one to make out the meaning of the Scripture stories written up there high overhead. Staring up with considerable straining of the muscles of the neck, one sees everywhere, on walls and domes, the representations of Scripture character and incident from the Old Testament and the New, with scenes from St. John's Apocalyptic vision, and with ascriptions of praise to the Highest. On the first arch one discerns the Almighty standing on the clouds in the midst of the seven candlesticks, a sword by his side, the sharp sword of judgment, seven stars in his right hand, and the keys of heaven and hell in his left; below is the recumbent figure of the Evangelist, and lower still St. Michael and the Dragon; at right of these are the angels of the seven churches, and opposite the Lamb, surrounded by the symbols of the four evangelists, the eagle, lion, bull and cherub, and by other saints. Very quaint and curious are other figures representing the imagery of the Revelation,—the dragon pulling the third part of heaven down with his tail, etc. In the dome over the main aisle is pictured the day of Pentecost, the dove in the center encircled with men labeled as Parthians, Medes, dwellers in Mesopotamia,

and so on. Above and around them one reads, "Hosanna in Excelsis;" "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;" "Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory, O Lord of Sabaoth."

As one leaves the dim, rich, ancient building, one's feeling is that strange and mosque-like in appearance as the exterior may be, the impression it gives within is that of a most Christian church. *H. Everett.*

OUR TO-MORROWS.

The sky had been sunless and dun all day;
And dreamy and soft fell the faltering snow;
And the startled swallows had fluttered away
To the roses and summers that love them so;
And the story of Greece and her glorious dead
In the sweet long dreaming was all unheard;
And the grammar was tame, and I learned, instead,
The wonderful speech of a passing bird.

Till the darkness fell on an empty day,
And the winter sun grew cold and dim;
And the chattering sparrows would not stay
A moment longer to court my whim.
I remember the flush of gradual shame
At the vacant places beside my chair;
And just how the wasted moments came,
Like mocking spirits, to haunt me there.

But down the length of the homely room
I caught the fall of a patient tread;
And where, oh childhood, were tears and gloom,
As a loved hand lifted a drooping head?
While even to childhood's untutored ear
There throbbed a hint of remembered pain
Through the comforting words, "Never mind it, dear!
To-morrow we'll both begin over again."

I have learned "to be" and "to suffer" since then,
And I know the tale of the Golden Age;
And without the swallows have learned again
The weary lessons of life's hard page.
But oh, when the day and the darkness meet
I hear, like the echo of some refrain,
Like the chant of a promise, low and sweet,
"To-morrow, my child, begin over again."

Oh! blessed pardon of empty days!
Oh! sign of a harvest still to reap!
Who talks of an end to our wearisome ways?
Who sighs for the coming of careless sleep?

Beyond the borders of our despair
God's fair Forever is just in sight;
And, all unsullied by earthly wear,
He keeps His To-morrows new and white.

Fannie R. Robinson.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BARBARA FRITCHIE.

EVERYBODY in America knows the story of "The Man Without a Country," and remembers how its author was beset with inquiries as to the real name and origin of the hero, Philip Nolan, who was born and lived in the imagination of Edward Everett Hale alone.

The experience is not peculiar. If in literature any author is so venturesome as to make use of a fact, its probability is at once questioned. If he give the rein to imagination he is called upon for names and dates.

No one could help observing this in the Centennial year, for among the few foreigners who visited Philadelphia, at least one half traveled to Frederick to ascertain the whereabouts of Barbara Fritchie, and during that summer the Northern papers teemed with the scenes and localities connected with the purely ideal story of Evangeline. Standing in the little cottage attached to the Quaker almshouse in Philadelphia, which was pulled down that very summer, I saw a lady take an old engraving from the shivering wall and murmur, "I wish I knew whether Evangeline ever saw this!"

The author of the ideal may well be moved by any such tribute to his power; but the man who idealizes the historic must needs be vexed by the treatment the world bestows upon his effort.

For myself, I offer no thanks to him who attempts to turn William Tell into a solar myth. He is mine and I will not give him up. So is the blind Homer of tradition whether he were a poet in his own right, or merely a wandering harper who collected and chanted the epics of the past.

Moved by such feelings in November, 1875, I published in the New York *Independent* a vindication of the truth of Whittier's story, drawn from antecedent probability, quoting in my own support a Journal printed by Dr. Steiner before the publication of Whittier's ballad. I had heard soldiers of both armies assert that they had seen old Barbara wave the flag, and as I did not know at the time the assertions were made that the story would ever be seriously questioned —as indeed I did not guess any question to be possible—it seemed best to restate the supposed facts in the life-time of the author, and so challenge final confirmation or denial.

My article did very little good. In the following May the Philadelphia *Press* contained another on the opposite side. The point of this paper was different from any I had attempted to meet. The *Press* denied that a bullet or volley of bullets cut away Barbara's staff. Does anybody care whether it did or no? What I would assert is that the gray-haired woman, in her ninety-seventh year, stirred by the approach of the rebel army, mounted the stairs which had defied her strength all winter and waved her flag in the face of the advancing foe. It was the dim dawn of a September morning. No sympathetic rebels had crept out into the narrow street. Only a few convalescents from the hospital watched the advance from the bridge. The sight of Barbara raised the coarse ire of some of the men, and whether they lifted voices or guns, either or both were lowered at Stonewall Jackson's stern command.

Why is it that human hearts are so dead to the heroic? One would think that at the first glimpse of this noble story every eye would gleam, every bosom would throb with exulting sympathy! The ballad belongs to that class of poems which the world will never willingly let die. How does it hap-

pen then, that so many persons are anxious to disprove not merely the waving of the flag but the very existence of Barbara Fritchie? I will give a double answer to this question. I will tell the story as I understand it, as simply as if it had never been doubted, and then I will explain the state of things among her own relatives and the towns-people, which made its denial even in Frederick possible.

In the spring of 1876, there was living in Frederick City a Mrs. Hanshew, more properly Handschuh. She was a niece of Barbara Fritchie, and helped to nurse her in her last illness. Barbara left all her personal property to this woman, except her father's Bible. That she gave to a Mrs. Mergardt. This Bible is a small quarto, very thick and of a form familiar to most persons half a century ago. It is bound in old calf; the sides are oak boards, and it was printed in German by Christoph Sauer, Germantown, Pa., in 1743. It is in good preservation and the only writing in it is to be found on the inside of the front cover, where the following sentence is written in German: "This Bible belongs to Niclaus Hauer, born in Nassau Saar-brücken in Dillendorf, Aug. 6, 1733, who left Germany May 11, 1754 and arrived in Pennsylvania Oct. 1 of the same year."

This inscription tells us all that we know of the father of Barbara Fritchie. Barbara never had any children herself, and of the relatives I have seen, no one knows whom Niclaus Hauer married.

Barbara was born in Lancaster, Pa., where her father first settled on the third of December, 1766, one hundred and eleven years ago. He brought his family to Frederick much later. I could not ascertain the exact date, but from his connection with the Fritchies it seems certain that it was before the close of the Revolutionary War. On the 6th of May, 1806, when she was nearly forty years of age, Barbara married John Caspar Fritchie who was fourteen years younger than herself. The service was performed in Frederick City, by the Rev. Mr. Wagner of the German Reformed Church. It would not have been at all singular if Barbara had never married, for although she was an active capable woman, mistress of many generous enthusiasms, she had, as all confess, a sharp tongue. I was a little curious to know why, if she married at that mature age, it must needs be a boy fourteen years younger than herself. I could learn nothing but one central fact, a fact honorable to Barbara and in keeping with what we know of her later life. The father of Caspar Fritchie had been a tory, sentenced by the laws of Maryland to be "hung, drawn and quartered, his estates being confiscated." The first part of this sentence was executed. Owing to the intercession of friends, possibly of Niclaus Hauer himself, the confiscation was remitted. Caspar was born in 1780, and it is likely that his mother died early; for Barbara is said to have "brought up" a brother and sister of her husband.

Caspar Fritchie was a somewhat noted person in that locality. He was a glove-maker; and if Barbara did not own the little cottage in which they lived he must have bought it and fitted it up for his trade soon after their marriage. It not only stood upon the very edge of the creek which crosses Patrick street and separates tiny Frederick City from the Bentztown Road, but the shop in which he worked overhung the creek; so that when he dressed his skins the refuse was swept through a trap into the creek itself. A sort of wooden balcony led back from the street to this shop, which also projected over the water. I am particular in describing this, because this overhanging of Barbara's house is the circumstance which made her defiance of the rebel army possible, even though "that army never passed through Frederick."

Maryland, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Ohio all wanted the gloves which Caspar Fritchie made for riding, driving and hunting. He was an excellent workman, and well known to his best customers, the gentry of the neighboring counties. He died in his seventieth year, November 10, 1849, thirteen years before the wife who was so much older than he that she might have been his mother.

His death left Barbara very well off, but she did not change her simple way of living. Every afternoon she might be seen sitting in

the window of her little cottage, knitting-needles in hand. She wore a black satin gown, with a clear starched muslin kerchief crossed over her breast. She had a lady-like, quiet air. Long before anybody had ever heard of a photograph, Barbara Fritchie had her daguerreotype taken. The picture shows her between fifty and sixty years of age, wearing a close cap and the costume I have described, which was never changed. She looks very much like the traditional New England grandmother, reared under the shadows of the Puritan Church; and the first feeling that I had about the face was that it was very familiar and not at all German. Stern and somewhat cold she looked, but her eye was clear and true, and one saw in a moment how a little fun or a warm love might melt down the harsh lines. She had living with her at this time, and till her death, her niece Harriet Yorner, more properly Jahner, born on the 4th of May, 1797.

Her first trouble after her husband's death grew out of her patriotic devotion to the Union. In Caspar's time the local politics had seemed of very little importance, and he made one of his nephews his executor. This nephew turned out later what Barbara called an "arrant rebel." Every time she received her dividends they had some sharp words; she was nearing the last decade of her century and she wished to live in peace; so she went to one of the oldest and most respected of the German residents, the father of Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, afterwards well known in the army of the Potomac, where he was an active member of the Sanitary Commission. She begged him to take her power of attorney and receive her money from her husband's executor. Now Frederick is a small city, and it has a good many cliques. Its people are Northern as well as Southern, German as well as English-born, Protestant as well as Catholic. Mr. Steiner was very unwilling to interfere, but he could not well refuse, so he continued to transact Barbara's business until his death. Sometime before that, and previous to the breaking out of the war, he had a stroke of paralysis from which he recovered. Dr. Lewis had been away at school and college and knew very little of his towns-people. The first time the old man was able to walk out he told his son that he had some money to pay to Frau Fritchie, and wished he would make out a receipt for her to sign. "Frau Fritchie" suggested to the young doctor one of the old German women he had often seen hoeing in her garden and ignorant of letters; so he not only made out the receipt, but signed it in such a way as to leave room for her mark.

When his father ushered him into the presence of the black satin gown and starched neckerchief he must have been a little startled, but his heart did not fail him. He courteously presented the pen. Barbara took it, pushed back her spectacles and looked at the signature. "Bless you, honey!" she exclaimed, bending a humorous glance on the young doctor. "Bless you! I wrote my name as well as that long before you were born!" Then drawing a line through the doctor's signature she wrote her name firmly beneath.

I drew this story out of my friend by asking whether he had not an autograph of Barbara. He had had a great many, but had preserved only one, and nothing would induce him to part with that; and then he showed me the receipt in question.

In this way our Barbara lived, doing her own work with only Harriet Yorner to help, until the war broke out. Then she found enough to do even for one of her advanced age. She went in and out of her own door many times a day. If she found it difficult to get up or down for the litter of idle soldiers that cumbered the steps, she was still strong enough to strike right and left with her stout cane, shouting in Shakespearian fashion, "Off! off! you lousy rebels!"

In the winter of 1861–2, when things looked badly enough for the cause of the Union, she went about helping and cheering. Henry Nixtorf, a Lutheran, well known for sturdy piety and patriotism, would tell with tears in his eyes how after every bit of bad news she would come into his shop, and, striking the ground with her cane, cry out, "Never mind, Harry, we must conquer sometime."

This winter Barbara bought a small silk flag, to please a younger relative. It was

only eighteen inches by twelve, not too heavy for her aged arm to hold, while the breeze that waved it stirred also her old memories of seventy-six. "It will never happen," she was heard to say, "that one short life like mine shall see the beginning and end of a nation like this."

Harriet Yorner was sixty-five years old when Barbara bought her flag, and she was very timid, shrinking from the sight of soldiers of either party. She had reason enough to do so. The inhabitants of cities like New York or Boston have very small idea what the residents of the little town of Frederick were called upon to endure that winter. Soldiers of both armies were constantly in the way; a shot drew nobody to the window, but drove timid people to their hiding places. Skirmishes and duels were frequent in the narrow streets.

It was just before sunrise on Saturday, September 6th, 1862, that the advance guard of Lee's army, under Stonewall Jackson, came down the Bentztown road. I do not mean that the advance *entered* Frederick; it certainly did not, but Stonewall Jackson did. A little while before the troops came within sight of Barbara's window, the General dropped out of the line, and, entering the town, thrust a little note under the door of a friend about a square away. How he regained his position no one knows, but it is not likely he could penetrate the file creeping down the narrow road. He probably spurred his horse through a side street and crossing the bridge at the end of Patrick street to get ahead of his men, passed directly under Barbara's window. If the rudeness of the troops ever drew his attention it was at this point, and here must his voice have rung out, "March on!" to his startled men. So much for the General's part in the matter, by which I indicate the least he could have done. How did it happen that the army did not enter Frederick if the General did? The question is easily answered. The creek which ran by Barbara's house, and which in the olden time swept away the trimmings of Caspar's skins, forms the boundary between Frederick City and the county of which the little town is only the nucleus.

Just across the creek is a narrow lane called the Bentztown road, which makes an acute angle with the creek at the bridge and then sweeps along nearly in a line with it. For quite a distance before the army reached the bridge, it must have been visible from every window of Barbara's house. It is not likely that she had been asleep that night. Everybody knew that the troops were on their way. She would be one of the first to look out for Stonewall Jackson; and even if she had not cared to go up her attic stairs that summer,—does not every woman know what sort of strength it was that carried her up in the dim light of that September morning, leaning on her well-known staff?

The house consisted of a single story with some attic chambers over it. Its stairs were easy enough to climb. The flag was already in the window; and what happened while the old woman stood beside it, there may still be some few soldiers left to tell. Harriet Yorner was saying her prayers, with her face hidden behind Mrs. Fritchie's bed, as she herself confessed later. Barbara was only doing as she had done ever since the war began. The Unionists of English descent knew little of her or any other German woman. Indeed, it would be hard to tell what occasioned the bitter feeling which existed between the two races until after the close of the war, if it were not for the fact that the Hessian prisoners taken in the Revolutionary war were sent to Frederick. Some of them married there; and however their descendants may be respected now, the Hessians were hated then, and the early German residents shared their fate. A few shots more or less made so little difference to Barbara that she was not likely to tell the story. In those exciting hours, one anxiety soon drove out another. That she stood by her flag, was insulted for doing it, as was certain to be the case in those days, and that Jackson himself protected her, will seem sufficiently certain to whoever investigates the story on the spot. That she soundly rated poor Harriet for her cowardice, I have heard. Who could have witnessed the scene beside the actors in it? A few convalescents from the hospital if anybody, for the citizens were not astir. It is

certain that the story started in the hospital at Frederick, and traveled to the hospital at Washington, where Miss Dix found it and sent it to Whittier in the summer of 1863.

Engelbrecht, mayor of the little city, lived in a house directly opposite Barbara, but his windows were not open at that early hour, and if they had been, he would have seen, owing to the difference of position, only the backs of the soldiers as they filed along the road.

The next day, General Jackson attended service at the Reformed church in Frederick, where Dr. Steiner saw him, "and I am sure," added the Doctor, "that he worshiped with relish!"

I think it very likely that Barbara brought down her flag that Saturday morning, when the breakfast hour came, and found Harriet still at her prayers. I think it also likely that one shot or more may have been aimed at the staff; but it is certain none ever struck either the flag or the house. We hear nothing of the flag when Lee entered the town on the following Wednesday. Jackson's advance had already pressed beyond it, but if the story had been "made to order" this moment would have been the most tempting to its invention.

The army of Lee moved to the west September 10th. On the next day but one—Friday, September 12th—Burnside's army entered the very streets of Frederick. The advance under Reno crossed the bridge, entering between Barbara's house and one opposite where an old German clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Trapnell, himself over 90 years of age, was waving his flag.

Barbara stood in the doorway of her house with Harriet Yorner and Mrs. Hanshew. A younger member of the party brought her flag from the sitting-room where it was shut up in a drawer. Somewhat reluctantly Barbara accepted and waved it. It was much more like her to shake her flag in the face of the advancing foe than to parade her good will when a friendly army entered.

The groups in the two houses attracted the attention of General Reno. He saw at one glance the advanced age and the deep emotion of those who held the flags. He halted between them. "Behold the 'spirit of seventy-six,'" he cried out to his men, and they answered by a mighty shout which echoed along the street.

This little incident, which has never been questioned in Frederick or out of it, spread Barbara's fame throughout the town. It took place in full day, and was witnessed by both parties. The talk about it led the few persons who knew what had occurred on September 6th to speak of that also. The battle of South Mountain brought many wounded men into the hospital, and so the story slowly traveled. Whatever friends or relatives might know, they were little likely to boast of then, for outrage followed quick on loyalty. The close of September and the few weeks that came after brought more than one event likely to shatter aged nerves. Barbara's 96th birthday found her in bed, which she had not quitted for a month and where she was nursed by Mrs. Hanshew and Harriet Yorner.

On the 18th of December, 1862, three months and a half after her trembling hand had shut the attic window down upon her little flag, she breathed her last. In the graveyard of the Evangelical Reformed church the inquisitive traveler will find two marble headstones, with the inscriptions:

JOHN C. FRITCHIE,
Died Nov. 10, 1849, aged 69 years.

BARBARA FRITCHIE,
Died Dec. 18, 1862, aged 96 years.

When the funeral was over, and the rebels were rid of "Brave Barbara," the "Mayor and Corporation" had a double reason for trying to get possession of the little house in which she had lived. In the first place, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, so many inquiries had already been made concerning Barbara that they were glad to cut them short by saying with apparent truth, "There is not a house in town which ever belonged to any such person." On the other hand, the little creek was a dangerous foe to the town and had more than once swamped the cellars and lower stories of the houses in its neighborhood in a way that not only threatened disease and death but that induced worthy citizens to

consider their taxes and the amount to be paid yearly to repair damages.

So the Corporation bought Barbara's house and pulled it down. Fortunately for us, Barbara had one relative who was not ashamed of her, and who knew very well that her little flag had been waved, although she might not suspect it, in the sight of the whole world. This was a certain John D. Byerly, photographer, who calls his workshop a studio, and refuses to send anything out of it which does not please him! If nobody knew anything of Miss Dix's story at the time of Barbara's death, how did it happened that this man made haste to copy the old daguerreotype?

I have said that Barbara left all her personal property to Mrs. Hanshew. If she gave her the flag with all the rest, there was one man in town shrewd enough to offer its price. Mr. Byerly knew where to find it, and in spite of the southern sympathies of its owner, he borrowed it, set it in the west window where it had waved from the time the war broke out until shortly before Barbara's death, and photographed the little house before the Corporation pulled it down. When it was leveled, about two-thirds of the lot was dug away, so that the wicked creek might find room enough for its sudden vagaries, and on the remaining third a small tin-shop was erected which still stands. Harriet Yorner survived her old friend. She died at the age of 77, on the 1st of May, 1874. Her body lies in the quiet yard at Frederick, beside those of Barbara and Caspar.

If this story be true, what were the motives to the various contradictions and denials connected with it? How peremptory these have been the following anecdote will show.

In the month of May, 1876, I went into a druggist's shop in Frederick to get a little quinine. It was Sunday morning, and while I waited, a stranger sauntered in, wearing the gray morning coat of the conventional Englishman.

"Will you tell me, sir," he asked of the druggist, "whether a woman named Barbara Fritchie ever lived in this town?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Ah?" responded the Englishman stroking his whiskers, "there is evidently a mystery. I came over from Philadelphia last night on purpose to find out. I asked at the hotel; they said there was no such person here. I replied that she might be dead, but there must be a grave, relatives, or at least the house where she had lived; but the man angrily denied that there was any such thing. I determined not to leave, without asking on the street; but it is Sunday and I must trouble you."

The druggist explained. The Englishman could not wait for Dr. Steiner who had not risen, and it ended in my leading him to the bridge, while the druggist put up my powders.

The owner of the hotel had been a personal enemy of Barbara. I think it is not difficult for the reader to see how little likely Barbara's relatives were to hear the story from her. Their denial was given partly in ignorance and partly in unsympathizing disgust, while the anti-Union feeling was still strong. Once given it must be adhered to.

If it be asked why the leading Unionists of the town said nothing about it, I would reply that the incident occurred at a time and place when no one but Jackson and his men could be expected to know of it. I once heard a Union officer assert in a railway car that he had seen the shot fired at the Fritchie flag. It was in November, 1868, long before I first went to Frederick, and he described the position of the house accurately, railing somewhat profanely because the Corporation had not preserved the house and widened the creek on the side of the Bentztown road. I did not ask his name, for at that time I did not know, as I have before said, that it was possible to doubt the story.

Who are the persons who have denied this story over their own names?

1. Mayor Engelbrecht, an honest man, but one who made a mistake in the time alluded to. It was on Wednesday, September 10th, not Saturday the 6th, that he stood all day at his window, watching the main body of Lee's army as it passed.

2. A certain Samuel Tyler, lawyer, author

of a life of Judge Taney, who has died while I have been writing these pages. He disposed of it by denying that Jackson's advance ever entered Frederick. That was true; but he did not tell how close to Barbara's windows the Bentztown road came, nor confess that the General himself went to church in the town the very next day.

3. A Bangor paper dated, I think, January 26, 1876. This denies the whole story on the authority of one of the family, whose name I will not mention, but who turns out on inquiry to be the "arrant knave" with whom Barbara would have nothing to do.

4. A more elaborate denial, summing up the above statements, was made by a person calling himself "Karl Edmund," in the Philadelphia *Press* for the 18th of May, 1876. As his letter was written after a visit to the spot, some of the statements in it must be met. That Dr. Steiner, a German Unionist living in Frederick City, should not publicly endorse Barbara's story will surprise no one who has lived in that town long enough to recognize the vestiges of the old feud between the English and German residents or to sympathize with the social predicament in which the close of the war left some of its best citizens. The story was undoubtedly told in Frederick while Barbara lived. It was openly gossiped over in the hospitals as soon as death released her from annoyance. It became public in the following year. Are there no survivors of Jackson's advance? Let them speak.

"Karl Edmund" suggests that a "Mrs. Quantrill now in Washington" might be the real Barbara Fritchie. I trust that I have already shown this last bold proposition to be entirely untenable. If any Union flag was waved in Frederick that morning in the sight of Stonewall Jackson's troops, the direction followed by the troops settles the point that it was waved from Barbara's window. No Mrs. Quantrill was there to wave it. If Mayor Engelbrecht had waved a flag himself, it could only have been over the backs of the vanishing column. No one seems to ask how it was that a story to which there were no witnesses became instantly linked to Barbara's name! Jackson's men remained in the neighborhood four days. The few soldiers or hospital patients who witnessed the scene had many opportunities to ask who lived in the little house overhanging the creek. Everybody knew that; and the story was never doubted by the residents until it had become hopelessly entangled in double dates and mixed motives.

The poem is historically true to the spirit of the loyal woman who gave it being. In several minor respects it errs, for the history of that 6th of September had not been told when it was written.

"All that day through Frederick street sounded" *no* "tread of marching feet;" and the marching outside the bridge ceased at an early hour. It was not "noon" when Barbara climbed her attic stairs. But these things are of little consequence. The poet may do as he will with his own.

Caroline H. Dall.

CHARLEY'S ICE-FLOE.

The "river," as the children called it, had been frozen over. It was not much more than an overgrown brook, and usually stupid and slow-going, as overgrown creatures are apt to be. But a warm spell had come on, and brought with it a two days' rain; and in the night the river had grown restless and unruly, and had thrown off the ice that had been keeping it under, carrying most of it away to the sea, but leaving some of it in large cakes upon either bank.

And there it was when the children got up in the morning, mad with its liberty and tearing down toward the Sound as if fearful lest it might be caught and again imprisoned.

What a shout Charley raised as he drew aside the shade and peeped out! That was

always the first thing he did in the morning; no one could imagine why, for not a half a dozen times in his life had he discovered anything remarkable. There was always the same meadow, the same creek, the same rail track winding along beyond, and in the distance the little stone church. Hattie said she could see it all quite as well in bed with her eyes shut, as to get up and stand shivering on one foot looking at it.

But on this particular morning Charley was able to make an announcement that put an end to all napping on the part of the little girls.

"Goodness me, ain't the river raised, though! Look on the banks, too! 'Six months on an ice-floe!' What a chance for a fellow!"

Hattie bundled out of bed and rushed to the window, and little Sue followed straining her eyes in vain to discover, up stream or down, any signs of the wonderful party of voyagers she had so often heard her brother tell about.

Charley had been much interested in Captain Tyson's account of that journey on which the explorers' most dreaded enemy had furnished them a safe conveyance, without engine, mast or rudder, for so many months and miles; and he had often longed for a chance to know by experience the sensation of floating on an ice-raft. Here, he thought, was the opportunity. But he would be prudent and say nothing about it for the present, at least. Mamma was "dreadful 'fraid;" he complained to himself. She never was a boy, and somehow he couldn't convince her that boys could be trusted to take care of themselves. "I'll go out and look around," he thought. "The river looks pretty lively from here. If it doesn't run very swift, and I think she won't object, I'll ask her; but if I think she will, why, I'll go it on the sly."

Charley was dressed and out to reconnoiter in no time, and the little girls were not much behind him; but they were shortly recalled by their mamma, whom they found in street dress and with bonnet and cloak at hand.

"Hurry in, children; I've decided to go into town, and we must make haste with breakfast. I trust they will keep out of danger to-day," added Mrs. Rae to her husband. "There's no skating now, so I shall not worry about Charley."

Charley's face was so red about this time that his mother noticed it and thought he was feverish; and when he asked to be excused she began to be anxious, and looked at his tongue and his throat, and half doubted whether she had better go.

But there really seemed no cause for alarm, and again expressing her relief that the skating was over, Mrs. Rae put on her hat and cloak. As for the creek, it never once entered her mind to consider that as an agent for danger or mischief any more than she would one of the little black turtles that had their home somewhere between its banks.

Now Norah," said she to the good-natured girl, "try and keep an eye on Sue till Mr. Rae comes back. She can play out-doors; I don't see anything that she can get into, and I shall be home to dinner."

The little ones were kissed and the wagon drove off. Norah sat down to her breakfast and in a chat with Mike thought no more of the children, who, after a few minutes, ran into the meadow where they could see Charley and Will Cummins, the boy next door, pushing small ice-cakes off into the river.

Charley seemed to be coaxing Will into something to which he objected, but as his sisters came up he stopped; and all Hattie heard, though her ears were wide open as usual, was, "Keep dark!"

"What is it?" asked she; "what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said Charley; "just you look up there on St. Helena and see what a pile she's caught."

St. Helena was a tiny island. Mrs. Rae was an object teacher and the children had taken a good many geography lessons on the banks of the creek. The shores looked as if they had been cut out by "a big jiggering iron," Hattie said; and nearly every irregularity was dignified as cape or bay, isthmus or harbor.

It did not matter in the least that Baffin's Bay was in close neighborhood to Florida,

or that West Point with its small brick fort, which had fortunately escaped destruction, was just opposite Cape Horn. Even little Sue could define all the "natural divisions of land," as the geography says.

Charley had hoped to get rid of the girls after a time; but, as is generally the case, they wouldn't be got rid of. As the morning passed by Sue became hungry and went in to Norah for a doughnut, but Hattie suspected that some project was on foot, and remained on the field. The sun shone very warm, and Charley could see that the ice was melting; if he waited to tire Hattie out it might be too late. So as a stroke of policy he took her into partnership, thereby cutting off the possibility of her running to tell.

"Let's have an ice-floe, Hattie."

"Real, do you mean, to get on?"

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, I'd be afraid."

"Pooh! didn't those folks go hundreds of miles on one?"

"Yes, but it was bigger than any of these."

"So is the ocean bigger than the river; it wasn't any bigger for the ocean."

"How far would we go?"

"Oh, we could stop most anywhere; I'd take that pole there and I could push in to land any time."

"It runs too fast, don't it?"

"No, not for a long piece. We'll do it; will you go, Will?"

No. Will was too cautious; he would rather stay on land.

"We'll have to take Sue," said Hattie, and Charley saw the need of that immediately. Sue always had the last bit of news she had heard or the last sight she had seen right on the end of her tongue, and no matter what the consequence was, it always would slip right off on the first occasion. That fact decided Hattie that she herself had better go to the house for Arethusa, Sue's baby, whom she insisted should be added to the party.

It proved quite a difficult matter to find a suitable cake of ice in a place where it could be launched. But at last the boys selected one on the banks of the "Bay of Biscay" as the best fitted to their purpose; and after much prying and pushing it was put in position just in the edge of the water on the sloping bank, where it was thought the girls had better get on.

"What do you want of those things?" asked Charley, as Hattie came forward to embark with a door-mat and an immense old muff of her grandmother's. The old muff had seen considerable of the world since the day when grandmother went to the city with a purse full of Mexican dollars to buy it, and rode home again, forty miles in a sleigh, half hidden behind it. But the muff and the money and the style of traveling had all gone out of fashion long since, and now it did duty as a foot-warmer when the girls went sleighing, and served as a drum-major's hat when Charley's home guard paraded. On this occasion it was the only thing toward an Arctic outfit that Hattie in her haste could find. The door-mat she spread upon the ice for a cushion and she and Sue seated themselves upon it. "Aren't you coming?" she asked as Charley made no move to step on.

"Who'd push you off? Will and I will float you and then I'll get on at 'Cape Cod' there before you get out into the stream. Now hold on to Sue in case she gets scart if it tips a little."

It did "tip a little;" not much indeed, but sufficiently to soak the cushion and the children's dresses pretty thoroughly. Sue screamed and nearly threw Arethusa overboard, and Hattie in her effort to keep herself and her little sister on their seat, forgot her furs, and grandma's muff unnoticed slipped into the water and was not seen again till it was picked out of the brush below, some days afterward.

But Charley tipped more decidedly than the ice-floe; for as it suddenly gave way and slid into deeper water, he lost his footing and followed it as far as his length would go; and by the time he was on his feet again it had rounded "Cape Cod" and caught by the current was rapidly slipping down the creek.

It was not Sue alone who was scared now. She, poor little body, sobbed and clung to Hattie, who though white as a sheet at finding her strange craft without a pilot, now spinning round as some whirlpool caught it,

and again rushing with speed on its way, still had presence of mind to hold on to Sue and sit quietly.

Charley did the screaming as he ran along the bank. Whom to call he did not know; his father he had not seen since he drove away with his mother after breakfast. So he kept along shore as near the girls as possible, while Will hurried for help.

Just at that moment, in full confidence that the children "wouldn't get into anything," Mr. Rae was comfortably talking town news in the post-office, as he waited for the returning train. And just at that moment the train whistled and came in sight, and Mrs. Rae, looking toward the house for the usual salute of handkerchiefs and hats, had her eye caught half way by something on the river, she did not know what. She did know that she had tied those little red and blue hoods on two little brown heads that were very dear to her, and that they were in great danger; further than that, after one piercing scream, she knew nothing.

Mr. Rae, as he stood on the depot platform, was shocked to have his wife handed out to him as helpless as the brown paper bundles that the sympathizing passengers hurried after her; till some one of them, whose attention had been drawn to the adventurers on the creek, was able partly to explain the cause to him.

Meantime the ice-floe rushed toward the bridge. If only some one might be crossing! It was the one hope poor Hattie had, and she was sick with terror as they slid underneath and no call of rescue reached them; only Charley's hoarse cry, "Help! help!"

But no help came, and had it not been for the "Gulf of Mexico" I am afraid the trip would have been a tragedy. But the gulf, which was just at the sudden bend of the river, held out the two capes at its entrance like two arms, and the ice-floe glided straight into its embrace, and the little girls were safe. There was no danger of their floating out again, and they might have landed successfully, but in their haste they forgot all caution, and both got a thorough ducking.

It was a sorry party that walked dripping into Norah's clean kitchen through one door as Mrs. Rae was helped into it through another.

For a moment there was a tableau. Mrs. Rae was speechless through surprise and joy; the children, with terror at their mother's pallid face; while Norah, who was preparing dinner, stood motionless with amazement, holding suspended over a kettle what looked like the bolster of a doll's bed stuffed to its utmost. Charley never saw a "roly poly" pudding afterwards that he did not recall the scene, and how Norah plunged the pudding back into the pot, and picked up Sue and undressed and comforted her.

The next day they were all as bright as ever except Arethusa. Her loss was not noticed for some time, but though she was found and every effort made to bring her to herself, it was of no use. Sue said that she never would have known her; so her mamma hung her up on the wall, and said that her usefulness was not yet past; every time they looked at her she could preach them a sermon.

Charley ventured to inquire as to the text, and his father suggested "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Whereupon he was sorry that he had inquired, and trembled in his shoes for some days; but his mother thought that the fright had taught him a lesson, and the rod remained on its parent tree uncut.

And this is the story of Charley's Ice-Floe.

Emily Adams.

THE EPISCOPAL OUTLOOK.

Fairly to estimate the present position of the Protestant Episcopal Church and answer the questions which are inevitably asked by thoughtful people as to its future, it is necessary to give a brief history of the difficulties which it has met with since its start in America.

The earliest Anglican services were held

in the New World during the winter of 1607–8, at the mouth of the Kennebec, by the Rev. Richard Seymour, the chaplain of the colony which Popham vainly attempted to found at that place. At a later period handfuls of Anglicans were gathered into congregations in the chief towns along the Atlantic sea-board—Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Boston, Marblehead and Portsmouth—and were supplied with clergymen who were, for the most part, maintained by the "Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." The parishes were under the spiritual oversight of the Bishop of London, and the people were mostly tories in politics and religion. There was no bishop, and when fit pastors were selected from the congregation they were always sent to London for ordination.

Practically, the ecclesiastical polity was hardly different from that of the Puritans, who, at least in New England, constituted "the standing order." The English Church was not aggressive in those days, and John Wesley's was the principal voice for religion which was heard in England by the common people. The colonial Church was hardly felt in the New World, except as the organ of aristocratic religion. Its legacy was this very *hauteur* which the Puritans cordially hated, and the undue ambition of the laity as directors in the management of spiritual affairs.

In all these pre-revolutionary years, constant efforts were made to secure the consecration of bishops for America. Dr. Beardsley's "History of the Church in Connecticut," and his "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Samuel Johnson," tell the story of those eventful and tragic years. It was the time during which the colonies were assuming a determined attitude toward the mother country. It was whispered in the ears of the King and of the Prime Minister that, if prelates were sent to America, it would prejudice the Crown in the eyes of the Puritans and their compatriots, and whatever the English bishops might have desired to do was made subordinate to the policy of the state. It was one of those things which seemed possible but could not be done, and this single fact has done more than anything else to put the Protestant Episcopal Church in an anomalous position in this country. It was Episcopal in name but not in fact when it was putting forth its first roots in our soil and imparting its first impressions of conscious life to our ancestors. It had an acephalous beginning, and was in a position to be seriously misunderstood from the start, and to be withheld from proper and efficient organization for a century. It was Congregational in fact and Episcopal in name, and the two things, however excellent in themselves, do not tend together to make an efficient and rightly organized Episcopal Church. This has been the hidden and remote cause of very much which every one has regretted in this religious body; and when the Episcopate came it was grafted into what has until lately been felt to be a system which had not quite full control of its proper working elements. It was at the heels when it should have been at the head of the body.

It was November 14, 1784, that Dr. Samuel Seabury was consecrated as the Bishop of Connecticut, in the Episcopal Chapel in Aberdeen, by the non-juring bishops of Scotland who were not under the political control of the English Crown. Dr. William White and Dr. Samuel Provoost were not consecrated by the Anglican bishops until February 4, 1787, and it was not until July, 1789, that the first convention of the Episcopal Church met in Philadelphia with a proper organization. The American congregations had been mostly broken up by the Revolution, and even when it began, according to Bishop White's "Memoirs," "there were not more than about eighty parochial clergymen of that [Anglican] Church to the northward and eastward of Maryland;" and out of Boston, Newport, New York and Philadelphia, there were no congregations "held to be of ability to support clergymen of themselves. In Maryland and in Virginia the Episcopal Church was more numerous and had legal establishments for its support. * * * * In the more southern colonies the Episcopalians were fewer in proportion than in the two last mentioned, but more than in the northern."

The Revolution sent most of the New England congregations, with their clergy,

to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and at the Philadelphia Convention in 1789, only seven States were represented by seventeen clergymen and sixteen laymen. The Church was almost destroyed. The outlook was hopeless. In New England the political feeling that it was anti-republican and aristocratic, was added to the traditional objections to prelacy. Elsewhere the Methodists had led the way as pioneers in work which has commended itself to all Christian people; the Presbyterians had gained a substantial foothold; and everywhere the Episcopal Church, as the representative of a government which had attempted to crush out American liberty, met with a certain amount of prejudice and opposition. At the time when other religious bodies were striking down into the roots of the national life, this was compelled to nurse its slender interests as an isolated section of society and to consider rather how it could exist than how it could grow. To this fact can be traced much which we feel to be narrow and sectarian and formal in the Episcopal Church, and much which has stood heretofore in the way of its success. It always defended its evangelical truth and apostolic order; it did not fail, point by point, to contend for its principles when they were called in question; but it was so overwhelmingly in the minority that even its followers of reputation, from George Washington onward, including many of the men who have done the country most honor as statesmen, could bring men no further than to concede its respectability. It was too weak and too much surrounded by popular prejudices, to be a popular church. It is hardly pleasant to recall these facts, but the knowledge of them is essential to a fair statement of the Episcopal outlook. They show that, apart from defective organization, the environments were such as to prevent the proper development of parochial or diocesan life. No Church could advance against obstacles which only time could remove. The Episcopal Church dwelt like Ishmael in the desert, apart and alone. It expected nothing from others and gave nothing to them. Its converts were few and rare. It despised "the sects," and became intensely sectarian itself. Then it patterned, as was natural, closely after the English Church. What interested the Anglican interested the American Churchman. The Methodists adapted their system to the new conditions of the country in which they lived, but Churchmen were so occupied with the struggles in the Mother Church and so fearful lest their peculiarities might offend the American people, that they largely forgot to present in a manly way, to the general public, the distinctive and really valuable points in their system. They apologized for being what they were, when they ought to have thanked God that he had committed to them certain gifts which were of priceless value to American Christianity.

There are those yet living who witnessed this inglorious era of American Episcopacy. The Right Rev. Dr. Smith, the venerable Presiding Bishop, now in his eighty-fifth year, remembers distinctly when the Anglican Episcopate in the United States, sitting as the House of Bishops, used to have ample room around a common dining-table for their deliberations. He was consecrated in 1832, and now the House of Bishops is so large, comprising sixty-one bishops, that all the usages of a public deliberative body have to be observed in their proceedings, and bishops themselves are so common that they have to be *men* before they are fathers in the Church, if they are to command public attention. It was not till 1835 that the Episcopal Church began to ignore the old lines of self-protection, and assume the distinct attitude of a missionary organization; and even then, against the advice of the late Bishop Doane, it forgot that the Church itself is the great missionary society, and erected an *imperium in imperio* like the American Board, to take care of its missionary interests. And this monstrosity was tolerated until the General Convention of 1877, with general consent, put it aside for simpler machinery which throws all missionary interests directly into the hands of this chief legislative body of the Church.

When bodies are as closely identified as the English and the American churches of the Anglican communion, there is always danger that the younger will be the solemn

ecclesiastical shadow of the older body, and this in respect of theology has been characteristic of the Episcopal Church. It has heretofore been more Anglican than American. It has reflected rather than originated movements. When England was under the spiritual direction of Simeon and Romaine, America was everywhere devoutly evangelical. When the great church revival known as Tractarianism began with the publication of Keble's "Christian Year," in 1827, and the study of the early fathers was revived by his notable sermon on Tradition, in 1833, this country was also flooded with the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," and converts to Rome were only less numerous and distinguished here than in England. That revival has been transmitted in the ritualistic movement which, if something artificial and foreign here, is thoroughly congenial to great numbers in England, and the natural outgrowth of religious convictions. It has been the fortune of the Church of England to pass through a series of unusual controversies touching the deepest mysteries of religion during the last fifty years. It has reconquered the lost ground of the last century, but every debate, every issue, has had its restatement on this side of the Atlantic, and the Episcopal Church has been profoundly affected by it. Schools of thought, which are a natural outgrowth of personal conviction, have crystallized into ecclesiastical parties, and these parties have often attempted to run what was meant for a Catholic Church purely in the line of sectarian interests. All the isms of theology have had their chance, and the Church, which is infinitely larger and better than any of them, has been frequently narrowed down to their petty issues. This accounts for what people feel to be set, formal, stiff, unyielding in the Episcopal Church. It explains why there is so much narrowness of action in regard to public matters; why there has been in other days so little adaptation of religion to society. It shows why, when the old twins of hatred and prejudice have been broken down, the really important things which the Church is able to do for American Christianity, have not been appreciated. There is a conservatism which holds an idea until it is strangled; and in other days this religious body has been so conservative that it has done comparatively little to shape the nation's conscious life.

It may seem like plain speaking to say thus much, but who can say that it is not substantially true? What has the Episcopal Church done for three-quarters of a century but disappoint the anticipations of its best men and forge new fetters for the more secure environment and repression of its growing energies? But there comes at length a time when if men do not speak with a living voice, the very stones cry out and condemn them; when Samson breaks his bonds and goes forth in his might. Such a time came to the Episcopal Church twenty-five years ago.

In 1853 the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg, then a mature man of fifty years, saw with prophetic eye and felt in his prophetic soul that his Communion was not dealing with the great moral and social necessities of the day as it ought. "He became more and more painfully impressed with the isolation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he thought that some effort should be made to bring the Christians of this land into something like fellowship, on the basis of a common historic faith; and while he was devoting much thought and time to the subject, he suddenly, with that impulsive energy which comes like an inspiration to a man of genius, said to a friend: 'Let us prepare a memorial upon this subject to the House of Bishops, and if we can get no one to sign it, we will sign it ourselves and send it in.'"* This was the origin of the celebrated Memorial movement of 1856, and since it has had a profound influence in shaping the ecclesiastical future of this Church and in enabling leading men to bring its vital principles into contact with the throbbing life of our own time, it deserves special attention at our hands. It was a wholesome and ardent protest against the cast-iron policy which had prevailed for three-quarters of a century, The Memorial boldly made the inquiry, whether "the Protestant Episcopal Church, with only her present canonical means and

*In Memoriam—William A. Muhlenburg, D. D. By Edwin Harwood, D. D.

appliances, her fixed and invariable modes of public worship, and her traditional customs and usages, is competent to the work of preaching and dispensing the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, and so adequate to do the work of the Lord in this land and in this age." It believed that the church confined to the exercise of its present system was not sufficient to these purposes, that a wider door ought to be opened for admission to the ministry, and that men in other bodies of Christians who desired the Episcopal ministry should not be obliged in receiving it to renounce *all* the liberty in public worship to which they had been accustomed, or to have their previous attainments as religious teachers count for nothing. It looked toward a basis of unity for our divided and distracted American Christianity. It aimed at a broader and more comprehensive ecclesiastical system than the one then administered, which should be identical with the Episcopal Church in all its great principles, and yet provide for as much freedom in opinion, discipline and worship as was compatible with the essential faith and order of the Gospel. "To define and act upon such a system," it was believed, "must sooner or later be the work of an American Catholic Episcopate." The Memorial expressed a widely prevalent feeling and was referred in the General Convention of 1853 by an unusually large majority of bishops (20 to 4) to a committee of their own order, consisting of Bishops Wainwright, Otey, Doane, Alonzo Potter, Burgess, and Williams, with instructions to take the subject into consideration, invite further communications upon it and report to the convention of 1856. Bishop Potter was chiefly instrumental in gathering the opinions of representative men, both within and without his Church, on the subject, and the volume entitled "The Memorial Papers," giving the communications received, the report of the commission of bishops, and his own estimate of the movement, and published by him in 1857, is one of the most important, suggestive, and significant works ever issued by the Episcopal Church in this country. It is the distinct landmark of a new era. It marked the arrival of this Church to a *consciousness of mission.* The Diocesan Convention of Rhode Island (1856) happily stated this in a resolution which declared that "we earnestly sympathize with the wish of the Memorialists that the great Catholic idea of the Church of Christ may be more fully developed by more thoroughly adapting it to all the wants of the country and the times."

The Episcopal commission met six times during the recess of the convention. In their report to the Convention of 1856, they expressed the unanimous conviction that "some of the most material of the improvements which are loudly called for and which commend themselves to our own judgment might be attained without legislation." They begged their own brethren, while all these questions were pending, to do what they could personally to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace:

"1. By doing justice to the merits of other systems as readily as they expose their demerits.

"2. By repressing a spirit of self-complacency and self-laudation.

"3. By infusing into our worship, preaching and general policy, more of the ancient and historical element on the one side, and of the popular and practical on the other.

"4. By a more cordial manner towards ministers of other religious bodies who are inquiring into the claims of our Communion.

"5. By considering whether we cannot safely lessen canonical impediments in the way of ministers, licentiates and others desirous of our orders, with sufficient guarantees for soundness in doctrine, discipline and worship.

"6. By fruitfulness in all good works. If our ministers were more fervid, self-denying and laborious; our people more charitable, exemplary and devout; if, in a word, we were all that we ought to be and might be from the alleged superiority of our gifts and privileges, the attraction to the church would be universal and irresistible."

The bishops quite unanimously accepted the sentiments of this report, and adopted resolutions to divide the three-fold morning service, to allow discretionary services for

extraordinary occasions, and to provide special agencies to meet the spiritual necessities of unchurched people. They also made provision for the appointment of a permanent Commission on Christian Unity, to consist of five bishops and to be renewed at each convention by ballot in both houses.

The Commission on Christian Unity was the only direct legislative action which resulted from the Memorial. In the House of Deputies, High Church, represented by the late Dr. Francis L. Hawks, was pitted against Dr. Alexander H. Vinton as the representative of the Low Church party, and it was not possible to obtain the calm discussion which is necessary for arranging the preliminaries of a great movement. But the deliberate judgment of the bishops was in favor of the Memorial. It was Bishop Alonzo Potter's opinion that the action of the House of Bishops would bear its fruit gradually. He looked upon "Christianity as a *life*, not as a mere collection of *dogmas*," and was known as one of the earliest, most efficient, and most liberal friends of the movement. In fact he was the statesman among his brother bishops, and no man in the American Episcopate, not excepting Bishop Hobart, or Bishop De Lancey, or Bishop Burgess, has shown a more intelligent sense of the Church's position, or a larger grasp of all the questions which the Memorial involved.

Dr. Muhlenberg to the outward eye failed to carry his points. But the movement which he initiated with such a consciousness of Catholic mission was one which is best advanced, not by resolutions and canons, but by active discussions, by arousing the convictions of the clergy and the people. Dr. E. A. Washburn recently said, in a beautiful tribute to his beloved master, Dr. Muhlenberg, that "the Memorial movement, whatever its seeming failure, has left its indelible mark on our history. * * * It was his [Dr. Muhlenberg's] conviction that our Church needed to act with all its capabilities in the vast growing field of missions and of ministries for all conditions of men. * * * But the party fears on either hand, the jealousy of the Episcopal authority in the lower House, and the great power of inertia in the body, strangled a plan as wise as it was generous. We have learned the worth of our conservatism since. I dare hazard the judgment that had the Memorial prevailed, we should have been spared the two worst misfortunes since befallen us." Dr. Muhlenberg himself at first felt keenly the outward defeat of what he had most at heart, but he was permitted to live almost to the time when it might be said that the Memorial had inspired the whole Church with its spirit. The Convention of 1877 was most clearly marked by the consciousness of Catholic mission which twenty-five years ago thrilled Dr. Muhlenberg's soul. He became, for his personal qualities not less than for the inspiration of heart in which he was unrivaled, the beloved and untitled patriarch of his Communion. It was my privilege once to witness the voluntary homage to him as such. In the Convention of 1874 in New York, the debate was in its full tide in the lower House when a venerable man slowly crossed the vestibule of the church. Instantly that he entered the auditorium, young men and old began to gather around him, some to be introduced, some to greet the apostolic father once more; and as he moved by degrees (as fast as the throng of friends would permit) to the chancel end of the church, up the side aisle, the debate lost its interest, and the man who twenty years before had in vain tried to lead his Church to the larger victories of Christian comprehensiveness, became when he approached the open space before the chancel, the center of an ovation so spontaneous and hearty and general that the Convention unconsciously resolved itself into a committee of the whole to pay Dr. Muhlenberg their voluntary respect and reverence as to "an apostle by the will of God."

As to the fruits which the Memorial has gradually brought forth, it may be truly said that they were more largely developed in the diocese of Pennsylvania than elsewhere, but most of the enlarged parochial activities which now distinguish the Episcopal Church, and which have been already copied to some extent by other Protestant bodies, have come into life since 1853, and may be traced, in

their origin, to this movement. The Cottage meetings conducted by deacons or laymen with a free use of the prayer-book, the Bible-classes for men and women, the mothers' meetings, the sewing-schools taught by Christian women, the evangelists' service, and parochial missions, the attempts to deal with special classes by out-door preaching, the missions to deaf mutes, and numerous other agencies, in which the energies of all classes of churchmen have been enlisted, show the suggestions derived from this source. In fact, the Memorial movement has at length become the aggressive and working policy of the Episcopal Church.

The General Conventions in this communion have frequently been looked forward to with misgiving. Party feeling has run high, and certain doctrinal issues have had to be met. The Church began with very low views of what the Anglican communion teaches in its prayer-book and other standards, and had it remained where it was a hundred years ago, its organization would have continued defective, and in religious love it would not have been sharply marked off from Protestantism by the development of its proper Catholic life. The Episcopal Church is not the *via media* between Rome and Geneva, as John Henry Newman attempted to make it in the theory which he constructed for his own personal assurance, but has a positive and definite organic life of its own. This is never to be forgotten or ignored. This had to be brought out and maintained, in respect to ecclesiastical polity, in respect to theological doctrines, and in respect to ritual. The English Church has been engaged for the last fifty years in restoring to its current life what was allowed to fall into disuse during the dreary Hanoverian era, and the same work has been going on here. The General Conventions have been the arenas in which the party battles have been fought over these questions. The Convention of 1874 was perhaps the saddest and wickedest of them all; party issues were presented in their worst form, and the attempt to stamp out ritualism was carried to extreme lengths.

When the Convention met in Boston in 1877, there was no preliminary scare, no exciting question to be debated, nothing but the unfinished business of the previous Convention to be attended to. The deputies in the lower House came with few instructions from their dioceses. There was nothing to fight about, and everybody was in the humor to attend to new phases of Church life. Bishop Williams gave the key-note to the Convention in the opening sermon at Trinity church. He is the only survivor of the original committee of the House of Bishops appointed to take Dr. Muhlenberg's Memorial in hand. That sainted man had been called to his rest early in the spring, and it was eminently fitting that Dr. Williams should invite attention to the practical work which Dr. Muhlenberg attempted to arouse his church to do a quarter of a century before. The late William Welsh, always foremost as a lay-apostle in practical religious enterprises, persevered till the gist of this sermon had been embodied in a series of resolutions which the Committee adopted and referred to a working committee. Then the unfinished business happened to involve the very question which Dr. Muhlenberg had always insisted upon, liturgical revision or adaptation of our services to a wider range of usefulness. Dr. De Koven had also come to the Convention with the prescient feeling that old issues were to be allowed to rest, and as one of the recognized leaders of the Convention, with the conviction that if the Church was to enter properly upon a new era, its constitution must be revised and adapted to meet the larger and prospective wants of a national organization, was prepared to push matters in this direction. As the budget of new and pressing questions was unfolded by the two Houses in their separate capacity, it became evident to every one that immediate legislation was not to be expected, and that the Convention would largely take the character of a free debating society in which every member could express himself upon the state of the Church. This was precisely what was needed and what was done, the very questions which Dr. Muhlenberg had raised twenty-five years ago were the special points of discussion.

Dr. De Koven would hardly like to be

called Dr. Muhlenberg's successor, but in prophetic vision, in the long look ahead, in the steady drive at things which are necessary to enable the Episcopal Church to bring its full energies to bear upon the living issues of the day, he closely resembles him. He has, besides, that magnetic power over men which naturally qualifies him to be a leader. In the late Convention no man spoke more wisely and none showed a greater range of statesman-like thought or a clearer conviction of what should be done. This was especially seen in a speech in which he urged constitutional revision. But Dr. De Koven was not the only man who instinctively reached out to shape the coming time. The leading men in the Convention were all on one side. They favored the bringing of the Church to the people, the provision for shortened services, the measures looking toward unity among the Protestant bodies.

This Church has now reached a point where its future will be watched with great interest by all Christian people. It has bated nothing of its Catholic position, and not changing its organization but increasing the efficiency of its methods of working, and rising gradually to the consciousness of its providential position as an instrument for strengthening our common Christianity, it has distinctly marched to the front as a live, progressive, and active organization for the development of the Christian life. The bishops and clergy have studiously avoided committing themselves to special views upon the minor questions of morals. They have struck with practical vigor for the central things in religion and sought earnestly to effect guidance for men and women in the issues of daily life. It is a mark of sanity when a religious organization is ready to confess that it bears in its body the fruits of Adam's sin, and the Episcopal Church has not been backward of late in acknowledging its short-comings. One point needs always to be remembered. The Anglican Church seeks everywhere not to give ready-made answers in religion and morals but to justify "the sweet reason of Jesus" in practical life. It is the Church which attempts to reconcile religion with modern thought and society, and constantly to adapt old truths to new needs. Hence it can never be at rest, never be out of a crisis; and what Matthew Arnold with his singular truthfulness in phrases says of the English Church, is equally true of its American daughter: "Distracted as is the state of religious opinion amongst us at this moment, in no other great Church is there, I believe, so much sincere desire as there is in the Church of England—in clergy as well as laity—to get at the truth. In no other great Church is there so little false pretense of assured knowledge and certainty on points where there can be none." * This testimony is supplemented by the testimony of the Rev. J. M. Capes, who some years ago went to Rome and has lately returned to the Church of England. He says: "It seems to me that in the English Church as it now stands, freedom of thought can be united with practical organization, and that this same organization supplies just that living aid which translates thought into spiritual activity and enables an honest man to do his duty in his generation as God designs him to do it." † The same can truly be said of the American branch of this Church. It has moved out of its sectarianism and addressed itself to the live issues of the day. The Church Congress was the distinct effort of churchmen to take their part in the contests of modern thought, and has shown that this body was in a special position of advantage for such discussions. Its very conservatism has come in to give breadth of view. While others have only seen things from the point of individuality, there is something in the Catholic training of strong men which enables them to see a subject on both sides, and this largeness of view has already commended the Congress as a platform for the discussion of questions in religion, morals, society, and the higher politics. The two lines of strength in the Episcopal Church, as already indicated, are its Catholic position as an historical body, with a ministry whose authority Protestants never question and a prestige which is generally acknowledged, and its close affinity with all the dearest interests and best phases

* Last Essays in Church and Religion, p. 176.

† Reasons for Returning to the Church of England, p. 197.

of Protestantism. It has been slow, very slow, to work itself clear of its bad environment and to give its bishops their proper place as leaders; even now this work is not fully done in every case; but the late Convention showed unmistakably that the Church had at last struck the right chord, and had entered upon a new and decided course. Dr. John Fulton truly said in that Convention that "we touch Protestantism far more closely than we now do or ever shall, in the days of any of us, touch the Roman Catholic communion;" and it is easy to see that if a liberal course is taken in ecclesiastical politics and in the treatment of theological and moral questions, the liberality which is the synonym for charity and does not arrogate the exclusive possession of the truth, the Church will prove most helpful to those who desire to place fact before sentiment in Christian teachings, and will have both the capacity and the power to furnish religious homes for the million. Every religious body has some points of advantage; the Episcopal Church has many which the others have not, and so in the fierce competition which allows only the strongest and fittest to survive, it is in a position to render great and prominent service to American Christianity. The Episcopal outlook is not altogether bright; the Church has an immense work to do before it can be the Church of the people; the men and the money to do this work have in many cases yet to be found, and the most that can be said is that the old Church has taken the right direction and that it has larger plans for the future than any party or school of thought within itself has yet originated or developed. It will perhaps be found in the near future to be a chief back-stay of American Christianity, and its strength will be in the largeness and fitness of its conception of what Christianity is.

Julius H. Ward.

LIFE AGAINST LIFE.

The Doctor laid his stethoscope upon the table, and paused. He was an adept in the professional art of dissembling. Had the consulter been a woman his countenance would have been instantly set with the bland smile encouraging; but this strong, firmly-poised, brown-bearded young man—there were many reasons why he should not know, strong reasons why he should. The Doctor's face retained the expression it had worn when he lifted his head from the broad chest. Eager eyes, with dilated pupils, swept his face. Acute, with his years of experience, he saw that whether for good or ill, the revelation had been made.

"You may live for years."

"And I may——"

The Doctor nodded, averting his eyes, and running his fore-finger along the length of the silver tube upon the table.

"For present help——?"

"Cheerful society, careful diet, and, above all, avoidance of excitement."

The prescription was in the professional tone,—the tone of a man who has tossed off interpretations of the messages of Life and Death, until a peculiarity in the text, or an unwonted crook in an oft-used letter arrests his attention more than the crowd of crouching, upturned faces that at this hour grow so pitiably alike.

Little remained to be said or done in this room with its obtrusive parchments in gilded frames, its glittering, pitiless instruments, its awful under-current suggestions of human misery. The patient was not stunned. Pain has ever its relief in change of form, its mitigations in the consciousness of endurance.

Through two or thee minutes there were no analyses, no definitions in that whirling brain,—only the dumb acceptance of a truth to be fathomed by and by, one by which all things must be resolved, all things readjusted. Pathologically, this was a case of structural damage to the heart through acute rheumatism.

The Doctor was one who could deftly swathe up the lancet of truth in velvet or fine cambric, so long as it could be of use, but when once the steel lay naked and glittering before eyes keen and calculating as his own, he knew it would avail little that he should throw over it a stray handkerchief or the day's paper. He bowed his patient over the threshold, and went on to the next one.

The young man passed into the street, throbbing with the vigor and freshness of a spring-tide morning. Quick, elastic steps, lively faces, hearty voices were on all sides. He saw as distinctly, apprehended as clearly, as if the just-accepted truth were not wringing his consciousness. A funeral procession crept by, and he gazed curiously through the glass sides of the hearse. It gave him a strange feeling of companionship. He seemed, to himself, to belong partly with the dead, and partly among the living,—he, only twenty-two and with the strength of a Saxon woodsman.

The express train bearing Reid from the city was making up time. The rapid motion proved keenly exhilarating. Racing through fields, tearing over bridges, swaying on the rails, swinging around curves,—this sense of force in action, this suggestion of possible danger, thrilled and stimulated. It was what he had longed for in life.

In the car around him were young men, like himself, finding happiness and content, as he had longed to do, in sharp, hard work; young men exulting with youthful confidence in something new, undiscovered, and worthy to be won in life, wealthy in strength and years to come.

Down in the mirror-panel at the end of the car he saw his own face, brown-bearded and resolute. He threw out his arm, cords firm, muscles hard and well-defined, nervous stimulus full and free. He laid his thumb on the small artery at the wrist, felt the gliding, uneven movement that made his pulse a death-tick, and the powerful right arm fell at his side. He bowed his head on the seat-back before him and asked what it meant.

It meant the relinquishment of his life's purpose, meant not only the surrender of all the sweet, rare possibilities of which youth inevitably dreams, but the forfeiture, also, of all which sober sense told him life would actually have brought. Henceforth he was to live torpidly and by halves, "avoiding excitement," purposeless, emotionless, objectless. Instead of developing, he must deliberately set bounds to his life.

"Never!" he sharply cried to himself, lifting his head. He would go on in the path he had marked out, and no step should falter. If he died now, or then, there remained Christian burial.

This purpose, in later days, a woman's hand set aside. Reid was the only son of a mother, through the curse of alcohol worse than widowed. He had thought to keep from her the Doctor's revelation, but, through the stumbling, faulty sentences by which he sought both to explain and to conceal, she clutched at the truth whose edge drew blood, and her son's pain became her anguish.

Outwardly, thenceforward, he lived easily and enjoyed himself; inwardly, he chafed and fumed, intermittently seeking resignation. It may be questioned whether there exists, for human nature unsanctified, resignation absolute and final. To-day is not as yesterday. Life is a tour of discovery, and a submissive adjustment at one point, does not include the other. In successive and differing hours the struggle comes up, always the same, though under a new form, until weary and worn the soul grasps the faith of acquiescence, which merges in the higher form of resignation only at the gate of death.

Elegantly indolent, to the outside world leading the life of a *dilettante*, Reid now learned the meaning of a few words in his native language. He caught glimpses of the abysses and mountain tops that Patience covers, he shuddered down the fathomless depths of Doubt, he looked up the immeasurable heights of Faith and Love. Days, weeks and years followed each other, and save for colors, odors and sounds, May was like October.

Two or three times, out in the field, alone, he had undergone physical anguish only less violent than the mental. He had set his teeth, and clenched his hands, and clear

drops had sprung out upon his forehead. At every instant it had seemed that the delicate membrane must give way, and, panting on the turf, he had shut his eyes with the swift thought that darkness might be followed by visions of the Unknown. But his time had not yet come.

One early spring day there came tramping up through the snow-broth in the avenue, Miranda. She led by the hand a boy seven years old, thin and white, but with long lashes sweeping over eyes star-bright.

Reid went into another room, and shut the door. Miranda put her coarse shoes, water-soaked, and with water gushing out at the gapes in the toes, on the stove-hearth. The mother brought her a new pair.

"Put those on and take care of yourself."

Then a swift painful rush of sympathy flooding the mother's soul, her breath quickening, cheeks flushing, and blue eyes filling with tears, she asked painfully:

"Why *won't* you be a good woman, Miranda?"

"Lord!" said Miranda afterwards, in narrating the scene, "what a queer woman that Mrs. Reid is!"

Miranda sought to relieve her embarrassment by diverting attention to the child.

"Who made you, Daniel Horatio?"

"God!" says Daniel Horatio, blinking the starry eyes at the ceiling.

Miranda looked awed and satisfied. This bit of religious instruction seemed to herself to ally her with respectability, and demonstrate her maternal fitness.

People to whom a religious belief is a vital necessity, seldom spread themselves over the four Gospels and part way through the Psalms. How many hundreds are there whose interior life is buttressed on the text: "God so loved the world!" Reid held by the sweetly humane one: "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water."

Two or three days after Miranda's call, he and his mother drove up to the little hut under the mountain, and brought home Daniel Horatio for their own.

The boy had queer ways, and asked quaint questions, but his soul seemed pure as the heart of a white water lily. He liked to talk to himself, and to hold his half transparent hand to the light, and pat the tips of his fingers with his thumb. He followed Reid like a spaniel. He had a cough and daily grew thinner and whiter, and his eyes more starry.

One June day he and Reid went out and sat down in the warm cleft of a broken ledge facing the west. The red and yellow columbines nodded above and below them, and from every crevice sprang out wild gooseberry bushes laden with green fruit. The patch of turf below them was lively bright with the little golden cinquefoil eyes.

Reid read to himself poor old Plato's pathetic groping after immortality, and the boy lay back in the rock, and talked softly to a bug crawling over his breast.

Reid laid down his book with the vague sense of one emerging from a catacomb, and let the warm sunshine nurse him half asleep. The boy, laughing aloud at his bug, was seized by a coughing spasm, and the scarlet blood that flew from nostrils and mouth paled the red columbines nodding over his head.

Reid wiped a scarlet fleck from the pale lips with his handkerchief, and drew nearer. He followed the boy's eyes to the far west, where from between purple-green forest hills, and beneath infinite depths of azure, with golden gleams emerged the river. This boy was going to die pretty soon.

"Daniel," said he softly, "many years ago, far beyond the sea there lived some one whose life was like that sky, and river, and forest in its purity, depth and calm. It was so long ago that we know very little of what He thought or did, but He must have suffered much, for he lived to be thirty years old, and one may grow tired long before thirty." Reid's voice broke, but eager eyes were watching him.

"One night so terrible I can't tell you about it, He was left alone in the dark and the dew. His mind was not like ours, and He thought of you and me sitting this day in this rock-cleft, and He prayed as he had so often prayed for everybody, 'Father, forgive them!' Then He went away, and somewhere,—where He won't miss us, child,—He is waiting for you and me. To go to Him will be dying. You won't be afraid, will you?"

"Me? O, no!"

Silence for a minute. A breeze odorous of wild strawberries tossed the heads of the daisies out upon the pasture knolls.

"It seems strange," said Reid to himself, "but I do believe it is true; it meets all cases so wonderfully!"

Ten days after Miranda came to see her child. He was yet thinner and weaker, and he stopped to rest two or three times before reaching the ledge where he begged Miranda to go. Miranda waited patiently, fitted the pillows around him gently, and the first thing he did was to point that little white, tremulous fore-finger at the luminous west, and say:

"Once, very far away, I don't know where, mother, there was Someone whose life was like the deep blue sky, and like the shining river, and the great still woods on the mountains; and He lived long enough to have all kinds of pains, and one dark, dreadful night, He thought of you and me and He said, 'O, my father, forgive them!' Then he went away, and he's waiting—where he'll be sure to find us—for you and me, mother.

"Mr. Reid didn't tell me His name," added the boy dreamily.

"O, my! I know," sobbed Miranda; "I know 'nough for that; and I vow, Daniel Horatio, I'm going to be a better woman!"

The columbines had gone to seed, and the brown pods rattled in every zephyr; the western woods stood half stripped, yet wrapped in Indian summer haze, and, instead of cinquefoil stars brown walnuts from the trees on the ledge strewed the turf the day that Daniel died. It must have been a pleasant day in which to die, still and odorous; every inch of up-turned sod warm and brown; happy flies buzzing over the surface of every stray board; and from the forest mountain crests all down the shining river valley the peace of heaven descending. It seemed so easy,—stepping out a little way to the place where we are all so soon going.

Miranda came to the funeral in black alpaca, her hat marvelously trimmed with crape, and crape basted around her handkerchief. She had a carriage by herself in which to ride to the cemetery, and she felt both respectable and aristocratic. She carried a Testament home with her that night, and with streaming eyes and by a sloppy candle, spelled out some of the words and felt religious. But through the help of heaven and good women Miranda kept her vow.

Spring came. A mile up the river on the farther bank, lived a man who had been "converted" during the winter. Whatever that term may mean in theological parlance or metaphysical analysis, it meant in this case food and fuel, gentle words, thoughtful provision, the sacred essence of the word "home," which even poverty and ignorance may gather to themselves and hold in linked arms with their own tenacity.

The biscuits are baked and the polished stove door stands ajar; the floor boards are scarcely dry from scouring, and the lamp chimney glistens; the first aroma of the tea is just rising from the new tin pot on the stove. Two children play with the cat on the floor, and a third sleeps in a settee-like cradle. The woman stands with her face close pressed against the upper pane in the lower sash, and a little girl stands with hers against a lower pane. The attitudes of mother and child are precisely similar, and both are silent. How early, to be sure, they learn the trick of anxious watching!

A bar of light from the kerosene lamp strikes across the strip of turf and into the road, but not as far as the river on the other side. Just so a luminous bar from the grog-shop will shine across Joe's way home; enticing odors will float out;—four children, and not a penny laid up!

But that luminous bar, O, anxious watcher! has already lain before Joe, fallen over him, dropped behind him. The danger lies nearer home, for the river is swollen and the foot-bridge out of repair.

This has been one of three warm days, and on the hills sloping towards the south only here and there remain snow-patches. At sunset and early twilight the road-bed and spongy fields are stiffening. Up and down the uneven, gray mosaic of boulders and pebbles, just below the foot-bridge, strides Reid.

He had come in on the five o'clock train from Tenderden, the Sussex county seat.

He had spent the afternoon in the court-room.

The law had been Reid's chosen profession, one of those rare instances of a pursuit so instinctively grasped by all the faculties as to make the use of the debatable word choice, seem more than ever a misnomer. Success in any pursuit in life depends upon vital energy, and, in yielding to his mother's wishes, Reid had spared himself the risk of embitterment through failure.

Harcroft had been managing a case this afternoon. At Eastham preparatory school Harcroft had been Reid's classmate; at Abercrombie had chummed with him; they had sometimes spoken of practicing together.

To-day Harcroft had undertaken proving too many points to leave any one sharply defined; exhausted the attention of the court on unimportant details; confused his own witnesses, and cross-questioned the other party's weakly; made a diffusive, encumbered plea, and lost his case.

Reid was, from the first, conscious of a comprehensive grasp and a clear perception of ends and instrumentalities. Every exasperated nerve protested at Harcroft's bungling. Heaven alone knew his longing, but instantly the slight excitement sent sharp pain darting up his left arm. He caught at his neck-tie with a sense of suffocation, and they bore him fainting from the room.

He opened his eyes upon a mirrored image of his own face, thin, pale, enervate, the pain at his heart now heavier than any solely physical. He couldn't even watch the world in its struggle, let alone having, himself, a grip. He was but a caricature on manhood!

"O, God, that it should ever come to this!" ejaculated he.

As at twilight he passed over the stones by the river, his hands writhing behind him, that inarticulate moan passed into prayer:

"O, God, give me action, action, somewhere within thy wide universe! My God, my God, somewhere within range of Thy creation open to me the possibilities of development!"

"They also serve who only stand and wait," seemed to Reid but one of those pleasant bits of jugglery of the intellect which unthinking people concede to poetry. It appeared impossible philosophy. Change being the inescapable law, we can neither stand nor wait, we are every hour in the way of healthy development, decadence, or warped growth.

Two or three old black tree roots and a slab from the mill above, were tossed about in the brown, swollen waters. It was growing dusk, but objects could be distinctly discerned. A human figure tossed about and swept ahead with those black roots would be a terrible object; not more terrible, Reid thought, than the same figure endued with life, pacing the shore, and crying in its torture to the Omnipotent.

At that instant the wire foot-bridge above turned on its side and emptied its contents into the frothing current. Now, with the stumps and slabs is the human body.

Reid plunged after the man, caught him, dragged him ashore, and himself fell on the stones over which lay the skeleton of the summer's bind-weed. The moon that instant lifting herself above the eastern mountains, glimmered over the waters and whitened all the stones; but no stone so white as the face lying among them with its look of sweet content.

The rending of the mitral tissue from the heart's wall would be but an instant's work; but that instant would be long enough to hold the thought that God has His own times and ways, and that Reid's life might at the last foot up as heavily as if spent in pleading cases at the Sussex bar.

The expression of that thought lingered upon his face when they screwed over it the casket lid. *Elizabeth A. S. Chester.*

MONEY AND MORALS.

THE popular notion of morals is that they constitute a code of action which has its origin and its sanctions in theology or metaphysics, and which contravenes human inclinations and interests. It is therefore believed that morals are the peculiar domain of the preacher, who must try to persuade his hearers to abandon the natural instincts of interest, and to take for their guide motives and objects whose authority is derived from absolute and universal ideas, the product of philosophy or revelation. The man so persuaded, acting from the faiths and motives given to him, is expected to act, often, if not always, without regard to his interests, tastes and inclinations. From this point of view money seems to be little congenial to morals, if it is not always directly hostile. "Money," as the term is popularly and incorrectly used, (as a synonym for wealth or capital,) seems to be the symbol for self-interest. It seems to be separated from all self-sacrifice, all care for others, for the whole, for posterity, for thought, for eternity, by the most sordid care for the material, the immediate, the egoistic, and the perishable.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to analyze this motive so as to show how much truth there is in it. A man absorbed in the care for his own health is just as selfish and immoral as one who is absorbed in his own wealth. An ambitious man may care for neither health nor wealth, yet develop in the pursuit of power and fame the same sordid egoism. The immorality seems to lie, upon closer inspection, in the undue or exclusive devotion to one set of interests, rather than in the devotion to wealth alone. But the popular notion has other limitations and includes other falsehoods which are still more mischievous. The discipline and education of man comes not from one set of influences alone, but from all which are brought to bear upon him by human life. His morals are his judgments as to what things are wise and right for men, such as men are in this world, such as this world is. He gathers and forms these judgments, it may be insensibly, from his experience of life, from his independent reflections, from tradition and authority, from the suggestions of philosophers and scholars, from the public opinion of his generation, as well as from the absolute and universal ideas to which he gives his faith. There is not a single relation of life which does not exert a moral discipline and produce moral education. There is not an experience of life which does not have its effect upon character, that is upon moral being.

Of all the experiences which are thus at work, that set of them which is involved in the acquisition of material good is the most universal to mankind, demands the most immediate attention, absorbs the most time. It would be a sorry outlook for the human race, if it were true that these experiences were all the time exerting an influence which the preacher and moralist must regard as immoral. A careful examination will show that such is not the case. The satisfaction of material wants is the first condition of existence for the individual, the family, the state, the church, the school, and every institution which is useful to man. The man eager for grand moral results, the impetuous reformer, the impatient philanthropist, fret and chafe at the restrictions imposed by the necessity of satisfying this first condition; but it remains true nevertheless that the capital of any undertaking, however beneficent that undertaking may be, is the limitation on its possibilities. For the individual the acquisition or command of capital is the necessary condition of advancement to intellectual good. For the state there is no possibility of activity for the general good without the use of wealth, which the people must produce. Now the truest science simply coincides with the longest and most homely experience, which generations of men have condensed into popular maxims, in teaching that this wealth is only to be procured by means which exert the most wholesome moral influence on mankind,—industry and economy. Combined or coöperative efforts to shorten the road to wealth, whenever they are sound and true, always prove to be only facilities for

industry (to make it more productive), or for economy (to make it more tempting and more remunerative in its first stages). The immoral influences exerted by the pursuit of wealth all lie in the "short cuts" which men seek under impatience at the slow and sober methods of industry and economy. Industry and economy never trained any men to immorality, and the wealth won in that way never demoralized its possessor. Indeed the tendency of things in modern times, with the destruction of class privileges, the extension of liberty, the popularization of education, and the introduction of machinery, is to enhance every day the importance of the economic virtues, industry, frugality, prudence, and temperance, and to increase the penalties of the economic vices, idleness, thriftlessness, improvidence, intemperance, and extravagance; because true and permanent success is less and less likely to be attained save by practicing the virtues and avoiding the vices mentioned. Every sound reform which corrects inherited abuses, tends to make success in the pursuit of wealth depend more strictly upon industry and economy. Every instance of bad legislation, and every economic mistake, forms a shelter for idleness, craft and fraud, and enables those who practice the economic vices to live at the expense of those who practice the economic virtues. Hence it appears that the satisfaction of our material wants by the normal methods which are dictated by the facts of human observation and experience, not only is not immoral, but it trains men directly forward to the point at which the moralist or the religious teacher ought to meet them. When he comes to men so trained, with his absolute and universal doctrines, he will not find himself in collision with their observation and experience. Men trained to industry, thrift, and integrity in business, are not cynics or epicureans; neither are they fanatics or enthusiasts. They know that the immediate good is not always the real good. They understand patient and persevering effort for a remote result. They want to see the means provided adequate to the effect proposed to be attained, and they want to look beyond immediate results to remoter consequences. We must, therefore, hold fast to our distinction that the acquisition of material good by industry and economy, belongs to the moral order, while it alone has any economic guarantees of success. We must look to our economic mistakes for the explanation of the immoral products, as well as for the explanation of the economic penalties, of the pursuit of wealth.

So much we have said conceding something to the popular misuse of money as a synonym for wealth or capital. Some illustrations of the general doctrine are offered if we look at money in its narrower sense of the medium of exchange. Stability of value is one of the essential qualities of a good money. We know of nothing which has an absolutely stable value. We are driven to choose between good and better. We must regard it as a great advance in money if we can find anything more stable in value to use for that purpose than the things which we have been using; we must regard it as a backward step to sink down to the use of a material having less stability of value than the most stable known. If capital which is loaned is measured, as to its value, by money, and then if the value of money changes before the capital is repaid, the borrower pays back either more or less capital than he obtained. If fluctuations in the value of money take place from natural causes there is this injustice, but there is no help for it. It must be counted amongst the ills and risks of life. If the government or a clique make use of legislation to adopt for money something which is liable to great fluctuations in value, they expose the community to these evils in a great degree, and make them a factor in all exchanges. If they adopt for money any sort of printed papers or notes which have no value as commodities, then these notes owe their value in circulation to the principle of monopoly. The community wants a certain number of "dollars" to do its business with. If the notes are supplied for not more than that number of dollars they will circulate at their nominal value. If more are issued, they will circulate in proportion to their number as compared with the number of dollars wanted. The management of their value is therefore

in the hands of the issuers. They can depreciate them by issuing more. They can appreciate them by withdrawing some. Furthermore, if the amount of the notes be maintained at the same point, any change in the number of dollars required will affect the value of the notes. The consequence is that a currency of this kind not only is liable to the fluctuations above described in a far higher degree than any value money, but it may be made to fluctuate by the arbitrary will of the issuers. If, therefore, the issuers increase the issues, or withdraw part of them, they transfer a percentage of all the capital which is engaged in credit operations either from the debtor to the creditor, or from the creditor to the debtor. Such a power in the hands of any one, and such a risk to all who may be affected, must produce numerous and complicated effects, not only on business directly, but on individual and national character.

It is not a full description of the effect of such a system to say that it tempts to gambling. It forces everybody who makes a contract to gamble. The steady, methodical, persevering pursuit of wealth which we described at the outset is not possible under a system of redundant and depreciated paper. A gentleman not long ago replied to a remonstrance and warning about a certain speculation, that the men who were cautious had not made any money since the war, while those who never looked ahead twenty-four hours had been getting rich all the time. His observation had an element of truth, and was at the same time a complete commentary on the paper system. While prices were rising and credit was expanding the gains went to those who would borrow most recklessly, and who bought to sell again, or to the middle men who handled the goods between the producer and consumer, or to those who handled the fluctuating currency in which the consumer paid the producer. The population, especially the young who were growing up and seeking openings, were drawn away from the industries which are directly productive into those which are speculative, and add nothing to the wealth of the country. Speculation has forms which are legitimate and indirectly productive, but the employments now in question are exciting and irregular, more or less akin to gambling, and they require for success craft and duplicity and audacity, not industry. Such occupations are followed by a certain number under any currency system, but a system of irredeemable paper nourishes them directly. Under that system two men, both honest and well intentioned, may sit down to make a contract, and they are forced to lay a wager as to what the fluctuations of the currency will be before the time of the expiration of the contract. If the paper advances, the debtor will be robbed; if it falls, the creditor will be robbed. An importer or an exporter may exert himself to the utmost to carry on a legitimate business, but he will find that the profits will depend at last on whether he sold or bought gold correctly; that is, he is perforce a gold gambler. A manufacturer and his employes are set at war with each other over the same risks and chances. If the paper falls and the manufacturer can sell his goods higher in currency, he wins until his men force up currency wages, which they never do until they suffer from the advancing prices. If the paper rises and prices fall, the manufacturer is ruined unless he can cut down currency wages, which of course he tries to do immediately. If farmers export their products and sell them for gold, the lower the paper falls the more debts they can pay with a bushel of wheat; if it rises the less debts will a bushel pay. Thus the whole community, instead of being made up of industrious people, each pursuing his avocation in peace and contentment, and each contributing to the national wealth, is divided up into cliques and interests which are perforce at war with each other. People are educated to believe that this is the normal and true aspect of the economic interests of society. The greatest cleverness in business is directed to the formation of combinations and monopolies —that is, to the enlistment of armies for this war. One is considered a vain theorist if he tries to teach that a community has no means of getting wealth but its labor, its capital, and its land; that if the people will simply go to work, each in such occupation

as suits him best, he and all will prosper together, and because of each other's prosperity; and that they want nothing of the money save to measure each man's earnings and savings as accurately as possible. Such is the education which the paper system gives. It is not strange that public opinion is found to be flaccid and vitiated when it comes to attempting either economic, political or moral reforms. The active generation changes every fifteen years. The men now forty years of age, in the prime of life, have had no experience of anything but the paper system. If they have not traveled or studied history to a sufficient degree, then they have no conception, even in theory, of other methods of industry and business than those which the paper system develops. Every man is subject to these influences of the community and generation in which he lives. No philosophy will enable him to break out of them entirely, and no other influences act so deeply upon the individual character as those which come from the accepted faiths of the community in which he is educated.

It would therefore be a great error to suppose that a money of fluctuating value is an evil only because it puts into the hands of some men opportunities, by arbitrarily increasing the amount of the currency, to transfer capital from those who have earned and saved it to those who have only borrowed it. It corrupts public opinion as to methods of business; it puts the community under fictitious relations to the natural conditions of acquiring wealth; it destroys men's clear perception of the value of industry and economy; it inculcates the sophistries of the gambler; it substitutes for the self-interest of the industrious producer, the selfishness of the robber. Will not these tendencies produce moral fruits? Will they not corrupt individual and national character? They cannot fail to do it; and the history of any paper money epoch, in any country, shows that a moral deterioration is a certain consequence. There is not simply decay in good sense and sound judgment, but also in the distinction of mine and thine, in the conception of rights and duties, in the notion of what is true and real as distinguished from what only seems. The standards of honor which rest distinctly on what is true, as distinguished from false pretence, decline until honor is considered only an empty sound. The highest standard of honesty is "law-honesty," and it is only an exaggeration when even arithmetic is impugned, and it is declared that 92=100. Why not? A bit of paper never is a dollar. We call it so, and find that a conventional fiction to that effect can be made to operate so as at least to conceal the more glaring untruth from superficial observation. Only those who are trained to observe the facts, or those who are situated at the proper point for observation, can see how the falsehood is forced to pay toll to the truth, or how the toll is collected from those who have yielded their faith to the falsehood. The falsehood breaks down at last, as all falsehoods do; but then it exerts its most baneful effects when its devotees rise up and declare that the only trouble is that the falsehood was not big enough, or that we did not stick to it as we ought. If that is true, then why not swear that 92=100 and stick to it, and go on? The logic is perfect, if the premiss be granted; but the premiss is that "a lie well-stuck-to is as good as the truth."

The frauds, false oaths, breaches of trust and pretentious swindles which shock the public mind when they are discovered, are all natural consequences of the great circulating falsehood. If the government or a bank can so violate the distinction between truth and falsehood that it shall have no effect, and that a lie can be made to prosper, why should not every one else do it? The only important thing is to secure "confidence." The distinction between commercial credit and the confidence of the "confidence man," is lost sight of. It would be easy to prove this by quoting from some of the eager arguments with which we have been assailed during the last two or three years. The writers and speakers pass from true mercantile credit to that faith which is the basis of swindling apparently without any perception of the difference.

Against such educational influences the moralist and preacher keep up a hard and losing fight. Every man and woman is forced to make exchanges and to use money.

In doing so they are engaging in the struggle for existence—the widest, longest, deepest, and closest interest of life. In that interest the greatest fact of all is value. It is a fact or reality of the sternest order. Truth and falsehood in regard to it are divided by just as sharp a line as in regard to any other fact. It is easier for us to deceive ourselves about value than about many other things, but our delusions are no more true on that account. A value money educates all who use it to know what value is, and it performs the true function of value, which is to distribute products equitably amongst the producers. A fictitious currency trains all who use it to error and confusion in regard to value; it obscures the pure, clear truth of value; it violates equity in distribution, and teaches people to believe that this equity must be sought by artificial interferences. They then set out in pursuit of the chimera equality, under the name of equity. When error springs from such deep roots, and its moral results are only secondary, assaults upon the immoral consequences which use only the usual moral arguments, must needs be weak. The range is too long. The moralist affirms the immorality of all falsehood, and he is right; because the material and immaterial welfare of man, his salvation, in short, depends upon the correctness of the conception he forms of his relations to all the facts of life. The moralist, furthermore, declares that the lines of truth and falsehood never meet or converge, but that they go on diverging towards infinite woe on the one hand, or infinite bliss on the other. Our conceptions of woe and of bliss may change, but the moral truth here asserted cannot be questioned; although to one educated under false standards of value and false theories of value in all the practical affairs of life, it may well seem like empty declamation.

If, instead of an entirely fictitious currency, we take the case of one which is liable to great fluctuation, the inferences are all still the same. They differ in degree but not in kind. The community cannot then become the seat of honorable, harmonious and prosperous industry. Its different industrial groups will still be forced to jostle each other in their efforts to come in the way of the chance profits offered in one case, or to avoid the equally chance losses inflicted in another. Steady industry and correct foresight will still be fruitless, and gambling luck must rule over all.

These are economic errors, and the economist, in his own sphere, insists that they waste and destroy wealth; but that is not all. They undermine individual and national character. The conception of national honor fades until it has no distinctness. National promises lose their sacredness. People become so much accustomed to technical and artificial distinctions which blur over truth and equity and honor that they are glad to find standing ground of the same kind for obscuring national honor. They are no longer shocked even at the notion of an intentional and unnecessary bankruptcy, which to an intelligent business community ought to be the worst abomination. That delicacy of feeling or instinct which knows no rules, which shows the man of honor what he cannot do, whether it will pay or not, and which is the only sure mark of a righteous man, is lost. How, then, can we expect that national honor will develop vigor and force? A moral question is a question: What *ought* we to do? We ought to keep all our promises according to their spirit and meaning, as we and the promisees understood them when they were made. It is undeniable that there is such a moral question involved in the choice of financial policies now offered to this country, and that such is the answer to it. The fact that some deny that there is any such question only shows how deep is the demoralization which has been wrought by financial errors in the past. A permanent cure can be effected only by correcting the economic errors out of which the evils grow. Even then it will be necessary for time to work its long and slow educational effects, training up another generation by other methods to other convictions. Moral arguments have their best use in unfolding and exposing to the people the true significance of the doctrines and faiths into which they have drifted, when these are tested by the permanent standards which embody the long traditions of the human race as to what is permanently wise and right. *W. G. Sumner.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE AMERICAN EVANGELISTS.

When Moody and Sankey returned from over the water and announced their intention of taking up their evangelistic labors in their own country, we all said that they would make a mistake if they attempted it. For their great success in the United Kingdom we thought we could see reasons. They were a novelty and a surprise to the staid British Christians, and the curiosity that waits on sensations had been their great ally, albeit they had done honest work. But at home they would be nothing out of the common, and no such remarkable success could be expected.

That was the way we reasoned beforehand. But a good many of us are finding out that *a priori* reasoning does not always conduct to sound conclusions. This is the third winter that Moody and Sankey have been working in their own country; and it must now be allowed that they have given the force of that old proverb a hard strain. The honor that they had abroad was no whit greater than that with which they have been received by their own countrymen. In the tour of New England which they are now making the evangelists are meeting with very remarkable success.

The singing of Mr. Sankey continues, of course, to be a feature of the meetings, though it is not so distinct a feature in this country as it was in England. Not only is the kind of music familiar to all of us, but the very songs that he sings—or most of them—are sung in our Sunday Schools and our prayer-meetings. Nevertheless Mr. Sankey does deliver the gospel message sometimes with great power in these simple songs. When he is not too weary his voice has a fine resonant timbre, and it conveys the deep religious feeling of an earnest and honest man to the hearts of his hearers. In the prayer-meeting and in the inquiry meetings he is also a willing and welcome helper, often showing great tact and gentle wisdom in his dealings with individuals.

But, after all, so far as the human side of this work is concerned, Mr. Moody is the man that does it. His organizing power, his magnificent generalship, his homely sense, his unfaltering courage, his ready wit and his direct and pungent utterance are the chief human forces that the Divine Power is using in the accomplishment of this work. Shall we add that his success is due in part also to a somewhat narrow apprehension of religious truth? He sees a few things clearly, believes them intensely, states them without a faltering tone: if his vision were a little wider some of his statements would be less positive and his preaching would have less power over the great majority of his hearers. To be a great reformer, whether in politics or in religion, a man must not know too many things. Mr. Moody has the limitations as well as the resources of a great reformer. It is easy to quarrel with these limitations, but it is much wiser to disregard them and rejoice in the splendid energy with which this man does the work that is given him to do.

What has been so often said is no doubt true, that the results achieved in connection with the labors of Moody in any community could be secured if the Christians of that community would unite under some leader of their own choosing, and would put forth the same effort that they do put forth under the direction of Moody. But he has the power of getting Christians to unite and to go to work; and this is the chief element of his power. If the dirt and the water and the sunshine and the air would only unite and go to work they might get up as good strawberries as those which grow in your garden; but they do not commonly unite and go to work till the strawberry plant comes and organizes them. The Christians of any community might, if they really believed in the omnipresence of the Holy Ghost, put themselves under His leadership and go forth to victories far more illustrious than those which they gain under the leadership of Moody; but the difficulty with them is that their faith in this truth is very weak; and many of them only work when they are rallied and inspirited by some human leader whose convictions are intense, and who is able to impart to them something of his own confidence and enthusiasm. This is the work that Mr. Moody does for the Christians that he calls around him, and the fact that he does it is a marvelous fact.

Mr. Moody is not only the organizer, he is the commander-in-chief. He is a man under authority,—but not under human authority. To the ministers he says "Go," and they go; to the laymen he says "Come," and they come. He does not take counsel of flesh and blood to any great extent; he simply points out what he wants done, and it is generally done without any questioning. In the audience room his eye is on every detail. If the ushers do not attend to their duties

he prompts them; if the temperature of the room needs changing he orders it; if there is one vacant seat in the hall while any are standing, he sees that the seat is filled. In the inquiry room he meets every comer, and with a singular promptness and accuracy of judgment puts him in the hands of the counselor best calculated to deal with him.

Although these grand powers of organization and leadership are, to human vision, the chief sources of his success, yet his power as a preacher is of no common order. Of course, his pronunciation is sometimes dubious and his grammar as irregular as his churchmanship; but in spite of these defects he masters his audience. He makes men listen, and think, and believe and choose. There is no appearance of art in the structure of his sermons, yet they are wonderfully adapted to the purpose for which they are spoken. His thought marches toward the poiut that he is making; of the art of putting things he is a master. There is much of anecdote—far more of that than of imaginative illustratiou. The "Nature" of the physicist does not figure largely in Mr. Moody's sermons, but they are full of life. A touchiug little story told in homely words stirs the human sympathy, and into the soil thus broken and watered with tears, the seed of divine truth is deftly dropped. This power of drawing men "by the cords of a man,"—of linking the divine love to the human, is one of the secrets of Mr. Moody's power as an orator. And who shall cavil at this? Is not all love of one essence? Is there auy unselfishness that is not in its nature divine?

That awful solemnity which once reigned supreme in the revival-room does not oppress Mr. Moody's meetings. Often, indeed, the truth is sent home with a directness and an intensity that briug a sober look to every face, but often, too, a happy hit or a home thrust sends a ripple of laughter over the audience. The meetings are never suffered to drop into the morbid mood. They are full of a breezy and wholesome life, and the results that are reached in them are thus much more likely to be permanent than if they were gained by casting over the spirits of men that cloud of somber dread whose shadow never ought to fall on land or sea.

As to the theology of Mr. Moody, that we are ruled out from discussing. Fault can be found with it, doubtless. The old school people will object to his strenuous statements of human ability; the new school people will object to some of his dogmas as being too material and mechanical; but to the great burden of his preaching no good man cau object. "Break off your sius by righteousness;" "Trust in the Lord and do good,"—this is the staple of it all. The need and the fact of salvation from sin through faith in a divine Saviour; the truth that salvation amounts to nothing at all unless it bears fruit in better living; these are the points that he steadily emphasizes. Mr. Moody is not enough of a dogmatist to hurt him much, and he is as far as possible from being either a ritualist or a sentimentalist; the religion that he preaches has its root in the love of God and its fruit in the lives of men. When the Sanhedrim saw the man that had been healed at the Beautiful Gate of the temple standing by the side of Peter and John, "they could say nothing against it." Good men who carefully study Mr. Moody's work will be likely to be of the mind of the Sanhedrim.

MAUCH CHUNK AND MARPINGEN.

MIRACLES do not seem to thrive on American soil. If we were to be blessed with them, the village of Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, would seem to be a likely enough place for them to appear; for it is a dark and weird neighborhood, and there must be a good many people living thereabouts who would be inclined to believe in them. When, therefore, a hysterical woman was raised from the dead in that town the other day, the Roman Catholic parish priest made haste to proclaim the marvel, and it looked as though the wonders of Lourdes and La Salette were to be repeated in Pennsylvania. But the newspapers speedily turned the light upon the transaction; the character and antecedents of the woman cured were sharply canvassed, and the consequence was a prompt repudiation of the miracle by the Archbishop of the province, who forced the priest of the village to read a letter to his congregation pronouucing it "a delusion and a pious fraud," and visiting upon the actors in it his "distinct and unqualified disapprobation and condemnation." Here endeth the miracle of Mauch Chunk.

In Marpingen, a small town in Rheuish Prussia, they manage things better. Three small girls of Marpingeu saw the Virgin and her infant Son sitting on the ground in a wood. The result of several interviews of these girls with the Virgin was the healing of an invalid who touched her foot, the impartation of miraculous power to the waters of a neighboring spring, and the injunctiou that a chapel be built on the spot by public subscription. The place was soon thronged with pilgrims, there were several miraculous cures, and a brisk trade in bottled supernaturalism at once sprung up. The Government has been trying to show that the miracle is a fraud, but this persecution only strengthens the faith of the faithful. The story of the miracle at Marpingen has only just begun to be told.

Now it is evident to all who read the narratives tbat the proof of the miracle at Marpingeu is even slenderer than that of the miracle at Mauch Chunk. Such a story as that of the three little girls would never be told in an American village, aud such pilgrimages as those to Lourdes and

Marpingen are not likely to be undertaken in this country. It may be that the faithful of our land are as credulous as they are in Europe, but the environment does not favor the miraculous. When such things are noised abroad, the omnipresent reporter is on hand at once with his pencil and his little note-book, and the cry of persecution, which avails so much when raised against the Government, does not disturb him in the least. He goes right on with his investigations; and the burden of proof which he throws upon the projectors of the miracle is too heavy for them to bear. The *Independent* tells this story:

"A train conveying a number of pilgrims to Marpingen stopped at the station of Trier a few minutes for refreshments. Among those who got out was a man with a pair of new crutches, who was apparently a cripple. He hobbled slowly across the platform, but overstaid his time in the saloon. When he came out the train had just begun to move. He hurried his halting pace as much as he could consistently with his crippled condition; but finding he was about to be left, he gathered his crutches under his arm, and springing briskly across the platform, landed on the moving train with the bound of a gymnast, and went on to Marpingen to be 'miraculously cured.'"

Of course it is easy to hire "cripples" of this sort to visit the shrine and leave their crutches as trophies; and in a country where the newspapers have little circulation and less enterprise such things can readily be done; but they will not be undertaken where the American reporter walks abroad.

It must be owned that this gentleman is sometimes a nuisance. He invades sanctities and he hawks noisome scandals; he prints many words that hurt and do not heal, and he spreads rumors that ought by all means to be covered; but when we are inclined to be angry with him for these offenses, let us temper our denunciations with our acknowledgment of the good that he is doing in detecting imposture and in preventing frauds, both pious and impious. If the story of Mauch Chunk has a different ending from the story of Marpingen it is all because of the newspaper reporter.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

THE temperance reformer ought to rely mainly upon moral rather than legal methods. But laws regulating or forbidding the sale of strong drink are in force everywhere; and some legislation of this sort is undoubtedly necessary.

What this legislation shall be is a question upon which there is wide difference of opinion. Many legal remedies for the cure of intemperance have been proposed, and the partisans of one nostrum generally have nothing but abuse for the partisans of every other. There is as much sectarianism among professors of temperance as among professors of religion. In both causes there is often more desire to uphold dogmas than to save men.

The prohibitionist objects to license because it puts the endorsement of the State upon an evil practice. The government, he says, has no right to license men to do wrong.

The advocates of license object to prohibition because it interferes with personal liberty. To forbid the selling of liquor is to forbid the drinking of liquor, they say; and you have no right to prescribe what men shall eat or drink. Besides it cannot be a crime to sell liquor, unless it is a crime to drink liquor, and Christ came eating bread and drinking wine. Was He a criminal?

Against the principle of local option both prohibitionists and advocates of license laws bear witness. We have no right, they say, to make that an offense in one town which is not an offense in another. We must have one rule of law for the whole State.

All these objections are theoretical and abstract, and it is often quite impossible to make our legislation conform to abstract principles of morality. The legislator is bound to consider not only what is ideally the best rule of law, but also what is practicable; what, under the circumstances, is the best thing that can be done.

God's laws are of this practical character. Study the Mosaic legislation and you will find that it is based on this principle. The condition of the people is always considered, and while the rule of conduct laid down for them at any given time is the best rule they are capable of obeying, it is often an imperfect rule. The laws of divorce, as Christ expressly says, were given to the people because of the hardness of their hearts; and the laws of blood vengeance expressly authorized acts for which in these days men would be hung. But these laws, imperfect as they were, allowing, as they did some flagrant immoralities, were adapted to the condition of the Israelites. No better laws could then have been comprehended by them or enforced upon them. The fact that Moses did not in his legislation prescribe the absolute right, but led up to it by gradual and sure approaches, is a proof of his inspiration. All wise reform goes at this gait. You cannot turn a Hottentot into a Harvard professor in a day or a week. It may take generations to do it.

If we admit this principle that in legislation we are to secure the best attainable rather than the best conceivable results, we shall make short with the theoretical criticisms of legislative methods to which we have referred. The question is not what laws are ideally self-consistent and philosophical, but what laws can be put in force; what laws will secure the public weal.

The objection of the prohibitionist to license laws is thus put aside. It is not fair to say that a license law sanctions an evil. The license is a tax imposed upon all who enter upon the liquor

traffic. No other kind of traffic is required to pay such a tax. The State considers it against public policy to require a grocer or a bookseller to take out a license at a heavy expense, but it considers it good public policy to require this of the liquor seller. The traffic is thus placed, to a certain degree, under the ban of the law. A man is not imprisoned for following it but he is fined heavily. And the provisions of the law restricting the sale to certain hours and forbidding the sale to certain classes of persons are intended to limit the sale of liquor and to lessen the amount of drunkenness. Good men who advocate license laws believe that they do more effectually restrain this evil than other forms of legislation. If they do they are the best kind of temperance laws, and the theoretical objections must stand aside. We want the law that does the business by whatever name it is called. Do the license laws restrain intemperance? That is the question.

The theoretical objection to prohibitory laws is equally inadmissible. The personal liberty of the citizen is valuable, of course; but it must often be restricted for the public good. And if by a prohibitory law the State can put an end to drunkenness its right to do so can hardly be questioned, even though it may in the process considerably abridge personal liberty. The evils resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors so overtop and outweigh the good that may result from their use, that the State would be perfectly justified in preventing their sale if it could do so. Looking at the disease, the pauperism, and the crime which are the sure and inseparable results of the use of intoxicating drink, a wise legislator would quickly say: "This crime and misery are so terrible that they justify the most heroic treatment. Intoxicating liquors may do some good but they surely do a thousand-fold more harm than good. By preventing their sale and their use, I may interfere with the enjoyment, and even injure the health of a few, but the discomfort thus caused would be as nothing compared with the mischief that would thus be cured."

If, then, prohibition does the business; if it stops the sale of strong drink, and puts an end to the evils growing out of it, the theoretical objections drawn from the maxims about personal liberty ought not to have a feather's weight. But the question is, Does prohibition prohibit? If, practically, there is just as much intemperance under a prohibitory law as under a license law, then a prohibitory law is no better than a license law. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the only test of laws or of men.

The same thing may be said of the local option laws. The objection that they make different codes for different neighborhoods amounts to but little. Perhaps the people of different neighborhoods need different codes. To a large extent each community must govern itself, and if the people of each neighborhood are made to study this question for themselves, and to meet with their own wisdom and courage the mischiefs of intemperance, instead of passing the whole question over to the wise men of the Legislature and relying upon the operation of such laws as may be passed at the capital, the result may sometimes be good. If experience proves that such laws do restrain drunkenness more effectually than other laws, the theoretical objections against them are worthy of no consideration.

It is, therefore, a very serious practical question which of these legal contrivances does produce the best results. That is the question to which our legislators are bound to address themselves. The people who evolve laws from their own consciousness are not all infallible, and the inductive method needs to be faithfully used in determining the principles of temperance legislation.

CHARITABLE CANT.

"You preach your sermons, and you sing your songs and you talk your pious talk in the prayer-meetings, but the poor all around you are hungry and cold. Give us a little less theoretical and emotional religion and a little more of the practical variety." We hear a good deal of this kind of talk and a large share of it is simple cant. There is a humanitarian cant that is just as meaningless and as nauseating as the cant of the prayer-meetings.

Of course the duty of caring for the poor is one of the first of Christian duties. When you find a starving family you must feed them first and preach to them afterwards. Of course the religion that is merely theological or sentimental is the worst sort of a sham.

But, in the first place, the work of visiting the sick and feeding the hungry is mostly done by the people who preach and sing in the churches and who talk in the prayer-meetings. If the folks who stand outside and snarl at them did as much for the poor as they do they would find much less time for snarling.

In the second place nine-tenths of these poor need moral help more than they need material help. While they are in their present condition of mind alms are more likely to be a curse than a blessing to them. They are poor and degraded only because their inner life was first impoverished; if they could be taught self-denial and self-respect and the value of character they would speedily find a way out of their pauperism. Inspire them with a higher motive, teach them to postpone present gratification for future good, lift up before them a hope of better life, and the great majority of them would soon be above the need of charity. In other words, the ideas and sentiments which it is the business of the churches to

propagate are what they are starving for. Those of them that come into the churches, not after the loaves and fishes, but after the Bread of Life, do not remain in penury and dependence very long.

To talk of the spiritual work of the churches as being secondary to their eleemosynary work is to exhibit entire ignorance of the real condition of the helpless classes. It is true that these poor people do not need a technical or a sentimental religion, but they do need something that shall lift up their thought and inspire them with a better hope. Power to overcome the present craving, whether it be for whisky or for ribbons; power to look beyond the present hour; power to choose the higher instead of the lower good,—this is what they lack, and this is what our churches, if they are doing their proper work, are helping men to gain. The worst neglect of the churches is not the neglect to bestow alms upon the poor; probably the most of them have done all they ought to do of that; it is the neglect to convey moral stimulus and nourishment to these degraded people. That can be done only by putting ourselves into friendly relations with them; by associating with them as Christ did with the poor whom He befriended. Something in the way of material aid may well be mixed with the sympathy and moral impulse that we give them; but the latter after all is the main thing. The poor, as well as the rich, need something that money cannot buy, and while they lack this they always will be poor.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter's painting of the "Emancipation Proclamation" has become so familiar to the public by the engraving which has been widely distributed that it will seem quite like home to see it hanging in the capitol at Washington. It was really a very benevolent act—to Mr. Carpenter—for Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson to purchase this painting and present it to the nation. And it is not too high praise to say that the nation owns several worse pictures than this. Indeed, this is not a bad picture, in any sense of the word. The event which it rather stiffly immortalizes was the greatest event of our generation, and some sort of memorial of it ought to be placed in the national capitol. There is nothing dramatic about the composition of the picture, as indeed there could not well be. Cabinet meetings at Washington are not apt to be exciting occasions; and these particular cabinet officers were men who would lend themselves but awkwardly to the purposes of scenic art. The only thing Mr. Carpenter could do was to make a group of portraits, and this he has done with very creditable success. Beyond this there is something quite striking in the way Mr. Seward's thumb and fore-finger are brought down upon the table, and the far-off look of Messrs. Bates, Blair and Smith over on the other side of the table is really affecting.

Whatever may be said about the merits or defects of the picture the scenes at its presentation were sufficiently dramatic. The speech of Mr. Garfield who represented Mrs. Thompson in delivering the painting was, of course, elaborate and sympathetic, but the choice of Alexander H. Stephens as the spokesman of Congress in receiving the picture was a notable choice, and the speech made by him was a memorable speech. His personal references to Mr. Lincoln, whom he knew and loved in Congress, were full of generous appreciation, and he spoke of the assassination of the President as the "climax of our trouble and the spring of unnumbered woes." But the significant portion of his speech was that in which he claimed for the whites of the South a share in the work of emancipation, asserting that the Southern States had voluntarily sanctioned the thirteenth amendment, and that "this sanction was given by the original constituency of those States, the former governing white race; and without that sanction could never have been incorporated in the fundamental law." And then he said: "There is not one within the circle of my acquaintance or in the whole Southern country who would wish to see the old relation [of master and slave] restored. If there is one in all the South who would desire such a change back, I am not aware of it. Well, then, this changed status creates new duties. The wardship has changed hands. Men of the North and of the South, of the East and of the West—I care not of what party—I would to-day, on this commemorative occasion, urge upon every one within the sphere of duty and humanity, whether in public or private life, to see to it that there be no violation of the divine trust." Such an utterance as this, from the Vice-President of the Confederacy, ought to make it plain that the war is over and the negro free. Mr. Stephens uses strong language—too strong perhaps; but the fact that he can use such language on such an occasion without contradiction, shows that "the former things have passed away and that all things have become new."

The value of alcoholic liquors as medicines is in a fair way to be tested in London by a "Temperance Hospital," in which alcohol is not given in any form. All kinds of diseases are treated, and the result of four or five years practice seems to be encouraging. If, after a long term of years, the statistics shall show that the treatment which dispenses with alcohol is, on the whole, as successful as that which makes use of it, the temperance people will have gained an important point.

It is said that the liquor dealers in New York are trying to get the Legislature to pass a more

stringent license law. The one now upon the statute books has, of late, been so vigorously enforced by the energy of Dr. Croshy and his coadjutors that the liquor dealers have been put to a great deal of trouble. Now they appear to think that if the law were more stringent it would be less thoroughly enforced; and they naturally prefer a severe law that is a dead letter than a moderate law in full force. It must he admitted that the children of this world have a certain kind of wisdom.

WHY should an educated ruffian be delivered from the hands of the law? Why is not a murderous assault by a college student a crime? Is expulsion from college punishment enough for a man who with deadly weapons in his hands or upon his person enters the premises of another and subjects him to the most hrutal treatment? The prison is the only place for such a desperado, and the officers of the law in any college town, as well as the college authorities, are disgraced if they do not unite all their energies to secure the conviction and the condign punishment of every disturber of the peace. If the government of a college is a device for compounding or concealing felonies, the sooner the colleges are abolished the hetter.

DR. JOHN HALL of New York lectured the other day before the Young Men's Hehrew Association of New York upon the relation of the Hebrew Scriptures to science. Of this lecture the *Jewish Messenger* says that it was "upon a subject so strictly in keeping with the object of the society that every word of the lecture could be delivered without hesitation in the synagogue." It would appear that Dr. Hall's conscience did not constrain him to urge on this occasion the testimony of the Hebrew Scriptures to the Messiahship of Jesus. No doubt some of his brethren will censure him for unfaithfulness iu omitting to preach the Gospel when he had an opportunity. They will feel that he ought, as a Christian, to do what he could not do as a gentleman. Happily, Dr. Hall's sense of Christian obligation does not conflict with his ideas of courtesy, and in thus lecturing before the Hebrews of New York about their own Scriptures he can hardly be charged with "recognizing" Judaism, nor with casting any doubt upon the divine Messiahship of Jesus. There are Gentiles, as well as Jews, who might he treated with the same Christian courtesy without "recoguizing" any error or compromisiug any truth.

READ these pathetic words of the late Bishop Patteson, the great missionary bishop of the English church:

"Soon, I think, the great difficulty must be met iu Mota of teaching the Christian's social and domestic life to people disposed to give up many of their old practices. This is the point at which I suppose most missions have broken down. . . . . How shall I teach them to become industrious, persevering, honest, tidy, clean, careful with children, and all the rest of it? What a different thing from just going about and teaching them the first principles of Christianity! The second stage of a mission is the really difficult one."

These words apply quite as forcibly to church work at home as to mission work abroad. It is much easier to get people into the churches than to teach them to behave themselves properly after they are in. The second stage of a pastor's work, as well as of a missionary's, is the really difficult oue.

To say that sin is punished by natural laws is to say that "God has nothing directly to do with the punishment of sin; the law does everything, God does nothing." Such is the affirmation of a modern philosopher. Are we, then, to infer that there are natural laws with which "God has nothing directly to do?" This philosopher finds fault with the present tendency to "put law or something else in the place of God." But perhaps some of those whom he charges with this infidelity only mean to teach that God acts uniformly instead of fitfully and arbitrarily. Is it dishonoring God to say that he acts uniformly?

PIUS IX. has gone to a land where titles and dignities are dropped; where he is no longer Pope but plain John Mary Mastai-Ferretti; while Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci, Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church, has put on the tiara and the title of Pope Leo XIII. The dead Pope reigned longer than any of his predecessors, and he was, without douht, a far better mau than most of them. Strangers were always drawn to him by the benignity of his countenance and the graciousness of his speech, and the belief in the purity of his private character has been universal. His conduct in the revolution of 1848 will leave a blot upon his name; but history will be kind to him, and his own church will surely treasure his memory among her holiest men. Not many of the saints in her caleudar have better deserved canonization. Pope Leo comes to the throne with a good fame. He is not a fanatic on the question of the temporal power; and while it will he difficult for him to discard at once the fiction of his imprisonment in the Vatican, there is some hope that he will try to come to a good understanding with King Humhert, as well as with Prince Bismarck and the other European Powers. If he should wield the dogmas of infallibility and supreme authority with which the Vatican Council has armed him in the interests of a more liberal religion, he might make for himself a great name. Against such a policy the hierarchy would be arrayed; but, just as the kings broke up the feudal system on the Continent by allying themselves with the people, so, one of these days, the Popes

will make common cause with the people against the hierarchy. The time may not yet be ripe for this, and Leo XIII. may not be the man; but the time and the man will come; and then it will be seen that the Vatican Council builded better than it knew in putting supreme power into the hands of the Pope.

THAT Turkey has been forced into political as well as financial bankruptcy by the late war is only a little plainer than that England has lost heavily in prestige. To have said less or to have done more would have been wiser. The game of bluff is a silly game to play with such antagonists as Gortschakoff and Bismarck. The terms of peace are to be settled in a Congress of the European powers, and it is to be hoped that England and Germany will see to it that religious liberty is fully guaranteed in the districts over which Russia will gain entire or partial control. The freedom of the Straits is a good thing to bargain for, but the freedom of the missionaries must also be taken into the account.

LITERATURE.

IF criticism were a certain remedy for mental defects, Mr. Joseph Cook would soon be as "incontrovertible" as his staunchest axiom. Certainly he is getting it in liberal doses now-a-days. Whether it will do him any good remains to be seen. It does not seem to touch his past utterances, for errors that have been pointed out in the newspaper reports of his lectures are incorporated into his book. Perhaps he holds that axiom of his about an "irreversible past" as meaning that whatever he has once said must forever remain uncorrected. Let us hope that it may prevent the repetition of these errors if it has not caused the correction of them.

An acute orthodox critic said not long ago that Mr. Cook's claim to speak in the name of "science" when he talks about theology, is a vast assumption; since he has simply rehabilitated the old scholastic logic and named it "science." The judgment is severe, but there is much in Mr. Cook's method to justify it. There is a frequent practice upon words which indicates a mind more intent upon terms than upon things. The minute and over-done analysis, also, shows a childish inclination to flourish the instrument rather more than is necessary for the accomplishment of the work. Many of these short steps might well be omitted; the reading sometimes gives one the sensation of walking fast over a corduroy road and trying to step on every log.

The title of the third volume[1] of his lectures indicates one of Mr. Cook's limitations. His discussions of late have had quite too much the tone of an advocate. He would appear to have taken a brief for Orthodoxy, with the purpose of defending it against all comers. There is, of course, no little satisfaction in a service like this. To a nature as combative as that of Mr. Cook, there is wonderful stimulus in the call to the championship of a great cause. "The recompense of the reward" is never far to seek. The host in whose behalf the champion thus stands forth is not chary of applause, and its grateful recognition of his courage and his services is an ample compensation.

The value of the service which Mr. Cook has rendered to that particular school of Christian thought for which he has undertaken to speak, we will not attempt to compute. But while his work is open on many sides to criticism, it must be admitted that Christian philosophy owes him a considerable obligation. His stout assertion of the axiomatic character of religious truth is a word in season. Truths relating to the mode of God's being are, of course, mysteries; but the primary truths respecting his kingdom in the world, and the relations of men to that kingdom must be capable of statement in propositions that to all rational beings are self-evident. If God has a government in the world the principles on which that government rests must be the plainest principles of rectitude,—principles that do not require to be proven by logical processes, but that commend themselves immediately to every man's moral sense. This is really the postulate of Mr. Cook's religious philosophy; and it is the only sound basis on which to build a religious philosophy.

It is true that some of the doctrines that Mr. Cook teaches can by no means be reduced to axioms. There are elements in some of them that are so far from being self-evident that they can only be received by denying the primary truths of reason. Some of his axioms are queer fabrications. "It is self-evident that we cannot escape from our record." What is our "record?" The term is as far as possible from being a "scientific" one. No proposition containing a term as loose and indefinite as this can be an axiom, in any sense of the word. By our record Mr. Cook probably means our memory of our past

[1] Orthodoxy: With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

lives; and is by no means "self-evident" that we shall forever remember all the acts of our past lives. The extinction of conscious being is certainly supposable; and the soul that ceases to be does escape from its "record," whatever that may mean.

In the lecture on the "Soul and its Environment," there are twenty-five propositions, all of which seem to be set forth as "self-evident." Mr. Cook says of them, in a burst of enthusiasm: "Why, if we are loyal to the scientific method we ought to sleep on propositions like these, for they will not fall into tremor until the pillars of the universe fall." "All these springs," he says, "burst out of axioms; that is out of ranges of living rock, whose roots take hold of the core of the world." The first of these "axioms" is this: "God wills man's perfection." But Mr. Cook has asserted in his criticism of Parker ("Transcendentalism" p. 72) that "it is not an axiom that God is." How then can anything about God be an axiom? He declares that in this chapter he is occupied wholly with "self-evident" truth, but, accepting his own definition, there is not one of all these propositions that can be called "self-evident." To say of such "scholarship" as this that it is "slovenly" is to use a very weak word.

There are a few "self-evident" truths. In mathematics all our reasonings proceed from such truths as premises; and it may be fairly claimed that in morals as well as in mathematics there are propositions so plain that they can neither be proved nor disputed by rational beings. If Mr. Cook had stated these ethical axioms with clearness, and had then deduced from them his own conclusions—making it plain that his inferences legitimately followed from these primary truths, but keeping the lines clearly drawn between axiom and inference—he would have done well. But he has not done well in mixing six doubtful inferences and half-a-dozen bald assertions with one or two self-evident truths, and then trying to pass them all off as axioms.

Mr. Cook frequently indulges in verbal distinctions which are more serviceable to his argument than conformable to the dictionary. His famous restatement of the doctrine of the Trinity as "three subsistences and one substance," is an example. The dictionary does not very clearly mark the difference between subsistence and substance; and while Mr. Cook's serried propositions in which these words appear have an air of marching on they only mark time.

The distinction which he attempts to establish between punishment and chastisement involves, also, the taking of great liberties with the English language. "What is the definition of punishment? Pain inflicted for personal blameworthiness. What is chastisement? Pain suffered for the improvement of the one who suffers it, *or for the benefit of those who witness it.*" (p. 159.) The meaning foisted into the word by the clause which we have italicised is not in the dictionary. There is a difference of opinion as to the meaning and object of punishment; but the usual and obvious distinction between punishment and chastisement is, that punishment chiefly respects the maintenance of law and chastisement the reformation of the offender. And there is no authority anywhere for defining chastisement as "pain suffered for the benefit of those who witness it." It is the sheerest fetch of a rhetorician. There is no better moral warrant for inflating this word after this fashion than there is for calling ninety cents a dollar. If either of these words conveys the idea of an ulterior effect upon the beholder it is punishment. Chastisement, in all intelligent usage, fixes the thought upon the sufferer himself, and makes his correction the final cause. "Cool and exact science" does not invent new meanings for common English words.

A Secession from the ancient church of Holland has recently been reported. The two contending parties in that church are known as "Orthodox" and "Modern;" and while the Orthodox party adheres, for substance of doctrine, to the Dordracene symbols, the "Modern" party belong to the advanced school of Rationalists. By some of these "Moderns" a systematic catechism on the history of religion has recently been prepared; and historical manuals of a somewhat compendious character accompany the catechism. One of these historical volumes[1] with the catechism appended, is translated; and it gives us some notion of the movement that is going on in the Old Dutch Church. A more unsatisfactory book to the reader of average intelligence it would be hard to find. The view taken of the Old Testament Scriptures is that they are for the most part utterly unhistorical; that none of them were written at an earlier date than 720, B. C., and that the narratives of the patriarchs, of the Exodus, and of all the first years of the Kingdom are a jumble of traditions and fancies. The theory of three redactions of the Pentateuch is advocated, and each of the other books of the Old Testament is dismissed with from two to twenty lines of historical criticism, generally denying in a summary fashion that the book is what it purports to be, but scarcely deigning to suggest a reason for the denial, or for the assertion that is set over against it. This curt and dogmatic method deprives the book of all value. The translator tells us, indeed, in the preface, that this volume "confines itself chiefly to the mere statement of critical conclusions without exhibiting the facts and arguments which have led to them." Such

[1] The Religion of Israel. A Manual: Translated from the Dutch of J. Knoppert, by Richard A. Armstrong, B. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

a service is not needed by those who have thoroughly studied the question, and it is worse than useless to those who have not studied it. To attack the faith of men in the authority of the Bible by simple assertion and denial is a mischievous business. If the "Modern" Dutch theologians have gained so much credit in Holland that their bare word outweighs the Biblical history, well and good. But we do not know them very well; and naturally we expect reasons to be given for such revolutionary statements.

COMMON folks will find Mr. Gardner's little book[1] much more valuable than the elaborate and expensive volumes of Mr. Clarence Cook and Mrs. Spofford. As specimens of elegant book-making, and as triumphs of the art of the wood-engraver, the two books just mentioned are indeed remarkable; but the average American who wishes advice in the building, the remodeling or the decoration of a house will get much more of what he wants from Mr. Gardner's inexpensive treatise. Such a book could hardly have been written out of New England. Utility and economy assert themselves on every page, as they ought to do in every production of a true-born Yankee; only they are not permitted to usurp the whole realm of being; Beauty is placed beside them on the throne. There is something almost pathetic in the labors of those good missionaries, who, like Mr. Gardner, are trying to persuade their neighbors to forsake their ugly architectural idols, and to substitute for them more graceful forms and more pleasing colors. The Yankee must first be made to see that the new fashion is as cheap and as serviceable as the old one; in art as well as in religion, the plea of utility must be urged. And it must be owned that Mr. Gardner has made a good showing for the beautiful as compared with the ugly, even from this point of view. His ideas are for the most part intelligible and practical: he tells us what to do and shows us how to do it. Any household contemplating nothing more in the way of interior decoration than the papering of a room or the hanging of a few pictures would do well to consult these pages. The style of the writer is crisp and racy, and his illustrations, some of which are laughable, all help to make his meaning plain.

THE boys and girls who read "How to Do It," must by this time be far enough along in life to begin to inquire What to Do, and they will be glad to know that the guide, philosopher and friend whom they followed in the former inquiry, is ready with advice respecting the latter. The order of the questions is not so illogical as might seem; for the things which Mr. Hale showed his readers how to do were those common things which all young people are doing long before they decide upon a calling. It is quite worth while to learn how to talk, how to study, how to write, and so forth, even before one has made up his mind to what vocation he will devote his life. But the question of a calling and of the way to succeed in it must come up sooner or later; and it is toward this inquiry that these papers[1] of Mr. Hale are directed. It is unnecessary to say that they are full of the soundest and most wholesome philosophy of life; that the methods of work and the views of success which they inculcate are eminently wise, and that no young person who carefully reads and lays to heart these admirable homilies can fail to be helped by them toward a better life.

WE cannot glance over this able historical and philosophical review of money in its three-fold character of coin, inconvertible paper, and convertible paper, without a deep impression that it is essentially a moral matter. Money questions are moral questions, and the history of money is almost a history of morals and of the development of moral perceptions. In the last century, for instance, what a weltering chaos of infirmities was continually breeding from the inflation of the American Colonies. Rhode Island was in a constant depression from the succession of issues of paper, put out for the precise and sole purpose of "making more money," and stimulating development. Connecticut followed a policy one degree more cautious, seeking to issue treasury bills receivable for taxes; had it not been for the proximity of other colonies, her experience would have been less disastrous. Massachusetts issued in the same way, but carried on her wars with extraordinary issues which were retired with difficulty. The ransom of Louisburg enabled her to acquire a ship-load of coin from England which made her for the generation previous to the Revolution a richer colony. Professor Sumner, in his History of American Currency, expresses the opinion that the restrictive influence of British legislation on the loose financial practices of the American colonies had not a little to do with paving the way for the Revolution itself. It is certain that this was one of the exercises of beneficent tyranny for which we have never given the mother country (we notice the phrase is dying out) sufficient credit.

But if we gauge public opinion in England during the first bank suspension at the beginning of this century, we shall again be aware of some moral advancement. The famous "bullion re-

[1] Home Interiors. By C. C. Gardner. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[1] What Career? Ten Papers on the Choice of a Vocation and the Use of Time. By E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[2] Money. By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

port" in 1811, was rejected overwhelmingly by Parliament; the Commons adopted, 151 to 75, a resolution that "the notes of the Bank of England have hitherto been, and are at this time held to be, equivalent to the legal coin of the realm,"—a flagrant falsehood. Our Congress has never, we believe, gone so far as to deny in so many words that the greenback was depreciated. When at length, eight years afterward, the premium on gold had sunk to 3 per cent. and the bullionists carried the resumption measure, the bank had no difficulty in resuming. But a commercial revulsion followed which lasted for years, and for which the policy of resumption was blamed. If in this country we had gone on to resumption under Hugh McCulloch, undoubtedly we should have experienced something of the revulsion which struck the country in 1873, and it would have been laid to the resumption act. On the other hand, we should have been saved the great and false expansion of values and of debts from 1868 to 1873, by far exceeding all which had previously taken place.

Now that we are, it is to be hoped, so nearly out of the era of inconvertible paper money, it is hardly consolatory to accept the sharp judgment of General Walker, as to the way a forced circulation was first given to our paper money during the war of the rebellion. The legal tender act of February 1862, authorizing $150,000,000 of greenbacks, was resorted to avowedly because six per cent. bonds could not at that time be issued at par; although E. G. Spaulding, of the Ways and Means committee, who proudly claims the paternity of this measure, admitted that bonds bearing interest at seven and three-tenths per cent. were accepted by the public at a discount of only two per cent. Of this effort avowedly to prevent speculation in government stocks by issuing legal tender paper money, General Walker says: "Such absolute silliness takes the whole narrative out of the domain of serious history and transfers Mr. Spaulding to the comic stage." In the words of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, then Representative, we went into paper inflation, "in the vigor of a nation not yet taxed a single dollar for the cost of this war." Of course the speculation which Mr. Spaulding sought to prevent followed in still greater intensity with a long train of disasters.

Napoleon carried on his great wars without debauching the public money, and we shall count it among the moral victories, no less significant than the cessation of war itself, when nations shall cease to regard the current money of the people as a proper resource of empire. "Money is a defence," and when government depreciates it and forces into circulation something cheaper, in order to reap the discount for its own purposes, the defence both of property and of morals is broken down.

EITHER Mr. Hale or somebody whom Mr. Hale quotes says that every man must have an avocation, as well as a vocation,—something that shall call him away from his calling part of the time. Mr. Hale's friend, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, would appear to have chosen Astronomy for his avocation. At any rate, here is a neat little pamphlet,[1] containing descriptions of the various constellations of the winter and the summer, so clear and full that any one may easily become much more familiar with the geography of the heavens than he could be with that of the earth. The pamphlet also describes an Astronomical Lantern, invented by Dr. Clarke, which must be of the greatest assistance in tracing constellations. This lantern is closed on three sides, and on the fourth is provided with a ground glass, in front of which slides can be inserted. On each of these slides, which are semi-transparent, is represented a constellation, the places of the stars being indicated by perforations through which shines the light of the candle within. The stars of the first magnitude are represented by the largest perforations, lesser ones by perforations of corresponding size, and nebulæ by groups of minute dots. The student thus goes out into the dark with an illuminated map in his hand, and the study of stellar astronomy is greatly facilitated.

MRS. BURNETT is entirely at home among the English peasants and miners, but when she undertakes the American dialects her foot is plainly not upon her native heath. The difference between her rendering of our provincialisms and that of Dr. Eggleston or Mr. Habberton or Mrs. Cooke is evident to all who have lovingly studied these homely forms of speech. One who is not to the manner born will never write good Yankee, nor the best "Bottom" English. Nevertheless Mrs. Burnett succeeds very fairly in the delineation of American character, and her reproduction of American dialects is remarkable for one whose ears were trained in youth to a patois so entirely different. The sketches in this little book[2] which introduce our countrymen and countrywomen are cleverly done. Esmeralda and her father and mother are not impossible Americans, and their experiences in Paris are sympathetically pictured. But in "Surly Tim" and in "Seth" the writer is dealing with folk whose life and speech she knows perfectly; and she holds our attention not only by the precision of her art but by the depth and truth of her insight into human nature. Mrs. Burnett must be ranked among the best of our modern story tellers.

[1] How to Find the Stars: With an Account of the Astronomical Lantern and its Uses. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Lockwood Brooks & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[2] Surly Tim and Other Stories. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Springfield: Whitney and Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——MAY, 1878.——NO. V.

PERIWINKLE.

"BRING me that slate, Henriettar!"

Miss Tucker added a superfluous r to some words ending with a vowel. But then she made amends by dropping the final r where it was preceded with a broad vowel. If she said *idear* she compounded for it by saying *waw*. She said *lor* for law, and *dror* for draw, but then she said *cah* for car. Some of our Americans are as free with the final r as the cockney is with his initial h.

Miss Tucker was the schoolmistress at the new school-house in West Easton. I am not quite sure, either, that I have the name of the place right. I think it may have been East Weston. Weston or Easton, whichever it is, is a country township, east of the Hudson River, whose chief article of export is chestnuts; consequently it is not set down in the Gazeteer. After all it doesn't matter. We'll call it East Weston, if you please.

The school-house was near a brook—a murmuring brook of course. They couldn't shut that out. The school trustees had built the windows high, so that the children might not be diverted from their lessons by any sight of occasional passers-by. As though children could study better in a prison! As though you could shut in a child's mind traveling in its vagrant fancies like Prospero's Ariel round about the earth in twenty minutes! The dull sound of a horse's hoofs would come in now and then from the road, and the children, longing for some new sight, would spend the next half hour in debating whether it could have been a boy astride a bag of turnips, for instance, or the doctor in his gig, that had passed under the windows.

It was getting late in the afternoon. Miss Tucker had terrorized her little flock faithfully all day, until even she grew tired of the monotonous despotism. Perhaps the drowsy, distant sounds—the cawing of crows far away, the almost inaudible rattle of a mowing machine, and the unvarying gurgle of the brook near at hand had softened Miss Tucker's temper. More likely it had made her sleepy, for she relaxed her watchfulness so much that Rob Riley had time to look at the radiant face of Henrietta full two minutes without a rebuke. Until at last Miss Tucker actually yawned two or three times. Then she brought herself up with a guilty start. Full twenty minutes had passed in which she, Rebecca—or as she pronounced it Rebekker—Tucker, schoolmistress and intellectual drum-major, had scolded nobody and had scowled at nobody. She determined to make amends at once for this remissness. Her eye lighted on Henrietta. It was always safe to light on Henrietta. Miss Tucker might punish her at any time on general principles and not go far astray. Especially when she sat as now bent over her slate.

Henrietta was a girl passed sixteen, somewhat tallish and a little awkward; her hair was light, her eyes blue, and her face not yet developed, but there were the crude elements of a possible beauty in her features. When her temper was aroused and she gathered up the habitual slovenly expression of her

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face into a look of vigor and concentrated resolution she was "splendid," in the vocabulary of her schoolmates. She was one of those country girls who want only the trimmings to make a fine lady. Rob Riley, for his part, did not miss the trimmings. Fine lady she was to him, and his admiration for her was the only thing that interfered with his diligence. For Rob had actually learned a good deal in spite of the educational influences of the school. In fact he had long since passed out of the possibility of Miss Tucker's helping him. When he could not "do a sum" and referred it to her, she always told him that it would do him much more good to get it himself. Thus put upon his mettle Rob was sure to come out somehow at the last. Miss Tucker would have liked Rob if Rob had not loved Henrietta, who was Miss Tucker's deadliest foe.

"Bring me that slate this instant!" repeated the schoolmistress when Henrietta hesitated, "and don't you rub out the picture."

Henrietta's face took on a sullen look, she rose up slowly, dropped the slate with a clatter upon her desk whence it slid with a bang to the floor without any effort on her part to arrest it. Miss Tucker did not observe—she was near-sighted—that in its fall and in Henrietta's picking it up, it was reversed so that the side presented to the schoolmistress was not the side on which the girl had last been at work. All Miss Tucker saw was that the side which faced her when she took the slate from Henrietta's hand contained a picture of a little child. It was a chubby little face with a funny-serious expression. The execution was by no means correct, the foreshortening of the the little bare legs was not well done, the hands were out of drawing, and the whole picture had the stiffness that comes from inexperience. But Miss Tucker did not see that. All she saw was that it was to her eye a miraculously good picture.

"That's the way you get your arithmetic lesson! You haven't done a sum this morning. You spend your time drawing little brats like that."

"She isn't a brat."

"Who isn't a brat?"

"Periwinkle isn't. That's Periwinkle."

"Who's Periwinkle?"

"She's my little niece. She's Jane's little girl. You shan't call her a brat, neither."

"Don't you talk to me that way, you impudent thing. That's the way you spend your time, drawing pictures."

Miss Tucker here held the slate up in front of her and stared at the picture of Periwinkle. Whereupon the scholars who were spectators of Miss Tucker's indignation smiled. Some of them grew red in the face and looked at their companions. Little Charity Jones rattled out a good hearty irrepressible giggle which she only succeeded in arresting by stuffing her apron into her mouth.

"Charity Jones, what are you laughing at?"

But Charity only stuck her head down on the desk and went into another snicker.

"Come here."

Charity was sober enough now. Miss Tucker got a little switch out of her desk, and threatened little Charity with "a good sound whipping" if she didn't tell what she was laughing at.

"At the picture," whimpered the child.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said the mistress, holding the slate up before her.

Whereupon the school again showed signs of a sensation.

"What *are* you laughing at?" and Miss Tucker instinctively felt of her back hair.

"'Ts on the other side of the slate," burst out Charity's brother, who was determined to deliver his sister out of the den of lions.

Miss Tucker turned the slate over, and there was Henrietta's latest masterpiece. It was a stunning caricature of the schoolmistress in the act of yawning. Of course when that high and mighty authority had in her indignation held up the slate so as to get a good view of the picture of Periwinkle she was unconsciously exhibiting to the school the character-study on the reverse of the slate. And now as she looked with an unutterable wrath and consternation at the dreadful drawing the scholars were full of suppressed emotion—half of it terror and the other half a served-her-right feeling.

"The school is dismissed. Henrietta Newton will stay," said the schoolmistress. The children arose glad to escape, while Henrietta felt that her friends were all deserting her and she was left alone with a wild beast.

"Chaw her all up," said one of the boys to another. "I wouldn't be in there with her for a good deal."

Rob Riley left the room the last of all and he lingered under the window, but what could he do? After a while he hurried away to Henrietta's father's on the adjoining farm and made a statement of the case to him.

"I shan't interfere," said the old man sternly. "That girl's give me trouble enough I'm sure. Spends her time drorin' fool picters on a slate. I hope the schoolmistress'll cure her."

Rob did not know what to say to this. He went back across the field to the schoolhouse door and sat down and listened. He could hear an angry collocation. He thought best not to interfere unless the matter should come to blows.

The old man Newton entered his house soon after Rob Riley left him, and repeated to his wife what Rob had said from his own stand-point. The little grandchild, Periwinkle sat on the floor with that funny-serious air that belonged to her chubby face.

"I'll go down and see about that, I will," she said with a great air of importance.

"What?" said the old man looking tenderly and fondly at Periwinkle.

"I'll see about that, I will," said the barefoot cherub as she pulled on her sun-bonnet and set out for the school-house pushing resolutely forward on her sturdy little legs.

"I vum!" said the old man as he saw her disappear round the fence corner. The quaint little thing had not yet been in the house a week. She was sent on to the grandparents after her mother's death and as a child of the daughter who left them years ago never to return, she had found immediate entrance into the hearts of the old folks. The reprobate Henrietta, who wasted her time drawing pictures and who was generally in a state of siege at home and at school, had found in little Periwinkle, as they called her, a fountain of affection. And now that Henrietta was in trouble, the little Illinois Periwinkle had gone off in her self-reliant fashion to see about it.

When she reached the school-house she found Rob Riley, whom she had come to know as Henrietta's friend, standing listening.

"I've come down to see about that, I have," said Periwinkle, nodding her head toward the school-house. Then she listened awhile to the angry voice of Miss Tucker and the surly, sobbing and defiant replies of Henrietta, who was saying: "Stand back or I'll hit you."

"Open that door this minute, Wob Wiley, I'm a goin' to see about that."

Rob hesitated. The latch was clearly out of Periwinkle's reach. Rob had a faint hope that the little thing might divert the wrathful teacher from her prey. He raised the latch and set the door slightly ajar.

"Now push," he said to Periwinkle.

She pushed the door open a little way and entered the school-room without being seen by the angry mistress who was facing the other way, having driven Henrietta into a corner. Here stood the defiant girl at bay waving a ruler which she had snatched from the irate teacher and warning the latter to let her alone. Periwinkle walked up to the teacher, pulled her dress and said:

"I've come down to see about that, I have."

"Who are you?" said the frightened Miss Tucker, to whom it seemed that the little chub had dropped down out of the sky, or come to life from off Henrietta's slate.

"I'm Periwinkle, and you mustn't touch my Henrietta. I've come down to see about it, I have."

Miss Tucker in a sudden reaction, sank down on a chair exhausted and bewildered. Then she sobbed a little in despair.

"What shall I do with that girl?" she muttered. "I'm beat out."

"Come home, Henrietta," said Periwinkle, and she forthwith marched Henrietta out the door under the very eyes of the schoolmistress.

"Come back this minute," cried Miss Tucker, rallying when it was too late. But the weeping Henrietta, the solemn Peri-

winkle and the rejoicing Rob Riley went away and answered the poor woman never a word.

Miss Tucker, who was not without some good sense and good intentions found out that evening that she did not like teaching. She forthwith resigned the school in East Weston. In a week or two a new teacher was engaged, "a young thing from town," as the people put it, "who never would manage that Henriettar Newton."

But sometimes even a young thing is gifted with that undefined something that we call tact. Sarah Reade soon found out from the gratuitous advice lavished upon her that her chief trouble would be from Henrietta. So she took pains to get acquainted with the unruly girl the first day. Finding that at the center of Henrietta's heart was Periwinkle, she herself took great interest in getting the girl to tell her all about Periwinkle. Henrietta was so much softened by this treatment that for three whole days after the advent of Miss Reade, she did not draw a picture on the slate. But the self-denial was too great. On the fourth day, while Miss Reade was hearing a class and the girls in the desk behind Henrietta were looking over at her, she drew a cow very elaborately. She was just trying to make the horns look right, rubbing them out and retouching them, while the other girls rose up in their seats and brought their heads together in a cluster to see—declaring in a whisper that "it was the wonderfullest thing how Henrietta could draw," when who should look down among them but Miss Reade herself. As soon as Henrietta became conscious of Miss Reade's attention she dropped her pencil, not with the old defiant feeling, but with a melancholy sense of having lost standing with one whose good opinion she would fain have retained.

The teacher took the slate into her hand, not with Miss Tucker's energetic fashion, but with a polite "excuse me," which made Henrietta's heart sink down within her. For half a minute Miss Reade scrutinized the drawing without saying a word.

"Did anybody ever give you any drawing lessons?" she said to the detected criminal.

"No, ma'am."

"You draw well; you ought to have chance. You'll make an artist some da Your cow is not quite right. If you'll brin the picture to me after school I'll show yo some things about it. I think you'd bette put it away now till you get your geograph lesson."

Henrietta full of wonder at finding he art no longer regarded as a sin, put the slat in the drawer, and cheerfully resumed he study of the boundaries and chief product of North Carolina, while Miss Reade r turned to the hearing of the third reade class.

"I say, Henrietta, she's j-u-s-t s-p-l-e- d-i-d!" whispered Maria Thomas. An Rob Riley thought Miss Reade was almo as fine as Henrietta herself.

"You see," said Miss Reade to Henriett after school, "that the hind legs of your co look longer than the fore legs."

"There's something wrong," said the gi "but that isn't it. I've measured, and th cow's just as high before as behind, thoug she don't look so."

"Yes, but you've put her head a litt toward you. The hind legs ought to see shorter at a little distance off. Now try i Make her not so high from the ground, b hind," and Miss Reade proceeded to explai one or two principles of perspective. Whe Henrietta had experimented on her cow an saw the result, she was delighted.

"I don't know much about drawing," sa Miss Reade, "but I've a set of drawin books and some drawing cards. Now, you'll let drawing alone until you get yo lessons each day, I'll lend you my drawin books and give you all the help I can."

When the old man Newton heard th the "new school ma'am" was permittin and encouraging Henrietta to draw "fo picters on her slate," he was sure that never would work. He believed in breakin a child's will, for his part, "though the o that broke Henrietta's will would hev to g up purty airly in the mornin' now, certain he added with a grim smile. But when th old man found Henrietta unexpectedly i dustrious, toiling over her studies at nigh he was surprised beyond measure, and whe he understood the compact by which studi

were to come first and drawing afterward, he winked his eye knowingly at his wife.

"Who'd a-thought that little red-headed school ma'am would a ben so cute? She knows the very bait fer Henriettar now. That woman would do to trade horses;" for the highest ability in the world in Mr. Newton's opinion was shrewdness enough to trade in horses.

But when the little school mistress seriously proposed that he should send Henrietta down to New York to take lessons in drawing, he quickly changed his mind. Of what kind of use was drawing? And then it would cost, accordin' to Miss Reade's own account, about two or three hundred dollars a year for board; all to learn a lot of nonsense. It is true when the teacher craftily told him stories of the prices that some lucky artists received for their work, he felt as though she were pointing down into a gold mine. But the money in his hand was good money, and he never sent good money after bad. And so Henrietta's newly raised hopes of being an artist were dashed, and Rob Riley was grievously disappointed. For he was sure that Henrietta would astonish the metropolis if she should once take her transcendent ability out of East Weston into New York; besides, Rob himself was going off to New York to develop his own ability by learning the granite cutter's trade. He confided to Henrietta that he expected to come to something better than granite cutting, for he had heard that there had been granite cutters who, being like himself good at figures, in time had come to be great contractors and builders and bosses. He was going to be something, and when he was settled at work in New York, Henrietta had a letter from him telling how he was learning mechanical drawing in the Cooper Union night school, and how he got books out of the Apprentice's Library. He also attended free lectures, and was looking out for a chance to be something some day. Henrietta carried the letter about with her, and wished heartily that she also might go to New York where she could improve herself and see Rob Riley occasionally.

Now it happened that Mrs. Newton had a cousin, a rich man, in New York; at least he seemed rich to those not used to the measure applied to wealth in a great city. She had not seen him since he left the little town in Western Massachusetts where they were both brought up. But she often talked about Cousin John. Whenever she saw his business advertisement in the papers she started out afresh in her talk about Cousin John. It is something quite worth the having—a cousin in New York whose name is in the papers, and who is rich. Whenever Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Newton's neighbor, talked too ostentatiously about her uncle who was both a deacon and a justice of the peace up in New Hampshire, then Mrs. Newton said something about Cousin John. To save her life she couldn't imagine how Cousin John lived, except that he kept a carriage or two, or in what, precisely, his greatness consisted, since he held no office either in church or State, but the old lady evidently believed in her heart that a cousin who was a big man down in New York, was nearly as good as an uncle who was a deacon up in New Hampshire.

Now it happened that John Millard, the Cousin John of Mrs. Newton's gossip, was spending the summer at Lebanon Springs, and at the close of his vacation he started to drive home through the beautiful region once the scene of the anti-renters' conflict with the old patroons. He stopped to see the Shaker villages, and then drove on among the rich farms, taking great pleasure in explaining to his town-bred wife the difference between wheat and rye, as it stood in the shock, feeling for once the superiority of one whose early life has been passed in the country. He happened to remember that he had a cousin over in Weston, and though he had not seen her for many years, he proposed to turn aside and eat one dinner with old farmer Newton and his wife.

And thus it happened that Cousin John Millard, and especially that Mrs. Cousin John Millard, saw Henrietta's drawings and heard of her aspirations to learn to draw and paint, and thus it happened that Cousin John, and what is of more consequence, Mrs. Cousin John invited the girl to come down to New York and spend the winter with

them, and develop her talent for drawing; though in truth Mrs. Millard was not thinking so much of Henrietta's developing her gift for art as that she had a fine face, and would undoubtedly develop into a beauty under city influences. And as Mrs. Millard had no children and her house was lonesome, she thought it might add to her own consequence and to the cheerfulness of the house, to have a handsome cousin under her care. Henrietta's father was rather unwilling to let her go; he didn't see how she could be spared from the housework, but the mother was resolved that she should go, and go she did.

The first things that excited the country girl's wonder were not the streets and buildings and works of art, but the unwonted luxury of city life. Velvet carpets, large panes of plate-glass, hot and cold water that came for the turning of a stop-cock, illumination that burst forth as by magic, mirrors that showed the whole person and reduplicated the room—even door-bells and sliding doors and dumb waiters and speaking tubes, were things that filled her with astonishment. For weeks she felt as though she had moved out of the world into a fairy book. But like all high-spirited girls, she carefully concealed her wonder, moving about with apparent nonchalance as though she had lived in the enchanted ground all her life. Secretly she carried on experiments upon water works, and gas fixtures and plate-glass mirrors, using the inductive method of reasoning as all intelligent people have from the beginning without any of the cumbrous and pedantic machinery provided for them by Lord Chancellor Bacon.

She was soon at work, but drawing from uninteresting plaster casts of scroll work in the lower classes of the School of Design for Women, was not so pleasant as spontaneous picture-making on her slate had been. In Weston, too, she had been the prodigy; her gift for drawing was little less than miraculous in the eyes of her companions. But in Cooper Institute she was one of many, and there were those whom much practice had rendered far more skillful. She would slip away from her work and go through the alcoves sometimes, on one pretext or another, to envy the girls who were in their second year, and were drawing from a bust of "Psyche" or "The Young Augustus," and especially did she wish that she were one of the favored circle in the "Venus Room." She thought it would be fine to try the statue of the Venus de Milo. But day in and day out she had to stand before a cast of a meaningless scroll, endeavoring to represent it on drawing paper. This was no longer play, but work as tedious as the geography lessons in Weston. There is a great difference between work and play, though they may both consist in doing the same thing. Nevertheless Henrietta had positive ability and the almost mechanical training of the first months did her good.

But somehow she was not so glad to see Rob Riley the granite cutter as she had expected to be. When Rob called at first to see her, the maid who had received many warnings against allowing sneak thieves and tramps to stand in the hall, did not dare leave him by the hat rack. She eyed him suspiciously, cross-questioned him sharply, and finally called the cook up stairs to stand guard over him and the overcoats when she went to call Henrietta. Poor Rob, already frightened at having to ring the door-bell of a brown-stone house, stood in the hall fumbling his hat while the stalwart cook never once took her eyes off him, having determined to throttle him if he made a motion to steal a coat, or to open the door behind him. Somehow the greeting between the two, under these circumstances was as different as possible from their parting in the country. Henrietta felt that by receiving Rob Riley in his cheap Sunday clothes, she had forever compromised herself with Hibernia down stairs; and poor Rob, half chilled by Henrietta's reception, and wholly dampened by the rosewood furniture and the lace curtains, and the necessity for sitting down upon damask upholstery, was very ill at ease. Henrietta longed to speak freely as she had done in the old days when they strolled through the hill-pasture together, but then she trembled lest the door-bell should ring and some of Mrs. Cousin John's fine com-

pany enter the reception room. So the meeting was a failure; Rob even forgot that he had meant to ask Henrietta to go with him to the free lecture the next evening. And he was glad when he got out, and Henrietta was relieved though she cried with vexation and disappointment when he was gone. As for Rob, he went home in great doubt whether it was worth while trying to be something. Of what use was it to seek to get to be a boss, a builder, a contractor, or the owner of a quarry? Things were all wrong anyhow.

After this he only met Henrietta now and then as she came in or went out, though this was not easy for he had to work with hammer all the day, and his evenings he spent in mechanical drawing. On second thought he *would* be something if only just to show folks that looked down on him. Though, if he had only known it, Henrietta did not look down on him at all; all her contempt was expended on herself.

But more and more did this feeling wear away as she became naturalized in Mrs. Cousin John's world. There were little dance parties, and though Henrietta was obliged to dress plainly, she grew more to be a beautiful woman. The simplicity of her dress set off this fine loveliness and Henrietta Newton was artist enough to understand this, so that her clothes did not make her abashed in company. She had no party dresses, but with Mrs. Millard's assistance she always looked the beautiful country cousin. Other girls remarked upon the monotony of her dress, but then the gentlemen did not care that one merino did duty on all occasions. Some women can stand the ordeal of a uniform for church and theatre, party and *tete-a-tete.*

Mrs. Millard meant well by Henrietta. If Henrietta's art got along slowly, and her chance for a prize decreased steadily under the dissipating influences about her, it was not that Mrs. Millard intended to do her harm by parading her pretty cousin Sundays and week days. It was only a second growth of vanity in cousin John's wife. When one is no longer sought after for one's own sake, the next best thing is to be sought after for somebody's else sake. Mrs. Millard shone now in a reflected glory, as the keeper of the pretty Miss Newton. Young gentlemen stood squarely in front of Mrs. Millard and made full bows to her, and were delighted when she asked them to call. Mrs. Millard also carried it up to her own credit in her confidential talks with ladies of her own age, that she was doing so much for John's cousin, whom she had found buried in an old farm-house. For Mrs. Millard was a Christian and a philanthropist, besides being a reformer.

She was endeavoring with all her heart to reform a younger brother of her own, who was enough to have filled the hands of three or four red ribbon associations. He was a fine subject to work on, this young Harrison Lowder. Few young men had been so much reformed as he. With a bright wit, and genial manners, he was strongly deficient in moral endowments. Nothing that was pleasant could seem wrong to him. His life was desperately bad on all sides but he was a magnificent sinner, who had no clear intention to be bad, who never seemed to sin with malice aforethought, and who took his evil courses with such unfailing good nature that people forgave him easily.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Millard's when she saw him becoming fascinated with Henrietta, to reform him and render Henrietta a service at the same time. For Lowder had money, and to a poor country girl such a marriage ought to be a heaven-send, and it would serve to reform Harry. It isn't always that a match-maker can be sure of being a benefactor to both sides. One of the most remarkable things in human nature, however, is this willingness of women to sacrifice a girl's life for the chance of saving the morals of a scapegrace man. If a pious mother can only marry her son Beelzebub to some "good religious girl," the chance of his reformation is greatly increased. The girl is neither here nor there, when one considers the necessity for saving the dear Beelzebub.

Harry Lowder had the advantage of all other comers with Henrietta. The keeper was on his side, in the first place; and he was half domesticated at the house—coming and going when he pleased. The city daz-

zled the country girl, and it was a great pleasure to him to take her to theaters and operas, and sometimes to places of amusement of very doubtful kinds. He enjoyed her naive surprise. His winning manners, his apparent frankness, and the round of amusements he kept her in, could not but have their effect on a strong-willed creature such as she was. Her pent up intensity of life burst out now into the keenest enjoyment of all that she saw, and heard, and felt, for the first time. She knew enough of Harry Lowder's life to be afraid of him, but then she felt grateful for his attentions, and he was so kind to her, so thoughtful for her pleasure, that she came to think of him as a disinterested friend.

There were times when the memory of her country home, and little Periwinkle came into her mind like a fresh breeze from the hills. At such times she recoiled from the round of unhealthful excitement in which she found herself; she hated the high-wrought plays and the burlesque operas that she had seen; she despised the exciting novels that Harry Lowder had lent her. Then the old farm with its stern and quiet ways seemed a sort of paradise; she longed for her mother's voice and even for her father's rebuke, for Rob Riley's homely love-making, and Periwinkle's quaint ways. At such times she had a sense of standing in some imminent peril, a dark foreboding shadowed her, and she wished that she had never come to New York, for the drawing did not get on well. Harry Lowder said that it didn't matter about the drawing; she was meant for something better. There was always an easy way out of such depressions. Harry told her that she had the blues and that if she would go to see this or that, the blues would disappear. Getting rid of the blues in this fashion, is pawning to-morrow to pay to-day's debt.

It would hardly be right to say that Lowder was in love with Henrietta Newton, for in our good English tongue there is a moral element to the word love. But Harry certainly was fascinated with Henrietta—more fascinated than he had ever been with any one else. And as he had become convinced that it was best for him to marry and to reform—just a little—he thought that Henrietta Newton would be the girl to marry.

So it happened that Periwinkle, who had waited for Christmas to come that she might see Henrietta again was bitterly disappointed. At Christmas Henrietta had been promised two great treats—Fox in Humpty Dumpty, and the sight of St. Dives Church in its decorations with the best music in the city. And then there were to be other things quite as wonderful to the country girl. In truth, Henrietta was afraid to go home. Somewhere in the associations at home, there lay in wait for her a revengeful conscience, which she dared not meet. Then, too, Rob Riley would be at home and a meeting with him must produce shame in her, and bring on a decision that she would rather postpone. Mrs. Millard begged her to stay and it was hard to resist her benefactress. But in her girl's heart, at times, she was tired and homesick and the staying in the city cost her two or three good crying spells. And when the holidays were past, she bitterly repented that she had not gone home.

And in this mood she sat down and wrote a long letter to her mother, full of regrets and homesickness and longing and contradictoriness. She liked the city and she didn't. She hadn't done very well in her drawing as she confessed, but she meant to do better. It was a letter that gave the good old mother much uneasiness. This city-world was something that she did not understand—a great sea for the navigation of which she had no chart. She got from Henrietta's letter a vague sense of danger, a danger terrible because entirely incomprehensible to her.

And indeed she had already become uneasy, for when Rob Riley came home at Christmas time he did not come to see them, nor did he bring any messages from Henrietta. When she asked him about the girl at meeting on Sunday, Rob hung his head and looked at the toe of his boot a minute and then said that he "hadn't laid eyes on her for six weeks." What did it all mean? Had Henrietta got into some disgrace? The father was alarmed also. He thought

it about time that she should be getting a thousand dollars for a picture. Though for his part he couldn't see why anybody should pay for a picture enough money to build two or three barns.

The little Periwinkle heard all of these discussions, though nobody thought of her understanding them.

"I'm going down there," she said. "I'm going to see about that, I am."

"What?" said the grandfather looking at the little thing fondly.

"About Henrietta. I'm a-goin' down with Wob Wiley."

"Hello! you air, air you?"

Now it happened in her fit of repentance and homesickness, Henrietta had written: "I wish you could send dear little Periwinkle down here some time. I do want to see her, and she would be such a good model to draw from." Henrietta had not thought of the practical difficulties of getting the chubby little thing down, nor of how she would keep her if she came, nor indeed of the possibility of her words being understood in their literal sense. It was only a cry of longing.

But now the mother, full of apprehension and at her wit's end what to do, looked with a sort of superstitious respect at the self-confident little creature who proposed to go down to the city and see about things.

The old lady at the first proposed to go down herself and take little Periwinkle with her. But she felt timid about the great city, and about cousin John's fine ways of living. She wouldn't be able to find her way around and she felt "scarr't" when she thought about it. Besides who'd get father's breakfast for him if she went away?

So she proposed to send Periwinkle down. Rob Riley could take her, and Cousin John's wife had always liked her and she'd be glad to see her. She hadn't any children of her own and might be real glad to have a lively little thing about; and as for sending her back, there was always somebody coming up from the city. Of course Grandma Newton didn't think how large the village of New York had grown to be, and how unlikely it was that Henrietta should find any one going to Weston.

The greatest difficulty was to persuade Rob Riley to take her. His pride was wounded and he didn't want to have any thing to do with Henrietta and her fine folks. But the old lady persisted, and above all little Periwinkle informed Rob that she was going down to see about Henrietta. This touched Rob; he remembered when she had snatched Henrietta out of the jaws of Miss Tucker. He consented to take her to Mr. Millard's house and ring the door-bell.

Henrietta had recovered from her attack of penitence, and was again floating on the eddying current of excitement. One evening she went with Lowder to see "an emotional play" of the French school. It was very romantic and very pathetic. She tried to keep back tears but could not. Harry took advantage of her softened feelings to envelop her in a cloud of flattery and to make love to her. Something of the better sense of the girl had heretofore held her back from any committal of her trust to him, but when they reached Mrs. Millard's parlor Harry Lowder laid direct siege to Henrietta's affection, telling her what moral miracles her influence had wrought in him, and how nothing but her love was needed to keep him steadfast in the future, and in truth he more than half believed what he said. The whole scene was quite in the key of the play, and her over-wrought feelings drifted toward the man pleading thus earnestly for affection. Harry saw the advantage of the situation, and urged on her an immediate decision. Henrietta, still shaken by passionate excitement and without rest in herself, was on the point of promising eternal affection in the manner of the heroine of the play, when there came a loud ringing of the door-bell; so highly strained were the girl's nerves that she uttered a sharp cry at this unexpected midnight alarm. The servants had gone to bed when Henrietta came in. There was nothing for it but to open the door herself. With Harry Lowder behind her for a reserve, she timidly opened the front door to find a child muffled in an old-fashioned cloak and hood, standing upon the stoop, while a man was descending the steps. Looking around just

enough to see who came to the door, he said: "Your mother said you wanted her, and she would have me bring her to you."

Then, without a word of good night, Rob Riley walked away, Henrietta recognizing the voice with a pang.

"I come down to see about you," spoke the solemn and quizzical figure on the stoop.

"Where on earth did that droll creature come from?" broke out Lowder. "What is the matter, Miss Newton?"

For the suddenness of the apparition, the rude air with which Rob Riley had turned his back upon her, had started a new set of emotions in the mind of Henrietta. The home influence had blown suddenly over her, and swept away the clouds. She felt now, with that intuitive quickness that belongs to the artist temperament, that she had recoiled but just in time from a brink. For a moment she seemed likely to faint, though she was not the kind of a woman to faint when startled.

She reached out her hand to Periwinkle and then, with a reactiou of feeling, folded her in her arms and wept.

Harry was puzzled. She suddenly became stiff and almost repellant toward him. She seemed impatient for him to be gone. It was a curious effect of surprise upon her nerves, he thought; he mentally confounded his luck, and said good night.

Henrietta bore Periwinkle off to her own room and removed her cloaks, crying a little all the time. She was quite too full of emotion to take into account as yet all the perplexities in which she would be involved by the presence of Periwinkle in the house of Cousin John Millard.

"What brought you down here?" she said at last, when the sturdy little girl, divested of her shawl and cloak and mittens and hood, sat upon a chair in front of Henrietta, who sat upon the floor looking up at her.

"I come down to see about you. Gran'ma said some things and Gran'pa said some things, and Wob Wiley he looked bad, and I thought maybe I'd just come down and see about you; and Gran'ma said you wanted to make a picture of me. You don't want to make a picture to-night, do you? 'Cause I'm awful sleepy. You see Wob had to come on the seven o'clock twain, and that gits in at 'leven, an' it took us till midnight to git here, and Wob he's got to go ever so fur yet. What made 'em build such a big town?" Here Periwinkle yawned and seemed about to fall off the chair. In a few minutes she was lying fast asleep on Henrietta's pillow.

But Henrietta slept not. It was a night of stormy trial. By turns one mood and then another dominated. At times she resolved to be a lady admired and courted in the luxury of the city. As for possible consequences she had never been in the habit of counting the cost of her actions carefully. There is a delicious excitement to a nature like hers in defying consequences. She would take the risk.

But then a sight of Periwinkle's sleeping innocence sent back the tide. How much better were the simple old home ways and the love of this little heart, and the faithful devotion of that most kindly Rob Riley! How she remembered her walks with him, her teasing him, his interference against Miss Tucker, and the deliverance wrought by the little creature lying there. She would go back to her old self, how painful soever it might be.

But she couldn't stay in the city and turn away Harrison Lowder. And to go home was to confess that she had failed in her art; and how could she humble herself to seem to wish to regain Rob Riley's love? And then what kind of an outlook did the life of a granite cutter's wife afford her? Here she looked at herself in the glass. All her pride rebelled against going home. But all her pride sank down when she stooped to kiss the cheek of the sleeping child.

In this alternation of feeling she passed the night. When breakfast time came she took Periwinkle down, making such explanations as she could with much embarrassment.

"You're sick, Henrietta," said Cousiu John. "You don't eat anything. You've been working too steadily."

After breakfast the family doctor called and said that Henrietta was suffering from

close application to her art and the steam heat in the alcoves. She must have rest.

The poor, tired, perplexed girl, badgered with conflicting emotions, but resolved at last to escape from temptation that she could not resist effectually, received this verdict eagerly. She would go home; and the doctor agreed that change of scene was what she wanted. Her life in town was too dull.

Harry Lowder called that evening, but Henrietta had taken the precaution to be sick abed. At eight o'clock the next morning she was on the Harlem train.

"You see, I brought her home," said Periwinkle to her grandmother, in confidence. "I didn't like Cousin John's folks. They wasn't glad to see me; and I didn't like Henrietta's settin' up till midnight with a young man. He called me a dwoll little thing. I don't think he's nice. He ain't nice and polite like Wob Wiley."

But Henrietta, who had blossomed out into something quite different from the Henrietta of other times, made no explanation except that she was sick. For a week she took little interest in anything, ate but little, and went round in a dazed way, resuming her old cares and work about the house as though she had never given them up. Somehow she seemed a fine lady in the dignity of manner and self-possession that she had taken on with characteristic quickness of apprehension and imitation; and Mrs. Newton felt as though the housework were in some sort unsuited to her. Even her father looked at her with a sort of respect, and forbore to chide her as had been his wont.

But when a week had passed she suddenly got out her material and began to draw. Periwinkle was set up first for a model, then her father and mother, and then the dog as he lay sleeping before the fire had his portrait taken, to Periwinkle's delight. So persistent was her ambitious industry that every living thing on the place came in for a sketch. But Periwinkle was the favorite.

Rob Riley came home for July and August, the work in the yard being dull. He kept aloof from Henrietta and she nodded to him with a severe and almost disdainful air that made him wretched. After three or four weeks of this coolness during which Henrietta got a reputation for pride in the whole country, Rob grew desperate. What did he care for the "stuck up" girl. He would have it out anyhow, the next time he had a chance. They met one day on the little bridge that crossed the brook near the school-house, Henrietta nodded a bare recognition.

"You didn't treat me that way once, Henrietta. What's the matter? Have I done anything wrong? Can't you be friendly?"

"Why don't *you* be friendly?" said the girl looking down.

"I—I?" said Rob.

"You haven't spoken to me since you came home."

"Well, that isn't my fault; you wouldn't look at me. I'm not going to run after a person that lives in a fine house and that only nods her head at me."

"I don't live in a fine house but in that old frame."

"Well, why don't you be friendly?"

"I was waiting for you. It isn't a girl's place to be friendly first, is it?"

Rob stared at her.

"But you had other young men come to see you in town and—you know I couldn't."

"I don't live in town now."

"What made you come home?"

"If I'd wanted to I might have staid there and had 'other young men' as you call them, coming to see me yet."

Rob gasped but said nothing.

"Are you going over to Mr. Brown's?" asked Henrietta to break the awkward silence that ensued, at the same time moving toward home.

"Well—no," said Rob, "I think I'm going to your house, if you've no objection," and he laughed, a foolish little laugh.

"Periwinkle was asking about you this morning," said Henrietta evasively as they walked on toward Mr. Newton's.

Having once fallen into the old habit of going to Mr. Newton's, Rob could never get out of the way of walking down that lane. Just to see how Henrietta got on with her drawing, as he said, he went there every evening. He confided to Henrietta that he had shown such proficiency in "figures"

in the night school that he was to have a place in a civil engineer's office when he returned to the city, in the fall. It wasn't much of a place—the salary was very small, but it gave him opportunity to study and a chance of being something some day. And Rob resolved to be something some day.

And Henrietta went on with her drawing but without ever saying anything about a return to Cousin John's. And indeed she never did go back to Cousin John's from that day to this. She spent three years in Weston. If they were tedious years she said nothing about them. Rob came home on Christmas and for a week in summer. Once in a long time he would run up the Harlem road on Saturday evening. These were white Sundays when Rob was at home, for then he and Henrietta went to meeting together, and sat on the porch in the afternoons while Rob told her how he expected to be somebody some day.

But being somebody is hard work and slow for most of us, as Rob Riley found out. His salary was not increased very fast, but he made up for that by steadily increasing his knowledge and his value to the office. For being somebody means *being* something in oneself. You can't always hide a man under a bushel if he is a man with real light in him.

It wasn't till last year that Henrietta returned to the city. She is a student now in oil-painting. But she doesn't live at Cousin John's. Nor indeed does she dwell in a very fashionable street, if I must confess it.

There are many old houses in New York that have been abandoned by their owners because of the up-town movement and the west-side movement of fashion. These houses are as quaint in their antique interiors as a *bric-à-brac* cabinet. In an upper floor in one of these subdivided houses Rob Riley and his wife, Henrietta, have two old-fashioned rooms—the front room is large and airy with a carved mantel-piece, the back room small and cosy. The furniture is rather plain and scant for Rob has not yet got to be a great engineer working on his own account. At present he is one of those little fish whom the big fish are made to eat—an obscure man whose brains are carried up to the credit of his chief. But he will be something some day. And for that matter, the rooms in the old Dutch mansion in De Witt Place are quite good enough for two stout-hearted young people who are happy. The walls are well ornamented with pictures from Henrietta's own brush and pencil. These are not framed but tacked up wherever the light is good. The best of them is a chubby little girl with a droll-serious air, clad in an old-fashioned hood and muffled in cloaks and shawls. It is a portrait of Periwinkle as she stood that night on Cousin John's steps when she had come down to see about Henrietta. The larger Periwinkle of to-day comes down to see about these people now and then, and when she comes there is always plenty of fun between her and Rob and the two kittens.

Henrietta is just finishing a picture called "The Culprit," which she hopes will be successful. It represents a girl in a country school arraigned for drawing pictures on a slate. Rob, at least, thinks it very fine, but he is not a harsh critic of anything that Henrietta makes.

Rob was talking one evening as usual about the time when he shall come to be somebody. But Henrietta said: "O! Rob, things are nice enough as they are. I don't believe we'd be any happier in a house as fine as Cousin John's. Let's have a good time as we go along and not mind about being somebody. But, Rob, I do wish somebody'd buy this picture and then we could have something to set off this room a little. Don't you think a sofa would be nice?"

And then she looked at him and said: "You dear, good old Rob, you!" though why she should call him old, or what connection this remark had with the previous conversation I do not know.

Edward Eggleston.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL CRIME.

Once there was a book. It was a most wonderful book. It contained history, and biography, and poetry, and letters, and essays, and a drama—in short, it was many books in one. I think it was the greatest and best book that ever was written.

Scarcely had this book come into general notice, when a great conspiracy against its life was formed. This conspiracy involved men of various nationalities, and has extended through several centuries. Strange to say, the conspirators were mostly scholars, and large numbers of them were apparently upright and conscientious men, from whom you would have expected nothing but the fairest dealing toward their fellow men, or toward any theory or doctrine or publication, no matter how much they might be opposed to it, or how pernicious they might believe it to be.

A few of the more violent conspirators wanted to suppress the book by burning every copy of it that could be reached, and to some extent they carried out this plan. But that was a gross and ineffectually process, compared with the one adopted by the great majority. These, while professing to be friendly to the book, to hold it in the highest esteem, and to desire that all men should become acquainted with it, went to work to prevent the reading of it by making it unreadable. To this end they expended a vast amount of ingenuity, and the success which has attended their efforts is one of the saddest calamities that ever befell mankind.

One of the conspirators went through the entire book, and broke it into little paragraphs, from one to ten lines long, often making the break where there was no more division than a comma; and then these little paragraphs were ostentatiously numbered, giving it, to an exaggerated degree, the repulsive appearance of a school-reader. With a very few recent exceptions, this preposterous arrangement has been perpetuated in every edition for three hundred years; and even in the exceptional ones it is indicated by figures in the margin, so strong is the power of precedent, though it be manifestly wrong.

The conspirators then caused a large number of the words, for no sufficient reason, to be printed in italics, so that nearly every page is spotted and defaced with them. Next they plowed a lane down through the middle of each page, and filled it with microscopic figures and abbreviations, and at the same time peppered the entire text with letters and figures, and daggers, and double daggers, and parallels, and section marks,—all referring to those little eye-trying affairs in the lane. Then they loaded down the noble old book with a ponderous mass of foot-notes, many of them valuable, but many of them the merest truisms; and this gave them an opportunity to pepper the text with more figures and letters, and daggers, and double-daggers, and parallels, and section-marks.

With all this, they passed an unwritten law that the book should always be printed in one volume—a law which has been transgressed in but few instances. But as it contains about as much matter as Macaulay's "History of England," which is generally printed in five volumes, this law makes it necessary either to have the book so large as to be unwieldy, or the type so small that it cannot be read with comfort.

The consequence is what might have been expected. Though more copies of this book have been circulated than of any other, comparatively few people read it so as to become familiar with it, except those who are paid for so doing. It contains some of the most important history ever written; yet there are eager readers of history who know almost nothing about it. One of its contributors was the finest philosophical essayist that ever put pen to paper; yet there are readers of Bacon and Lamb and Montaigne who are wofully ignorant of his writings. There are devourers of poetry who do not know what lyrics are buried here; and play-goers and students of Elizabethan literature who have never perused a page of a certain powerful drama, three thousand years old, because it is secured behind the typographical *chevaux-de-frise* which I have described. If this seems in-

credible, consider what would be the effect of printing all editions of favorite authors in the same form. Suppose the lover of Tennyson could obtain no copy of his works that did not look like this:

1 So all[a] day *long*[§] the noise of battle[†] rolled[1] among the mountains[b] by the winter sea;

2 Until king Arthur's[c] table, *man by man*, had fallen[§] in Lyonness[d] about their lord,[†] king Arthur:[2]

3 ¶ Then, *because* his wound[e] *was* deep, the bold[§] sir Bedivere[f] uplifted him, sir Bedivere, the last[3] *of all*[†] his knights,[g] and bore *him*[§] to a chapel *nigh* the field,[h] a broken[†] chancel with a *broken*[§] cross,

4 That *stood*[i] on a dark strait of barren[k] land. ¶ On one side[l] *lay* the ocean,[§]

5 And on one *lay* a great[†] water,[m] and the[§] moon[n] was full.

a Lock Hal 17, 2
§ Ang *through*
† or *fighting*
b Ayl Fd 14

c Id of Kg, El 172
§ or *died*
d Id of Kg, Gar & Lyn 28
† same as *king*.

e St Sym Sty 115
§ also *brave*
f Id of Kg, Last Tour 9
† Ang *last of these*
g Dr Fr Wm 7, 4
§ supp
h Eno Ard 370
† i. e. *ruined*
§ comp above

i May Qu 15, 3
† Ang *drear*
k Two Voi 38, 2
l Vis of Sin 20, 4
§ same as *sea*
† i. e. *large*
m Voy 9, 7
§ def art
n In Mem CXXIX 4,3

1 The terrific sounds of the dire conflict, being echoed from the face of one hill to that of another, would produce an effect which might well be denominated rolling.

2 The character of Arthur is one which calls for the highest admiration. The reader can hardly fail to be struck by his bravery, his generosity, and his wisdom. We should all strive to imitate him.

3 The meaning here is, not that Bedivere was lowest in rank of all the knights, and therefore went in last at dinner, nor that he was last to attach himself to the cause and the person of Arthur, but that he was the last survivor; all the others were now dead. Happy fate, to die in such a service!

How many readers would Tennyson have, if we had printed his works like that? Nay, how many of those who are already familiar with him would ever look into the book again? No matter how much a book may be talked about, or how many copies of it may be in existence, it is virtually dead if nobody reads it enough to be familiar with it.

But a greater loss has resulted from this conspiracy than the loss to literature. It happens that from the book which is the victim of it comes the highest instruction to millions of people—their rule of conduct in life, and their hope in death—the history of the origin of our race, and the prophecy of its destiny—the promise of peace and contentment in this life, and of happiness in the hereafter. Out of all who firmly believe this, those who examine the record for themselves are exceedingly few. They listen to fragmentary readings of the text, and learned disquisitions upon it by scholars and teachers who draw various and sometimes conflicting doctrines therefrom, and they adopt one or another of these without any adequate knowledge of its basis. From its conventional form, the book has come to have a different look to them from any other book. Not only are they unable to read it with pleasure, as they would any other history or essay or poetry, but when they do read it they find it impossible to appreciate it and judge of it as they would of any other printed matter. There is an atmosphere of taboo about it, which has preserved, through numberless editions, in the teeth of the unanimous testimony of scholars, the most manifest errors of copyists and translators.

If one book must be singled out and doomed never to receive decent typographical treatment, it should have been any other, rather than this. I should like to see what would be the effect of giving it a fair chance. I believe it would be read if it were made readable. We ought to have one edition of it without marginal references and without foot-notes—unless in the rare cases where these are absolutely necessary. Where the italicised words are necessary to a complete and idiomatic rendering they should be printed in plain Roman; where not this necessary, they should be dropped. Instead of verses we should have paragraphs, and all figures or other indications of the verses abolished. Conversation should be printed in broken paragraphs, with quotation marks, just as in a novel. Poetry should be printed as poetry. Instead of being crowded into one volume, the book should be in four or five moderate duodecimo volumes, with large type and good paper, so that it could be at once held without tiring the arm and

read without straining the eyes. Finally, this book should have a good analytical index. A cumbrous concordance is not an index, and does not serve the purpose of one. If presented in such a form, the Bible might be enjoyed as literature and perhaps better understood as a divine authority.

Rossiter Johnson.

THE MORNING MOON.

An old moon with a waning breast
Quietly lingers down the West;
An old moon, worn and faint and sad.
Over the East the Dawn climbs, fresh and glad.

She walks straight on before the Sun:
Bars of amber and cinnamon
Kindle, and fuse, and separate:
Then up the King rides through the flamy gate.

The old moon smiles above the hill;
Slips toward her setting, meek and still;
Across the earth's morn-burnished brim
This brief space, face to face, she looks on him.

Soon the wide blue is softly paled;
The perfect day moves glory-veiled,
And beauty burns on things below.
Just as it comes, why must the sweet moon go?

For her long patience of the night
O earth, in her long patience bright,
Swing slow, and let the meek moon stay!—
Foolish! with her it has been always day!

What far-off splendor makes her fair
When your small night seems everywhere?
Above the world's low-curving rim
Across *her* sky, she always looks on Him!

Adeline T. D. Whitney.

COLLEGE MORALS.

The vices of college life are the vices of the general community; and their prevalence among college men is similar in degree and extent to their prevalence in the community. The number of the students in New England colleges who are to a greater or less degree intemperate varies, it is estimated from carefully prepared statistics, from about one-eighth to about three-fifths. It is usually acknowledged that intemperance is more prevalent at large than at small colleges; and that among Eastern colleges as small a proportion of Amherst and Williams men are addicted to drink as at any New

England college. At certain Western colleges, however, a case of drunkenness is seldom known to occur. This is true with regard to Oberlin, one of whose rules is, as it is also the rule of other colleges both East and West, summarily to expel the student guilty of intoxication. At the University of Michigan, with five hundred students in the college, and double this number in the university, "cases of drunkenness," one of its professors writes me, "are exceedingly rare."

College opinion regarding the immorality of intemperance varies to as great a degree as the proportion of men in different institutions who are addicted to the habit. In most country colleges of the East, where the temptations to indulgence are the fewest, intemperance is reprobated as a vice and a crime. Inflammation of the eyes, except as occasioned by the midnight study of Greek, is regarded as a "scarlet letter" of disgrace. The intemperate student is not only shunned by his classmates, but if, "while the fit is on him," he chance to reel before a professor's eyes, he is at once compelled to drink the hemlock of summary dismission. In Western colleges the case is similar. Though among Western students mere drinking is not so harshly frowned upon as in some of the Puritan colleges of the East, yet drunkenness is as severely anathematized in the University of Wisconsin as in the University of Vermont. But among the students of our largest and in many respects best colleges of the East, there is a tendency, which exists in spite of all the efforts of the governing boards to crush it out, to look upon drunkenness as a rather necessary escapade of hot-blooded youth. It is seldom that in these colleges indulgences in liquor costs the tippler the loss of either a friend or an acquaintance. The college officers, however, are inclined to deal severely with him, and either the disgrace of a reprimand or a temporary suspension is the penalty he usually pays for his offense.

In regard to that vice from which the college, as well as the community, suffers irreparable injury, it is impossible to write in a public journal. It is very gratifying to say that a much smaller proportion of college men are addicted to it than to drunkenness. A condemnation, on the part of the students, is meted out against the former vice similar to that which is felt regarding the latter, but as a rule far more severe and more just. College faculties, also, manifest much greater rigor in dealing with it than with drunkenness.

The causes of the difference in the moral condition of the students in most large colleges, the majority of which are located in or near cities, and that of the students of small colleges situated in the country, are numerous and diverse. They are found to exist both in the pre-college training of the students, and in the character and surroundings of the colleges.

The chief consideration relating to the pre-college influence of the students at large city colleges, is the fact that the vast majority of them were brought up and reside in cities. About one-half of the Harvard men reside in Boston (within a radius of eight miles of Beacon Hill), New York city and Brooklyn. The homes of a large part of the other half are in cities of the size of Worcester and Cleveland. Only a small proportion of the whole number, therefore, reside in country towns. Nearly one-half of the Yale students, also, live in cities of at least fifty thousand population; and one-fifth have homes in New York city and Brooklyn. But in country colleges the large majority of the students were born, bred, and live "*sub tegmine fagi*"—under the vine and fig tree. Three-fifths of the Bowdoin men reside in the country towns of Maine. Williams seldom has more than three or four Boston or New York men in a class. Illinois college, according to a recent catalogue, has not a single student from Chicago. At Michigan University, three-fifths of the students reside in the state, and the state contains only one large city. Dartmouth, Amherst, Middlebury, Beloit, in fact all country colleges, draw the majority of their students from the country.

The fact that so large a proportion of the students at certain of our colleges are city-bred, affects the question of their morality in various ways. Not a few of these students are immoral on entering college. The pre-college influences, outside of their own

homes, have for many of them been excellent preparatory schools for Sophomoric dissipation. Even the home influences, in not a few cases, have failed to outweigh the evil attractions of the gambling table and its accessories. At one of our large colleges, it is estimated that six-sevenths of the immoral men reside in cities of at least twenty-five thousand inhabitants. But it is seldom that a student from the country, when he enters a country college, is immoral. Not only the purity of his home but all the associations of his country life have been elevating. Vice in its various forms is to his eyes "a painted ship on a painted ocean." The Freshman, therefore, at large city colleges, is usually more disposed to dissoluteness than his brother at small country colleges.

The students at large colleges in the city are wealthier. As the city is wealthier than the country, so the average student at large city colleges receives a larger income than the average student at the country college. It is needless to say that money is not only the *sine qua non* to indulgence in Sophomoric peccadillos, but it is also the immediate occasion of dissipation. A wealthy student with an annual allowance of $2,500 is an excellent Faust for some Mephistopheles. But a poor student, stinted to $300 annually, cannot "afford" to be immoral.

> "Gold were as good as twenty orators,
> And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything."

City-bred men, again, are not, as a class, as diligent students as men from the country. Undoubtedly there are as fine scholars, as hard workers, at Yale and Harvard from New York and Boston as there are at Williams and Middlebury from some Vermont village. But considered as a body, students who are accustomed to the luxuries of city life are as familiar with the card table as with the study table; and are as well fitted to apply the principles of geometry to a game of billiards as to demonstrate its propositions on the black-board.

Our large colleges are, moreover, from the fact that they are large, subject to vices from which the small colleges are inherently free. In classes of one hundred and fifty or of two hundred men, immoralities do not stand forth in so bold relief as in classes of twenty or fifty. A single black sheep in a flock of twenty is a more prominent object than are ten in a flock of two hundred. The notoriety, therefore, sure to follow his dissipation, may debar a student at a small college from vice; but its comparative absence in a large college may urge the student into dissolute habits.

In a large college, once more, the *esprit de corps* is strong. The immoral men are sufficiently numerous to form a ring for mutual "aid and comfort," and they buckle themselves to each other by common habits and aims. But the two or three men of evil propensities in a small class feel nothing of that assurance which numbers give. In their loneliness they are more inclined to find cheer in their Plato than in drinking from the flowing bowl of punch.

The situation of colleges in and near large cities presents numerous opportunities for vicious indulgences. If Yale were located at Williamstown, Harvard at Hanover, Columbia at Ithaca, the moral character of their students would be elevated in as great a degree as the natural scenery of their localities would be increased in beauty. Small towns like Brunswick, Hanover, Williamstown, Amherst and Ann Arbor, offer few opportunities for either the formation or indulgence of evil habits.

But a consideration of far greater importance than either the moral condition of our colleges or the causes that influence college men into dissolute courses is the methods by which this moral condition may be elevated and purified. All the various means which tend to promote moral reformations in the community tend thereby to produce corresponding results among college students. There are, however, certain methods whose observance would especially tend to root out college immoralities. Most of the methods which I venture to suggest are followed to a greater or less extent in the large majority of the colleges, but a stricter enforcement of certain of them could not, in any college, fail to be of the highest service both to the college and the community.

First. The inquiry regarding the morals of those applying for admission should be

more critical. It is a requirement at most, if not all colleges that the applicant present a certificate, signed by his teacher or some other "responsible person," of his "good moral character." But this certificate, for the purpose for which it is designed, may not be worth the paper on which it is written; for of its signers the college often knows nothing. A student, therefore, of the most depraved tendencies has no difficulty in making his character appear to his college examiners as white as he chooses. I know a case in which a graduate of one of the Phillips academies, of most dissolute habits, presented himself for admission at a New England college with a certificate signed by a classmate whose character probably was hardly superior to his own. To insure, therefore, the certainty of excluding immoral men, the college should require that the certificate of the applicant be signed only by those of whose right to sign it is, either directly or indirectly, cognizant.

Second. The college officers should exercise more strict supervision over students of evil tendencies. A college officer should not only have a room in each college dormitory, as is now the custom, but he should be especially alert for detecting any disorderly practices committed by the men under his care.

Third. Whenever what is judged to be sufficient evidence is offered that a student is guilty of heinous offences, he should be summarily expelled. By remaining in college he usually takes to himself seven others worse than himself, and his last end, including that of his companions, is worse than his first. The summary expulsion of half a dozen men from certain of our colleges for habitual tippling, would to a large degree wipe out the evil.

Fourth. Students should be, as any citizen, amenable to the civil law. From this law in petty offences custom makes them substantially free. It is only a short time since that a police officer in a college town endeavored to obtain entrance to a room in which he knew disorderly practices were being committed. Defied by the students, he was obliged to appeal to a college professor. The students at one of our colleges flatter themselves with the pleasant fiction that a police officer has no right to venture on to the college campus to arrest a law-breaking student. There is no reason why the municipal law should not touch the disorderly collegian as well as any disorderly citizen. And its force, properly exerted, would undoubtedly allay certain of the evils to which college men are addicted.

Fifth. The moral condition of most colleges would be greatly elevated by more intimate association of the professors and the students. The intimacy of this association is far more easily gained in a small than a large college. But the moral influences with which every college, large as well as small, desires to surround her men, would be vastly augmented by means of personal association of instructors and students. The precise methods that may be adopted for accomplishing this purpose differ in different institutions, but some method should be employed in every college by which the professor can directly influence the moral as well as the intellectual character of his students.

Sixth. It should hardly be necessary to suggest that the moral character of college officers ought to be worthy of the highest respect of the men under their charge. But in certain of our colleges, students are willing to acknowledge that the moral character of some of their professors neither command nor deserve their esteem. A college whose professors are known to be immoral cannot demand moral purity of its Freshman. The upright character of the professor is the first condition for demanding upright character in the student.

Seventh. The seventh and last method that I beg to suggest for promoting the morality of college life is the refusal of his degree to any student of dissipated habits. If it is true, as is currently reported, that Harvard at her last commencement refused to bestow degrees upon certain men on the ground of their notorious dissoluteness, the example may be followed with profit by other colleges. The liability to lose that bit of parchment, for gaining which he is spending four years, acts as a fitting restraint upon the immoral inclinations of any undergraduate.

There are, however, not a few considerations in regard to the moral welfare of our colleges which lighten up the picture that may appear in certain points lamentably dark.

The age of the men on entering college is now, and has been during the century, steadily increasing. With age comes that self-control and that consciousness of responsibility which are the best barriers to dissoluteness. At Harvard the average age of admission is now about eighteen and a half years, and during the last score of years the average has risen six months. (President Eliot's Report for 1874–75.) With this increase of years and of consequent maturity, the risk of temptation into evil habits diminishes.

There was probably, moreover, never a time in the history of American colleges when their standard of scholarship was so high as it is at present. Students are now obliged to work with that carefulness and thoroughness which tend to wean them from dissolute courses. In many colleges they can find no time to be immoral; but in other colleges an increase of the amount of the work would be of use in restraining from vicious indulgences.

The moral condition of American colleges is, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, far superior to the condition of the English Universities of Cambridge, and, judged by Cambridge, of Oxford, also. In his "Five years in an English University," Mr. Bristed says: (Revised Edition of 1874, pp. 413, 414) "The reading [hard-working] men are obliged to be tolerably temperate, but among the rowing men there is a great deal of absolute drunkenness at dinner and supper parties. . . . The American graduate is utterly counfounded at the amount of open profligacy going on all around him at an English University; a profligacy not confined to the rowing set, but including many of the reading men and not altogether sparing those in authority."

Into a condition of such moral depravity American colleges have never fallen; and there is no valid reason to believe they ever will fall into it. *C. F. Thwing.*

THE CREW OF THE SAM WELLER.*

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," "THE JERICHO ROAD," "THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST," ETC.

V.

THE Deacon's hope and promise that the *Sam Weller* would reach New Orleans early enough on Sunday morning to enable the crew to go to church was not verified. The boat lost several hours by grounding on the point of an island near Baton Rouge, so the bells rang for morning service an hour before the spires of the Crescent City were sighted. But the Deacon was not going to disregard any portion of the day merely because he happened to be out of reach of church privileges. The current of the river did not cease running on Sunday, so the old man allowed the boat to drift upon it, but otherwise he observed the day with all possible respect. He appeared on deck, as he had done every Sunday during the trip, clad in the peculiar combination of white linen, black satin and shiny black cloth in which well-to-do church members in the West always made themselves uncomfortable and awkward on Sundays. Usually he displayed his Bible also upon deck, but on this particular day he seemed to have some different form of worship on his mind. The whole crew was on deck, ready to work the boat by means of the great sweeps to that portion of the levee which the Deacon might select. Soole was casting up, for the fiftieth time, a column of figures chalked upon the deck and representing his prospective transaction in coffee; Tanker was

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observing an occasional sugar-house chimney which shot up against the horizon, and idly guessing from which one his own hogshead of sugar might come, while Lugwine lay upon the deck and tenderly caressed the bundle of large bamboo canes cut a few days before. But the Deacon's heart was upon treasures of a different order. He looked upon his stranger hand who stood aloof from the others and seemed to be taking in all of the scenery through his quick bright eyes, and the old man groaned in soul. His own authority over Brown would cease within a very few hours, and then what would become of the fellow? These men who believed so strongly in themselves were of just the sort to go to horse-races, to go to the theater on Sundays, to gamble, even to take part in duels, the Deacon thought with a shudder. Yet what could be done to prevent him? Should he make another effort, and if so, what sort of one? He had tried upon Brown every argument that he had ever heard brought to bear upon any sinner. Certainly they were intellectually correct, for the wisest heads in the church had originally constructed them, and other wise heads had been using them ever since. There was a passage of Scripture that hit Brown exactly, thought the Deacon with a sensation not far removed from satisfaction, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." But it *was* too bad; the Deacon mentally reconstructed the young man's immortal part as he stood there staring at him, and groaned to think how able a prayer-meeting leader and how useful a Sunday-school man the church was losing by Brown's perseverance in his willful course. He could easily imagine him standing up in the basement of the little church at Brackelsville, after some familiar hymn had been sung, and making a prayer which, in the distinctness and fervor which could not help characterizing it, would be a perfect shower of refreshing to those who languished in the spiritual desert which was so feebly watered by the brethren who had the matter in charge—the Deacon would admit that he himself was no more able than the rest.

But the boat drifted along, and the little villages adjoining the Crescent City on the north were sighted, and the Deacon's thoughts drifted on until they grew desperate. He had pleaded steadily with this man without success; was there anything left to be done but to warn him? And how much attention was he likely to pay to any warning, this man who believed principally in himself? No, the Deacon thought it better to speak to him kindly and avoid religious topics entirely, trusting to leave behind him, at the last, something to make the young man's memory of him kinder than it was likely to be while it consisted principally of unpalatable religious exhortations. The Deacon approached Brown, and said:

"You're at liberty to leave whenever you like after the boat reaches shore, you know, for the cargo is sold, an' the consignees' watchman will take charge as soon as we get to the levee. You're welcome to make your home aboard as long as you're in the city and the boat ain't pulled to pieces,* though I s'pose naturally you'll look up better accommodations. An' I want to say to you, knowin' it's your just due, an' hopin' it'll give you some satisfaction to know it, that you've been the best flatboat hand I've ever had in my life."

"Thank you; thank you," responded Brown cheerily. "I've tried to do my duty, but I'd no idea that I'd succeeded so well. I guess I'll leave the boat, however, when we go ashore, for I may be able to find some people in the city whom I know."

"I s'pose," ventured the Deacon, looking directly into the water, as if Brown were swimming alongside, "that we won't see you at Brackelsville again?"

"I don't know, really," said Brown, "my plans are not formed as definitely as I should like them to be. I may remain here, but I think I shall return to the East."

"Well," said the Deacon, "come an' see us; come to my house if you go West any time; I'll promise not to talk religion to you always, as I know I *have* done on this trip. I didn't mean to worry you—"

"Oh, don't apologize," laughed Brown. "Business is business, and religion is one of

* Flatboats are unable to re-ascend the river and are therefore sold as old lumber, and are broken up.

your businesses. You attend to it ably, too; don't imagine that your failure to capture me is due to any lack of ability or effort on your part."

"Why, thank you, that's kindly any way," said the old man, hoping anxiously that the recording angel had been listening to the conversation and had taken note of it. "But I want to ask *one* favor of you; if you ever *do* experience a change, let me know, won't you? 'Twould be an *awful* comfort to me that so smart a fellow was on the good ship Zion with me."

"You shall know in such a case, I promise you," said Brown with a smile.

The city had now begun to disclose itself, and a very grateful view it was to men who had for weeks floated through the lonely wildernesses of the lower Mississippi. The *Sam Weller* was slowly worked up to the levee in the upper part of the river, above the almost endless line of smoking steamboats, and one of the consignees' clerks came aboard, and the Deacon formally turned the boat over to him. Brown dropped down the ladder, seized his portmanteau, re-ascended, exclaimed, "Good morning, gentlemen," to his more leisurely messmates, and was ashore before any one recovered from their astonishment at his haste.

"Don't seem to want to continner the acquaintance," remarked Soole to Tanker, as their late fellow-traveler moved rapidly aeross the wide street called "the levee."

"Well, then, nuther do I," growled Tanker; "though seein' I let him into the way of makin' money on sugar he might just have shook hands with me."

Lugwine was too much astonished to say anything, but his wits were busily engaged in taking in the change in the situation; the result was that he sprang ashore himself, and chased his retiring messmate with an agility which no one would have believed him capable of. Brown had just struck the pavement, and was regaining the New Yorker's own step and realizing how long it had been since he had taken it, when a man ran rapidly up to him and clapped him on the shoulder. The defaulter shrunk away from the touch and dropped his portmanteau from pure fright.

"I didn't mean to scare you," said Lugwine, "but I don't know the ways of the town, an' I haven't got an extra cent no how, an' you ain't the kind of feller that smokes pipes ashore; couldn't you spare me some of your extra smokin' tubbaker?"

Brown recovered his color and his self-possession, and handed Lugwine his tobacco pouch.

"There," said he, "now keep sober on the way back, and be a better husband when you get home. Your wife is too good for you. But wait—come along with me a little way."

The astonished Bottomite followed in silence. What did Brown know about him and his wife? Like enough that sneaking Tanker and troublesome Soole and infernal old Deacon had been telling lies about him. Why *couldn't* folks mind their own business? But where was Brown taking him? Could it be—oh, sweet heaven!—could it be that Brown was going to stand treat? The old wretch's whole nature was alive in an instant at the mere thought of such a thing.

The couple walked on until they reached a street containing small shops, all open, as was customary in New Orleans on Sunday. Brown entered one of these, in which a number of people of various colors were chattering and bargaining: here he purchased a small, cheap bright-colored shawl, and handed it, wrapped, to Lugwine, saying:

"Please give this to your wife with my compliments: good-bye."

Brown walked rapidly away, while Lugwine stood at the store-door with eyes nearly as large as saucers, and watched the retreating figure. Slowly the Bottomite found his tongue, and then he drawled:

"Well, I'll be durned! I might have knowd from his cut that he was a ladies' man, but I never would have 'llowed that Almiry wuz just the style that he liked. She *is* a fine woman though—I can lick any cuss that says she ain't. I *hev* licked fellers when she was a gal, just for sayin' their gals took the shine off of her. Now I come to remember, she wuz kinder took by him that mornin' that the boat started. I hope he ain't a goin' to come back an' try to cut me out! Sends her a present by me too—

me—her husband! An' a shawl! Wonder what put it into his head! *I* never thought to give her a shawl. Well, I'll be durned!"

The crew of the *Sam Weller*, Brown excepted, reached Brackelsville in due time, and the Deacon, who arrived a fortnight later than the others, having tarried in New Orleans to look after some little speculations of his own, sought the store of his employer. Uncle Berryman happened to be without customers when the old man entered, and greeted his pilot heartily.

"Good mornin', Deacon," said he; "glad to see you back. First-rate trip wasn't it? No leaks, no wrecks, no towin' to be paid for. Ah, the Lord seems to have smiled on that cargo; do you know I got half a cent a pound more for my pork than anybody else in this town did?"

"I'm glad to hear it," said the Deacon.

"Yes," said Uncle Berryman, gleefully, "got the offer by mail, as I wrote you, while the other fellows, who hauled to the river an' shipped by steamboat, got to market earlier, had heavier freight expenses to stand, and sold cheaper after all. I tell you what 'tis Deacon, 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.' What did you pay that stranger feller, when it came to settlin?"

"Twenty dollars, as we agreed to do," replied the Deacon.

"Sho!" exclaimed the store-keeper, his spirits drooping somewhat. "I hoped you might get him to think it over again and get him to take fifteen."

"He earned his money," said the Deacon; "I never knew a better flatboat hand."

"Well," said the store-keeper, with a conservative air, "that's no reason why he should get more than he was willin' to take. Oh, I forgot—how did you get along with him an' the other fellow that you was goin' to convert. I *know* about how much you did for Lugwine, for the old reprobate went on an awful tear as soon as he got home, an' was put in jail for fightin'. P'raps you *did* give him a Presbyterian convertin'—there's some kinds of convertin' that don't strike in very deep. By the way, there's been a precious outpouring of the Sperrit in town since you left; mebbe you've heard of it. Lots of sinners have been gathered into the ark of safety, an' there's more a-comin'. It's kinder simmered down now, but there's a prayer-meetin' kept up every night; all the churches jine in it. You'd better come around; mebbe you can bring old Lugwine into the fold yet if you have us Methodists to help you."

The store-keeper's slurs upon denominations other than his own were not sufficient to keep the Deacon away from general religious services, so promptly at half-past seven he walked into the Methodist church where the union meetings were held, and took a seat well forward among the godly. The service did not seem to the Deacon to differ much from the regular weekly prayer-meetings of his own church. The flood of excitement had subsided, the noisy eddies which had whirled sinners about in previous meetings had quieted, and the drift-wood, both good and bad, which every flood brings to torment both friend and foe until it is caught and put where it will do the most good, had been left high, dry and lonesome by the lowering flood. The hymns were much the same as those which were sung in the Deacon's own prayer-meetings; the prayers offered by habitual prayer-meeting men of different churches, bore a strong family resemblance to each other, and to collections of favorite passages of Scripture; and the audience would have been recognized anywhere as a prayer-meeting audience—a body which was remarkable principally for the absence of those who most needed to be prayed for and those who needed most to pray. Outside the door and windows lounged several men, young and old, who had come as escorts to women, but who cared not to follow their mates within the sanctuary. Among these was old Lugwine, and he leaned against the frame of a window which commanded a view of his wife, and particularly of her new shawl, which he considered about the finest article of female attire in the State. The old man occasionally varied his position to relate to the other loungers some reminiscences of the flatboat trip, and the place and occa-

sion reminded him to tell, with great glee, how the Deacon had tried to convert the stranger hand, and how he got harder knocks than he gave. Through the open windows came the sound of both praise and prayer, and both sounded dismal to the loungers.

Finally, after the usual number of prayers and hymns, the leader of the meeting announced that an opportunity would now be given to any who felt moved to speak. A voice, strange to most of the persons present, but familiar to the Deacon, was heard, beginning:

"My friends." The Deacon hurriedly twisted his neck, and saw, standing in a back seat, his late flatboat hand, Walter Brown. Lugwine espied him at the same instant, and his surprise caused him to ejaculate in a tone loud enough to be heard throughout the room:

"Well, I'll be durned!"

"My friends," said the strange speaker, "I am unknown to most of you, but I have a word to say to those who profess to serve God and desire to bring others unto Him. I have long been a member of an Evangelical church elsewhere. I accepted religion logically, and have urged it upon many another man in the same manner. Then I fell from the position I had occupied, or fancied I did, in the church. I left my home, and believed myself abandoned, for good cause, by my friends. I learned what a hypocrite I had been, and I endeavored to preserve my pride by sacrificing my belief in the religion in which I had professed to believe, and was succeeding quite well, in spite of the efforts which a very good man in your midst made to lead me back again. After he had employed all argument—the ablest argument—unsuccessfully upon me, I was still abasing myself, and uprooting my faith in what was good, when I accidentally discovered that an old woman who was under no obligations to me—whom I had barely seen, in fact—out of pure sorrow for the condition of mind in which she had detected me to be, was praying for me. *This* truth I could not shake off or forget, that some one, and not a being of high order, but one of your own Bottomites, cared enough for me, a stranger, to disquiet her own heart for my sake. I have had Christ preached at me in every conceivable way, my friends, ever since my boyhood; but I really learned to comprehend Him for the first time, through this low type of humanity, but high form of human unselfishness. I have come all the way back from New Orleans just to look at a being who cared this much for me, and who has made plain to me the nature of a greater Being whom all other teachers have expounded to me in vain. And I beg to impress upon you the truth which this experience has impressed upon me—that unselfish human lives are the best means of teaching to men the nature of God, in whose likeness they are made."

Brown seated himself, and Mrs. Lugwine, of whose presence he was ignorant, wept silently and happily to herself in the extreme corner of a back seat. There was a movement near the door, and then the voice of old Lugwine was heard exclaiming:

"I weaken; if you've got *him*, there ain't no chance outside for *me*."

Some of the brethren left their seats and gathered around the old sinner, while Brown pressed close to him, whispered, "Ask your wife," and disappeared.

Some days later the directors of the Domestic Bank, having transacted the business for which they had assembled in one of their regular meetings, indulged in considerable desultory grumbling about small depositors, customers who were too urgent for discounts, securities which had gone down when the bank held them, and gone up while the bank should have held them, when there appeared in their midst their defaulting teller. Every one was too much surprised to speak, though one clear-headed old fellow took the precaution to slip behind the young man, lock the door, and remove the key. There seemed at first to be some doubts, either as to the identity of the intruder or that of the lookers-on, but at length the president remarked sternly,

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir," replied the young man meekly.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"Where is our money?"

"Gone."

"Then you shall go to prison."

"I suppose so."

"What did you come back for? Who brought you?"

Nobody; I came of my own accord. I came to be punished, as I supposed I deserved to be."

"Much good that will do us, who have to lose the money you stole," growled one director.

"I've nothing to offer but myself, gentlemen," said the defaulter. "I've brought myself here from two thousand miles away, so that you might satisfy yourself with me in any way you could."

"Why, I believe the rascal has got religion," exclaimed the president, after surveying his late employé critically for a moment or two.

"That's it, sir," said the young man.

"Get out, then," said the official; "go somewhere where you can be of some use; the bank's too good for you, but jail's too bad." And he went.

THE END.

DR. FRANKLIN'S INVESTMENT.

DR. Benjamin Franklin is commonly regarded as a shrewd, prudent man, who was so wise in worldly matters that his wisdom settled into aphorisms still quoted and often relied upon for small change when one is making a present of good advice to the young. Probably the character of no other historic American has been so clearly written out in men's minds, yet I suspect that few have appreciated the large element of imagination which it possessed. No doubt this imagination was closely connected with his vigorous hope, his confidence in the promise of America, and his clear conception of what constituted the element of well-being in the State. At any rate the codicil to his will discloses all this.

Franklin held very firmly to the conviction that in a democratic State there ought to be no office of profit; and accordingly he had devoted his salary as President of the State of Pennsylvania to the assistance of churches, colleges, schools and in similar directions; when he came to make his will, a portion of this salary, amounting to something over two thousand pounds, was still due, and he directed that it should be expended upon a plan for making the river Schuylkill navigable. But a year later he had pleased himself with a fine scheme for the public benefit, so he revoked this bequest, especially as he found it would be some time before it could be used, and directed the two thousand pounds to be paid over, in equal portions to Boston and to Philadelphia, to be used by each town in the same way, and for the same purpose.

The thousand pounds in each case was to constitute a fund from which loans were constantly to be made at an ordinary rate of interest to young married mechanics, who had been apprentices in the town, and could produce two respectable securities. Franklin, now in his eighty-fourth year, and comfortably placed, recalled the pinched years of his youth, and how greatly he was assisted, when he set up for himself in Philadelphia, by loans of money from two friends there. It seemed to him that he could create a perpetual fund which would at once go on accumulating and at the same time render assistance to young men who repeated his youth. He guarded the gift quite carefully. In Boston it was to be managed by the selectmen of the town, together with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian, Congregational and Presbyterian churches in the town, and assuming that it would always be possible to find public-spirited men who would oversee the fund and its distribution, free of charge, he directed that no portion of it should ever be diverted from the main object. Then the recipients of the loan were to be not over

twenty-five years of age, and great care was to be taken in the selection of them; the amount of each loan was not to exceed sixty nor fall below fifteen pounds, and in order that the sum available might not be too long locked up, he required that each borrower should pay, with the yearly interest, one-tenth part of the principal.

Franklin, by this device, conceived that he would not only benefit a steadily increasing number of worthy young men, but that the sum being always out at interest, and the interest being steadily added to the principal, the fund would constantly grow. He suggested that little by little, the people of Boston might invite other towns of Massachusetts to share in the benefit of the loans; but his imagination took a bolder flight, being helped to it by his favorite practice of computation. The old man, looking upon the youth of the nation which he had done so much to establish and recalling, perhaps, his own famous calculation as to the future population of the United States, sat down and computed how much his thousand pounds would amount to at the end of a hundred years from that day; and then, pleased with the looks of his sum, he did another one and computed for another hundred years' growth; but being a man who kept his imagination within bounds, he stopped at that point, and decided that the trust which he created should expire before the beginning of the twenty-first century.

"If this plan is executed," he says in the codicil, "and succeeds as projected without interruption for one hundred years, the sum will then be one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds, of which I would have the managers of the donation to the town of Boston then lay out, at their discretion, one hundred thousand pounds in public works, which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants; such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence. The remaining thirty-one thousand pounds I would have continued to be let out on interest, in the manner above directed, for another hundred years, as I hope it will have been found that the institution has had a good effect on the conduct of youth, and been of service to many worthy characters and useful citizens. At the end of this second term, if no unfortunate accident has prevented the operation, the sum will be four millions and sixty-one thousand pounds sterling; of which I leave one million sixty-one thousand pounds to the disposition of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, and three millions to the disposition of the Government of the State, not presuming to carry my views farther."

Possibly this vision, which could not help pleasing the old gentleman as he saw his modest thousand pounds swelling into such vast proportions, and doing all manner of benevolence on the way, was after all a little more magnificent than his shrewd sense would be prepared to admit in the case of any one else; for we find that he utters a half doubt of its becoming realized, when he adds the clause: "Considering the accidents to which all human affairs and projects are subject in such a length of time, I have, perhaps, too much flattered myself with a vain fancy that these dispositions, if carried into execution, will be continued without interruption and have the effect proposed. I hope, however, that if the inhabitants of the two cities should not think fit to undertake the execution, they will, at least accept the offer of these donations as a mark of my good will, a token of my gratitude, and a testimony of my earnest desire to be useful to them after my departure."

Both Boston and Philadelphia accepted the trusts; and as the hundred years since Franklin's death is drawing to a close, it is worth while for the expectant heirs to inquire what sort of an estate will fall to to them. The history of the fund in Boston is recorded in the various acts of town meeting, and after the incorporation of the city, in the acts of the Board of Aldermen and trustees of the fund. The operation of the fund was to be two-fold; to aid young mechanics setting up in trade, and to accumulate as a fund for public works. Franklin died April 17, 1790, and at a town

meeting held in Boston, May 25, of the same year, the donation was accepted, and a committee appointed to take necessary action. The Selectmen received the money early in 1791, and proceeded to put it in use, but they were somewhat disturbed by the fact that there was no Presbyterian Church in Boston then, young or old; however they joined to themselves the ministers of King's Chapel, the oldest Episcopal Church, and of the Old Brick Church, the oldest Congregational Church, now known as the First Church, and so formed a board of trustees. They drew up a form of bond to be given to applicants, bought a set of books and advertised for young married mechanics of twenty-five years or under. They had apparently a good many applications, and they did not accept all; they perceived some liability to slackness in making payments also, for after voting that punctuality was requisite, they ordered to be inserted in the *Centinel* and *Independent Chronicle* three weeks, this advertisement:

"FRANKLIN'S DONATION.

Those persons who borrowed monies from the Trustees of Franklin's donation are hereby reminded of the vote of the Trustees that punctuality is expected in their payments, as otherwise their bonds will be put in suit without delay. Payments must be made to THOMAS EDWARDS."

The first loans were made May 3, 1791, to a bricklayer, a cordwainer, and a silversmith, in sums of $266 to the first, and $200 to each of the others; twenty-seven persons in all received loans during the year, the latest being a distiller, in August. Of these persons two were bricklayers, two housewrights, one a tanner, one a cabinet-maker, one a silversmith, two hair-dressers, two founders, two coopers, one a glazier, three cordwainers, three blacksmiths, one a baker, two jewelers, one a saddler, one a tallow chandler, and one a distiller, so that a great variety of trades was represented. The whole amount loaned was $4,544, an average of about $168 to each person, the largest sum loaned being $266, and the smallest $67. In evidence of the caution with which application was received, it may be noted that all the above loans were paid in full with two exceptions. It is not stated whether they were all paid by the applicants themselves or by their sureties; but the significant fact is given that up to a recent time seven-eighths of the repayments were made by the sureties. If any one chooses he may deduce from this that those who thought they needed such help were not the most industrious and capable, but the ne'er-do-weels.

The most noticeable fact, however, is that Franklin's first intention in his investment was defeated, not so much by the inherent defect of providing aid for those who could not help themselves, but by the gradual disappearance of the class that came within the terms of the provision. At the outset, when the fund was only about $5,000, nearly the whole amount was loaned to twenty-seven persons. From 1791 to 1811 the number of loans was 164; in the twenty-five years following, it was 91; in 1836 there were thirteen bonds out; in 1866 when Boston had increased immensely in population and the fund was twenty times as large as at first, there was but one bond out, for $80. The number has indeed increased a little since that. Last year seven persons received assistance, this year nine. It is not impossible that ignorance of the fund prevents some from applying, but it is also true that, with the rapid increase of population there has yet been a decrease in the number of young married artificers, who have been apprenticed in Boston, and can produce two respectable sureties, if they would borrow the sum of two or three hundred dollars with which to set up in business. The apprentice system has been dying out, partly through a wider social distance between master and pupil, forbidding the old fashioned mode of having the apprentice live with his master; partly through the breaking up of the trades by the introduction of machinery into subdivisions of trade; partly through trade unions which discourage apprenticeship; partly through a disinclination to enter mechanic life, since it offers less chance apparently for a rapid fortune, and partly through what some one has called "a constitutional aversion of the race to being

bound to anybody to do anything." No one can look back upon society as it existed when Franklin made his will, and compare it with the complex organization of the present day, with its over-crowded cities, and not feel that the old-fashioned simple relation of master and apprentice has a small chance of asserting itself. Franklin fancied he was providing for a large succession of young men who would repeat his experience; he could not foresee the rapid growth of society away from the old lines. Democracy, steam, quickly changing fortunes, public schools,—all these have rubbed out many marks which in his day seemed firmly set. I have my own notion as to how the evil of a decline of the apprentice system is to be remedied, but I will not speak of it here.

Meanwhile, the secondary object of Franklin's investment seems more likely to be effected. The fund of a thousand pounds has had excellent care and has quietly rolled up for future use. The wise guardianship given it has both prevented loss from unsafe loans and has placed it where it could increase most steadily and securely. There have been but seven treasurers of the Fund since the beginning, and one of these, William Minot, an honored citizen of Boston, held the office for fifty-five years, without compensation and with such wise care that the Fund had increased from the sum of $9,000 to $111,000. The latest report, that for February 1, 1878, shows the amount at that date to be $229,726.40.

It is interesting to calculate what the chance is of the fund reaching in 1892 the amount which Dr. Franklin ciphered out a hundred years or so before. A writer in the *Boston Advertiser* in 1856 made a calculation that at the then rate of increase, the amount would fall short of Franklin's estimate by $151,200, which looked rather sorry; and he proposed that higher interest should be procured, and also that some public-spirited person other than himself should add a donation of $3,726 which would suffice, with its interest, to bring the amount to the desired point. But it has turned out better than the writer then feared, for there was a rapid increase in the principal investment at the close of the war; and now, if the present rate of interest continues, and there is no loss of principal, the year 1892 will see the total about $525,000 or say $56,000 less than the amount calculated a hundred years before. There is little doubt that this deficiency would not have existed, but that the sum would have exceeded Franklin's calculation, if the managers had given, prior to 1816, the care which was bestowed on the investment after that date. Still, considering the chances that the whole fund would be frittered away early in the century, the present showing is not unfavorable.

What would have happened under mismanagement is clearly shown by the experience of Philadelphia. That city received precisely the same donation, under the same restrictions as Boston. Being a city while Boston was a town, Franklin named the corporation as trustees, and made the suggestion that the money at the end of a hundred years should be employed in bringing by pipes the water of Wissahickon Creek into the city; because, as he naively remarks, he has noticed that in old towns the drainage of the city finally renders the water in the wells impure. He makes this proposition in case the work is not done before. Philadelphia has long been supplied with water, but if it had waited until Franklin's fund was large enough, it would have had to wait a good while beyond 1891.

A report was made of the condition of the fund in 1837, from which it appears that up to that time, the fund had been borrowed by one hundred and ninety-three persons, against the two hundred and fifty-five in Boston, up to the same time. The fund was then in the hands of one hundred and twelve beneficiaries, "of whom nineteen," says the report, "have paid neither principal nor interest, although the accounts of some of them have been open for a period of thirty-four years. Ninety other persons stand indebted in sums from $21 to $292; and three, having borrowed within the year, were not, at the last mentioned date, liable to any demand by the trustees. Of these one hundred and nine cases of non-compliance with the terms of the will, fifty-eight bonds may be subject to a plea of the statute of limitation, and the rest are still

valid." The amount at which the fund was then estimated was $16,191.92. In 1872 it stood at $53,150. Later statements I have not seen. The aggregate in Boston at that date was $160,911.15, or three times the amount.

The official report made in Philadelphia, from which I have drawn the above statement concludes: "Had the requirements of the will been, in former years, fully complied with, the operation of the fund at this day would be sensibly felt by the mechanics of Philadelphia. Passing from one borrower to another, and increasing in a compound ratio, its effects would be to stimulate useful industry, which, without such capital, would have remained unproductive. It would have increased the number of those who do business on their own stock. It would be a standing lesson on the immutable connection between capital and productive industry, thus constantly inciting to economy and prudence. It would have become the reward of every faithful apprentice, who could look forward to a participation in its benefit. It is deeply to be regretted that this state of things, which had so captivated the imagination of Franklin that he devoted a portion of his hard-earned wealth to realize it for the mechanics of Philadelphia, should, in the emphatic language of his will, prove 'a vain fancy.'"

After all, the story of this investment of Franklin's proves, as so many others have, the extreme peril of placing limitations upon a bequest which is to be operative for many generations after the death of the testator. The fund now at the disposition of the trustees in Boston might undoubtedly serve just the purpose Franklin desired, if he had not expressly limited it to a particular class which can now scarcely be said to exist. If it could be used to start capable young men in trade, irrespective of their having served an apprenticeship in Boston, there would be many more who could avail themselves of it. Meanwhile, we wait with such patience as we can for 1891, to see in what public works Boston will then expend the accumulation. Few of us, I fear, will be present to enjoy the unlocking of the box in 1991 when Boston is to have its five million and odd dollars, and Massachusetts its fourteen million and more. *Horace E. Scudder.*

A MAY-FLOWER.

The haunting spirit of the May
  Inhabits all the woodland ways—
A subtle presence in the air,
A finer quickening everywhere,
  A presage of the royal days
That even now are drawing near,
  When earth puts on her robe of praise,
When perfect love doth banish fear,
  And heavy hearts are glad and gay.

The dead leaves lie beneath my feet,
  But here and there come pushing through
The lovely hints of future bloom:
Young shoots that wear an olive gloom
  Above their green so fresh and new;
And some are tipped with rose and pearl,
  And here in the old rendezvous,
All blushing like a startled girl,
  I find, at last, a May-flower sweet.

I spare it with a reverent hand,
  Far in its sheltered nook to hide:
It seems a consecrated thing,
This first fair blossom of the Spring,
  More dear to me than all the pride
That Summer's lavish beauty gives
  When every sense is satisfied:
A grace of soul within it lives—
  A charm too deep to understand!

Elizabeth W. Denison.

WAYS AND MEANS.

We have had a fair in our town. You needn't ask me for particulars of time, place or circumstance. I am not going to tell where our town is on the map; or whether we held our fair for the benefit of the A. B. C. F. M. or the P. O. C. T. A., or any other national, alphabetical, charitable machine. Neither shall I tell what, if any, local interest induced our "leading women" to turn shopkeepers in their best clothes. It might have been to carpet the church parlors; or to fresco the church itself; or to get up an Old Woman's Home or an Orphans' Refuge; or it might have been to save an old historic landmark from the vandalism of church greed and trade monopoly. Whatever it was, our cause was a good one and we made plenty of money.

But—such a time as we had on the last evening of our fair! That is what I am going to tell you about.

In order that you may understand it I must tell you first about our leading women; for, of course, it was the women who made the fair. Men never do such things. I have noticed, however, that they take funds raised in that way very readily from the "Ladies' Auxiliaries."

Well, our President was Mrs. Lesley, and she is the grandest woman I ever knew. Still you can't feel really comfortable and happy with her always. Every once in a while she will make you feel just as mean and small as if you had committed some crime, when you have only just been living like other folks.

Our Secretary was Mrs. Gray—she is Mrs. Lesley's husband's sister—and they made me, Mrs. Busybody, Treasurer. We three really did the work. The rest of the Executive Committee said Yes or No just as we told them, and helped carry out our plans.

And if I do say it, neither of the others worked as hard as I did. For John—that's my husband—isn't rich as their husbands are, and I only hire one girl and do almost all my own sewing. Of course I don't have a carriage to drive round in, as they do, and our streets are dreadfully muddy in bad weather. Such tramps as I took on that fair business! John says I shall not get over it all winter.

Well, when we met to talk over the matter at first, the Executive Committee went to Mrs. Lesley's house. I saw that our President and Secretary were not likely to agree about the management of things. Although they are so closely connected by marriage they are just as unlike as it is possible for two women to be who both have seal-skin sacques and camel's-hair shawls. Mrs. Gray is a beauty, and can be charming. She is very haughty though; prides herself on her family and position. She is very benevolent; always gives the most of anybody to our Missionary Society. But I don't believe she would have a woman for a friend who worked for her living on any account. It is hard work for her to treat *me* as well as I want her to. But she likes to come over to my house and get me to show her about fancy-work; and I often trim up her parlors

with flowers when she has company; she says I do it better than any florist, and Mrs. Gray has exquisite taste. Besides I have a cousin who lives in Paris, and I have just the choicest patterns of any woman in Blanktown, if I am not rich. I always like to lend, and help plan dresses and all that; so on the whole Mrs. Gray calls me her "very dear friend, Mrs. Busybody,—such a valuable person." I see through her well enough, but I like her in spite of her selfishness; she is so capable and shrewd, and can put anything through she undertakes just elegantly.

Mrs. Lesley is called peculiar. She does not go very much into society, although she entertains guests for weeks at her house, any quantity of them. She picks her friends just where she chooses. Her most intimate acquaintance in Blanktown is the Kindergarten teacher who lives next door to me, and she even invites shop-girls to tea!

Well, when we began to talk about the fair the difference in these two women showed itself plainly enough. I can't stop to tell you just how. You'll see when I get to that last evening. I, you must know, stood rather between them; and things went as I turned the scale, sometimes according to the President's wish, and sometimes according to the Secretary's. The truth is, I can get up the kind of enthusiasm for moral principles that Mrs. Lesley talks so much about as quickly as any one can; and always when she is making her splendid little speeches I believe every word she says. But when I find, as we did in this fair business, that being so particular takes off all the profits, and sometimes seems to block up the way entirely, I confess I veer round a little. I am quite apt in such cases to side with Mrs. Gray, who *does* always have common sense to rest on, and who said very forcibly, I thought, at our stormiest Committee meeting, that "when people were devoting themselves to a great patriotic or benevolent work they must waive some of their personal scruples if they wished success."

You see the great question was, Should we have raffles, and guess-prizes, and all that sort of thing? Mrs. Lesley said no, in her most emphatic manner. She claimed that such things were gambling, and we should never be able to urge young men to be honorable in all their dealings, if we encouraged the gaming spirit in the community.

Mrs. Gray thought "her dear sister"—she always calls her sister-in-law that when she feels hateful toward her—"very much exaggerated the moral importance of the question. This was a practical matter of methods; and the legitimate enquiry was how could we raise the largest sum in aid of so and so, in the quickest and easiest manner. If we had a fair at all, and wished it to be successful, we must manage it as other great fairs had been managed. She herself had already begged a handsome sleigh, and a set of furniture, and other costly gifts which could not be disposed of except by raffle. Of course, if our President"—(I always *did* think Mrs. Gray thought she ought to have been made President, and I was sure of it now by the emphasis she put on *President*)—"vetoed raffling, she should be under the painful necessity of returning to the donors these valuable gifts."

Mrs. Lesley looked over at me and asked what I thought about it. I felt miserably undecided when she appealed to me. I really believed just as she did that we ought to set a good example in this business if we were going into it. But on the other hand, I had set my heart on making money at this fair, and I knew it would cripple us fearfully if Mrs. Gray should get offended. Besides she did seem right about the practical part, if not the moral. So I did what always makes me feel like a fool; just stood on the fence, mumbled over something about honoring our President's scruples, and sharing them, to some extent, but still feeling that our cause demanded money and we must sacrifice everything for it.

Mrs. Lesley looked over at me in her most piercing way and said, "So I understand Mrs. Busybody to mean that our cause demands of us the sacrifice of principles?"

Of course I said No; but still I rather threw my influence on Mrs. Gray's side.

Well, the Committee were at first about evenly divided. But Mrs. Gray talked them all pretty well over to her view, and we decided to have raffles. And we did have

them, on a scale beyond anything I ever heard of!

Our fair lasted a whole week. Poor John didn't have one of his favorite little puddings for a month. I always do my nice cooking myself. Of course the girl had all she could attend to with Johnnie to look after, and everything to see to while I was away so much on this fair business.

But John is the best man in the world. He never said one complaining word till the very last day, as I sipped my coffee at the breakfast table—I was too tired to eat a morsel—he says, "Kitty, is this the last day of the fair?"

"Yes" said I, "thank Heaven! I believe another day would kill me."

"Well," he returned, "I am not quite clear about Johnnie's mother having a right to kill herself over a fair. And I shall not be sorry to have a wife once more, of an evening, myself."

I was so tired and nervous I burst right out crying at that. And John tried to comfort me, bless his heart! He said he didn't mean to blame me, and was just as good as he always is when I have been doing and doing until I'm all worn out.

I was not the only tired woman in Blanktown I can tell you! You never saw such a jaded looking set of table-tenders as we were that last evening, in your life; and cross—my patience! Even Mrs. Lesley, who is generally too sweet-tempered, and Mrs. Gray, who is generally too lady-like, to be outwardly ruffled, spoke to each other in what I should call rather a snappish manner, if they were not of the aristocracy.

Mrs. Lesley looked sick, and I was real anxious about her. You see we were going to close with a little public meeting. The gentlemen who were to receive our money were to make speeches, and our President was to make a statement of our work. Of course she must not give out till that was over, and I insisted on her going home to rest in the afternoon. I thought then that the worst of her weariness came from her feeling so badly over what seemed to her violation of principle in our fair.

Well, she came back with her eyes as bright as could be, and two little red spots in her cheeks, and that curious set look about her mouth she always has when she is going to do something that is hard to do, and going to do it well. She looked just exactly as she did that night so many years ago, when we girls gave the First Regiment of Blanktown volunteers who left for the war, a silk flag, and she made the presentation speech. She was Mary Noble then, and although we younger girls didn't know it, was engaged to Colonel Lesley.

Mrs. Gray pretended that she disliked the publicity of this formal presentation. I overheard her telling her most intimate friend that "it tried her beyond description to have her dear sister so willing to make an address before a promiscuous audience. She did not consider it quite womanly."

But for the life of me I could not see that it was any more public to make a speech than to march around our largest hall, dressed in old style, before almost our whole town, as we did at the Centennial Tea-Party, and Mrs. Gray, who was President of the Ladies' Centennial Committee, led that herself, dressed magnificently as Martha Washington. Mrs. Lesley would not take part in that at all. She said it was putting our personal charms on exhibition, before all sorts of people, and she was doubtful of its propriety. I, you see, am not so particular as either of them. I am always glad and proud to have Mrs. Lesley make a speech, and I enjoyed that Centennial Tea-Party to the last degree. I went as Priscilla, and John said I looked the sweetest of any woman there, if I wasn't so dashing and elegant as Mrs. Gray. But I shall never get this story told.

We had sold off nearly everything at nine o'clock. We made an auction with the leavings, and they got my John, who is just as witty as he can be, to sell; and he made a world of fun.

At half past nine, Mr. Lesley, who is President of the men's society, of which ours is auxiliary, led his wife up to her seat on the stage. Of course, we had made the platform lovely with flowering plants and bouquets.

Then we had some long, tiresome speeches from the men, full of compliments on our

energy and management. I was sick of it before they stopped. For, if I am not very wise, I know when anybody praises me just for the sake of what they are going to get!

Well, finally Mrs. Lesley's turn came. She stepped forward gracefully, and stood at the front of the platform. She must have looked just like a pink between those high, green, leaf-plants. She is not handsome like her sister-in-law, but she has the sweetest expression!

I would give anything to be able to repeat her speech, word for word. But, dear me! I might just as well undertake to paint a sunset! I can only give you an idea of it.

She began, "Mr. President"—it was her own husband, you know—"it now becomes my duty to render an account of the efforts of the Ladies' Auxiliary in behalf of our common and well-beloved cause; and to deliver into your hands the substantial results of those labors. I had hoped to do this with pride and joy. But, although the pecuniary gain of this fair is unprecedented in our town, and the sum of money I am commissioned to present to you is larger than I had even dreamed it could be, I discharge this crowning obligation of my official position with shame and distress!"

I could hardly believe my ears! I glanced over at Mrs. Gray, and I never saw such a look of astonishment as there was on her face.

Mrs. Lesley went on, her voice getting full of tears, though her eyes were as dry and bright as her diamonds. She said,—in substance, you know, as the reporters say,—that the cause of her shame and distress was her conviction that our fair had been a positive injury to the morals of our town. She said it had trained young, modest girls in bold importunity of men whom they had never met before; it had cultivated in young men that love of games of chance which was filling our gambling saloons with the very flower of our youth. She said, too, that she was convinced that she and her co-laborers had been treating the regular trades-people unfairly. She had overheard one night a conversation between two young men, who had started in the fancy goods business within the last five years. They had spoken together of the terribly hard times which had threatened them with ruin all the past months, and of how much they had depended on the holiday trade to keep their heads above water this winter. And now, they said, these women, who lived in elegant leisure—(I whispered to John, "That don't apply to the Treasurer of the Society, goodness knows!")— these women, who didn't know the value of money any more than children, had gotten up this grand fair. They had, the young men said, begged quantities of goods outright of all the dealers, and had got quantities more at wholesale price, and then sold their splendid and varied assortment below what any retail dealer in town could afford. "Of course," these young merchants said, bitterly, "we cannot compete with fascinating, brilliant women, and bewitching young ladies, who *give* their services, and sell lower than we can import. The consequence of this fair is that the holiday trade we counted on for food and clothing for our families and for business security is gone out of sight."

"My friends," said Mrs. Lesley, "as President of this Association, and hence responsible, I beg your pardon for the injustice we have shown you. It was thoughtlessness; but I am humiliated that women of mature years should need to plead a child's excuse."

Then she went on to say that although it would seem at first sight that no such objection could be raised against the sale of articles made by the ladies themselves, there was one similar, and nearly as strong. She said she knew two or three women whose livelihood was gained by the manufacture and sale of fancy trifles. "If," she went on, "we sold our goods for prices they could make a fair profit on, we should have a right to compete with them. But we beg the materials from our husbands, give our own work, and then undersell every one in the trade who does not have our immense advantages to start with."

Then she spoke of the time and strength we women had put into this fair; how some of us had injured our health, and seriously defrauded our homes of what was due from wives and mothers. My conscience smote

me at that, for I couldn't help thinking how I hadn't read aloud to John for three months, and had pushed Johnnie one side till he was getting to be real troublesome, and to talk just like my girl. I sat there with every bone aching and every nerve trembling with weariness, and knew that I had almost, if not quite, unfitted myself for my winter's work for my dear ones by my labor for this fair.

Well, I can't tell you all she said; but I never heard such an eloquent speech, one so simple, and sad, and truthful. Her husband never took his eyes from her face. He could just see her profile from where he sat.

Before she closed she said that all this over-work on the part of us women; all this unfair competition with the regular trade; all this gambling; all this unwomanly boldness of appeal; all these questionable ways of getting money from people who would never contribute to our cause of their own free will — all were justified, and even praised, on the ground of our object being a good one. It was that sophistry which had beguiled us.

"But," she said—I remember the very words she closed with—"I acknowledge with shame unspeakable, the utter folly of such justification. Can we do clean work with unclean hands? Can we benefit virtue by the same process which tears it down? Can we get a grand result from despicable ways and means? Oh, my sister women, who are so ready to spend and be spent for others' good, let us leave to men the maxims of worldly-wise policy, and selfish compassing of good ends! We who have had motherhood to teach us that the little duties and the constant spirit are of more importance than noisy deeds and occasional exploits—we should know better! I believe that it is of greater moral moment to society that each human being keep his or her separate channels of influence pure and noble all the time, than that any great 'cause' be aided. Better every benevolent public enterprise be retarded in its external growth for lack of money till our children take our places, than that we defraud those children of a soul-inheritance of faithfulness to justice and honor in daily life."

"Gentlemen," she said, turning and bowing to the Executive Committee of men, as she handed her husband the package of money, (it was in a lovely silk case I made myself,) "Gentlemen, here is the fruit of our labors. That unknown portion which would have been ours to give if we had had no fair, but gone about and begged, in a quiet, dignified way from those able and willing to aid our worthy object, I present you with pride, as the result of our honorable efforts. That other unknown, and I fear much larger portion, which we have won through disobedience to both physical and moral laws, I present you with shame, as the result of our dishonorable labors. I pray you gentlemen, praise us no more! We are yet your superiors if you can truthfully commend us for acts which we ourselves despise."

Well, I tell you, I never *heard* so still a stillness as there was in that hall while that brave woman was speaking. Even the boys, who had crowded in because we put the admission down low for the last night, kept as quiet as could be.

You may imagine there was a sensation, though! Some of the women were crying and some were just as angry with Mrs. Lesley as they could be. Mrs. Gray had on her most haughty and disgusted look. I believe she would have left the hall if it hadn't been her own brother's wife, and she knew he would never forgive her if she did.

But I'll tell you how I felt about it. I thought we were all real mean to sit still and let our President take on her own shoulders what she considered so wrong, when she wasn't responsible for it in the least, and had tried in every way to prevent it.

And, if you will believe it, I, who never made a speech in my life, and could not if my life depended on it,—I just rushed forward in the dead, awful pause that followed Mrs. Lesley's last words, and I didn't stop to say "Ladies and gentlemen," or "Mr. President," or anything; but I broke out just as if I had been all alone in our parlor with John and the canary bird, and said: "I'm not going to let our President blame herself in public for what isn't her fault.

She has done everything she could all the way along to make the rest of us do right. I know she would have resigned her office when she saw how things were going, if it had not seemed unkind to leave us to do what we had planned for her share. I believe just as she does about the gambling part, and I don't know but I do all the rest. But I was more anxious to make money than to make it in the most just and honest way. And that's the way with all of us except Mrs. Lesley. Now we are all through, I am as much ashamed of some things as she is. 'But nobody need blame her for anything that has gone wrong!"

You ought to have heard the cheering as I sat down. I was frightened almost into hysterics after I found that I really had spoken in public. John whispered, "You're a brave little cat!"

I didn't dare to look at him, for I was just as near crying as could be. And I couldn't help thinking what a spectacle I should make of myself sobbing on the platform till my eyes and nose were red and swollen, and with nothing but my best lace pocket-handkerchief! I never could cry as the heroines of novels do and look interesting all the while. My tears always make me resemble a boiled lobster.

Well, the end of it all was, Mr. Lesley, whose place it was to respond, and who hadn't known, it seems, what his wife was going to say, couldn't get up any kind of a speech. He just said he could not help agreeing with the President of the Ladies' Auxiliary in most of her estimate of the influences of the fair, but he hoped the ladies wouldn't blame themselves too severely for a fault which they were led into by their zeal for the cause, and which had been so frankly confessed.

Then we had a kind of stiff breaking up. Mrs. Gray left the very first one; she couldn't trust herself to speak to "her dear sister," I know. She will be just as mad with me, too, I suppose; but she'll come round again before spring, I'm sure. For if I am in what she calls "very limited circumstances," I have some nice little garden parties in summer that she doesn't like to miss.

Mrs. Lesley came up to me as I was looking up my china dishes, and said with tears in her eyes: "Dear Mrs. Busybody, I shall never forget it."

Going home John said: "What a magnificent woman that Mrs. Lesley is, Kitty! But I should think it would be a good deal like climbing up Mount Washington all the time to have her for a wife. I'd rather have a little Kitty like you for a steady diet."

"Yes," I said, "John, I know you would; and I am very glad of that. But I feel like a very insignificant valley beside her."

"Never mind, Puss; 'Love is of the valley,'" quoted John.

Tired as I was I had to laugh at that. For John is so matter-of-fact and prosy that I have never been able to make him remember any poem but Tennyson's "Princess;" and the only reason he has kept that in mind enough to quote from it is because I read it to him that summer when he—well, the year before we were married.

Anna C. Garlin.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

In 1831–2 I was residing at Cambridge, pursuing some special studies there, and finding a kind home in the family of Mr. Richard Henry Dana, between whom and myself—though he was my elder by nearly twice ten years—a friendship grew up that has lasted on unbroken for forty-seven years. Of his letters to me I have on my table today one hundred and fifty; the last written in the tremulous hand of one who had entered on his ninety-first year. It was through him that I became acquainted with Mr. Allston, who had left Boston and came to reside in Cambridgeport in 1830—soon after his

marriage with a sister of Mr. Dana. Not far from the house he lived in he had built himself a painting room fitted to receive the canvas of his large picture of Belshazzar's Feast.

Mr. Allston at that time was about fifty years of age; nearly twice as old as myself. But disparity of years did not prevent our becoming friends. Not a week went by without my going to see him; nearly always in company with Mr. Dana. We knew his way of living. It was not a good one for vigorous health and a prolonged old age. He took no exercise; neither walked nor rode. He paid no visits and rarely went from home save to church on Sundays, stopping for a little while after service at Mr. Dana's. On week days, after breakfast, it was his wont to get into his studio where seldom any one ever found admittance. There all day long he painted and smoked until the last gleam of daylight was gone, when he went home to his dinner. That over, he set himself to reading or writing till deep into night—still smoking his sempiternal cigar. He was always, I believe, unaffectedly glad to see us. I have his image vividly before my mind's eye: his face, with its peculiar and I had almost said its wonderful benignity of expression, his voice and its tones so singularly mellifluous, and the clearness and simplicity, the floss-silk-like delicacy and exquisite unconscious choiceness of his language and style of expression;—these things made him one of the most charming talkers I ever listened to. Ah, those nights! No wonder they were so often protracted far beyond the "wicked hour of night" as he was wont to call it. Sometimes he would read to us things he had been writing when we went in. Sometimes too he told us stories about himself and others, and numberless anecdotes about the great artists, poets and thinkers and men of letters in England that he lived so much with when there—West and Reynolds, Wordsworth, Southey, Sir George Beaumont, Fuseli, Charles Lamb and Coleridge. He took also a lively interest in the discussion of all subjects of art and literature, and all questions of philosophy and religion. I wish I had a phonographic record of the talk of those evenings. But I kept no notes or memoranda.

Of the stories he used to tell I remember only two or three. One of these was his "Canada Ghost Story," which I have printed in a disquisition on Dreams, Presentiments and Visions in a recent volume of Essays and Sketches. It is there related substantially as I had it from him; and he himself told it to so many others besides myself and they undoubtedly again to others, that I presume it must be familiar to a good many persons. Still it may be agreeable to some of my present readers if I reproduce it here.

Allston had it from the late Sir George Beaumont, who received it from Barrington the artist, who heard it at Boswell's table as told there by a certain General Wyndham (I think that is the name), who some years before had been in command of a fortress in Canada. He was sitting one day at his dinner-table with his back towards the door of the ante-room. Sir John Sherbrooke, a friend of his, sat at the other end of the table with his face towards the ante-room door. Sitting thus Sir John saw a person in a military undress enter and pass up the dining-room, going towards a bedroom beyond, which had no door but the one communicating with the dining-room, and the windows of which opened upon a perpendicular descent of seventy feet sheer. General Wyndham, meantime, from his position could not see the person until he passed up the dining-room so far as to come within the range of his eye; then he suddenly sprang up exclaiming, "My God! there's my brother!" Wyndham and his friend both followed into the bedroom. *No one was in the room!* [And the notion of any exit from it through the window was not to be entertained.] A memorandum was made of the time of this appearance. Six months afterwards General Wyndham received intelligence of the death of his brother in India. The time of his death was found to tally to a moment with that of the appearance in Canada.

There is a second part to this story related by a Scottish lady, a Mrs. Stewart (I think was the name), who said she knew Sir John

Sherbrooke on his return from India some years after the Canada appearance. He confirmed General Wyndham's story in every particular, and added that in London he frequently saw in the streets a person that strikingly resembled the apparition he had seen in Canada; and one day walking with General Wyndham saw the man again and exclaimed, "There, Wyndham, look at that man!" "Oh," said he, "I know him" (naming him); "he has often been taken for my poor brother from his wonderful likeness to him."

This is the story the Scottish lady told the late Mr Ticknor, who told it to Allston, who told it to me. And I afterwards had it from Mr. Ticknor himself.

In printing this story in the Essay to which I have referred, I concluded by saying: "I have no comments to make upon it and no theories to propound about this or any other similarly remarkable stories. I have only to say with Hamlet, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your *philosophy*.'" But now in writing my recollections of Allston, I am minded to say something more. I remember asking him once, whether he believed this story. To which he replied that Coleridge used to say he did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many of them; that, for his own part, though he had never seen a ghost, yet he was a believer in them in a general way; that is, he was ready to believe in any ghost story that was supported by sufficient evidence; and he jocosely added that Judge Story was the only person he knew of at the present day that was of like mind with himself.

This is not the place to discuss the subject. But I will suggest in a sentence or two what might be said in support of Allston's position.

In the first place, Wyndham and his friend were, it cannot reasonably be doubted, men of veracity and honor. And they testified to an appearance which they said they saw with their own bodily eyes. The appearance must be taken as a matter of fact. So also the coincidence in point of time between the death in India and the appearance in Canada—which is the most remarkable point in the case—must be taken as a matter of fact.

In the next place, as to the explanation of the appearance. On the one hand, the assumption that it was supernatural is something which nobody can demonstrate the impossibility of; and on the other hand, if it be alleged as natural, nothing but conjectures more or less plausible can be offered in support of the allegation; at any rate, it will be hard to find a satisfactory explanation.

But at bottom what matters the question about natural or supernatural? And what difference does it make whether the witnesses saw or only imagined that they saw what they testified to? The appearance was to them certainly an actual appearance. What more can we certainly know?

Among the many anecdotes of Charles Lamb that Allston used to tell there is one which neither Talfourd, nor Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Forster, Barry Cornwall, nor any of Lamb's contemporaries and intimates have made any mention of in their reminiscences of his humorous sayings; and Barry Cornwall expressly says "some of those which have been circulated are apocryphal."

But this is the substance of the story: that at Lamb's house one evening a naval officer of distinction related an incident that took place on board a ship of war which he commanded. During action a cannon ball or a splinter struck a sailor near him on the quarter deck and carried off both his arms. He directed the man to be taken below. On the way another shot carried away both his legs—leaving him a mere trunk. The sailors, believing him dead, instead of taking him below dropped him over the side of the ship, and the officer said he saw the man with upturned face floating for a few seconds on the flapping waves and then sinking from sight! The silence that followed the officer's recital was broken by Lamb's exclaiming in his stammering way: "Overboard! Oh, what a shame! Why, the man mi-might have lived to be an or-or-nament to society."

Such is the story.

A great many persons may think this queer exclamation Lamb-like enough to be

Lamb's, and so give immediate, unquestioning credence to the story. And it must certainly be admitted that "*se non è vero, è ben trovato.*" I am pretty sure Allston did not say he himself was present on the occasion, but that he related the story as one he had been told. Be this as it may, I am quite sure no one can read Barry Cornwall's delightful Memoir without feeling that it was not in Lamb's nature not to be deeply affected by the painful images brought to his mind by such a narration; and that his queer exclamation (if he uttered it) was no mere heartless witticism, but sprang from the very depth and tenderness of his heart. Those who know human nature will understand how this may be the case.

My reverence for Allston as a man was greater than my admiration for him as an artist, for I was better able to judge of him in the former than in the latter character. I am not competent to analyze worthily the quality of his genius, or to criticise such of his pictures as I have seen and somewhat studied. Yet whatever of taste and feeling for art or ability to judge of works of art I am possessed of—and it is not much—I owe mainly to him. Many a fruitful remark had its influence on my mind, and many a bit of good advice he gave me. I remember one in particular and the occasion of it. We went together one day into Boston to look at something on exhibition there. I think it was Greenough's Chanting Cherubs. A good many people were in the room. We stood just beside a knot of persons who were discussing the subject in the technical terms of art. Allston listened in his gentle, placid way. When we came out he said to me: "My young friend, it is an exceedingly hazardous thing for any one to talk of a work of art in a technical way unless he is either an artist himself or has made art a life-long study. If a work tells you anything, awakens any feelings, gives you any impressions which you can express in ordinary language, you need not fear to give expression to them; whether you are right or wrong in your judgment you will not be likely to say anything which a candid and competent connoisseur would find absurd." I have always remembered this piece of advice and acted upon it.

My reverence for Allston as a man was very great. He was a good man, and eminently a gentleman in the true sense of that noble word; a gentleman inside as well as outside, in spirit as well as in manner. The most distinguishing trait in his character, as it seemed to me, was a love of excellence as pure as it was intense. There is a sentence in Fuseli's lectures which I saw for the first time as penciled by Allston on the door of a commode in his studio: "No genuine work of art ever was or can be produced but for its own sake." Underneath this Allston had written the following comment: "If an artist love his art for its own sake he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of true love." This beautiful utterance is a true exponent of his gentle and noble spirit. He delighted in the excellence of others of whatever sort, not only in works of art, but in every good product of the mind, and especially in the personal character and conduct of his fellow men. He never detracted from the merit of others, but had a hearty, generous joy in praising it. As to his own works, he cared far more for excellence than for the reputation of it. In short I never knew a more pure, simple-hearted, right-hearted and kind-hearted man. He never uttered a cynical or ill-natured word, and I do not believe a mean, ungenerous feeling ever entered his bosom.

From the time when I left Cambridge in 1832, I did not see Mr. Allston again until 1837. But I find among my papers a letter from him written in 1836, when I was at Bristol College. From its contents I infer that I must have proposed to him to become one of the regular contributors to the *New York Review*, which I was then preparing to establish. I print some extracts from it:

Cambridgeport 3 May 1836

My dear Sir:

I am so much ashamed when I think how long I have neglected you that I know not what to say in my defence: so I must e'en throw myself on the mercy of the court; which I do the more readily, knowing that I am in the hands of a kind-

hearted judge. . . . . When Mr. Dana told you that I had "a horror of letter writing," he told you no more than the truth—of which I suppose you do not now doubt. Indeed, as I once said to an old correspondent, no mad dog ever had a greater horror of water, than I have of letters—that is, when I have to write them. . . . . But in sober truth, my dear sir, I fully intended to have replied to your kind letter long ago. But I was soon after incapacitated for writing; for I was called to meet one of the severest afflictions I have known. . . . . But I will say no more. I take it for granted that you have already forgiven my remissness.

I beg you to accept my thanks, both for the compliment implied, and the benefit intended in your proposal; but I regret to say in reply that it is quite out of my power to avail myself of it. My professional duties leave me very little leisure for writing; now and then only a few hours in the evening; and these snatches of leisure have already been forestalled by a work on my art which I have had in hand for some time. As I suffer nothing—not even a collateral pursuit—to interfere with my profession, this work has necessarily gone on slowly. When it will be completed I know not; nor do I much care; it serves as a friend of mine once said, as "something to be kind to," while in progress, with which I am content: besides, it makes me sometimes a traveler from this *sublime* place, inasmuch as it carries me over many miles of thought; which by the way I begin in my old age to think is the only kind of traveling that rewards you for its fatigues.* . .

I read your review of President Wayland's book with great interest. . . . . Your friends here are all well, and all speak as kindly of you as ever.—I am glad to find you in a Professor's chair, and hope that your sound philosophy may take root in your present soil. Mrs. Allston sends you her best regards. Accept mine, and believe me sincerely yours, WA. ALLSTON.

Professor C. S. Henry, Bristol, Pa.

*Allston's residence at that time was in a straggling suburb between Boston and Cambridge, long since handsomely filled up, I believe.

The memory of my last visit to Allston is associated with the recollection of some very agreeable circumstances connected with it. Being in Boston toward the end of the year 1837, Mr. William Sullivan asked me to dinner, saying, "I'll invite your cronies, Felton, Hillard and Charles Sumner to meet you, and we'll have a good time." We did have a good time. Mr. Sullivan enjoyed the lively conversation which he so well knew how to set going and to which he contributed an agreeable share—telling us numerous anecdotes about men and things in the old *Federal* days of Washington's and Adams's administration, which he looked back upon as the only good days of the republic.

During the dinner Mr. Sumner informed me that he was about to go abroad and wanted to get a letter to Wordsworth from Mr. Allston, to whom he begged I would introduce him. I told him I would go over to Mr. Allston's with him after dinner, and Felton agreed to go with us.

As we were drawing on to the end of the dinner, Mr. Sullivan said: "I don't know when I have had such a set of clever youngsters around me at table. Before you go we must have a libation fitting the occasion." So he opened a crypt and brought out a bottle of wine which he called the "*Bones of Columbus.*" We took a parting glass all round and bade him good night. We then walked out to Mr. Allston's. He received us with particular cordiality and entertained us delightfully until the small hours. As we were going away I blurted out, thoughtless of Mr. Sumner's presence, his wish for a letter to Wordsworth. Allston said nothing direct or distinct in reply, and I, though instantly conscious of my breach of propriety, could say nothing then and there. The next morning I was in his studio, when he said: "I did not wish to promise that letter to Wordsworth without a little reflection; but as I liked your friend Sumner I have concluded to give him the letter." He did so; Mr. Sumner afterward told me it procured him a cordial reception at Rydal Mount, and one of the pleasantest days he passed in England.

This was the last time I saw Mr. Allston.

He died after midnight on Sunday morning, July 9, 1843, in the *sixty-fourth* year of his age. The Editor of his Lectures on Art, etc., Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., says:

"He had finished a day and a week of labor in his studio upon his great picture of Belshazzar's Feast; the fresh paint denoting that the last touches of his pencil were given to that glorious but melancholy monument of the best years of his later life. Having conversed with his retiring family with peculiar solemnity and earnestness upon the obligation and beauty of a pure spiritual life, and on the realities of the world to come, he had seated himself at his nightly employment of reading and writing, which he usually carried into the early hours of the morning. In the silence and solitude of this occupation, in a moment, 'with touch as gentle as the morning light,' which was even then approaching, his spirit was called away to its proper home." *C. S. Henry.*

ONE SUMMER'S WORK.

I.

"SHERMAN, PENN., June 3, 1877.

"MY DEAR MRS. L.—The ball is set in motion. I took for my text this morning, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' and made the practical bearing of my words the bringing out into our homes some of the waifs and outcasts from the city. One man stopped on his way home to say that he would take four. In another house there is a call for a mother and a baby, and so on through the town. The enthusiasm and response of my people have delighted me.

"Next to get the money, then to tell the children. Must not two weeks in this pure mountain air be felt by them in after life? It seems to me that they are all but here!

"Now may I have the introduction you said you would get for me to Dr. Eggleston? I shall try for a pass over the road to go back and forth with the children myself, and perhaps I can arrange it with some of these good people on the way, to bring us a country lunch as the train comes along.

"Some good angel whisper it in the ear of a little one! Tell a tired mother there is life for her child in this fresh country air!

"WILLARD PARSONS."

Through a friend, this invitation was offered to Dr. Eggleston. He was about to sail for Europe, and could only give it a hasty and hearty welcome, tell it to his own people, and transfer it to Dr. White of the Plymouth Church Mayflower Mission, through whose interest full fares on the Erie Railway were reduced to half fares, and half fares to quarter fares; and a pass was secured for Mr. Parsons. He came to the city at once, and received his first little band of guests.

There were nine in all. They were very poor, and enfeebled by want and disease,—in consumption, crippled, suffering from the effects of whooping-cough, thin and pinched for want of sufficient and suitable food. One, eight years old, was well, and went as nurse to his little brother of five, who was just out of the hospital, with spinal troubles, and growing deformity.

As the hour drew near to take them away, the question of so long a journey for those so scantily provided with strength and comforts looked grave. Mr. Parsons left all his own conveniences behind him, and hands accustomed to thoughtful service filled his empty satchel with crackers, oranges, lemons, sugar, some drinking cups, soft old towels and handkerchiefs, witch-hazel and ammonia, a cake of soap, and some pins. And so the little party started for the cars. Most of them had come with some semblance of lunch from their homes, and milk and bread had been ordered to meet the train at noon.

It was an anxious journey, and postal cards brought us tidings on the way.

"*July* 19, *Patterson.*—All very happy, and asking if we are not almost there."

"*Ridgewood.*—No more trouble with lunch bundles. Lunches nearly used up. One eye treated for cinders. Train-boy has asked if these are all my family!"

"*Turners.*—One towel and handkerchief needed. One girl sick. My youngest asleep. Crackers almost gone. The E. boys eat all the time. More eyes treated with success at Monroe."

"*Middletown.*—Henry is standing it well. Sick girl all right again. I could not have done without the ammonia. Will has sat all day looking out of the window, without speaking. He is evidently drinking it in."

"*Port Jervis.*—Lunch has come all right. Cool, and all wraps needed. Four are asleep."

"Last hour.—If any one thinks I have had a leisure day, let him try traveling with my family! It has not been a monotonous trip, although everything has worked well. They are very tired, but have borne the journey better than I feared. All have slept some."

"*Hale's Eddy.*—Safe and sound."

Soon the first welcome letters came:

"*Sherman, July* 20, 1877.—I wish you could see it all for yourself. A pen-and-ink sketch will be tame. Such happy and good children as they all were on the way. Not the first thing all day that the most fastidious could take the least exception to. On the two-mile drive from Hale's Eddy to Sherman, the E. boys screamed with delight. They are dear little fellows, and are in a good place.

"The two little girls I left with a good German woman, but they came back to me in less than an hour, saying they did not want to stay. I didn't think any the less of them because they wanted their mothers when night came. One woke in the night and said she wanted to go home; but I heard her say at daylight that she thought she would stay.

"I have Henry and Joseph and George also with me. Henry has been out of doors all day, only staying in long enough to eat. He seems a good deal rested.

"The whole town came out last night to see the arrival, and plenty of children have been in to-day to see mine and to do the honors of the place. They have all been out 'to catch raspberries!'"

"*July* 21.—Such a good time as we had last night. After supper I read to them some in *St. Nicholas*, and then we began talking, with the full moon looking down upon us. Little hearts opened. To be sure, one wanted most to be an Indian chief, but no matter; he began opening his heart to me. And then how we sang! The children all sing with a will and considerable understanding. One after another of the neighbors dropped in, or stood outside the fence enjoying it all. I am sure I am having the best of it myself. I guess it is more than my share of the good.

"Joe is as smart as a whip, and wants to go through college. He is a dreadful cripple. Yesterday the village boys drew him in a little cart up the mountain after wintergreens. George is an orphan. He is having a splendid time. Alida has one of those faces which show sorrow, want and care. She is very quiet—an unusually good child. Nellie has just given a scream of delight over some young potato bugs, thinking they were raspberries! Every thing is doing beautifully!"

Then came the railroad strikes, and Mr. Parsons was cut off from his supplies. Friends had come in upon him unexpectedly and his little house was over-full. No flour could be bought in town, but a small quantity borrowed, fifty pounds of Indian meal secured, and ham on hand, brought his household grandly through. Meanwhile, those of us who had taken up the work at the city end were a little anxious about getting money enough to send the children away. Some one suggested advertising; and a word from Dr. White to the *Brooklyn Union*, and a kind editorial notice of homes in the country for sick, destitute children, brought us at once "The Mountain-Air Fund;" sufficient to fill all the places that one man could find in one village and its neighborhood, for one summer's work.

Now questions began to be asked. Could it be a hoax? Was it possible that people

in the country were willing to take sick, feeble children without board; or that they could be carried so far, at so little expense?

We have seen.

In two weeks the little flock returned. Three of them were left behind for a longer stay—not all with hope of recovery; the chance had come too late. To some it could only be a bit of rest toward the end of a weary journey; such rest as sufferers find in coming close to the heart of human kindness, and so consciously closer to the heart of God.

Every child had been good and happy to the last. For the first time they looked a little sorrowful when they came to the cars. At the journey's end they waited for no good-byes. The instant they crossed the Brooklyn ferry they were off like a flash, and Mr. Parsons found himself alone.

Eager listeners were waiting to hear his full account of the experiment, of which only such items as these can be given: Their table manners much better than he expected. Their delight in napkin rings, with numbers of their own, and the learning to fold their napkins neatly. Their invitation from Mrs. E. to come to her farm and drink all the milk they wanted, and the quantity they drank: one boy said he "could have taken more, if it hadn't been warm out of the cow." Their afternoon and supper in the woods, and the fun and frolic in the cripple. The long country drive, when some one showed them the different varieties of trees, and their surprising aptitude in learning and remembering the leaves and the names. The talks and singing in the parlor. "It was as good as a meeting," the children said. One little girl, already grown so fat that her meager clothes were too small for her. Another, with a restless, active nature, kept happy and out of temptation to mischievous ways, by giving her all the errands to do. Their popularity in the village. No accidents, no tricks, no misbehavior to report. And this final testimony: "They have had no quarrels. They have been less troublesome, less fretful, and more easily entertained than the children of my own friends. They have put life into the singing of my choir. They are the most delightful guests I ever had in my house in my life."

II.

The interest in the second trip to Sherman was even more absorbing. The work had begun to be better understood. We had gathered in seventeen boys and girls, from fourteen years old down to the baby between three and four. Most of them were delicate, half-starved, suffering with hip-disease, heart disease, asthma, hemorrhage and prostration. Three among them were deformed and crippled from neglect and want. One little fellow of ten was not so tall as a child of two years. From the north and east and west they were taken across the Brooklyn ferries, and met at the Erie train.

It was something to see. There was a ponderous lunch basket, with forty home-made sandwiches, two pounds of milk crackers, six dozen good little sugar cakes, and the lemons so refreshing in car-sickness. Three half-sized pillow ticks hastily filled with moss for sleepy little heads to rest on, and the gift of six little woolen shawls to go back and forth for general use, had been added to the outfit. And these were of the company:

Two little brothers neatly dressed in their Sunday School clothes, skipping along with nothing in their hands, no change of garments for washing or the weather. A little dwarf slipping into danger and not easy to follow, so quick were his movements on his almost invisible little legs. A lame boy, with his younger sister. "She is not in ill health, but we think it will do her good to go where she will have enough to eat for a week or two." Three motherless girls arrayed in some attempt at finery, a lace knot, a sash or two, a ragged white dress. An elder sister, herself a child, had washed and ironed their extra clothing, and packed it in a wooden box. She had "put them up a lunch;" it was partly green apples; "they might want it before they got there," she said. They had one dirty woolen shawl tied with a piece of twine, to use between them, and "Lost Gip," to read on the way.

A bow of dark blue ribbon was securely pinned on every child. They must be iden-

tified; only three or four of all their faces had Mr. Parsons ever seen before. Again kind young hands and voices bade them good-bye, and again the postals came:

"*August* 4, *Newark.*—All wish to sit by the window and hang out of it. Baby is asleep on pillow No. 1. All have had a drink, and the lunch basket has been opened."

"*Patterson.*—John is very tired with the long ride. Matthew is bound to hang out of the window. He is so small I think I can manage him."

"*Turners.*—The children all look as if it were to be a funeral instead of a good time. Their faces must be less care-worn when they come back. I hope to teach them how to laugh. Matthew has concluded to go to sleep."

"*Middletown.*—My company excites much comment. Every one in this car is familiar with my story I think. No one has fallen out of the window. No one is sick yet. Only a cinder now and then."

"*Narrowsburg.*—We had to change our car at Port Jervis, which gives variety. It was no special trouble. There is no lack of helpers on the train. Train-men and conductors all know me now, and we shake hands over it. Baby in her glee the last hour deliberately pitched her hat out of the car window. I called to mind an old trick, and made an old woman's night-cap out of my handkerchief. Lots of fun for all concerned."

"Almost home, and all is well, quiet and happy, and having a good time. Some one is talking with some one of the chicks all the time. 'Hale's Eddy.' We are here! 'Out at last!' said Matthew tossing up his specks of arms."

"*Sherman, Aug.* 7, 1877.—I have gained somewhat by my experience. I was not so tired with the second trip as with the first one. I had less nervous anxiety, for one thing. The train-men all had to be told about these children, and about the others, and showed considerable interest. One of the brakemen spent all his leisure time talking with them and entertaining them. Many a time I told my plan, and gave a history of some of the children to interested listeners, while the tears trickled down their cheeks. In fact I could scarcely keep back my own tears as I looked at these forlorn creatures. They were all so sad, and with scarcely any sparkle in the eye. None of them seemed to have much faith in humanity. I did not hear a joyous hearty laugh all day.

"No one was car-sick this time, and all enjoyed the lunch, as well they might. When I began to gather them up to leave the car, Baby's shoe was missing. I found it, however.

"The little dwarf, Matthew, seems to have no idea of danger. I could but feel that he would walk or climb out of the window the first good chance he might get. He tried to hop off the car every time the train stopped. He and his brother, and the C. girls went over to Brandt's yesterday. One more was wanted, and they offered to take Alida, but we could not spare her. My housekeeper quite drew down her mouth when I talked of letting our Alida go.

"Michael was very sick with asthma the night we arrived. The fatigue of the journey, and a little cold, I guess, is all. He is better and out of doors. Baby stopped with Miss F. over Sunday. She was dreadfully afraid when the father came in, a fine old man of eighty-four, and extravagantly fond of children. Baby says: 'Grandpas hurt so, when they are drunk.'"

"*Aug.* 9, 1877.—Alida has gained wonderfully in appearance, and rejoices in two new frocks, which she says will last her three years. She waits on table occasionally, and does it very nicely. Her cheeks are plump and sleek. Michael is quite delicate, but he is about, and having a good time. I cannot come into such close contact with these children as I would like to. They are somewhat separated. There seem to be fewer of them, they are so subdued. They haven't the life of the first set. I must try next week to get a little nearer to them.

"The P. girls are very interesting. I have asked Dr. White to get me a dozen more like them. They are scantily clothed, and I have secured cloth for two gowns each. The next thing is to get them made. I also have cloth for some of the boys' shirts. It isn't altogether best for them to stay in bed

to have their one shirt washed. The K. boys had to remain in bed to be mended up before they could go over the mountain to B. They are with a nice family in comfortable circumstances, and will be fixed up some, I guess, before they come back. They dreaded to go, for they had such a good time here, and plenty to eat. The C. girls are where they will be well looked after in every way. But I hated to let any of them go so far from me.

"Katy and Willy were a little homesick at first, but yesterday I saw them both on a load of oats in high glee. I have some cloth for their clothes. The W. boys I have not seen since Sunday. Places are ready for sixteen children, and I shall stir about tomorrow and get more. Will anything but a car-load satisfy me next time? Yet I wish room in it for other people, so that they may have some of these things to see, and to think about, also.

"I am telling my story so often, and to such different kinds of people, and find such hearty responses, that I guess something will come out of it yet. Every crow thinks her own child whitest. I know mine are, and I am bound to make other folks think so too; at least they are needy.

"H. is gaining, and shows it plainly. His step has more elasticity in it, and he is having a splendid time. He goes out on the river in a boat, and 'shoos' the neighbors' chickens out of the garden, and does various other nice things. They seem fond of him in the family where he is, and speak well of him.

"I found my supply waiting when I arrived Saturday, but oh, next Sunday, with all these interruptions! Have just run into some flannel for Alida—winter suits. Yes, and a new pair of shoes. Amen."

"*Aug.* 15, 1877.—I begin to wonder if children enough will be ready for my next trip. I shall have places for twenty-five or thirty. I do not know yet if I am to get any from Dr. Eggleston's. It seems doubtful. Most people are asking for girls this time. Who is keeping an eye on Fourth street? And what do you find? I want two little girls to go into a Catholic family. You may expect to see me next Tuesday."

"They went out men and women. I have brought them back little children." That tells the story.

It was a happy coming home, with many pleasant incidents to make the trip complete. When the wagon stopped to take up Katy, she came out with a cracked tumbler and a bunch of yellow marigolds and meadow lilies in her hand. She had promised some little girls to bring them home some flowers. She brought them all the way in water, and at night they were fresh.

Two boys who carried a few clothes away in a basket, brought back a larger wardrobe in a pillow case, and in the basket they had a pair of live chickens! There was no strength in their crippled hands to carry bundles. Little Katy swung the big pillow-case over her shoulder, and it dragged on the ground. How they all laughed, and chatted, and compared the things they had! The boy who owned the cock and hen was sure that his was the best.

A friend near Deposit had promised to put them up a lunch, and they stopped to get it. Sandwiches, cookies and apples; "an elegant lunch!" They had some milk to drink, and gave the lady three ringing cheers!

And they brought away another benediction. The housekeeper was up at 3 o'clock in the morning to make them some Parker House rolls. They ate this parsonage lunch and nibbled a little at their own, and at night had enough of it left for every child to take a little parcel home.

As they neared the city they began to sing. Everybody listened. For an hour they let their voices out. And this set said good-bye! Mr. Parsons had come near them after all, nearer than he thought. They crowded round him and shook hands half a dozen times; thanked him over and over for the good times they had had, and asked him if they might not come again. "Mayn't we come next year?" "Oh, mayn't we come next year?" And the least little piping voices all chimed in, "May I?" "May I?" "May I?"

"And this work is done by persons who have only moderate means, you say?"

Yes; the church in Sherman is not large,

and the congregation is poor. One rich city man could buy up the whole village with ease.

"It reads like 'Ten Times One is Ten,'" said one.

"The joy of those translated children!" said another.

"In a land flowing with milk and berries," said Angelica.

"No one can call this *charity*," said M. "It is Christ-like service. It is the Word made flesh."

III.

One trip more, and the summer's work was done. We had selected a band of thirty-four, weighed down by trouble in the head, trouble in the eyes, fever and ague, scrofula, paralysis and dropsy. There was a mother with a little baby, a mother and an invalid boy, three or four girls from fourteen to twenty, a few boys from fifteen to eight; and all the rest were little girls between twelve and four, feeble and delicate from living in poisoned air, and without proper nourishment. Some of these little ones have gone to bed crying with hunger many a night.

There was a strange appeal in this mixed company—ill-dressed, over-dressed, listless, hopeful, dejected, pleased. Strong young hands and hearts helped them across the crowded city, and carried their bags and bundles, pitifully tidy and untidy, of every size and shape, and left them safely in the cars. Once more, postals tell the story of that hottest summer day.

"*Aug.* 28, *Hohokus.*—An old hen will scratch as much for one chicken as for a a dozen, they say. My nine required as much scratching for as these thirty-four. I sit back and take my ease. The first demonstration was when we entered the tunnel. It called forth thirty-four shouts. Mary A. is busy every minute with crochet work."

"*Turners.*—It seemed as if we had a tremendous lunch when it was put up, but after thirty-four have eaten from it, it does not look so large. I got eight quarts of milk here, and it disappeared like dew before the sun. Postals will be neglected to-day. I am too busy to write them. All is well; all are happy. The ordinary events of travel I can't stop to mention."

"*Howell's Depot.*—How can I ever learn all my family by name? They are all the same size. It is a perfect tangle. There is a great deal of headache. Baby is good. Ever so many are asleep. I am working my best to get them all into places that will fit."

"*Port Jervis.*—Oh so hot, hot, hot! The most uncomfortable day of the season, the train-man says, and I believe it. Ice water all drunk up. I shall get more milk. No one is inclined to hang out of the windows. If I were to bring out another band I should need references from my people! These have given their orders where they wish to stay!

"*Lackawaxen.*—Dicky says: 'We won't ever get there!' The baby is sucking a lemon! How can I learn to tell Sarah F., Minnie C., Gracie W., and Julia T., one from the other? It is 4 P. M., and I haven't done it yet, and what is more I can't do it. Their faces are so dirty now, they all look alike. I have them all settled for their places but four.

"*Hancock.*—I left nine with Mrs. F. at Equinunk. Fanny goes to Deposit; also Joseph R. We have had a somewhat merry, but fatiguing day. Every scrap of lunch gone, yet enough."

"*Hale's Eddy.*—The toilsome day is over, and we are at the green fields, and plenty to eat. Thank God!"

"*Sherman, Aug.* 30.—It was a merry trip out, excepting the heat and headaches. Mrs. F. met us at Equinunk, shaking with nervousness, which amused me, for I knew so well what it meant. I only thought when she had been in it longer she would be less anxious. I heard her telling the children in a very excited way, as they stood huddled together, wondering what would come next, 'Stand still! Don't stir from this platform!' She evidently expected a general stampede. But running away was the last thing in their minds. I could only think of my taking the first nine at the Brooklyn ferry. That was harder, in a way, than these thirty-four.

"Well, we rode into a rain-storm as we left the cars. It was not very severe, and the children were packed so closely that

there was slim chance for a wetting. I quickly disposed of them all, though ten could not be taken to their own places until the next day. Then it did not take them long to find out where I live, and they appeared in full force as soon as I had had my breakfast.

"When I had settled them for the season, I gave myself up to fun and frolic in my yard all the afternoon. We did everything you can think of to have a good time, and played a number of plays that had been left out of my early education. Groups of people collected on the hill-sides about, and small boys in the trees close by, to see and to hear. It would make a book to tell all the things we did, and the funny things they said. It was simply fun and frolic, and as beautiful as anything I have ever seen. The W's came too. They are simply sweet children, beautiful ones. But I will not try to make out one more interesting than the others. I do believe they all have a corner in my bachelor-heart. It has been taken by storm.

"Three of the children were not sent away until to-day. They went amid tears, for they wanted to stay where they were. Minnie and Sarah have been taken seven or eight miles over the hills to their beautiful home.

"It did not seem as if there were any strangers in town the last time, but now the streets are merry with shouts. I am glad there are to be lots of little girls of assorted sizes in Heaven. I shall try to get near that corner. But we think we will have a little heaven here first, and right away.

"Jim has been out trying to split wood, and he does it very nicely, only he can't hit the stick with the axe! I am in first-rate vigor, but of course tired, dreadfully so."

"*Sept.* 5, 1877.—Everything is salubrious. I hear from Harry that he is having a good time. The people he is staying with think he is splendid. It is amusing to hear some of these girls talk. It sounds childlike and quite natural. They live in large houses. They have left their best things at home. Given a shanty, or a tenement house, and a vacant lot about, a bit of cast-off finery from some mission teacher, and a small girl with a small girl's vivid imagination, and you have a picture of elegance not rivaled by a Fifth Avenue mansion!"

"*Sept.* 8.—I hear that Lizzie M. was quite homesick for a few days, but seems happy and contented now, and that Maggie's face is nearly well. John F. has gained wonderfully since he came. I doubt if any one has improved more from the change. I had a call this morning from Lizzie S. and Anna. They did not like it at first, and were much inclined to be homesick. But if you could have heard the doleful groans when I announced that we were to return on Wednesday, you would have been assured of the good time they are having now. All are well and happy."

"*Sept.* 11. I have ten minutes before the mail goes to say a word. It will assure you that I am having a better time to-morrow, to know that Mr. D. will return to the city a day earlier, and so bear me company with the children. It will not be necessary now for the junior partners to meet us at Jersey City, except that they ought to see the flock on its return trip.

"Louise S. will stay another fortnight; also the A. children. Edith will stay longer, and perhaps all winter. H. has been with me for the past week. In a way he is stronger than when he came, but he is going down hill very fast. The family where he is will keep him as long as he will stay."

They are coming! Their eyes are brighter, their cheeks are rounded and browned! They are loaded with bundles and boxes and bags! Apples, pumpkins, butter, eggs, mosses, leaves, vines, ferns, clubs, melons, beechnuts, butternuts, ripe tomatoes, grapes, crab-apples, gourds, plums, and sticks of black birch! They had not always selected the best, but how they valued every little gnarled green thing they had themselves picked up. One boy had a bottle of live lizards. One little girl hugged a doll and some flowers. Mr. Parsons had learned to fill his pockets with strings. He knew that many a worn wrapping, and many a bit of weak yarn would give way.

When the nine came in at Equinunk, they were hailed with three rousing cheers.

They greeted each other, they told their exploits, they played games, they sang, they compared their treasures. One dog, made of cotton batting, was a most wonderful delight.

An early, hasty breakfast, and the long twelve hours' ride. "How do you get their lunch?" asked a stranger on board the train. "To buy them even one sandwich apiece would be expensive." "They have their own to-day," said Mr. Parsons; "the best of everything from the houses where they stayed." At the stations, people came in from the outside to see the children for themselves. They were making friends. Their story had been heard along the line, and its sweetness was already passing from heart to heart.

One of the brakemen had been talking and playing with them through the day, and when he came in to shake hands and say good-bye, it was funny to hear them. Thirty-one different shouts followed him out of the door.

Helpers and friends were in waiting for the band at Jersey City ferry. "Oh, teacher, teacher," said one little fellow, throwing his arms around her, "I sawn a pig and a cow!" "Are you glad to get home?" some one asked a child of ten years. "Yes," she answered, "I've been anxious about my mother!"

The crowd in the streets made way; drivers, of their own accord, held back their heavy wagons, to let this odd little procession pass safely through New York from ferry to ferry; and questions were asked on every side, "Are they coming from a picnic?" "Have they been at camp-meeting?" "Who are they?" "What does it mean?"

"Do you remember," asked M., "when some one said that Christianity had been a failure in the world?" "Yes, and I remember when a young Methodist minister answered, 'It has never been tried!'"

IV.

The question is often asked, "How came Mr. Parsons to take up this work?"

Late in the summer of 1876, while he was driving alone over the hills in Sherman, enjoying the sunset, the pleasant views, and the berries ripening on the walls, the longing suddenly came upon him to bring some of the poor and sick city children into those green places, and give them plenty of air and room, plenty of care, and plenty of milk. It was one of the moments when thought and purpose are twin-born.

Two or three friends whom he consulted dismissed it as a visionary thing. Another, who heard him speak of it by accident, hailed it with delight. "We must sow the tiny seed next summer. Its roots will strike deeper than you can possibly foresee." That wonderful summer has come and gone, and its record lies under your hand. "Has it been a satisfying success?" you eagerly ask, and Mr. Parsons answers, "It is complete. I have seen my dream fulfilled."

Sixty persons have been taken one hundred and eighty miles away from New York, and kept in mountain air, two, three, four, five, and even eight weeks, at only the cost of one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and sixty-two cents. There were three adults; seventeen young people between the ages of twelve and twenty; and forty children under twelve. They were chosen rather indiscriminately, yet not from the class that beg from door to door. But care was taken to select them for some especial need, and from places where they live low down. Many of them were *not* clean or attractive. Most of them had *not* seen better days. If the distance was wearisome, on the other hand it put the children beyond the malaria that overhangs New York and Brooklyn, and away from the faintest echo of association with the well-known city sights and sounds. It was like another world, and this absolute change is in itself salvation.

We have touched some vital questions, and they must state themselves.

Said one young Sunday School teacher, "We have found it easier to get the money than to get the children. It is considered a favor to us to let them go." Sometimes the pale and care-worn child is the bread-winner. Sometimes the mother has a fear of separation, or the feeble, childish hands must tend baby, and do the house-work while the mother goes out by the day. "It is harder for Jack than for any one else when

the baby comes," one mother said. "The care comes on him." Baby was in her arms as she spoke, but Jack was close by, thirteen years old, under size, and washing stockings at the tub!

Sometimes it is the timid child who refuses to be taken away. One little thing, needing it sadly enough, said, "If my mamma goes. I couldn't do without my mamma! Are there no friendly devices by which a discouraged mother may be relieved from the burden of home labor, and secure for herself this two weeks' vacation with her sinking child?

"How much board do they charge in Sherman," is asked continually. No board. The children were invited and have been honored as guests.

"Would the same people be willing to take them again?" Mr. Parsons's own people would, without an exception. When the time was over, they have kept the children longer, and asked them to come back another year. "It is my turn to have the pleasure of a visit from you," was said to one whose feeble condition made it a blessing to stay on in the sweet, restful country air. And you should see some of the partings. "It is another father and mother," the children say. These fathers and mothers have already followed them back to the city with little gifts and remembrances, and talk about them with tears.

Mr. Parsons carried out thirty-four the last trip, and had places for only twenty-nine. But he had no need to ask for them. Applications were made to him for his little guests. He found that he could have placed twelve more, and this after it was known that ticks must be washed, straw burned, and rooms fumigated when they came away. From some families he has had offers to take care of the most troublesome and the worst. The little trouble the children have made has been a matter of surprise throughout. Some serious difficulty in this direction had been expected. In many cases they were strangers, and guarantees of their great need could be given, but no guarantees of their good behavior.

"Is there no danger in bringing them directly out of their low surroundings into homes where the children are so differently trained?" Mr. Parsons had this in mind from the first, and watched it carefully. He is conscious of no harm done. On the contrary, he considered their presence in the village as a healthful influence in many ways.

Can we in the city realize that into these country homes the largest share of this work has fallen, both in practical care and in personal sacrifice? The children have not only shared their daily food, but their summer hours, the busiest in all the year. Shall they come back to nothing sweeter than our "charity," as the long, hard weeks of fall and winter tick themselves away?

"We ought to take up this work and organize it."

No; we ought to do it in some better way. Organization takes the heart out.

Find so many places, and so many children. Mark them off against each other. Take the children out, be good to them, and bring them back safely. Repeat as many times as you can. But Mr. Parsons says to himself and to his people, "It is Christ whom we are to receive;" and when he takes the children away with him, his personal responsibility begins. For the time, they are his own. He must study them in the long day's journey, and choose the homes they will fit. He must hold them in his church, in his Sunday School, in his week-day knowledge, and in his arms.

Little things revealed the distinct peculiarities which marked each band. Some of the children had wise advisers who told them not to fix up. "Go in your every-day clothes. They want to see you as you are." Others, who had no advice, perhaps, went with a wardrobe of four or five dresses for the two weeks' stay, or with a single dress once white, and soiled white shoes, while everything appropriate was left at home.

Care was taken by some parents to send the children as clean and mannerly as some ideal or half-forgotten standard of their own. Sometimes there was hearty thankfulness in a tender mother's acceptance. Sometimes there was ingratitude, and complaint, and rebuff, in the wretched

city homes. Sometimes there was a little disposition to find fault. Older children, happy in places where they had been crowded in as a temporary thing, would go away to their own, determined not to have a good time. By a little judicious and steady treatment from Mr. Parsons, this ended in their brightening up and enjoying every day they could stay. Sometimes there was a touch of pride; the pride of "city people going into the country," and looking for all the "desirable" and "superior" places to board! Why do we smile? It is so intensely human. We are all links of one chain.

This simple story has not been written. It is recorded, and every word is simply true. Who will take up its ringing call in behalf of these neglected "little ones?" Share all your blessings with them, happy children. Their ways are sweet and human as your own. Fold them in with mothers' cares. Lift them up in fathers' arms. Feed, and clothe, and teach, and save them, for the love of Christ, and in His name!

Eleanor I. Lovett.

THE ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOLS.

If asked which continent contained the strategic point of the thinking world, how few would reply Africa. Yet in Africa, in the city of Alexandria, was effected the most important movement in the history of human thought, viz.: the harmonizing of the intellectual culture of the Greeks with the moral and spiritual culture of the Hebrews.

Alexander the Great, by whom the city of Alexander was founded (B. C. 332), fixed upon its site from its strategic military and commercial position. Having the best harbor in the Eastern Mediterranean, lying near a mouth of the Nile, which gave it access to the inexhaustible corn fields of Egypt, within a few hours' sail of Greece and Syria; and able to control the trade with the Indian Seas, a mind like Alexander's could not fail to see its destined importance.

To Alexander himself, the city furnished only a burial place; but his successors found in it all that he had foreseen. In the division of the Empire, after Alexander's death, Egypt fell to Ptolemy, that one of his generals who, more than any other, appreciated the cause of the success of a handful of Greeks in conquering the world—their intellectual superiority. He therefore determined to make his new capital as conspicuous for its intellectual life as Athens had ever been. To this end he invited the most learned men then living in Greece to Alexandria; bestowed upon them the royal favor, and furnished them with every possible means for building up a center of thought and of refined culture.

The most prominent of these means were the celebrated Alexandrian Library and Museum. These institutions, founded by the first Ptolemy, were completed by his suc- P. Philadelphius and P. Evergetes. The library was by far the largest of any ancient collection of books, having numbered, at its most flourishing period, 400,000 volumes (others say 700,000), and embracing the collected literature of Greece, Rome, Egypt and India. The greater part of these books were kept in the Museum, the rest in the Serapeim, or temple of Jupiter Seraphis, The collection in the Museum was destroyed by fire during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar; but its loss was in part made good by a present to Queen Cleopatra of the only rival library of antiquity, that of Pergamus, numbering 200,000 volumes, which seems to have been placed in Serapeim with the other section of the old library. Here the books remained until the temple was converted into a Christian church in 391 A. D., when the final destruction of the library began. How many of the books were now lost is not known. Certainly not all were destroyed, for the story has come down that at the Saracenic conquest in 640 the Arabs found so many books that they were able to heat the baths

of the city for six months by burning them; and while this is doubtless a mythical tale, it yet shows that Alexandria still possessed a considerable library at the time of the Mohammedan conquest.

This, it will be seen, was nearly a thousand years from the first establishment of the library by Ptolemy, the thousand years of the so-called Alexandrian age. No other city of the world has thus reigned intellectually for so long a period.

But it was not the library alone that gave to the city this supremacy. The Museum, in which part of the library was kept, was an institution somewhat like a modern University, but resembling more closely our learned academies, like the *Institut de France* or the *American Academy of Arts and Sciences.* The Museum building contained porticos, a lecture room, and a large hall, in which the learned members or fellows dined in company. These *savans*, representing all departments of learned culture, formed what is known as the *Ptolemaic School*, the first of the series of schools which gave to Alexandria her influence over the world of thought. In this school, the grammarians and poets were the leading spirits, though some lasting work was done by its scholars in the field of natural science. Eratosthanes, their greatest geographer, discovered the true method of computing the circumference of the earth. Hipparchus, their leading astronomer, first made a scientific use of what is called the Ptolemaic system; having determined the latitude and longitude of more than a thousand fixed stars, and having discovered that change in the position of these and the other heavenly bodies which is now known as the precession of the equinoxes. In mathematics, the great name of Euclid is still a memorial of their labors. In philosophy they did next to nothing, the only fact worth mentioning being that Hegesias wrote a book in which he preached the miseries of life and the blessings of death so powerfully that many were actually led to commit suicide, and Hegesias was forbidden to teach. The grammarians or literary men have left us monuments, not so much in original productions of value as in their carefully prepared editions of the great writers of an earlier age. What they did was to analyze and lay down rules, and make a science of what, in the better days of literature, had been an art. It was they who gave to Greek grammar its elaborate form, having, as some say, invented the Greek accents. Their original works are refined and polished to the last degree, but are artificial and lifeless. The three principal names among these grammarians are Callimachus, Lycophron, and Philetas. Their chief service to the modern world is said to have been in serving as models for some of the Roman writers, who have had a large influence over modern literature. Besides these artificial writers there was one poet, Theocritus, the Sicilian, who was more natural — one of the poets, says Charles Kingsley, who will never die.

But the glory of Alexandria does not consist in the labors of this school of the Ptolemies. It is rather due to her having stretched out one hand to grasp the intellectual culture of Greece, and the other to lay hold upon the moral culture of the Hebrews, with the purpose of harmonizing the two. This work was accomplished by two successive schools, the first Jewish, the second Christian. Alexander, in founding the city, had extended great favor to the Jews, for which nation he had conceived a peculiar liking. The city was divided into three parts, the Egyptian, the Greek and the Hebrew quarters, the Jews constituting a third of the population. Among these Jews there grew up a School of the Rabbis, which was so famous as to be known among the whole nation as "The Light of Israel." It was through the labors of this school that the Hebrew Scriptures were first translated into Greek. This translation, the Septuagint, or LXX., received its name from a mythical story as to its origin. Ptolemy Philadelphus, so the story runs, desiring to enrich his library with a translation of the sacred books of his Jewish subjects, had seventy-two learned men sent to Alexandria by the high priest at Jerusalem. These men were lodged in seventy-two separate cells upon the island of the Pharos, opposite the city. Without having conferred together, each produced a complete translation, and

upon comparing them, they were all found to be alike, word for word and letter for letter. What is thus ascribed to a miracle was doubtless accomplished in a natural way by Jewish citizens of Alexandria, probably members of the Rabbinical school, the work extending over a considerable period of time, and being undertaken to meet the wants of the Jewish people themselves, rather than at the royal instigation. For two centuries or more, the influence of this translation was rather a reflex influence upon the Jews than an aggressive effect upon Greek minds. In the first place it broke in upon that rigid exclusiveness with which the Hebrew canon was guarded. No book was admitted to that canon which could not prove its prophetic origin; and since the voice of prophecy was now hushed, the sacred circle was closed. To the Alexandrians, who now read their Scriptures in Greek, there was no such impassable limit. Whatever had the appearance of a sacred book, and was capable of use for spiritual instruction, seems to have been received by them, not as the absolute equal of the prophetic books, but yet as inspired and sacred; and as such it was given a place in the Greek Bible. Such books as these were the so-called Apocryphal books. These had almost all arisen under Gentile, particularly under Greek, influences, and contained much of Grecian thought. Reading them therefore as a part of their Scriptures, the Alexandrian Jews came to associate indissolubly the highest conceptions of the Greek religious culture with the highest conceptions of their own. Some of these Apocryphal books, like "Judith," seem to us mere fables; some, like the books of "Esdras," are additions to the canonical books; some, as the "Books of Maccabees," are histories of contemporary events; while two, the "Wisdom of Jesus Son of Sirach," and the "Wisdom of Solomon," are of a purely moral and didactic nature, like the canonical books of Solomon. These two are by far the most valuable, and are worthy the esteem of all who reverence the truth wherever found. The "Wisdom of the Son of Sirach" is the recommendation of the theology of Palestine to Alexandria; the other, "The Wisdom of Solomon," is the recommendation of the theology of Alexandria to Palestine. The first was written in Hebrew about 180 B. C., and translated at Alexandria in 132 B. C. It is in some respects but an echo of the writings of Solomon, yet at times its tone rises to prophetic earnestness and power. Passages are to be found which, for their spiritual teachings, are not inferior to the nobler portions of the Psalms, notably the following, which was once of great comfort to John Bunyan, who, having heard it, "vainly sought within the four corners of the Bible to find it," and was much surprised that such comforting words were in the Apocryphal books: "Look at the generations of old and see: did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?"

The second of these Solomonic books was written at Alexandria, and is full of Grecian ideas, expressed under the forms of Jewish history. The writer is familiar with Aristotle; he displays the rhetoric of the Ptolemaic grammarians; he abounds in Gentile imagery. Yet with all this he blends, or rather he uses all these as helps to express, the doctrines of righteousness which were the heritage of his own countrymen. Many expressions which afterwards became common among Christians appear here for the first time, and seem like premonitions of the grand revelation that is soon to be made in the Incarnate Word. At least one transcendent truth, which Christianity was destined to make a part of the faith of the world, is here first emphatically proclaimed. The idea of the immortality of the soul had been recognized, with bright anticipations, by Hebrew prophets and psalmists, but it had never been formally and positively proclaimed by them. It had also been grasped as an intellectual conception by the Greeks, but had never become to them a living faith. But in this Alexandrian writer, whose name unhappily we have lost, we have the thought of Plato spoken into living being by the faith of David.

But this was not the only Jewish writer who helped to make Alexandria the uniting place of faith and reason. One man, Aristobulus, who was chief of the Jewish community and instructor of Ptolemy VII.,

made their union the avowed object of his effort. Determined to find the Greek philosophy in the Hebrew religion, and the Hebrew religion in the Greek philosophy, he searched the two literatures for every trace of similarity. Such traces he found in great number, but unhappily he had not the broad conceptions of some of his successors in Alexandria, to account for them. Clement, one of the great teachers of the Christian school, says of their philosophy that "it was a divine gift to the Greeks." But Aristobulus could account for the evident truths which he found in the Greek literature only by charging that the Greeks had plagiarized the writings of the Hebrews. Yet even with such a theory of its origin, the Jew, Aristobulus, deserves the great credit, which not all Christians can claim, of recognizing the truth wherever he found it.

Another name to be connected with this Jewish school of thought is that of Philo, the greatest Jew, and among the greatest of the men, of Alexandria. We mention him with the Jewish school, for he was, with all his Grecian learning, a devout Israelite. He has, however, been associated with, indeed has been called the father of another school, the Neo-Platonic, of which we are yet to speak. He was born about the time of the birth of Christ, and so was contemporary with the rise of Christianity. He is chiefly interesting to Christian readers from his use of the doctrine of the *Logos* or the *Word*, which soon afterwards received so divine a treatment by the Apostle John. The problem with Philo was how to bring the eternal, unnamable God, whose nature is so different from any created being, into real contact with the world. It was as much his nature to reveal himself as for fire to burn, yet how reveal himself to finite minds? To meet this difficulty, Philo, combining the Platonic doctrine of *Ideals* with the Solomonic use of *Wisdom*, speaks of the *Word*, the representative of God, who stands between him and all else, and makes revelation possible. How far this doctrine of Philo may have influenced the mind of John we do not know. No doubt the apostle was familiar with the doctrine, and the spirit that spoke through him may have made use of this conception which Philo had made familiar to Greek minds to win the Greek world, just as he used Old Testament conceptions to win upon the Hebrew world.*

Thus, when He who had in time past spoken in divers manners now spoke through his Son, Alexandria had already wrought a noble work in making this higher revelation intelligible to the learning and culture of the world.

But the work of Alexandria was not done in thus bringing together the two cultures. It was not alone needful to make the doctrine of the Eternal Word intelligible, but this new truth—The Truth—must be impressed upon the world of thought. This was the work reserved for the school of which we chiefly speak, the *Alexandrian Christian School.*

The work of the apostles was a grand moral onset upon a corrupt world, a telling appeal to its conscience. It was not lacking in intellectual power, but this power was in a measure latent. Men felt the awful degradation of sin, and the words of the apostles came to them, not as the appeals of philosophers to their reason, but as the voice of a righteous God, speaking home to their souls. As often in our own revival scenes, the more corrupt a community, the more sweeping will be the work of the Spirit, so the very degradation in which the apostles found the world, gave to their work more power. Men felt their bondage; they longed for deliverance; and when hope was offered in Jesus Christ they seized it eagerly. But as in the conversion of an individual in the time of revival, the past is not blotted out as the time comes for bringing all his new and holy emotions to a searching mental test, to compare the new faith with the old reason; so the introduction of the new faith in Christ did not blot out the past of the Grecian world. If philosophy remained in abeyance for a time, it revived again and Christianity was called upon to prove before the court of culture its right to be.

* Apollos, the learned Jew of Alexandria, who came to Ephesus where John so long resided, must have been familiar with the doctrine of Philo. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose that he may have known personally both Philo and John, and may have talked with the apostle about the philosopher.

The form taken by this reviving philosophy was what is known as Neo-Platonism, whose chief seat was at Alexandria. The adherents of this philosophy founded the *Neo-Platonic School*, whose history we must trace in order to an appreciation of the Christian School. We have spoken of Philo as sometimes called the father of Neo-Platonism, but that title belongs to him only in a limited sense; for the proper Neo-Platonic school did not arise for more than a century after Philo's death. The way in which he is connected with the school is by tracing in certain writers of this intervening age, such as Plutarch, Marcus Aurelius and Appuleius, resemblances on the one hand to his doctrines, and on the other, to the eclectic thought of the Neo-Platonists. The first teacher of this school was Ammonius Saccas, who taught at Alexandria, in the early part of the third century. He purposely left no books; but his pupil, Plotinus, who elaborated his theories, was a voluminous author. The latter was the most profound member of the school, and is said to have been a man of rare virtue. His teachings too are those of a man who is earnestly seeking for truth. Neither he nor Ammonius avowed any hostility to Christianity. Their aim seems to have been to harmonize into a system the prevailing philosophical theories, especially those of Plato and Aristotle, and so to construct a religion on the basis of dialectics. But while they were thus trying, with little success, to rear their religious structure on a firmly intellectual foundation, Christianity, under the guidance of thinkers like Clement and Origen, was winning adherents in great numbers, many of them from the very intellectual circles to which they especially appealed. This led in the later Neo-Platonists to a bitter antagonism to Christianity, very unlike the spirit of their predecessors. Porphyry, the next writer of note after Plotinus, wrote an elaborate treatise in fifteen books against the Christians. Iamblicus also, who introduced the magical element into the school, did the same. The last Neo-Platonic writer of prominence was Proclus, who taught at Athens. The system as represented by him has been called, in contrast with the earnestness and directness of Platonism, mere "dogmatic cloudiness," "simple confusion," showing the inevitable tendency of such a tone of thought to degradation.

And now to contrast briefly the principles of this school with its contemporary Christian school.* First, as to the relations of God to man. Christianity said, God is seeking after men. Neo-Platonism said, Men are seeking after God. Plotinus was claimed to have said on his dying bed, "I am striving to bring the God which is in us into harmony with the God which is in the universe." A Christian would have told him that the God without and the God within him was the same, and was seeking to bring him (Plotinus) into harmony with Himself. Then as to the Divine Goodness, Christianity said it was like human goodness, reaching out to all the world, irrespective of their degradation or their receptivity. Neo-Platonism said, No; there is a different standard of morality for human and divine natures. Since therefore the philosophic man was destined at last to become a god, virtue, such as is known to us, could be to him no end of life, only a means. Neo-Platonism again said, that there was a divine element in philosophers. Christianity said there was a divine element in man—in every man. Neo-Platonism said that the divine in man is a part of him. Christianity said, No; it is something from without, something independent of him but working upon him. Once more, Christianity said that man rising up, or being lifted up, into fellowship with God must show some new possession as a result. What was it? Why, righteousness, peace, love—in other words, likeness to God. Neo-Platonism also said that men—philosophers—could rise up and become as gods, and that they must thereby take on some new and mysterious power. But having denied that mere virtue, righteousness, such as any slave could attain, was an end, they must seek for some other endowment, something beyond the common herd. This something they found in wonder-working. And so Iamblicus, who intro-

*See Charles Kingsley's Lectures on the Alexandrian School.

duced the magical element into their system, was only developing logically the latent truths in the teachings of Plotinus. Moreover the flood of theurgic phenomena, the clairvoyance, the insensibility to pain, the mesmeric cures, etc., which connected themselves with the later days of the school were not mere accidents, but normal accompaniments of their falsely-founded system.

Now when we remember that, after the *renaissance* in Europe, these Neo-Platonic doctrines had power enough to make themselves, for two centuries, the fashionable opinions of the learned and elegant of Italy, France and England; when, indeed, we reflect that the very latest English book upon "Culture, Faith and Philosophy"—Mr. Mallock's "New Republic"—is replete with ideas which were received by Plotinus and Proclus, we perceive that the early Christianity had in this heathen school, no mean antagonist.

Another foe against which the Church was obliged at this period to contend, was Gnosticism. This was a system of error which assumed many forms; but whose chief characteristic was a fantastic blending of oriental theologies with the Greek philosophy and certain of the doctrines of Christianity. Prominent among the Gnostic tenets was the theory of emanations from the Deity. This form of error also obtained a strong hold upon the minds which Christianity was seeking to reach and so demanded able opponents.

But the Catholic faith was ready to meet both these foes on their own ground; for by the close of the second century there were many and able philosophers in the Christian ranks. The school of Alexandria was not the only Christian school that battled for the faith with the heathen and Gnostic speculations. Antioch also was for several centuries the seat of a flourishing institution which shared in the labor; while in the West the Christian clergy, though having no organized school of high rank, did noble work in combating learned error. Particularly was this true of the North African fathers, among whom the labors of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine must ever deserve the gratitude of believers. Still Alexandria not only made the first organized effort to give Christianity an intellectual standing, but she reached a higher tone of scientific culture than belonged to any other section of the early church. Not only did her scholars study dilligently the Scriptures, but they made use of every department of heathen learning as helps to biblical study. Indeed the very breadth of their culture soon aroused against them a third foe within the church itself, the party that despised learning as savoring of heathenism. What need have Christians for culture? said these men. The prophets and apostles knew nothing of philosophical learning. True, said the Alexandrians, but they had a guidance of the Spirit, which we have not; and a scientific culture is therefore necessary for us that we may understand what the Spirit taught them. We do not make our culture a substitute for a divine revelation; we do not even claim that philosophy makes Christian truth any more powerful, or that the revelation is not itself a sufficient source of truth to afford salvation to the wholly unlearned; still philosophy will enable its possessors to ward off the attacks of sophistry. It is a wall and a hedge around the vineyard of truth. But, cried Tertullian, who opposed this higher culture, "what has Athens to do with Jerusalem? Philosophy is but the hand of Satan." Strange, replied the Alexandrians, that Satan should have bestowed upon the world so good a gift, when disorder and sin are his normal work. No. Philosophy is of God. It was a divine gift to the Greeks; and just as the law served as a schoolmaster to bring Jews to Christ, philosophy has been a schoolmaster which has actually led many Greeks to Christ. We must distinguish between the doctrine that makes righteous—the gospel only—and one that prepares the way for this, and esteem each in due measure.

But while thus apologizing to their friends for their learning, the Alexandrians were met from another quarter with the cry that Christianity was but a "blind faith." To this they answered that it was the glory of Christianity, as a revelation from God who cares for all men, that it had power to attract the masses of men, who are incapable of scientific inquiry, and secure their

salvation through simple faith. But those who had thus entered by a simple faith into the Christian life might, if they chose, go on to something more. Here lay the peculiar feature of the Alexandrian teachings, their doctrines of the πίστις or simple faith of believers, and the γνῶσις or advanced knowledge of those who had made progress in the divine life. This idea of a true gnosis they opposed to the false gnosis of the Gnostics. The latter, with the Neo-Platonists, held that mankind was composed of different classes of men, only a few of whom were capable of becoming spiritual. For these few, therefore, they had a secret doctrine, something of an entirely different nature from what was imparted to the multitude, which higher doctrine alone could bring the soul into contact with God. The Alexandrians, however, said that the true gnosis was founded upon the very truths which they taught the multitude. Slaves and harlots were allowed to share the root ideas of their philosophy. For their philosophy had a moral, not a merely intellectual, groundwork; and every human being had something in his soul, however dimmed or crushed it might be, that could respond to appeals to an inward conscience. They therefore concealed nothing moral from the humblest disciples, but only forbade such to meddle with the intellectual affairs of the faith until they had had a regular intellectual training. Until then, reason and conscience might be their sufficient guides. The gnosis, therefore, instead of involving higher truth, was simply the employment of the logical faculty for the unfolding and illustrating of truth that was common to all. The source to which all appeal must be made for truth was the Holy Scriptures. A true Gnostic was one who had "grown old in the Scriptures." This in contrast with such as Tertullian, whose final appeal was always to the Rule of Faith of the Church. In the interpretation of Scripture, the Alexandrians distinguished a literal and historical and a spiritual meaning. Out of a fanciful use of the latter grew the habit of allegorical interpretations which so unhappily characterized this school. In the hands of Clement and Origen, who profoundly reverenced the Scriptures, this allegorizing caused little harm; but with their successors it led to such a reckless and aimless speculation as to nullify Scripture and ultimately to ruin the Alexandrian Church.

The theology of Alexandria we can only touch here and there. Elaborated by cultured Greeks, it seemed, when compared with the practical theology of the West, idealistic and speculative. Yet it seized with firm grasp the fundamentals of the faith. Underlying all else, the root out of which all grew, was its doctrine of the Eternal Word. Around this doctrine was formulated by slow degrees, the doctrine of the Trinity. The earlier Alexandrians did not grasp this doctrine in its fullness, Origen having for speculative reasons held to the subordination of the Son to the Father. That this error, however, was only a transitional one, incident to the earlier stages of systematic Christian thought, is evident from the fact that Athanasius, the father of the Trinitarian doctrine, was a student and reverent admirer of the works of Origen. In anthropology there was a sharp divergence in his school from the Western school, as represented by Tertullian and afterwards by Augustine. The Gnostics, against whom the Alexandrians contended, allowed a capacity for a divine life in only a minority of men. To resist them, therefore, their opponents were early led to soften down the stronger predestination passages of Scripture, such as "God hardened Pharaoh's heart," and to emphasize the element of free will in man. Man had sinned and brought upon himself the trammels of sense; still he had no inherently corrupted nature, so but that it yet depended upon his own will to resist enticement to sin. He was not to be saved by predestinated and irresistible grace, but rather by the assistance given by divine grace to his own will, which grace was also conditioned by the efforts of his will. Another distinctive theological feature to be noted was the Alexandrian eschatology. Both Clement ond Origen believed in a progressive development and purification after death. Speaking of Christ's descent into Hades, Clement says, "The Saviour exerts his might because it is His work to save,

which accordingly He did by drawing to salvation those who became willing to believe on Him wherever they were." To the accomplishment of this salvation, Clement believed there was need of some particular ordinance, enabling those souls consciously to appropriate the redemption provided for them.

Let us mention now the leading fathers connected with this Christian school. The first was Pantaenus, who before his conversion had been a learned stoic. He began teaching about 180 A. D., the school being then only the ordinary catechetical school connected with the Alexandrian church. Though a man of abilities, and of singular piety, he left no writings. His successor was Clement, one of the three great men of the school. We know little of his career, save that he was converted late in life, that he availed himself of every opportunity for acquiring both Grecian and Christian culture, and that, after teaching about ten years, he in 202 A. D., withdrew from Alexandria, and lived for some years in Jerusalem and Antioch. He left three principal works which together form a systematic whole, setting forth Christ as the Divine Educator. The first, the "Exhortation to the Heathen," exhibits the worthlessness of the Greek mythology and the insufficiency of philosophy. In the "Instructor," Clement presents Christ before his converts as the only teacher, and expounds his precepts to them. In the "Miscellanies," he furnishes materials for the instruction of Christians in a true gnosis, or a Christian philosophy. Clement was preëminently a philosopher. Everything within the range of human learning that could be made to elucidate Christian truth he sought; and truth, wherever he saw it, whether among heathen or heretics, was gratefully acknowledged by him. This eagerness to arrive at intellectual truths may have made him less sensible of some of the humbler aspects of Christianity; and yet there is in all he says a sincere and devout tone, as of one wholly converted to the service of Christ. However he may have failed in this or that direction, we cannot but be grateful for his broad and generous conception of God's work among men, which, he says, embraces in one comprehensive plan, the welfare of all his creatures. The history of the Greeks, alike with that of the Jews, is embraced in the plan, and, like that history, has relation to God's redemptive work. Thus Clement was the author of that conception of human history which makes it all center in and radiate from the manifestation of the Eternal Son.

Origen, who followed Clement, was, next to Augustine, the greatest father of the early church. His father dying a martyr when he was but a boy of eighteen, he supported his mother and brother by his labors in philology. Being as earnest in his Christain life as he was profound in his scholarship, he was in the same year inducted into the catechetical office. While a catechist he attended the lectures of the Neo-Platonist, Ammonius Saccas, and thus fitted himself to guide pagans as well as Christians in their study of the Scriptures. Pupils soon came to him in great numbers, so that he gave over the ordinary duties of the catechetical school to an assistant and devoted himself to leading the more advanced scholars through the entire domain of Greek culture, up to the right understanding of the Scriptures and of the Christian faith. Thus he initiated a liberal and scientific Christian education. He was successful in winning not only philosophers but heretics into the church, particularly Gnostics, many of whom had turned from the traditional faith because of the narrow and crude forms in which it had been presented to them. Among these converts was one Ambrosius, a wealthy man whose munificence afterwards enabled Origen to carry on his learned researches. He furnished him with rare manuscripts and with seven scribes and seven copyists, whom he kept constantly employed, so that his works seemed those of a great school instead of one man. Their number is stated by Rufinus to have exceeded 6,000, which sum if largely exaggerated suggests a production that was wonderful. But the attentions paid to so zealous a scholar awakened the jealousy of his bishop, Demetrius. This feeling was heightened when on a journey Origen was ordained a presbyter by Alexander,

bishop of Jerusalem. Demetrius now convened a synod, deposed Origen from his rank as presbyter, and forbade him to teach in Alexandria on account of heresy. He therefore withdrew in 232 to Cæsarea, where most of his subsequent life was spent. Here, as at Alexandria, he became the center of a learned circle whose influence was felt long after his death. The personal quarrel in which Demetrius had engaged with him, now led to the rise of parties in the Church, Palestine, Arabia and Achaia siding with Origen, Rome and the dominant party at Alexandria against him. The chief thing to be remembered in connection with all the ill-feeling which this division engendered is the forgiving spirit with which Origen uniformly spoke of his enemies. Branded a heretic though he was, he was greatly revered in large sections of the Church. He was repeatedly invited to foreign cities to take part in councils for composing differences in churches, or settling matters of faith. At one such council his opponent Beryllus was not only convinced by his reasoning but addressed him a letter of thanks for winning him back from error. Having suffered severely in the Decian persecution, Origen died in 254 at seventy years of age. Of his works that have survived the most important are the *De Principiis*, which confessedly contains many heretical opinions retracted before his death; *Ad Celsum*, a valuable apologetical work addressed to one Celsus, a heathen who had attacked Christianity; Commentaries and Homilies on the Old and New Testaments; and the *Hexapla*, a great work upon the Old Testament, to which he gave twenty-seven years of labor.

The main features of Origen's work have already been given in speaking of the school; but we must allude to certain peculiarities of belief for which he alone was responsible. The most important of these were his belief in the pre-existence of souls and his idea of a succession of worlds in which, owing to the mutability of the will of created beings, fall will follow redemption and redemption fall in an endless succession.

At the successors of Origen in the catechetical school, we can only glance. His immediate follower was Heraclas, who was previously associated with him. Next came Dionysius, who was catechist and afterwards bishop, and who was a worthy successor. Accustomed to read without prejudice all the writings of heretics, he was one day warned of the injury that might thereby come to him. But believing that he had heard a voice saying to him: "Read whatever falls into thy hands, for thou art capable of judging and proving all things," he kept on gathering up the truth wherever it was to be found. While bishop he became engaged in a controversy with Dionysius of Rome upon the doctrine of the Trinity, and, true to his master's spirit, conducted himself in a way not only to preserve the unity of the Eastern and Western churches, but also to deserve the lasting gratitude of the Church universal for his example of moderation in religious controversy. Surely no better instances of the broadening influences of generous culture can be found in all history than in the earlier fathers of this Christian school. The third in the trio of great names of Christian Alexandria is Athanasius. Though not one of the catechists, he is yet to be numbered with the teachers of the school; and certainly no other father left a deeper or more lasting mark upon the theology of the whole Church than he. And his work, it must be remembered, could not have been done without the labors of his great predecessors. The last catechist before the school sunk into obscurity was Didymus (340–395 A. D.), who, though blind from his youth, was one of the most distinguished church teachers of his day. He was one of the boldest defenders of the Nicene doctrine, and withal a loyal successor of Origen, whom he greatly admired, though he rejected the doctrine of restoration and certain other Origenistic opinions.

We have thus traced the last of the Alexandrian schools through to its decadence. Alexandria still remained a Christian city and had a certain intellectual influence down to the seventh century; she still had her library and her traditions of the great past; but she never again molded the thought of the world. Cyril, the one prominent character in the Alexandrian Church after the

decay of the school, made himself felt in theological controversies, but he left no monument of thought. And so, when the Saracens came, it was but to pull down the house out of which the tenant had removed. The thousand years appointed for Alexandria's work had rolled by, and she was remanded to obscurity. If, at length, after another thousand years, we are beginning to hear her name pronounced and to see some signs of future greatness for her, let us not forget that however grand her career, she can never do a nobler service for mankind than she did by the four schools of thought at which we have thus hastily glanced. *Geo. A. Jackson.*

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XII.

FOLLOWING ROBERT.

THE next two weeks were crowded with work. Mr. Dyer left every thing to my management, stipulating only that we should get away at the time specified.

First, there was Agnes to be informed of her father's plans, and her coöperation insured. She was surprised, but not displeased, especially as she learned that Maud and myself were to accompany them. She asked no questions, and seemed to have no suspicions; and it proved a harder matter then I anticipated to tell her of this affair of Robert Lyon. She listened with bated breath. I did the best I could for her father, dwelling upon the existing and probably inherited tendencies in Robert Lyon to become what he was. But no ingenuity could checkmate her intuition, or prevent her from having an acutely vivid sense of her father's responsibility. She made it sharper and more comprehensive than I was willing to admit. At the same time she caught eagerly at his desire to compensate the man. It was to her an evidence of coming if not present repentance. I had no heart to show her my impressions of the matter. It was evident that she could be relied upon to the utmost to help her father out. Even while I was speaking I could see her assuming by sympathy, and as if in some sense her inheritance, the burden of the wrong he strenuously denied and resisted.

When I had finished the effects were palpable. First, an overwhelming sense of the wrong, coupled with an infinite pity for her father and for Robert Lyon, that would impel her to any sacrifice. Then a singular feeling of shame that *her* father should have done this thing, and that I, or any one else, should know it; and as if she were somehow involved in his humiliation as also in his guilt. Then, too, a little resentment. The father could never again be to her quite the man she had been accustomed to admire and respect. She felt cruelly robbed. But she was quick to do me justice.

"It was *this* you were withholding from me?"

"He told me voluntarily. I could tell you only with his permission."

She grasped my hand. "I have misunderstood you; but it will never occur again. Whatever comes, I shall believe in you. And for your kindness to him and to me, God will reward you."

I was deeply moved, and as I stood holding her hand and looking in her eyes, an unaccountable conviction stole over me that for her, life held a story too pitiful for words. I beheld with inward vision a cloud stealing over her, charged with storms, and black with coming darkness, and could only stand and look on.

The first half of the voyage to Liverpool was tempestuous. Maud, Agnes and myself were wretched victims. But Mr. Dyer was superior to the sea; in fact appeared in better health and spirits than at any time for

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months past. Action was a potent tonic. At no time was he so restful as when struggling to maintain his foot-hold he watched the uproar of winds and waves, and felt the quaking of the ship beneath him. So pleasant was this rest, and so weary had he become of incessant thought, that but for this matter of Robert Lyon, and the dread of leaving Agnes exposed to his curse, which though he scoffed at he inwardly feared, he would have been quite content to have gone to the bottom then and there. With all his faults, there was something grand in the man. I could not withhold a certain admiration.

Agnes was the first to regain her equilibrium and hasten to her father's side. Pleasantly as he received her, he preferred to be alone. He was never a social man, except upon rare occasions; and of late the tendency to self-absorption had grown upon him till he was now, if never before, practically alone in the world. His daughter comprehended this. All her mental processes and intuitions were amazingly quickened by her knowledge of his secret. She knew that this loneliness, much as he seemed to prefer it now, would soon become a thing he could not endure. Before that time arrived she wished him to feel that he was no longer alone. She at least was with him in weal or in woe. No misery could come upon him that she would not also bear. But neither by word nor look did she betray a consciousness of her knowledge. It was manifest only by an involuntary change in her tenderness. Heretofore it had been the tenderness of a daughter for a beloved father. Now it was the tenderness of a mother for a stricken child. She held him in an infinite compassion; bearing his burdens and anxieties as if they were her own. And though at present impatiently ignored, the time came when he no longer refused this most precious and helpful sympathy.

For a while it was quite an affliction to Agnes, that her father should seem to prefer Maud to herself. I could understand that Maud's cheerful face and piquant ways would act as a mental narcotic upon this thought-tired man. It amused him to watch her flitting hither and thither and saying all manner of unexpected things. She was the only one who could induce him to smile; once he laughed, a real, boyish laugh, at which he was himself surprised and startled, as if he had committed an indiscretion. Probably he had not heard his own voice in a laugh for years. It was not strange that he followed Maud with his eyes and welcomed her presence.

Before he accepted his daughter's sympathy she seemed to keep his anxiety continually before him, and how could he help turning impatiently away, unconscious of the pain he was inflicting upon her? When she could bear this no longer she would come over to me in a kind of dumb entreaty. She rarely if ever put her trouble into words, but she would come and stand by me, quite silent, her hands clasped behind her, looking away in the distance for something not to be found, while the sweet mouth took a sad, patient expression that I could not endure to see.

I grew to know these signs, and helpless and hopeless as I sometimes felt, I was constrained to offer her what comfort I could, and it was little enough. Often with her hand upon my arm we paced the deck for hours, while I drew her into conversations concerning something quite remote from her troubled thoughts, or fell into a semi-philosophical talk that taught directly or indirectly strength and endurance. I was surprised at the wide range of reading and thinking she betrayed at such times. Sorrow is a wonderful educator. Out of her own heart she was acquiring a potent wisdom. But oftener, by her own leading, our conversation gravitated to Christ and His work, and its never ending results. The love that compelled His sacrifice and that carried within itself its own reward, was a theme of which she never tired; and in which she betrayed a growing, intuitive knowledge, that sometimes, thinking of a possible future, made me long to put my hands upon her head and say, "Go to sleep, child; go to sleep and never wake again." I ought to have remembered that He who held her in His hand knew what was best for her. He was very near her in those days, and the belief that He knew all was

to her an inexpressible relief. Quieted and comforted she would slip away her hand, and leave me with a simple, "Thank you."

We stopped at Liverpool but a few days, making the necessary inquiries, following the track of Jackson, the agent. The importunate anxiety of Mr. Dyer forbade a longer stay; and promising ourselves leisure for a survey of the United Kingdom on our return, we passed over to Hamburgh as the port to which Norman Lee sailed from Liverpool.

The real work of the search fell upon me, though Mr. Dyer accompanied whenever it was possible, not knowing that his presence was a hindrance rather than a help. Of course this left the girls much alone; but they had so much to talk about, and so many letters to write, that they could scarcely have been lonely. Such letters as Hal and Northrop Duff must have received! Maud said they were copartnership letters. She wrote one page and Agnes the next, and so on till some dozens accumulated, when they were mailed, one week to Hal, and the next to Northrop Duff. In vain I endeavored to get a peep at these wonderful manuscripts. Neither of the girls could be coaxed or bribed, and to this day I have no idea what they contained, only that they were very precious to the recipients.

To Maud, Agnes was the same helpful friend she had ever been. She discerned no difference between the Agnes of a year ago and the Agnes of to-day, wide as the difference grew.

I have never told how hard I worked to get Maud away from home. I supposed she would be delighted at the suggestion of a year's travel, especially with Miss Dyer. But the chicken was a home bird, and had a premonition that she would miss the old nest and the mother's wing, or something else I could not divine. Probably I should not have succeeded at all, only that her mother took sides with me, insisting that Maud had grown dumpish and required a change of air and scene. Whether her maternal eyes were sharper than mine, is still a question.

Hal was furious. Why should we go at all, since he must remain? Northrop drew long sighs till Jack protested that he was lengthening to an unknown extent, and adjured him in the name of humanity to confine himself within reasonable limits till we were well on the road.

If Maud could see no change in Agnes, Agnes could see a change in Maud. What made the child so unreasonably mercurial? If expected letters failed to arrive she fell into the dumps too deep for present extraction. Maud in the dumps was a comical sight; her head down, and her plumage drooping like a rain-pelted hen. But when the letters came, *presto!* she was gay as a lark; soaring, gyrating and singing to the entertainment of us all. Dyer wished that she might have letters daily.

At Hamburgh we could find no trace of Norman Lee, but at Antwerp we came upon his track again. He made several voyages from Antwerp to Havre, had picked up French and German enough to be intelligible, and was fast losing his distinctively American character. After a while he grew tired of a sailor's life, and went into a restaurant as waiter and English interpreter. Here he seemed to have stayed some time, and to have accumulated money enough to enable him to go to Baden-Baden and make another effort to recover his lost fortune. Always trying to get that money back! Then the old story was repeated, and he went to the bottom again. This affair at Baden-Baden thoroughly convinced me that we were on the track of the real Robert Lyon. But the search was a very disheartening one. There seemed no end to his wanderings, and I should have made little headway but for the aid of the best French and English detectives. It would appear that he committed offenses against none but himself. On the contrary he was generous and helpful, doing kindly offices, and refusing to be compensated. After living wretchedly at Baden-Baden, he vanished, utterly,—another of those under-ground passages of his.

The remainder of the summer and early autumn months was fruitlessly consumed. I thought it best for Mr. Dyer to pass the winter in Italy, and in November, after getting Maud, Agnes and her father comfortably established in Florence, I went over to France.

Everybody, rich or poor, gravitates to Paris. I went partly to consult the prescient Paris police, and partly for my own benefit. Up to this time I had been amalgamated with Joel Dyer; now I proposed to resolve myself into my original, and breathe a little upon my own account.

A few irresponsible weeks did more to restore my wonted vigor than all the previous months. I began to feel the old tide of health throbbing in every vein. And notwithstanding my anxieties concerning the friends at home, and those left at Florence, I enjoyed life thoroughly. A healthy man need never be an unhappy man. I had almost said he never *is* an unhappy man.

I was constantly receiving letters from Florence, and every steamer brought me news from home. It was during my first sojourn in Paris that I received a letter from Hal asking my advice about a change in his plans for life. It appeared that since the revival the previous winter, he had been unsettled in his mind, having conceived a desire to study for the ministry, feeling that perhaps it was his duty; and that impression coupled with Northrop's entreaties had brought him to a stand-still. All that lay back of him, and his previous inclinations pointed another way. What did I think about it? Should he leave it to me?

I answered promptly. He should *not* leave it to me. It was a question which he alone had a right to decide. At the same time, he should have the benefit, if benefit it was, of my impressions in the matter. No one appreciated the work or respected the office of a minister of the Gospel more than I. It is the highest and holiest calling to which a man can give himself, and one of all others to be entered upon intelligently, with a full understanding of its requirements and his own capacity. Every man should be a minister of the Gospel in a certain sense, but all men are not born for the pulpit. Many a young man in the first flush of enthusiastic religious fervor, has chosen this service; and, having once done that, whatever misgivings he may subsequently have as to his natural fitness for the work he regards as temptations of the adversary, and to be set aside at any cost. Years after, the mistake is recognized and lamented.

Every man should work in the Lord's vineyard. But the Lord's vineyard is world-wide, and some can labor most effectively in one field and some in another. Christian ministers are many; Christian physicians are few; and of late it had seemed to me that a Christian physician's opportunities were even greater than those of the most successful preacher. A physician sees his people when they feel most their helplessness and their need. A few words dropped then make a deeper impression than dozens of sermons when they feel their feet firmly under them. I would not exchange my opportunities for those of any minister of my acquaintance.

As for himself, he would seem to have been intended by nature and by education for a physician. He had no right to be anything but a Christian physician. He had the same account to render to the Master as if he had been ordained to preach the Gospel from the pulpit. It was a matter for him to think over prayerfully and at leisure. Perhaps he had better put aside his books till this thing was settled. Suppose he went away from his present perplexed atmosphere, and beyond the reach of friendly advisers? He would be more likely to arrive at a just conclusion.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAL SETTLES ONE THING.

Returning one day from the Central police station, whither I had been summoned by something that looked like evidence that Norman Lee had been in Paris since he left Baden-Baden, I found a telegram from Agnes desiring my immediate presence. I went off by the first train, expecting to find Mr. Dyer in an alarming condition.

Answering my inquiry, Agnes explained that her father was in much the same condition that I left him, but Maud was sick. She had been spiritless and languid for several days. Then a slow fever came on that would not yield to treatment. She lost her interest, her appetite, her bloom, and was crying half the time. She would not be pacified till I was sent for. "Perhaps the

climate does not agree with her, and I think she is homesick," said Agnes in conclusion.

"Homesick!" I went in to see my pet. She was sleeping, and lay with her face pressed into the pillow looking quite pale and woe-begone. My heart smote me for taking the poor little bird away from the mother's nest. As I stood looking at her she awoke, and seeing me she put up a grieved lip and began to cry like the veriest baby. I could get only tears in answer to all my questions. At last she said between her sobs: "I shall die if I stay here, uncle Doctor; I know I shall."

"Why? What is the matter, Maud?"

"I don't know. I feel dreadfully. I want to go home; I want my mother."

I could not help smiling. This girl, almost twenty years old, crying with homesickness.

"How much longer must we stay here?" she asked dolefully.

"Some months yet."

"Then I *shall* die, I know I shall;" and her head went down in a fresh tempest of sobs.

"You will feel better in a few days."

"No. It will only grow worse and worse till I die."

I began to think, absurd as it seemed—for she had no disease, and no sickness but this unconscionable homesickness—that she might be correct after all. For she continually drooped and pined, and before the week was out I was at my wits' end. Homesickness is without remedy. Either the patient must go home or be content to stick it out till the mind is occupied with something else. Maud would not stick it out. I hated to see her pining, but we could not go at present. Even the letters that used to cheer only made matters worse. What should I do?

One day she wiped the tears from her pale cheeks asking: "Is there no one going to America? Can't you send me home with some one? I would go if I had to ride a broom, witch-fashion."

Agnes sketched Maud on a broom, clutching the brush for dear life, as with staring eyes and streaming hair she crossed the Atlantic, high above all sailing craft. Whereat we all laughed, without getting even a smile from Maud.

"Mother would not laugh, nor Hal either," said Maud, looking aggrieved.

Hal! that was a good thought. I would cable Hal to come over at once and take Maud home. It would be a respite and a diversion for him. It would cure her, and I should have one less to be anxious for.

Before night the message was on its way with necessary directions concerning funds and other matters, requesting an immedidiate answer. The next day it came, and I took it to Maud. The effect was magical. She began straightway to mend. Even Agnes was glad to know that Hal was coming.

My anxiety for Maud having abated, I had leisure for a more critical observation of the rest. It was apparent that during my absence Agnes and her father had arrived at an understanding concerning this Robert Lyon affair; and he, finding her so helpful, was in his sore need turning to her with eager eyes and hands. It was a month of rejoicing to Agnes. It made her way clear, and loosened somewhat his clutching hold upon me. Agnes, however, said nothing upon the subject, lest her sensitively-bred conscience should accuse her of seeming to betray her father's confidence. It was also evident that the consuming fret which had been in a measure allayed by action and the conviction that we were getting on, had returned with renewed voracity during this enforced delay. I watched his transparent face and glittering eyes sharply, realizing that this thing was making destructive work with his waning vital force. I could think only of a two-edged sword whose scabbard was getting perilously thin.

His room adjoined mine, and night after night I heard him restlessly pacing the hours away. Often before the morning dawned Agnes would softly enter, and taking his arm walk with him up and down, soothing him by her voiceless sympathy. Sometimes I could hear her speak in low tones of comfort or entreaty. But oftener not a word was spoken. She was simply helping him to bear his burden and to feel that he was not entirely alone. Once, after he had been

long and wearily pacing, I heard him fall heavily into his chair, and the utter silence that followed was so oppressive and death-like, that apprehensive of some untoward event I hastily dressed and stepped out on the veranda that ran past his room and mine. A bright light was burning on his table, and through the window I could see him sitting in his chair, his head resting against the high back, his shadowy hands fallen helplessly on his lap, his eyes closed, and his face like the face of a dead man; only that dead men never carry faces so worn with anguish and despair. Was it possible that a man could suffer like this and still live on?

While I was looking at him Agnes came softly in. She, too, had been watching, and the silence had startled her as well as myself. Her face when she saw him was flooded with unutterable compassion and distress. Without speaking she moved his head from the chair to her breast and covered his face with kisses and tears.

He did not repulse her. His lips parted in a weary moan, and with closed eyes he endeavored to hide his face in her garments. I returned noiselessly to my room. I had no right, even if I had the heart, to look at a thing like that.

Before morning I resolved although it was still mid-winter, and the experiment might be hazardous in other respects, to take Mr. Dyer and Agnes with me to Paris as soon as Hal and Maud should have started on their homeward route.

In due season Hal arrived and was joyfully welcomed by all. It was always a pleasure to look at Hal. I used to think he would be too pretty for a man; but of late he had lost his prettiness, and gained a strong, manly beauty that commended itself to masculine as well as feminine eyes. He had also a thoughtful, decisive way that was an improvement. Maud complained that he was too sober, but sobriety became him. Agnes considered him a handsome man, and justly.

We had many a long earnest talk concerning his future, and the young fellow developed an unexpected amount of common sense and quaint wisdom. My young nephew was to be respected as well as admired. One day at the close of a long conversation, he said, decisively:

"One of the many things that perplex me must be settled before I return. That once over, perhaps the rest will grow clearer."

"What is it, Hal? if I may know," asked I with a premonitory tinge.

Hal's cheeks flushed like a boy's as he answered quietly: "You know that from the first I admired Miss Dyer; but perhaps you did not know that as I saw her more, my admiration deepened into as strong and earnest a love as ever man gave to woman. I know that I was not worthy of her; I know that I am not now; but if she loves me I believe that I should grow better, more worthy. I cannot tell any one what the past year has been to me. Latterly I compelled myself to stand aside, thinking that she preferred Northrop Duff. But just before I sailed a fact came to my knowledge that took him quite out of my road. Now I should be less than a man to go on in this uncertain condition. If she loves me I shall be better for knowing it. If she loves me not, why, God help me; it is quite time I knew that also."

"Has she encouraged you?"

"I cannot say that she has, nor can I say that she has discouraged me. She has treated me unexceptionably. If I had been distasteful to her, I am sure I should have known it some way," said he frankly, though looking exceedingly troubled and perplexed. His love for her was so genuine that it had drawn all the old self-assurance out of him.

"It may be that she has not understood you," ventured I, at length.

"Perhaps so. But women are quick-sighted;" (Hal was already an expert in these matters;) "and what little I have said or written has meant so much to me, that I am sure it must have meant somewhat to her. At all events, I must tell her now, let the result be what it may."

Looking at him as he stood before me, so young, so full of manly beauty and vigor, I felt that if she could love any one, it must be him.

"Well, old boy! go ahead. Perhaps it is the best thing under the circumstances,"

said I, seizing my hat and muttering something about a business matter in hand, as I went off for one of those long walks that suited me so well of late.

It was quite dark, and I returned by a street that ended opposite the house. Many a night, of late, I had lingered watching the lights from those windows, while pleasant thoughts, unbidden and also unreproved, kept heart and fancy warm. Perhaps I needed some such tonic as Hal had unconsciously administered. To-night, loth to enter, I waited till I saw Mr. Dyer through his uncurtained window pacing up and down in that endless vigil. This motion had become almost as much a necessity as his breath. At the table sat Agnes, reading to him by the light of a shaded lamp. I could see only her profile and moving lips, but I thought she looked unusually saddened and wearied. She had the same pathetic, patient air that came to her when she first began to bear her father's trouble. Was it the shadow of another trouble that wearied her to-night?

The other rooms occupied by our party lay in darkness, and were apparently deserted. But at the door Maud met me saying joyfully:

"Uncle, Hal has just gone out. He almost ran over me. I stopped him long enough to ask when we were going home, and the dear old fellow said 'Now; any time; the sooner the better.' How good he is to shorten his visit for me. I am going to pack my trunk to-night. I shall be *so* glad to get home," she added fervently.

"Then there will be *one* happy heart," responded I absently.

"More than one I hope," said Maud, her beautiful face flaming rosily. And encountering my gaze she added with suspicious eagerness, "Of course mother and Jack will be glad to see me." What possessed these children? They were getting beyond me.

The next time I saw Hal he was very quiet and avoided my eyes. But as soon as we were alone he came up manfully.

"I saw her after you went out yesterday, and am not sorry. It was best I should know; though," said he with a lip that quivered spite his desperate self-control, "if last night death had come I should have esteemed it the greatest blessing God could give."

"Stop, Hal! You are no coward. You have courage and manliness enough to bear whatever must be borne, be it ever so hard," said I, looking steadily in his eyes; for he was still mentally reeling from the effect of some tremendous blow.

He stood with folded arms and dry, hot eyes, that had known neither sleep nor tears the past forty-eight hours; crowned, too, he was with a dignity, a kind of consecration that suffering alone begets. My heart ached for the boy. He began speaking slowly to steady his voice.

"I make no complaints; I am no fool; I shall not die. People cannot die that way. But how I am to take up my life with the core dropped out, and go on, God only knows." He walked over to the window and stood with his back to me. I had no wish to see his face. There was a long, dead silence, before I asked:

"Do you mean to say that she refused you, Hal?"

He faced me. "No. With a generosity and a courage few women possess, she anticipated me. I cannot tell exactly what she said. She made me understand that marriage, or any attachment that would look to marriage as a result, was utterly impossible for her. That she belonged wholly to her father. That she had no future that was not inseparable from his. While he lived she had nothing else."

"He cannot live always."

"So I said, or something like that, and begged the privilege of hoping. But she answered that it would be only a cruelty to both. I must think of her ever and always as a friend who had my best welfare at heart. She made me understand that it was quite hopeless, and she seemed so distressed that I had no heart to press her farther."

"One thing," said he musingly, as if the thought of her grief dulled for a moment the sharpness of his own, "she also suffers, but from what cause I am unable to determine." Then, arousing himself, re-

membering her courage, "Now I am going home, and for her sake will be a man, whatever comes."

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRAIT-JACKET.

JOEL DYER fell eagerly in with the proposed change, and I lost no time in getting him transferred by the easiest route to Paris.

Already I had received notice that a man, supposed to be the person we were in search of, was now in the city driving a carriage, a common *fiacre*, No. 706. He spoke both French and German, was accounted an Englishman, and wrote his name Normand Leigh. It was ascertained that he had been driving less than two weeks, and that previous to this he had been an English interpreter in a small saloon and had been discharged for intemperance. He was rarely quite sober, one of his periodic fits of indulgence being upon him; neither was he so disguised as to be untrustworthy as a driver. He frequented certain localities and was employed principally by English-speaking people.

"But how was I to know that this person was really the man?" pertinently questioned the officer who had the matter in charge. I had never seen Robert Lyon nor Norman Lee, and had no data beyond the description in the "protection papers" as to nativity, height, age and color, which might answer equally well for a hundred other men. I saw in Tom's library the day I found the book presented to Robert Norman Lyon, a photograph which I believed to represent the man we were after. I longed for a copy, but could not take one without Tom's consent, and that was not to be had since I could not even speak to him on the subject. I was obliged to content myself by carrying a copy in my memory. That showed me a man of twenty-five or over, large, fair, with a pleasant blue eye, curling brown hair and a handsome mouth, as attractive as a woman's, but lacking the decision and perseverance necessary for a man. But even that picture would be of little service, for the man must now be forty-five years old, and his manner of life must have changed him greatly. I remembered that Dyer said the last time he saw him that he would not have known him anywhere else; and I doubted if even Dyer could be depended upon to recognize the man if he was put before him.

Telling Agnes, but requesting her to keep the matter from her father till something decisive was known, for in his weary condition these fluctuations were anything but desirable, I went out to find the object of our long search.

Guided by the officer's direction and the number of the carriage, I found him in less than an hour. After a moment's conversation I engaged him to take a lady and myself to the Louvre at one o'clock. This would give me another opportunity for observation, and besides I wanted Agnes to see him, for I thought her penetration could be trusted if mine failed.

True to his appointment, this Normand Leigh was waiting at the place designated. While he was assisting Agnes to enter the carriage I scanned him narrowly. He was older, shorter and stouter than I supposed. As he lifted his hat I saw that he was quite bald. What hair remained was of a light brown, mixed with gray, and curled loosely below the brim of his hat, around the back of his head. His face was high-colored and seemingly bloated. His eyes, faded and restless, but not suspicious, were half hidden by dropsical upper and under lids. The mouth, which I had depended upon as the feature least likely to change, was hidden by a waxed gray moustache that gave him a foreign look. One would not pronounce him a vicious or guilty man. He seemed not to shun observation, but to be doggedly indifferent.

I thought he would notice Agnes, for though she was not beautiful, like Maud—I mean that she had none of the prettiness that became Maud so well—she was still a very attractive and distinguished looking lady, whom almost any one would turn to see again. But he did not even look at her as he courteously handed her to her seat. It needed but a glance to prove that he was not well. His excesses had told upon his nervous system till he was in a wretched

condition. I noticed that his hands were incessantly tremulous.

When he left us at our destination he agreed to return for us in two hours.

"What do you think of him?" questioned I of Agnes, as soon as he was out of sight.

"He looks like an Englishman; he uses good English, but he speaks like an American."

"Did you ever hear a voice that at all resembles his?"

"No. I thought his voice unnatural, as if roughened and thickened." Her ear was exceedingly delicate, a trait inherited from her father. He knew people quicker by their voices than by their faces; and I thought that if this man were Tom's brother she would detect the resemblance observed by her father, though she was as ignorant as he of Robert Lyon's relationship to Tom. Probably she was right. His excesses would be likely to roughen his voice.

"What do *you* thiuk?" eagerly questioning me.

"I know not what to think. If he is the man, my previous impressions have all been astray. When he returns perhaps we can tell better."

But he did not return. We waited long past the hour appointed, and at last took another carriage home. We were not prepared for this, and our disappointment was severe. It was however in keeping with the man. As often as he was found he was lost again. Before he was touched he disappeared. He was not to be found at his location that night, which fact I promptly reported to the authorities. The next morning it was ascertained that he was quite gone and a new driver appointed to 706.

This was too discouraging, and I began to think that it would be impossible to get hold of the man, whether he was Robert Lyon, Norman Lee, or the arch-deceiver himself. I suggested to Agues the possibility of his having seven-league boots, or that he was a lineal descendant of the Wandering Jew; but she shared her father's anxiety too acutely even to smile at the suggestion.

Later in the day came information that a man whose name had been entered as Normand Leigh, was that morning admitted to a hospital, the victim of a severe attack of *mania a potu*. Remembering his condition the previous day, I had no manner of doubt that it was the same person, and that also explained his failure to keep the appointment the previous day.

My hopes rose at once. What was to him an untoward event was to me a very fortunate occurrence. Now I should know if this were really Robert Lyon, and make sure of my man, unless death crowded me out.

A note from the chief commissioner secured for me an entrance to the hospital and the acquaintance of the physician iu charge. A glance at the occupant of cot five, ward nine, sufficed to convince me that it was Normand Leigh, the driver.

The attack was evidently a severe one. He was talking incessantly, and had given so much trouble in attempting to escape that he had been put into a strait-jacket and strapped to his cot; a treatment admirably adapted to increase his delirium, and postpone the sleep that alone stood between him and death. When I remonstrated, I was told that the hospital was full and they could not afford him a constant attendant.

A few moments' conversation with the physician in charge procured for me the privilege of constantly attending the occupant of Number Five, subject of course to orders. Then a note to Agnes explaining my absence, with directions to send for me if necessary, left me at liberty to follow the dictates of both head and heart.

He raved furiously till I spoke to him in English, when suddenly he turned his head and gazed at me fixedly. I met his scowl with a smile, till he half smiled in return.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

I mentioned my name.

"An English doctor?"

"No, an American."

"Glad of it," said he, making an effort to free his hand. That settled one thing. He was no Englishman. Find a sick Englishman subscribing to anything but an English physician! "You see," said he, after a fruitless struggle to free himself, "these French doctors are wooden-heads. They

have got a cursed notion that I am crazy. whereas the truth is, I was never so sane in all my life. You can see for yourself, Doctor, that I am no more crazy than you or any other man; yet see how I am treated?" And throwing back his head he exclaimed dramatically:

> "But man, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep."

"It is an outrage, Doctor; it is an outrage."

"That is true. It is an outrage, an outrageous outrage." And bending over him as if fearful of being overheard: "Now I will tell you what we will do. We are both in the same boat. I have got to stay here, and you have got to stay here till they choose to let us go. But we won't wear strait-jackets, either of us. If you will lie still and keep covered I will get this jacket off; but mind, if you go to throwing yourself about and getting up, they will see that the jacket is off, and it will go on again before you can say Jack."

He promised as solemnly as if his life was at stake, as I truly believe it was. He lay quite still while I unstripped his person, and with eager haste he helped me get off his jacket and throw it under the cot.

Never was man more rejoiced or more grateful; but he forgot his promise instantly, for he sat up in bed and began to make me a speech. What he said I never knew. I only saw that he was speaking rapidly, with a repeated outward and upward movement of the left hand, a gesture peculiar to Tom Peebles. Then, too, at the conclusion of some impassioned sentence, I heard the rising inflection of Tom's earnest voice. It was not strange that Joel Dyer, looking at and listening to the Rev. Mr. Peebles, saw also Robert Lyon.

I recovered promptly, and pointing to the jacket under the bed reminded him of his promise. He plunged under the coverlid, and for a while lay as still as a stone. From that moment I was able to enforce silence in the midst of his wildest paroxysms; that jacket had turned into some horrible monster waiting to devour him.

Notwithstanding all my efforts to induce sleep, as night drew on his delirium increased. He was incessantly talking and endeavoring to get out of bed. Through the night his talk ran to cards and dice and the various methods of gambling. "He must get back that money. He had been cheated, grossly cheated; but mother must not know, and Tom must not know; he must get back that money, quick! quick! Poor mother should live like a queen; Tom should never want that money—that money."

More convincing evidence could not be furnished that this poor creature was Tom's brother and Dyer's victim, though Dyer's name was never mentioned.

Soon after daylight the attending physician looked in and shook his head. "Unless the critical sleep comes soon, it will come only with death. You must be tired; come and rest; I will find you a quiet place," said he kindly.

But I left him only for necessary refreshments. Till he slept I could not sleep. It was as if I carried Tom's heart, Dyer's conscience, and Agnes's anguish in my own bosom, along with that direst of all burdens, the weight of an unrepentant soul, going swiftly and blindfold into the presence of its Maker.

Professor Tyndall says something like this: "Prayer is the cry of a creature in distress." Granted, and it proves more than he would believe. If there was not in everything that lives a premonition, however blind, of a strength beyond its weakness, of a help for its distress, would anything ever cry out? Was there ever a demand for which there was absolutely no supply?

And it is also a way of escape. There comes, sooner or later, into the lives of most men and women, hours when if it were not for this way of escape, this upward avenue along which sore-footed need can climb to something stronger and higher, the agony could not be borne. It may be no articulate prayer, no conscious putting into words of the creature's imperative necessity; but it is nevertheless a sending out from ourselves of a certain portion of our misery,

which, if it has no other result, enables us to bear what remains. So that day was to me one continuous prayer. Words I had none. I was conscious only of an importunate uplifting of my soul to Him in whose hands lay all issues. It was as if I was carrying this poor creature in my arms and holding him up before his Maker. If I could have said anything it would have been, "Look, Lord, look!"

Toward night symptoms of exhaustion began to be manifest.

"Convulsions come,—and the end," said the attending physician as he stopped to look at him on his way through the ward.

"You think his chance is small then?"

"Very small. This is probably not his first attack."

Thus far I had followed closely the physician's directions. Now I asked:

"Are you willing to leave him entirely in my hands?"

He looked at me narrowly. "You wish to pursue a different treatment?"

"There is one agent I would try."

"What is it?"

I told him. Hydrate of chloral was then just coming into use among venturesome practitioners, and had been employed with good effect in cases of *mania a potu*. French physicians are usually well up in all the novelties, but this man was elderly and conservative, and disposed to stick to the old ways rather than risk the lives of his patients by experiments. He mused dubiously before he said:

"Well, yes. He will die any way, and a few hours more or less, are of little consequence."

I wanted to be sure that the preparation was pure and fresh, and he told me where to go, and kindly gave me a note to the apothecary.

The first dose seemed to increase his delirium, but directly after the second he began to get quiet, and almost immediately fell into a sound sleep. The attending physician stayed by his cot, manifesting a keen interest, till he was convinced that the sleep was normal and healthy, when he said frankly, "I believe you have saved him," and went off to his apartments.

THE CUCKOO.

I opened my window wide
  To the morning soft and gray;
The murmur of the tide
  On beaches a league away
Filled with a dreamy sound
  The dreamy stillness around.

The blue of the sweet spring sky
  Through thin clouds soft and gray
Revealed them drifting by
  To eastward slowly away;
Leaving the fair west spanned
  With a widening azure band.

As I mused in the cloudy gleam
  Of the morning soft and gray,
A shape as dim as a dream
  Sped swiftly by and away,
Startling the hush with a word:
  Cuckoo! O, was it a bird?

Come back thou kindred of speech,
  Thou dim shape soft and gray! —
No sound save the tide on the beach
  Rolling a league away;
But it haunted my chamber bower,
  That cry, till the sunset hour.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE TEA-PARTY.

SUNSET over the village of Ismailow; the tall green tower of the single church, with its lead-covered cupola, standing boldly out against the crimson sky; several scores of quaint little log huts clustered around it, like chickens under the wing of the mother-hen; the last ray of the sinking sun casting a momentary gleam upon the shining curves of one of the countless tributaries of the Volga, as it winds around the base of the slope on which the village stands; all around, outstretched for many a mile, the soft, dreamy, sunny uplands of Central Russia; and, far in the background, the shadowy masses of the ancient pine forest looming sullenly along the darkening horizon.

But, picturesque as is the scene itself, it is fully matched by the group of figures that cluster around me, as I sit perched on one of those huge iron-clamped chests, painted bright vermilion,* which are to the Russian peasant what a grand piano or a carved side-board is to his civilized brethren. Strange-looking fellows indeed they are, these low-browed, sallow, bearded, yellow-haired men; with the dogged endurance of their race written in every line of their patient, stolid, unyielding faces. Some are in red calico shirts, worn over their other clothes; some, despite the heat of the room, keep to the traditional sheepskin frock. A few wear knee-high boots, smeared with tar; but the majority are barefooted, and bare-headed likewise.

These are the famous "Mujiks" of Russia, of whom so much is said and so little known; and the faithful description of whose daily life would seem as monstrous and incredible as the first accounts of the African gorilla. Ignorant as an Australian savage; superstitious as an ancient Athenian; inured to hardships from which a mediæval anchorite would have shrunk; at once a glutton and an ascetic; peaceful even to sluggishness, yet capable of the most horrible vengeance; able to sustain life on a pittance of food that would starve an Indian, and to pass whole nights out of doors in the depth of winter, with no protection save a tattered sheepskin; intensely susceptible of kindness, yet ungovernable save by the extreme of severity, the Mujik is indeed the strangest of all the waifs stranded by the ebb of the Middle Ages upon the shore of the nineteenth century.

But, strange as are the guests, there is no lack of good cheer. The tumblers (for no true Russian ever thinks of drinking tea from a cup) have been drained again and again; the sliced lemons which here do duty for milk, are already beginning to run short; and the huge black rye loaf, once as big as a hassock, is more than half demolished. Nor is all this feasting without a cause. We are now within three days of Lent, and the festival of "Maslenitza" (Butter Week) is being celebrated in this remote corner as zealously as in Moscow or St. Petersburg itself. Beside the *samovar* (tea-urn) which, having just been replenished, is now hissing and steaming like a miniature volcano, lies a huge platter of those small, round buckwheat cakes, famous throughout Russia under the name of "blinni," which are the traditional dainty of the season. They are

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*The negro himself is not more childishly fond of gay colors than the Russian, whose very word for "beautiful" (prekrasni) means literally "bright red."

usually eaten with fresh caviare, or butter, or "swetana," (sour cream) or all three together, as taste may direct; but out here on the steppe, where such relishes are not easily come by, we are fain to content ourselves with mutton fat.

While the teeth are so busy, the tongues are anything but idle; for to these isolated villagers, in whose eyes a journey to Moscow or Saratoff is like a Polar voyage or an African expedition, the arrival of a traveled vistor is no small treat; and they at once overwhelmed me with questions.

"And you have really been to Jerusalem, father? It must have been a tremendous long journey for you!"

"Not so, brother; it's only twelve days from here."

Visible sensation among my audience.

"Twelve days!" echoes a brawny fellow opposite me, in a tone of unbounded amazement. "Why, I thought it was right away at the ends of the earth, beyond thrice nine lands" (the Russian phrase for extreme distance).

"No, not quite so far as that. You ride to Jaffa, and go by steamer to Constantinople, and then across the Black Sea to Odessa; and from there, if you like, you can go round the Crimea, as I've been doing."

"And did you see the place where Pavel Petrovitch* lost his arm?" asks my *vis-a-vis* eagerly, glancing at a one-armed old man in the corner, whose keen bright eye almost contradicts the testimony of his snow-white beard and hair, against which his scarred, swarthy face looks doubly grim.

"Were *you* in that business then, brother?" ask I, turning to the veteran.

"Yes, father, I was down there in '54; and it was one of your countrymen who did this job for me" (tapping his empty sleeve). "But what then? when men fight, they've *got* to fight, of course, and I don't bear him any grudge. We're all brothers again *now*, thank God; and after all, if it was an Englishman that made the wound, it was an Englishman who tied it up for me; aye, and tore up his own shirt to do it!"

*Pavel the son of Peter, the customary form of address in Russia, even from a servant.

"Aye, aye," chimes in another; "he that remembers by-gones, let him have his eye put out" (a native proverb).

"But tell me, father," resumes my opposite neighbor, "are the countries of the South really as beautiful as people make them out?"

"You may say that, Stepan Yakovitch" (Stephen, son of James). "In some of the countries where I've been, I saw trees growing, one leaf of which would roof this hut of yours!"

"Think of that, now!"

"And grapes growing by the wayside, just as *tcherneeki* (blueberries) do here."

"See there, brothers; what things there are in this world, to be sure?"

"And no winter all the year round."

This unlucky announcement destroys at once the effect of all that has preceded it. A sudden chill falls upon my hearers, who exchange looks of silent horror.

"No winter!" exclaims the soldier at length. "Well, that *is* Heaven's judgment on the unbelievers; they don't deserve to have one!"

"Ach, Pavel Petrovitch!" whispers his neighbor, "don't you see that the Barin (master) is making fun of us? As if any one could get on without a winter!"

By this time every one has had enough, and there is a general "piling of arms," in the midst of which I observe:

"Now, lads, after a feast comes a song, you know; and Pavel Petrovitch here is just the man to sing it. I'll be bound he has sung many a good one by the camp-fire, in the old days of '54."

There is a general murmur of approval; and the old "moustache," obviously gratified at the compliment, strikes up at once, in a voice which has lost little of the mellow ring wherewith it once defied the snows of Bessarabia and the bullets of Inkermann.

"Our Eagle's wing is strong and wide,
  Our Eagle's beak is keen;
To right and left the ranks divide,
  Thro' which its flight hath been.
Let heathen hosts around us roar,
  Soon shall they flee afar,
When leveled is our steel once more
  For God and for the Czar!"

And then the chorus breaks out full-mouthed, with a power of time and tune worthy of any orchestra:

"For God and for the Czar,
For God and for the Czar!
Our flag shall fly in every sky
For God and for the Czar!"

"Then fear not swords that brightly shine,
Nor towers that grimly frown;
For God shall march before our line,
And tread our foemen down.
Nor steel, nor fire, nor mountain snow,
Our onward way shall bar,
When to the field of fight we go
For God and for the Czar!"

Chorus—"For God and for the Czar," etc.

"Well sung, Pavel Petrovitch!" remark I, as the song ends. "After that, the least we can do is to drink the Czar's health—Long live Father Alexander Nikolaievitch!"

"Long live Father Alexander Nikolaievitch!" echo all.

"And now, Stepan Yakovitch," says the veteran, "turn-about is fair play, you know. I've sung you a song—suppose you tell us a story?"

"Aye, aye," strikes in another; "tell us about "Zolotoi Vasili (Golden Basil) and his guest."

The story in question is one which at least one-half of the company have probably heard a dozen times already, but the Russian, like the Turk, can enjoy a good story as thoroughly the twentieth time as the first; and all bend eagerly forward as our host commences:

"You must know, then, brothers, that there lived in Holy Russia, many, many years ago, a man who was so rich that to reckon his wealth would have been like counting the grass of the steppes. He lived in a house as big as yonder church, and had a carriage finer than our District Inspector's; and all the dishes on his table were of gold; and he kept troops of servants in gay liveries, and drank costly wines from beyond the sea, and had white bread for breakfast every morning *; and, in short, he was such a great man that every one called him 'Vasili the Golden.'

"But, to my mind, Vasili the *Iron* would have been a better name for him; for his heart was like a flint. If a disabled soldier came limping along the road, or a poor half-starved pilgrim crawled to the door to beg for alms, all he got was a kick, and 'Be off out of this, you dirty fellow!' And, worse still, though his own sister (who was as poor as he was rich) lived in a miserable hut at his very door, and was almost crippled with rheumatism, he never offered to help her a bit; and, indeed, he had more than once threatened to pull down her hut altogether, saying that he wouldn't have such a pig-sty near *his* door.

"Well, at last Vasili's heart was so lifted up by his great riches, that he said to himself, 'There is no man worthy to be my guest; I will invite our Lord himself to come and sup with me!' So he brought out all his best dishes and richest wines, and put his servants in their gayest liveries, and spread a carpet on the steps of his house, and waited for our Lord to come and be his guest.

"All day he sat watching and waiting; and whenever a fine carriage appeared in the distance, or a troop of horsemen in uniform came dashing along, he thought, 'This must be He!' But carriages and horsemen went by, and still no guest. At last, just as the sun was setting, a poor, thin, weary-looking man came slowly up to the door; and he showed his bleeding feet, and craved charity in God's name.

"But Vasili was angry at waiting so long in vain; and he thrust him rudely away, saying: 'Begone to my sister's hut yonder; you and she will be well matched!' And the beggar turned away without a word.

"Next morning there stood at Vasili's door a woman whose face was like his sister's; but instead of being crippled, she was straight as a grenadier; and instead of rags, she wore a dress worth four roubles ($3) a yard. She held out her hand to him and said:

"'Brother, a strange thing has befallen me. Last night a beggar came to my door, and I gave him what I had. As we sat eating, suddenly his face became like the great picture above the altar in our church; and he laid his hand softly on my head,

*This is the Mujik's beau-ideal of luxury.

saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me!" And with that I became as you see me now.'

"Then Vasili tore his hair, and cried bitterly: 'That was He, then! and he might have given *me* some great gift, if I had but known him!'

"But a solemn voice answered from on high: 'Only they can know Him who are lowly and humble as He was!'"

"And instantly all Vasili's riches and grandeur melted as snow melts in the sunshine, and no one pitied him but his kind sister, who tended him lovingly till he died. So you see, brothers, that the old proverb is true:

"'Of great men's threats have thou no fear,
But rather dread the poor man's tear.'"

David Ker.

THE CONSTITUTION OF BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

THAT was a fair vision, though scarcely a prophetic one, which unfolded itself before the hopeful minds of the men who sixty years ago and later projected and organized the Christian and philanthropic societies of the time. Each society was to consist of the organized contributors, throughout the length and breadth of the land, towards its particular department of public beneficence. What more right and just than that the people who contribute the means of the society should direct the disposal of them? And what persons more likely to look faithfully after the administration of the society than those who have proved their interest by their gifts? Will not the heart be where the treasure is? The glorious spectacle grew upon their minds' vision. Each annual month of May, as at the blowing of the silver trumpets in the time of the new moon, the devotees of Christian charity should come thronging together from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, to hear from their trustees an account of their stewardship, to scrutinize the methods employed, to learn of the successes achieved, to decide upon plans for the coming year, and to choose, after examination of the past, who should be intrusted with the responsibilities of administration for the future. These convocations of earnest men and women, intent upon the things of the kingdom of God, should be occasions of high religious festival from which the multitudes should return to their several churches and homes with new cheer and courage, and new inspirations of faith and hope.

It was an incidental advantage of this method of organization, that a sense of the high responsibility of membership in these bodies, and of the importance of investing with it men and women of discretion and dignity, should act as a stimulant to provoke the annual dollar that constituted the member for a year, or the weightier donations of fifty or a hundred dollars to make the life director or, "scarce less illustrious," the life member. And not only a sense of grave duty to the church and the world, but some of the venial infirmities of human nature were gently solicited by this same expedient, as the diplomas will attest which one may read even to this day on the walls of many a country parsonage, and cherished by the grandchildren of many a saintly deacon; impressive works of art, displaying a missionary in a white cravat and lofty coat-collar, standing under a palm-tree, and preaching, or distributing some of the society's cheap and beautiful publications, to a congregation consisting of three Chinamen, a casual Turk or two, a Calmuck Tartar, six Hindoos, and ten little Indian boys; under which symbolic vignette runs the legend certifying that the Rev. Mr. Jones, or Deacon Smith, has, by the contribution of thirty dollars by his church, been constituted a life member, etc., etc. The costly frame, and the conspicuous and

permanent position accorded to these documents, shows the sense of dignity that used to be attached to them; and the fact that during its last financial year the American Bible Society received some seven hundred gifts of thirty dollars each, to constitute as many new life members, would seem to indicate that this notion still lingers, to a considerable extent, in many of the rural districts.

For a few years, in fact, for nearly a quarter of a century, while yet the machinery of these societies was new, it had the appearance of running according to the design of the projectors. "Anniversary week" in New York and Boston was outwardly all that the most ardent hopes, at the beginning, could have imagined. In full processions, by costly and fatiguing journeys, the pilgrims thronged together to the solemn feasts. The doors of merchant princes, and of many a humble mansion, opened with generous hospitality to men and women coming on so noble an errand. Great churches were thronged day after day to listen to the narratives of missionaries returned from distant lands and regions, and to stirring appeals and acute discussions from the foremost men in church and in state, at home. For a week or two the religious newspapers would be full of nothing but the meetings, and in five hundred country churches the pastor would tell the people about the wonders and the sin and misery of the great city, and the great facts that he learned, and the words of Dr. A. and Judge B., that he heard, when visiting the anniversaries as a life member of something or other.

But as a matter of fact, the organic machinery of these societies never did work at all. Even when it seemed to be working its liveliest,it was like the wheels and ratchets that were exposed to view in Maelzel's automaton chess-player, which had nothing to do with the working of it, while the game was played by the little man inside who drew up his legs out of sight when the machine was opened for an investigation. The meetings that were attended by the members from near and far, and reported in the newspapers, and commented on in the churches, were the show-meeting, at which it would be "Resolved, That we hail," etc.; resolutions on which no difference of opinion would be elicited, but on which all the high-stepping rhetorical parade-horses might be trotted out upon the platform and put through their best paces. The meeting in which the policy, the plans, the management of the society were decided was "only a business meeting," which the members of the society by the payment of thirty dollars were not interested to attend, nor the men that "ran" the society, and that knew the value of peace and quietness, interested to have them attend. So the existence of an efficient membership in these societies ceased to be a reality, and became only an appearance.

It soon ceased to be so much as an appearance. Some people date the decay of the New York anniversaries from the removal of the old Broadway Tabernacle. Doubtless there was a connection between the two events. Tenterden steeple did really have something to do with the cause of Goodwin Sands. But it is superfluous to look outside of the anniversaries themselves for a reason of their decline. They died for want of life. It took twenty-five years to find out that they were a sham, and after that people stopped going to them. Really earnest men would not travel to New York or Boston to "speak a piece," like a student's commencement oration, belonging in that category of rhetoric which Whately describes as being eloquent simply for the sake of eloquence; and as for the men who are not really earnest, and who are to be had for that sort of work, the public soon tire of them.

Anyhow, the anniversaries are dead. All parties have made up their minds to that. The coroner's verdict on the cause of death is of comparatively small consequence. The constitution devised for these societies sixty years ago has broken down. All the arrangements of the managers of them are made on this understanding. They accept the situation without a struggle, and with the more than Christian resignation of that cheerful philosopher, who being warned by the physician that his constitution was com-

pletely ruined by his excesses, replied with beautiful equanimity, and with such a smile as Mr. Joseph Jefferson might be glad to imitate: "All (hic) right, old fellow; then we'll just go it on the (hic) by-laws." This is substantially the course that has been pursued in these corporations, to run them on the by-laws; and perhaps it is the best course that the case admits.

As an illustration of the state of affairs in the societies, take the case of the oldest and strongest of them, the most unimpeachable, as I believe, in the integrity and competency of its management, and in some other respects one of the worthiest—the American Bible Society. The members of the society, in whom is vested the direction of its policy and the annual election of the executive by whom this policy shall be carried out, number about forty-five thousand, more or less; an august assemblage, if they could be got together, albeit somewhat unwieldy for deliberative purposes. Of course, scattered as they are over the land, it is not to be supposed that more perhaps than ten thousand of them live within reach of the place of meeting. And (such is men's habitual neglect of these responsibilities) perhaps two thousand is as many as it could be hoped to draw together for the really grave duties of the annual meeting. It would be a difficult task, which the managers give up in despair, to provide any hall or forum sufficient even for so small a percentage of the members as this, or to make arrangements for a poll at which ballots might be cast for officers. What is actually done may be inferred from the language of the last Annual Report: "The American Bible Society held its Sixty-First Annual Meeting *at the Bible House*, in New York, May 10, 1877, at half-past three P. M."

Those who are familiar with the room here referred to,—the chamber where the Board of Managers holds its regular meetings,—and who consider how few individuals can be got into it, in addition to the officers themselves whose administration is to be reviewed, and whose term of office renewed or ended, will see the significance of this expression. "The American Bible Society" [consisting of 45,000 members] "held its annual meeting at the Bible House."*

Take the case of the more obscure societies, and it is worse yet. There, for instance, is the Seamen's Friend Society; useful institution, doubtless, and let us hope that if the managers of it should be brought to account before the body to whom they are constitutionally responsible, no shadow of abuse would be discovered. But they never are so brought to account—never can be—and (worst of all) they know it. The society to whom they are responsible consists of some thousands of members, some in the ends of the earth, and some far off upon the sea; and as for the rest, the nearer they live to the society's offices in Wall street, the less likely they are to trouble themselves about its affairs. The preparations for the annual meeting of this imposing body consist in dusting out the back office, and clearing some bundles of last year's Annual Report off the sofa. Several chairs and an office stool are cheerfully lent by the firm of Evangelical lawyers in the top-story, and the Reformed Dutch stockbroker in the basement; and now blow up the trumpet in the time appointed. Of course, they like to have a few friends from outside on this occasion, but the "Annual Meeting of the Society" is substantially a meeting of the officers of the society to listen to their own report of their own doings and to vote their cordial approval of it, and choose themselves over again for another year. Now this is a conjectural sketch, as concerns this society, against which I know nothing in particular; but if this society is exceptional on this point, it is a blessing to it to give it thus a chance of saying so. If there is a call for personal experience, I can give that, from a brief but useful member-

*There may be some to suggest that the universal abdication of the duties and authority of the members of the Bible Society has been favored, if not produced, by the decision of the Chair at one of the annual meetings shutting off all discussion and deliberation. As we remember it (it was many years ago) the decision did seem like a pretty high-handed one, to be justified only by an argument *ab inconvenientia*, founded on the preposterousness of attempting to carry out an impracticable constitution. But the annual meeting was moribund before it got hit by this decision.

ship in the Board of Directors of the "American and Foreign Christian Union." It was amusing (and we needed amusement in that body) to see the Secretary popping up to points of order, and trying to keep the meeting clear as to its own identity. "We are not the Board of Directors now; we are the Annual Meeting of the Society." It was difficult, you see, to make the honest gentlemen see what was the use of adopting that Annual Report over again, when they had already adopted it an hour or two before.

But although in the ordinary course of things the society organization is inert, is not the existence of it important and valuable to meet emergencies as they arise? It is out of prevailing satisfaction and confidence in the administration of the societies that the inactivity of their members arises; if there should be occasion of dissatisfaction and distrust, would not the membership show itself effective again?

Hardly. That thing was tried in the case of the American Tract Society, twenty years ago, and may be considered as settled. In ordinary circumstances, the membership of these societies is nowhere. In extraordinary circumstances, it is a mob. In any issue arising between the members of the society and its managers, the members may as well give it up first as last. So long as the managers have any show of a party, they can so reinforce themselves by new memberships, through the operation of the whole force of secretaries and agents, as to defy opposition. The only recourse would be to lie quiet and then suddenly capture the society at its annual meeting by a *coup de main*. This would be easy enough, ordinarily; but it would not be a congenial way of operating, except as a joke. I have often wondered why our Irish fellow-citizens of the Latin obedience, with that cheerful hilarity of temperament which is one of their most amiable traits, have never thought how they might enliven the community by taking possession of the American Bible Society, and placing it under the patronage of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, and the presidency of the Very Reverend the Vicar General of the diocese of New York. It need not be an expensive affair, and there would be lots of fun in it. Life memberships, to be sure, cost thirty dollars each; but annual members can be made in any number, at three dollars a head, without regard to race, creed, or previous condition of servitude. Two hundred and fifty stout young members of the Father Mathew T. A. B. Society, properly organized and instructed would be quite enough, I judge, to occupy all the sitting and standing room in that chamber in the Bible House, against any attempt to interfere with their lawful rights. It need not take them fifteen minutes to fill the nine annual vacancies in the board of thirty-six managers with nine eminent laymen connected with the New York city government, and then adjourn the annual meeting without day. The conservative provision that only one-fourth of the managers should go out of office annually might seem to afford security against too complete a revolution, but for the childlike and trustful provision that "every minister of the gospel, who is a life member of the society, shall be entitled to meet and vote with the board of managers, and be possessed of the same powers as a manager himself." We are inclined to think, in fact, that the most effectual method of proceeding would be, without bothering with the annual meeting at all, simply to capture the board of managers, under this provision. A hundred conscientious and resolute clergymen from the Cathedral could do it for the trifle of $3,000; and then, acting promptly on another provision in this glorious constitution, could, by a single vote, "for essential services to the Society," appoint as members for life, each one having "the same powers as a manager himself," all the Roman Catholic clergy in the United States, together with the Pope, the College of Cardinals, and the congregation *De Propaganda Fide*. Aside from all religious considerations, the Bible House, considered as a piece of real estate, would be very cheap indeed at three thousand dollars. Why it is that our Irish Catholic brethren have not long ago taken measures of this kind can only be explained by the characteristic modesty of their race.

But, it will be asked, for all that these constitutions are such a crazy looking lot of documents, don't they, practically, work well enough? As a matter of fact such abuses as they seem to invite do not happen, and is it worth while to take any measures to remedy a merely theoretical imperfection?

Well, if people like to do business in this happy-go-lucky way, leaving millions of dollars and priceless social and religious interests lying around loose to be scrambled for by any handful of zealots who may think it their duty to take possession thereof in the name of the Lord, or to be drawn upon by some knot of managers to whom opportunity without responsibility presents too strong a temptation,—why, I suppose we must accept it as one of the evidences of their conversion that they are so much more foolish in their generation than the children of this world. No dozen or two of Baptist preachers has ever yet dropped in at a meeting of the Bible Society's managers and passed a vote ordering all the stereotype plates in foreign languages to be corrected in accordance with their views of hermeneutics. And no company of gentlemen of the "Christian" persuasion have ever yet made a quiet rendezvous at the Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society and effected a revolution in the administration of it with a view to the expurgation of its catalogue and the testing of the question whether in the eye of the law they are "Evangelical Christians" or not. Whether there have been abuses and peculations in the management of the societies is not so certain; for this seems to have been the only useful object gained by the usual method of organization—to save the scandal to the Christian name, and the vexation of righteous souls, which results from having such matters brought to light. Still, one hears now and then a hint of queer things in the less conspicuous societies, which might lead to a better understanding of the whole subject, if it was anybody's business in particular to follow them up. There was a story about the "Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews"—favorite institution for legacies from spinster ladies addicted to too much Daniel and Apocalypse with their tea. What the story was I do not exactly remember, but it was about a dispute among some needy Gentile brethren as to the way of applying the income for the amelioration of their own condition; and inasmuch as the contestants and their friends mainly composed the Annual Meeting, they did not dare to quarrel above a whisper, for fear others would come in and vote them both down. I may not have got it quite right, but it was something like this. Officers of the various societies are habitually and from policy cautious in their remarks about other societies; but one used to hear in the corridors of the Bible House, hints that an inquiry into the affairs of the Colonization Society might bring out facts of interest. And as to the American and Foreign Christian Union it is unnecessary to say anything.

The sole security for upright management in these societies is the personal character of the men who are in charge for the time being. And some of them are happy in being under the conduct of men whose names are a better guarantee of wisdom and honesty, than any system of checks and balances that could be devised. And some of them are not. If we must needs have an honest man in our closet, whom would we rather name than (for example) any one of the officers of the American Home Missionary Society? But it is only expressing a rooted sentiment of the human heart to say that we do not want an honest man in our closet at all—that we will have no honest man in our closet.

The commonest evils arising from this total absence of responsibility and control are not so much vulgar peculation as inertness, obstinate tenacity of routine, neglect of vigorous prosecution of the society's business, and absence of intellectual force; in short, laziness. It is notorious to what extent the offices connected with these institutions are apt to become the asylums for incapables. No power ever approaches from outside to pry the machine out of the ruts; and the ruts grow deeper each year, as the lumbering, creaking old fabric comes once more trundling round in them.

To cite once more the American Bible Society; not as a bad example but as, by uni-

versal consent, one of the very best—does any one believe that if the little knot of worthy and honorable gentlemen to whom has been conceded the control of that magnificent monopoly could have had now and then a large infusion of new blood in their old corporation by the addition of new associates, not of their own choosing, and could have had their operations authoritatively canvassed by shrewd men from outside their own circle, the American Bible Society would have continued to this day in a method of business which makes it the chief existing hindrance to the circulation of the Bible in the town and village populations of America?

What ought to be done about the matter? It is just the sort of subject which they deal with in England by a Parliamentary Commission. But I doubt whether it would be thought wise to invoke upon it the attention of the Legislature of New York, or of Pennsylvania, or even of Massachusetts. It is every way a fit subject for the attention of clerical and ecclesiastical conventions, and one way, perhaps the best way that the case admits, of relieving the difficulty, would be simply to turn end for end the present relation and communication between these two sets of bodies. As it now stands, the Society sends its best man to the Synod, Conference or Council, and after an *ex parte* statement from him, describing the awful destitution and the glorious work, a resolution is unanimously adopted approving and recommending the society. If, on the contrary, the Council or Synod should detail committees every year to attend the Annual Meeting of every society known to bid for donations among its congregations, charging them to look sharply into the whole matter, and make, not an *ex parte* statement but an impartial report, for the benefit not of the Society but of the public,—this would come as near, perhaps, to a remedy, as the inveteracy of the disorder admits. Of course, the average committee would do what the average committee generally does. But it would happen, from time to time, that some hard-headed, impracticable fellow would get appointed, who would hear no smooth talk, but insist on raking his society open down to the bottom, and letting fresh air and daylight through and through it. And the mere thought of such a thing as annually possible, would be a bitter but most salutary and invigorating tonic to the broken-down "constitution" of every national benevolent society in America.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

THE DONKEY'S MIRACLE.

I CANNOT tell you how many years ago it happened, for Mademoiselle, my black-eyed conversation-teacher, forgot to mention; but we will say "some," and then no one can contradict us. Some years ago, then, there lived in a small village of Northern Italy a poor peasant whom we will call Pietro. Pietro had a wife whose name was Gigia, and two little children, a boy and a girl, name Carlo and Giulia. Last, but not by any means least, he had a donkey, whom the children called Bimbo. A funny name for a donkey; for Bimbo means baby, and anything less like a baby than this long-eared, rough-coated, harsh-voiced playmate of theirs would be hard to find. In spite of his unprepossessing appearance, however, and unlike many of his contrary-minded race, Bimbo had an affectionate nature; and would frolic with the children like a big dog; making no remonstrance even when Giulia pulled his long, leathery ears, or Carlo hung on strenuously to his rope-like tail. But Bimbo's life was not all play-time, by any means. His business was to earn the family's support; and many a heavy load did he carry from village to village, and many were the scant suppers that fell to his share after a hard day's faithful labor. In only one thing was he blessed above other

donkeys,—he got few blows; for Pietro was both a kind man and a lazy; and had seldom either the inclination or the energy to abuse his beast.

Now the village where Pietro and his family lived lay close by the foot of Monte Generoso,—one of the three great mountains which render so picturesque and lovely the upper portion of Lake Lugano. On its summit stood an old monastery, and one of Pietro's regular duties was to load his donkey with bread and wine and provisions of all kinds, and wend his way slowly up the long, winding path that scaled the mountain. Once in every ten days he must do this, for it was a rule of the order never to have more than a ten days' supply on hand at once; a rule supposed to be contrived for the better mortification of the flesh in the case of the monks themselves, but really falling hardest upon the poor peasant and his donkey, who had in all weathers, and under all circumstances, to make the toilsome journey, or feel that the holy fathers were suffering hunger for their negligence.

Although in those localities the snow is generally confined to the mountain slopes, and seldom falls in the valleys to a depth greater than a few hours' sunshine suffices to melt away, still there comes now and then a storm which leaves more lasting traces, and gives the sun a good two days' work to do. It so happened that this very winter of which I am writing was an unusually severe one; (well for me that it was, otherwise I should have had no story to tell,) and snow storms on the mountains had been both heavy and frequent, so that Pietro and Bimbo found their pious pilgrimages, always hard at the best, cold and laborious enough; especially as they received little in return save the prayers and blessings of the snow-bound monks, and whatever joy of heart might be derived from the consciousness of an irksome duty faithfully performed. In Pietro's case little enough, and in Bimbo's — I was about to say none at all; but who shall read the workings of a donkey's mind? Let me tell you what he did, and then say whether or not it sprung from noble motives.

It was mid-winter, and owing to the unusual severity of the storms, the last few visits to the monastery had been attended with great hardship and exposure, so that little Carlo and Giulia who were generally quick to hear the sound of the donkey's returning hoofs upon the stone floor of the arcade, which, as in most Italian towns, formed the principal thoroughfare for pedestrians, had been tucked snugly away for the night long before the two wearied travelers returned. One morning, just ten days after the last of these trips, the two children waking in the gray of the early dawn heard Bimbo in the stable behind them crunching his dried bean-stalks, and saw their mother in the outer room, bustling about as she prepared the *gnocchi* and *polenta* for their unassuming breakfast. Pietro came in at the door just as the smoking hot dishes were placed upon the table. and Giulia's keen little eyes spied upon the broad shoulders of her father's rough coat several melting snow-flakes.

"It is a wild day on the mountains, wife," said he; "I have not seen such a storm in twenty years. The holy fathers will have to fast awhile, unless they have been wise enough to keep a little of the last I carried them; neither man nor beast could breast the mountain in the teeth of such a blinding hurricane. The village street is white already, and hear how the wind roars in the chimney!" Truly it did roar, and the tiles clattered on the roof. Carlo thrust his brown hands into the pockets of his baggy little trowsers, and drew closer to the meager fire; while Giulia stared with wide-open eyes into her mother's face.

"But, must the poor monks starve to death, then?" asked the child.

"The holy Virgin and the saints forbid!" replied her mother. "Perhaps the storm will lull by night, and then to-morrow Bimbo and the father may make their way through the drifts. The beast is a good beast, and the father, as thou well knowest, has the longest legs and the stoutest of any man in the village."

But when the morrow came, neither Bimbo's goodness nor Pietro's legs availed them anything in the face of the storm that

still swept wildly down the mountain. At any other time the children would have laughed to hear the wind go roaring through the valley, and would only have huddled closer together beside the fire, and told one another stories to while away the hours. But now the thought of the poor monks suffering from hunger, with no help near, destroyed all desire for merriment on their part, and they were as glad as their parents when at sunset the wind moderated somewhat, and the sharp flakes fell more slowly. Next morning when they awoke the sky above the village roofs was clear and blue, but the wind still blew keenly through the valley, and the great mountain was white to its base; while heavy, sullen-looking storm-clouds yet hung gray about the summit.

"The storm is not over up there," said Pietro, "but Bimbo and I must start; it may clear by noon, and at all events we can but try."

So the donkey was brought to the door and loaded, but lightly, for a hard scramble was before him. Then Pietro stepped once more into the house to don his rough coat, and pull on his stout iron-shod mountain boots. Carlo ran and fetched his father's staff, while Giulia brought the shaggy fur cap, and Gigia hastened to fill a flask with strong wine, which she stored away in one of her husband's capacious pockets.

"Drink this when the drifts grow deep," she said, "and thou wilt be able to go through them like a plowshare."

Pietro nodded, as they hung about him, loth to let him go.

"May the saints preserve us!" he cried. "Now then, my brave Bimbo!" But as he gained the doorway his face fell, and he stared in helpless astonishment. "Brave Bimbo" had disappeared. Whither? that was the question. In vain did his master fume and fret, and run hither and thither; there was no trace of him to be found. None of the neighbors had seen him pass; his hoofs had left no mark upon the hard gray stones of the arcade, and where these ended the light, blowing, powdery snow had long since smoothed away all tracks. What was to be done?

"The evil one is in it," grumbled Pietro. "The cunning beast has hidden himself away that he may get rid of his troublesome journey. That in itself would have been bad enough, but he must needs take with him all the good stores which I had provided for the fathers. Now there must be more procured, to say nothing of a fresh beast, and all this will delay me till it is too late to start to-day."

Thus he relieved his mind by scolding away at the delinquent Bimbo, while Carlo and Giulia hung their heads, and could not find a word to say in defence of their guilty favorite.

Meanwhile how fared it with the inmates of the monastery?

As Pietro had foreseen, they had been sparing of their supplies; but their frugality barely availed to stretch the scanty allowance over one more day, and when the second morning broke they had already been fasting for fifteen hours. Wild as the storm was in the valley below, up here on the lonely mountain-top it was infinitely more so; and to the hungry monks the wild, sweeping wind that roared and whistled and shrieked about their stone-walled prison, and the cold white snow-flakes that danced and drifted and piled themselves higher and higher against portal and casements, seemed like a besieging, pitiless host, from whose advancing columns it were vain to look for mercy; whose relentless progress no flag of truce nor signal of surrender would ever stay, until the helpless garrison lay vanquished and overcome before their leader, Death!

As the day wore to its close and darkness for the second time shut them in, the monks began to despair. The great fire blazing in the hall was insufficient to warm the frames chilled alike by hunger, and the bitter, searching air which found its way through every crack.

"Here, my children," said the Father Superior, "there still remains to us this one small flask of wine;" and he drew it as he spoke from beneath the folds of his robe. "Drink sparingly of it,—here are ten of us, and to-morrow our need may be more sore even than to-day."

The nine brothers drank each his portion in silence; and when the Superior had fol-

lowed the example, he bade them all go to their pallets; "for hunger is more easily borne in sleep," said he.

All night long the wind raved, and the snow deepened, and the cold grew more intense. In the gray of the morning the Superior rose up, and the monks gathered about him. They looked out upon the storm that still swept wildly round them, and then at one another, with gray, stony faces. They could not know that down in the valley the sun was shining from a clear blue sky; they only felt that all the world had turned to clouds and snow.

"The storm does not abate, my children," said the Superior; "no earthly aid can ever reach us now; our only hope is in heaven. Let the chapel bell be rung, and let us gather before the altar to spend the strength that remains to us in prayer and supplication. Who knows but that if our petitions be true and heartfelt, the Lord may work a miracle in our behalf as he did of old for the holy St. Antony of Thebes!"

So all day long the poor monks prayed and fasted. Their scanty stock of wine was gone, and with it went their last ray of hope as darkness fell around them for the third time, and no aid, human or divine, seemed near. Then rose up the Father Superior in their midst, and began a hymn. One by one the poor old trembling voices caught it up, and the pinched, wan faces brightened as the brave words of hope and trust stirred their hearts anew with faith and courage. As the last strain died away there came a strange sound,—a sound as of knocking, at the great door of the monastery. The monks looked in each other's faces, and knew not whether to be glad or fearful; but the Father Superior advanced boldly, and drew the massive bolts, and flung wide the heavy door. "It is the hand of the Lord!" he cried. Crowding about the open doorway, peering out eagerly into the dusk and storm, the brothers caught the dim outline of a white, silent form, that stood motionless and made no sign. Was it a man, or was it a spirit? Neither; it was a donkey! No human being accompanied him,—no hoof-prints in the drifting snow told whence or how he came; but slung across his back were panniers full of bread, and wine, and meal; and to the grateful, happy monks, it seemed that the Lord had indeed wrought a miracle in their behalf, as of old for the holy St. Antony; and so he had.

Next day came men from the village, led by Pietro, and bringing food to the snowbound fathers. But these were already cared for, and Pietro's eyes grew wider with wonder and dismay than they had at the donkey's disappearance, when they rested on the quiet countenance and twinkling ears of Bimbo himself, who was placidly enjoying his well-earned repose, profoundly indifferent to the effect that his remarkable exploit had produced. The holy fathers now heard for the first time the true explanation of the mystery, and Bimbo was praised and petted to his heart's content. His portrait was painted upon the great door of the monastery; and after all these years his story was related to me, a simple traveler from far beyond the sea, as I sat beside the fair Lugano Lake and looked across it to the mountain where the donkey's miracle was wrought.

Caroline Leslie.

IN THE CHURCH TOWER.

Only the owls live in the church tower that overlooks Drooge. Through nine months of the year they have it to themselves; but, in the summers, when Drooge gathers into its dwellings and its one hotel a small crowd of city people, it occasionally happens that a pair of lovers will climb the dingy stairway up to the little balcony that hangs high up on the church tower. The owls wink their eyes, and listen; but, whatever they may hear there, nothing is ever repeated by them in the town.

On one midsummer night a single figure stood on this balcony. It was Miss Dora

Lovel, a lady well known in certain fashionable circles in a certain city. She lived with her brother's family, and, as they were spending a summer in Drooge, Miss Dora was there also. But when, in the cool of the afternoon she had left the hotel, she had no intention of visiting the church tower. She had dressed with her usual care and elegance, and had gone out on the beach. Miss Dora knew everybody worth knowing, and one after another gave her a pleasant greeting as she met them. The Brands invited her to join them. Others fell into the party, and soon there was a merry company strolling together. Miss Dora was gay, and chatted in her airy way. They all sat for a time in a pavilion, and the merry talk went on. Then some of the party joined their children playing on the beach; two ladies walked down to the train to meet their husbands; the Brands went for a sail; three young ladies departed in search of younger companions. This left in the pavilion only Mr. and Mrs. Graves and Miss Dora. Mr. Graves proposed to his wife that they should walk to "The Point," a full mile distant; and though they asked Miss Dora to accompany them, she felt that there was no heartiness in the invitation. She did not blame them for not desiring her company, for they were newly-married, and, naturally, liked to have only each other. But she was not altogether pleased to wander alone from the pavilion. However, she thought she would soon fall in with another company. But no one paid her any especial attention. Some were out in the boats thickly strewn over the bay. Now the carriages came rolling along the drive. Her brother and his wife passed in a buggy, and nodded to her. It was right; she knew, that he should take his wife whenever he went for a drive in the buggy. When the whole family went a carriage was hired, and then she always made one of the party, and paid part of the expense. She had thought of taking a drive that afternoon, but her nieces did not want to go, and so the buggy had been decided upon. She soon met Elsie, the elder niece. With her was John Morley, the son of a rich banker, and the most eligible young man of the season at Drooge. Consequently Elsie's head was held so high that she could only give a little formal bow, but Miss Dora felt that there was triumph in it. This may have been only fancy, for Miss Dora's gaiety had given away to gloom. Not far beyond she met the younger niece with a party of lively companions, and they nodded gaily to Miss Dora and then passed on. To them there was nothing attractive in Miss Dora's plain face, with its crow's feet, dull gray eyes, drawn-down mouth, and large nose, all set in a frame-work of bright little curls, and surrounded by a halo of fine straw and lace. In a lonely part of the beach sat Mary Mills and George Ashman, so absorbed in each other that they did not see Miss Dora; but she noted the bright light of happiness shining in both faces, though that of Mary Mills was as plain as Miss Dora's own. Miss Dora could bear no more, and turning aside from the beach, she walked into the town.

She wandered aimlessly on until she came to the church. There she paused, and looked up to the balcony. It was empty, and illuminated with rose-red lights from the sunset clouds; and Miss Dora felt it would be a relief to be lifted up there out of the shadows in which she stood under the trees. There came into her mind a Drooge legend of a pair of long-divided lovers who had happily found each other in this church tower, drawn thither from distant parts of the earth, and re-united in their old age. Old memories crowded into Miss Dora's mind as she walked back and forth before the church, occasionally glancing up at the tower. She had no defined thought that she would gain any new happiness in the church tower; but she at last entered the open door, climbed the narrow stairway up to the tower room, and stepped out upon the balcony.

She had lingered below so long that the rose tints had climbed to the spire, and, after all, she stood only in the gray twilight. But she could plainly see the crowded beach, the black line of vehicles winding along the road, and the numerous white sails against the red evening sky. So many, many people, and not one of them missed her! If she were to pass out of life in the same quiet

and lonely way she had gone up there, no one would care. Her brother would say, "Poor Dora!" and think how he could best invest the money she would leave, and his wife and daughters would be glad. And they were the nearest to her now. Then her thoughts again wandered back to the lover of her youth. Where was Charles Hungerford? Was he still true to her? If anywhere on the wide earth, was he then thinking of her and longing for her presence, even as she thought of him that evening, and longed for him? And why should he so persistently dwell in her mind that evening? Could it be possible that out from the distant past he was coming to her again, —that he was near her?

Miss Dora leaned over the balcony, and looked down into the tree-embowered town, and into the deserted streets. There was no moon, and the twilight was growing dusk; but the sky was crowded with stars, and by their uncertain light Miss Dora perceived a dark-robed figure gliding up the avenue that led to the church. She looked again, and saw nothing. Perhaps her imagination deceived her, and she had seen only swaying branches. Her gaze grew intense, and her heart beat fast. There was the figure again! She could follow it with her eyes, now in the open, and now in the shadow. It drew near the church, and flitted out of sight under the balcony. Miss Dora raised her head, and turning toward the open door of the tower, listened breathlessly. She looked only into blackness, for little clouds were hovering about the sky, and even out on the balcony objects were indistinct. There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. Though not a courageous woman, she felt no fear. Though not a superstitious woman, there was but one thought in her heart,—Charles Hungerford. The footsteps came up the stairs, through the tower room and paused inside the doorway. Miss Dora waited. The new-comer waited.

Then Miss Dora leaned forward, and whispered into the darkness, "Charles!"

The figure advanced; came out on the balcony. It was a woman dressed in a long, straight, dark gray mantle, and a broad hat that shaded her face. So much Miss Dora took in with one swift glance; then the false hope with which she had propped up her spirits fell from her, and left her desolate; so desolate that she lost her self-control, and, sinking on the floor, she lowered her head on her hands and burst into a passion of grief.

The stranger stood over her for a few minutes irresolute. Then she said in a low, clear voice: "I am sorry for your disappointment, but 'Charles' may yet come. Perhaps he is out for a drive, and has been detained longer than he expected, or he is sailing and contrary winds have kept him from you."

Miss Dora made no reply. The stranger walked forward to the railing and stood there for some time, while Miss Dora continued sobbing; but at last she said: "My dear young lady, you must not give way to such grief. It is late, and you should return to your friends."

"I am not a young lady!" broke forth Miss Dora. "I am old, ugly and despised! If my Charles were in one of those sail-boats coming to the shore, do you think I would give way thus? If he were in the uttermost limit of Africa and was still *my* Charles I could not grieve. I have no Charles. He went away years ago, and will never come back. I have so thought of him to-night, and so longed to see him, that when I saw you down among the trees and heard your footsteps on the stairs, I thought that at last God was going to be kind to me. It was only a foolish fancy of a forlorn woman!"

And again she bowed her head and cried, but less fiercely than before. The stranger took her by the hand and said quietly but authoritatively, "Get up!" And Miss Dora arose and stood beside her.

"Look!" said the stranger, pointing toward the sea. "The shadows of the clouds lie on the waters in long, dark lines, and here and there a star glimmers on a wave. That snow-white line is the coming of the billows that rock the boats far beyond. There are but a few boats now, for the others have, one by one, dropped into the quiet cove where it is safe to land. These ride up and down with the swelling tide, while

the pleasure-seekers that have left them are making their way over the beach into the town. Here below us you see the steep roof and yellow walls of the minister's house. The wife has been walking among her flower-beds until their colors faded from her sight; and now she sits by the window from which streams that red gleam of light, and inhales the fragrance of her tuberoses, and waits for the return of the minister, who is with the fisherman's wife, lying sick in the little whitewashed house that stands treeless and flowerless on the bare sands near 'The Cove.'"

Miss Dora's sobs were hushed, and she was listening quietly. She wondered at this rambling way of talking, but the burst of confidence she had given her companion had somewhat relieved the tension of her mind.

"Over there," continued the stranger, "stands the light-house. The keeper lighted the lamps two hours ago, and now he sits comfortably in his cottage, smokes his pipe, chats with his wife and plays with his little ones, while the great lantern burns steadily overhead. By and by he will go up to his lonely night watch. The red shaft of light from the minister's window will brighten the narrow path he must tread from the gate to the house door. The great beacon on the light-house column will send its broad rays far out over the wild sea, where the ships are coming up from the verge of the ocean. And the soul of the fisherman's wife will pass beyond all human thought. The faint strains of music we catch now and then come from the hotel, where the feet of the dancers are treading merry measures. And fitfully the wind brings to our ears the sounds of the noisy quarrels of the poor children down at 'The Cove.' 'Old, ugly and despised!' How old are you?"

This abrupt question startled Miss Dora, who was attempting to follow her companion's wanderings over sea and shore, but she replied at once, "I am thirty-eight."

"And at thirty-eight you have exhausted life. Nobody is old until life is emptied of all it contained."

"Mine is entirely empty."

"It is a question whether there is any ugliness in nature. There is the beauty of form, of color, of expression, of character, of intellect, of spirituality, each lovely after its kind."

A moment's pause, and then Miss Dora spoke. "I have no beauty of any sort. Even in my youth I was not pretty, but I was not an ugly girl. Some of my companions, not as good-looking as myself, are now living in happy homes of their own, while I——"

Here she stopped abruptly.

"And you said despised?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes!" emphasized Miss Dora; "I said *despised!*"

"I cannot quite understand," said the stranger thoughtfully. "Poverty often receives unmerited contempt, but you did not say 'poor.' I have never known any one despised merely for being old and ugly."

"I am not poor," said Miss Dora. "I am not very rich, but I have more than enough for my needs. My money is all that gains me what I have. It gives me a hold on society, but even there I am of no importance. For my individual self my acquaintances care nothing. And yet I call them friends! For they are all I have. I am invited everywhere, but I am of no consequence. I live in my brother's family, and I call it home. I have a best room and pay a high board. My brother looks upon me as a woman who has missed her chances in life, and is of no further account. My sister-in-law endures me politely. My nieces regard me as a ridiculous old maid, still desperately clinging to some of the pleasures and hopes of youth. They covertly laugh at me with their young companions. Did I not say rightly that I am despised?"

"And what of Charles?"

"Charles! Oh, yes, I mentioned him to you. He was the lover of my youth. I stood on the pier and saw him sail away to England. We were to be married on his return. He went into Germany, and from that time I have had no tidings from him. I was twenty-two years old when I bade him farewell—sixteen long years ago."

"That is a real sorrow," said the stranger in a more sympathetic tone. "If you could know that he had died and always been

faithful to you, it would not be so hard to bear. And, in all these years you have not been able to root this old love out of your heart?"

Miss Dora hesitated. Then she said quietly: "I have not loved him all these years. I think I forgot him for a time. I have had but one offer of marriage since, and that I could not possibly accept. But I have known two men, either one of whom I would have preferred to Charles, had they loved me. It is only within the last few years that I have grown to feel what Charles and I were to each other, and what a treasure I lost in him."

"In truth then," said the stranger, resuming her tone and manner of gentle authority, "Charles is not Charles. He represents to you all that you crave of love and home, and being made of importance. Charles is a sentiment."

Miss Dora made no reply, but she was not offended.

"The wind is rising," resumed the stranger. "The white heads are showing themselves on the tossing waves, and the surf strikes noisily on the sands. But louder sound the angry voices of the boys; a troop of them must be on their way into the town, when mischief will surely follow; for the good old minister complains that he has little influence at 'The Cove,' where there are only houses, not homes. Some women have homes given to them, others make homes for themselves; and to others the whole world is home. Those trees far over there, thrusting their sharp tops above all the others, are Lombardy poplars. At their feet stands a house in which a woman is striving to be happy, and is grieving herself to death. She does not know it is because she is in the wrong place. And the whole world is before her where to choose; no tie binds her there. Look! the sea is growing black, and the foam looks ashy when it crests the breakers."

Miss Dora looked out on the turbulent sea. Her pulses were beating quicker; her heart throbbed; but there was nothing she could say.

After a pause the stranger again spoke. "I am older than you, but I cannot feel the pressure of age; I have no settled home, but it is not my nature to crave home life; I seek influence in other channels. I see certain truths so clearly that I feel impelled to proclaim them to others. Thoughout this wide country I preach these truths in my own way. Only this day I came to Drooge, and to-morrow at this hour I shall be far away. I came up here to be alone for a short space, and I found you. Hark! The surf is breaking on the beach with a noise like thunder; the clouds are driving wildly across the sky; the wind whistles shrilly through the open windows of the tower; and the owls are fluttering to their perches behind us. Let us go."

Without a word the two women left the balcony, descended the stairs, and coming out into the avenue, passed under the trees. For a moment they regarded each other. This last glimpse revealed to the one only the rigid outlines of a long straight mantle, and a broad hat; and to the other only the wavy lines of curls, ruffles, and floating laces. Then the stranger said in a low soft tone, "Good night." And Miss Dora in a low soft tone replied, "Good night."

Over and over again in her own room Miss Dora heard the words of the stranger, and her own replies. She felt neither shame nor regret that she had spoken thus frankly. Something had stirred in her heart, and impelled her to respond to the stranger's will, and to look into her own heart as into a glass; for she was not accustomed to self-analysis, but rather to dressing her thoughts and feelings in flimsy sentiment. The stranger's talk did not now seem rambling and inconsequent to Miss Dora. Lifted above the earth on that lonely watch tower she had been lifted out of her cramped orbit into the everlasting mystery of the starry worlds, the mighty sweep of the tempestuous winds, the awful sound of the rolling billows, and the gathering darkness that shut all into the fearful night. And through all shone the humanly-lighted beacon on the light-house top, and the clear stream of lamp-light from the minister's window. In her unlighted room Miss Dora could see the bare white-washed cottage; the house under the Lombardy poplars; the

cheerful family at the foot of the light-house; the yellow house with the steep roof and the scent of the tuberoses stealing into the open windows. And, suddenly, she heard the sound of the minister's voice below her own window. He was expostulating with the rough boys, whose din had run through all Miss Dora's reflections mingled with the strains of ball-room music, and the dash of the surf on the beach.

Direct from Drooge Miss Dora went to a dull inland town where there lived an old school friend, alone and poor. This lady had passed her life in sick-rooms. Now those she had nursed were all buried; the consumptive sister, the paralytic mother and brother. Miss Dora found her as bright and cheery as if life had been a long holiday; and, with no mention of the church tower, she said to this friend, "Let us make ourselves a place in the world!"

In one of the prettiest residences in Drooge, about midway between the church and the light-house, has Miss Dora been living with her friend for some six years. The two are usually spoken of in town as "the ladies," and everybody knows them from the "most influential man" down to the smallest boy at "The Cove." Nothing of any importance is done in the town without consulting them. The over-worked minister is glad that they have taken some of his labor out of his hands. The rough boys at "The Cove" are no longer the terror of the town. But it is in the houses at "The Cove" that Miss Dora has her pleasantest times. She has always felt that she had the ability to create a home. And now besides her own, she has created many homes; for, whether it is due to her pretty, airy way, or because she dresses so handsomely to visit them (for she is Miss Dora still), for some reason the women do not resent her efforts for giving them a better culture.

Miss Dora is very busy, and very happy. And having made herself an important personage at Drooge, she finds with surprise that her old friends treat her with distinction. She no longer has to hang on the outskirts of society, and wait for notice. Her brother made a trip to Drooge to consult her about the marriage of his youngest daughter. The nieces are proud of Miss Dora's affection. Elsie did not become Mrs. Morley, and she is a frequent guest at her aunt's, and regards her with a sort of envy. For Miss Dora has grown plump and rosy; the crow's feet have filled out somewhat; the dull eyes have brightened; the mouth is no longer drawn down at the corners, and the hair is still pretty, for the fading gold of the curls is brightened with threads of silver.

Charles Hungerford never came back to Miss Dora, nor is it likely now that he ever will. It is no matter. She has forgotten him.

But she has not forgotten the woman she so strangely met in the church tower. Then Miss Dora was glad that they were unknown to each other. Now it is the dearest wish of her heart to meet this woman once more face to face. When she is in the city she haunts the lecture-rooms. And yet the stranger did not say she ever appeared on the platform. Her words were: "I preach these truths over this wide country in my own way." She has not since been to Drooge, and no one there can recall any person who answers to Miss Dora's description. And although Miss Dora saw little else of the woman on that night but a long mantle and a broad hat, she feels sure that she would at once recognize her by voice and manner. But either she is mistaken, or her companion of that night has not again come in her way.

Every Sunday Miss Dora sits in her pew at church and listens attentively to the prosy sermons of the good old minister, whom she holds in the highest respect. But she knows that the message from heaven came to her on that starlight night up in the church tower. *Marian Stockton.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PARNASSUS ON TAP.

THERE are mourners going about the streets lamenting the decay of poesy. One would imagine, to hear these people talk, that the last poet was about to be gathered to the dodoes in the limbo of extinct bipeds. A brief sojourn in the editorial rooms of a monthly magazine would dispel this gloomy apprehension. Other branches of manufacture may be dull, but the poetry business never was more brisk. The sad-browed postman stoops a little lower every day under the burden of song that he brings up the hill. From all parts of the land these tender missiles come flying at the editor's head, till it often seems to him that every several hair is a harp-string, and he dreams of iambuses, and walks in anapests, and talks in rather bronchial trochees. Whenever the nightmare seizes him it takes the shape of the frequent and too familiar female of the pterodactylic variety who has pens in her fingers and wings on her toes, and who *will* make verses wherever she goes. To him the notion that poetry is dying out in America is sufficiently absurd. In the midst of his perplexities, he often finds a certain relief, however, in thinking of poor Mr. Alibone, and wondering how that hard-working man would feel about his Dictionary of Authors, that he toiled so long to make complete, if he knew how many poets there are in the land whose names are not in his Dictionary, and probably never will be!

But even admitting that the croakers were in the right, there would still be no reason for anxiety. A device has been discovered by which the aggregate genius of past ages can be utilized by the present generation. We have not only the work done by all the great poets of the past during their life-time, but the writing medium puts us into immediate communication with them, and gives us every day their latest productions. Thus the immortals become regular contributors to the journals of the period; Parnassus is placed, as it were, on tap, and whenever the medium is disposed to hold up his dipper we get a fresh draught from Helicon.

We have been favored by some unknown friend with a number of copies of a journal conducted by a "spirit circle," whose contributions are given to the printers by what is truthfully called "mechanical writing," through the mediumship of David Jones. Whether this is that Davy Jones in whose "locker" the gallant tar of a former generation was wont to stow away so many of his hopes and fears, we have no means of knowing; but is plain that a personage who has the power claimed by this one of putting us in communication with all the poets and authors that have lived on the earth for two hundred thousand years is to be respected if not feared. And it would seem that a journal which is able to give us every month one or two fresh poems from such star contributors as Milton and Homer, would easily get an enormous circulation. It is, perhaps, an imputation upon the intelligence of the readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON to assume that any of them are destitute of this periodical; but we hope to be pardoned for presenting a few extracts from the latest productions of these immortal bards.

Milton is perhaps the most frequent contributor, and it will be seen from the specimens that we shall produce that his lyre has lost none of its rattling glibness, and that it has gained a certain unearthly twang since he entered upon "spirit life." Here are two stanzas from a lyric entitled "The Bright Side of Life:"

"There are two sides of life, the bright and the dark,
Both painted and shaded with artistic art;
The good and the bad in each life is depicted,
In colors that fade not, as have been predicted;
Each person's an artist, with more or less skill
In painting their lives by the power of will;
Would you have a fine picture with no shadings strife,
Be happy, and look on the bright side of life.

"Among the vexations that come to mankind,
Are often mere trifles, could the mind comprehend;
The dictates of fashion oft stern and demanding,
Make slaves of mankind most truly debasing;
All forms of mind culture must be moulded to suit
The demands of Mrs. Grundy—her claims none dispute.
Such conceptions of life bring contention and strife,
And shut out from view all the bright side of life."

Notice the Hebraism in "artistic art," and the freedom from the trammels of earthly versification, exhibited in such rhymes as "dark" and "art," "demanding" and "debasing." Here is another stanza from the same poet in much the same vein:

"If each one would cease to pander
To the spirit dark in deeds;
Cease to use the tongue of slander
Sowing tares and poisonous weeds;

Would they not in humble meekness
Seek to learn the golden rule?
Then strive to practice what it teaches
Making life more bright and real."

It would appear from this that "spirit life" is something like "Looking-glass Land," where carts are put before horses, and effects before causes. Milton seems to teach that if "each one" would stop slandering, "they" would "seek to learn the golden rule." Here is a hint for Mr. Blaine. If he would try to speak the truth he might learn a little international law.

After Milton, Poe is the most favored contributor of this spirit circle. We have from him the following timely and somewhat thrilling lines on "The Eastern War:"

"There comes a sound like thunder rolling,
From a far off eastern shore,
That fills the soul with dire foreboding,
If nothing more.

"It plainly speaks of forces gathering,
As was done in days of yore,
When Turk and Russian were contending
In holy War."

The conscientious accuracy of the last line of the first stanza, and the cockney rhymes in the second bring the great American bard before us with peculiar vividness; and cause us involuntarily to cry out, Poh! Another gem from the same poet reads as follows:

"I turn to years of later date,
Still filled with horror to relate
Would stain this freeborn nation.
In Boston, though her classic lore
Is heard and felt from shore to shore,
With blood did stain her Common!

"I speak of Boston, now the seat
Of liberal thought, where daily meet
Advocates of progression.
How blessed are those who hear the voice
Of angels, from their land of choice,
And daily hold communion."

Just how Boston will take this we cannot say, but it is to be hoped that she will lay to heart the lesson that it contains. The fact suggested that the angels actually choose to live in heaven instead of Boston should occasion a good deal of serious thought in that city.

Little Tom Macaulay's intellectual grandmother, kind old Hannah More, is also one of this favored circle. Her views of life are presented in the following verse:

"Be ready: have your mind well stored
With knowledge that abides—
Bear with you to the spirit world,
There to reside."

It is evident that Aunt Hannah is as much of a school-mistress as she ever was, and almost as much of a poet. Another of the immortals that have been heard from is John Rouse. For a man who confined himself to psalmody on earth, this stanza we quote has a rather frisky air, but there always was something spirited and dashing about John, and it is pleasant to see that this quality is getting developed:

"An aged man once met some friends
When walking in the park;
'Twas evening in the month of June,
And very nearly dark.
'Hollo!' they all cried out at once,
'We're glad we've met to-night,
For you shall now our umpire be
And tell us which is right'"

John still has the gift of continuance, for this is the first stanza of a poem "On Creeds," which fills the whole of a quarto page in fine type.

We had hoped to give a few specimens of the prose of these duplex immortals, but our space is nearly full. Essays in great variety are communicated by statesmen, divines and philosophers of former days, from Confucius down to General Bishop Leonidas Polk. The following Orientalism will be recognized at once as coming from Confucius:

"Advancement in all avenues of information makes the mind more susceptible to influences from other spheres, which would operate upon and mould more perfectly into forms harmonizing with the demands of those laws of being drawn from nature."

Joan D'Arc is a frequent contributor, and her effusions are largely devoted to the training of children. Heavenly maids, as well as earthly ones, it seems, have more wisdom on this subject to impart than those who have had children of their own to train. However, when Joan affirms that "the rewards of a life spent in instructing the young far transcends anything the human mind can conceive," we do not feel like grumbling about her doctrine, whatever may be said about her grammar. So too when Starr King cries out: "Let every Spiritualist ask themselves this question and answer it in their everyday life by doing good to all;" and when Charles Sumner says of the individual life and the natural life that "both are effected by the same influence," and when Thomas Paine declares of human life that "it is the variety that make it attractive," and when another "spirit" less known to fame speaks of "Bancho's ghost," we are left in a state of mind concerning the present mental condition of these Great Departed.

When these people were on the earth they wrote grammatically, and commonly talked sense. Now their prose is the merest drivel, their poetry is slops, their grammar is of a very eccentric variety, and they are ignorant of many things that they knew very well when they were alive. What is more depressing, they are all just alike. In one of these essays, Thomas Paine says:

"Were all minds keyed alike, how monotonous would be human life! It is the variety that make it attractive. A bouquet composed of one kind of flower, would not please. So in regard to thought."

That is what ails all these productions of the "spirit circle." There is not the slightest flavor of individuality anywhere to be detected. No matter who is speaking, whether it be Confucius or Captain Jack, Homer or Hannah More, each speaks exactly the same sentiments that all the others speak in the same hifalutin style, and the same bad grammar, and the same ridiculous rhymes. David Jones's pen is like the spigot from which the country apothecary drew at will eologne or congress water, gin or kerosene. If you wished to know which you had got you could look at your label. So you know by the signature whether you are reading the words of John Milton or Edgar Poe; and there is absolutely nothing but the signatures in which these productions differ one from another.

If "spirit life" has such a leveling and debilitating effect as this upon human beings, every wise man will pray for annihilation. And we beg Mr. David Jones not to bring us any more messages from these departed spirits. If they have sunk into such driveling idiots as these communications would prove them to be, we prefer, since we can do them no good, not to know anything more about them.

THE SERVICE OF SONG.

Mr. Moody is in the habit of firing into the choir galleries a few Parthian shots, not all of which are well aimed. "Quartette choirs" are his abomination, and he does not scruple to denounce them as inventions of the devil. Yet on the day when we heard Mr. Moody deliver this phillippic, he had a quartette on his own platform, and frequently, during his meetings, portions of the hymns were sung by a quartette or a semi-chorus. A quartette choir that is not supported by a chorus, and that monopolizes all the music of the church, leading the congregation, if the congregation is ever requested to sing, in such a freaky and fractions way that nobody can sing—such a quartette is indeed a nuisance. A small ring of musicians like this is sometimes allowed to take possession of the gallery, and to spread itself over a considerable portion of the Sunday service. The singing is simply a performance; there is no worship in it, nor any thought of worship; it is simply art; and it pleases those people to whom church-going is a decent diversion, and religion a polite observance. It will generally be found true (though there are occasional exceptions), that a quartette choir will sing the lightest and most florid music. Church music of the best quality a quartette cannot sing. True church music is choral music; it calls for large volumes and broad effects, and you can no more fitly render it with a quartette than you can reproduce Niagara with four buckets of water. A hymn-tune like "Duke Street" or "Pleyel's Hymn" or "St. Ann's;" an anthem like "He Watching over Israel," from "Elijah," or "The Lord is Good" from "Eli," when sung by a quartette, are quite too thin. And since quartettes cannot sing music of this class they are likely to resort to brilliant and showy pieces, in which their execution can be best displayed.

Moreover, the congregation will not sing with a quartette. Here, again, there are some exceptions; but this is the rule. The quartette can never lead a congregation very well if it would, and generally it would not if it could. The ideas about music which are likely to prevail in the gallery where the quartette reigns alone are ideas which do not harmonize with congregational singing.

To resign the church music into the hands of a quartette is therefore to depreciate it, and often to make it an abomination. But the quartette has its place, nevertheless, in public worship; and when it is kept in its place, it is a good thing. The true church choir is a large chorus, in which there should be four singers, each capable of singing alone, and all trained to sing together. Such a choir can render the best church music acceptably and can also successfully lead a congregation.

Two objects are to be sought in church music, religious impression, and religious expression. It is a crude notion that no music is legitimate in church except that in which the whole congregation may join. The congregation may be benefitted by listening as well as by singing. But those who listen find emotions stirring within them which it will do them good to express for themselves; and therefore the congregation ought to have an opportunity to pour out its voice in a grand choral song. And when the congregation is called on to sing, the value of the chorus as a leader is felt. The congregation will sing with a chorus to lead; and led by such a force of steadily-marching melody, it is quite impossible that there should be any dragging, or that the discords should make themselves prominent.

The great meetings of the evangelists show us the value of both of these methods of praise. The solos of Mr. Sankey are often impressive; who will cavil at this method of conveying truth or awakening emotion? The choruses of the great choir are often still more impressive; no person who watches a congregation listening to spirited and triumphant sacred song from a large body of trained singers will doubt the value of such a service as a means of religious impression. And yet for the proper rendering of these choruses it is better that portions of them be sung

by a single voice, or by two or three or four voices. A phrase or a stanza may often be well delivered in this manner, heightening the effect of the music, and fixing attention still more strongly upon the words of the song. Then, when the great congregatiou, moved by the singing to which it has listened, and the other services in which it has engaged, is called to "stand up and bless the Lord" in some simple and familiar hymn, its response is a burst of praise in which the angels might well wish to join.

Whatever, therefore, Mr. Moody's theories of church music may be, his meetings show us the value of solo singing, of quartette singing, of chorus singing, and of congregational singing; and make plain to us that we cau afford to dispense with neither of these methods of praise in our churches.

CONDUCT IN THE COLLEGES.

Mr. Thwing's careful article about "College Morals" will be likely to attract attention just at this time, when the escapades of the collegiaus are so much talked about. Yet it must not be imagined that young men in college are more vicious than young men of the same class out of college. The various atrocities that are summed up under the general name of hazing are, indeed, characteristic of college life; and from this disgrace the colleges cannot too quickly clear themselves; but the ordinary immoralities of which Mr. Thwing speaks, are not any more prevalent among collegians than they are among clerks aud mechanics iu our cities and villages. The conditions of life in the colleges are such as to draw the uotice of the public to the irregularities of students. Among several hundred young men quite a number of disorderly characters may be looked for, and by their close association their misdeeds are made conspicuous. But a good deal of iniquity is going on among young men out of college. Much of it is covered up, but now and then startling revelations are made. The boys of the cities and the large towus are frequently banded together for vicious purposes; they have their secret places of meeting, and they are serving a thorough apprenticeship iu the most degradiug forms of sin. Their parents, with whom they still contiuue to live, are often kept iu entire ignorauce of their practices, until some sudden exposure brings the dreadful fact home to them. These evil associations into which the young men of the towns are led are often worse than auy to which they could be exposed in college, because they involve so much more of secrecy and deceit.

Neither is the couutry boy safe from bad influences. Young men are sometimes sent into the country to remove them from temptation; but boys who have lived in the country know that the rustic youth are not behind in immorality. There is plenty of low conversation and vile conduct among the young men who congregate on rainy days in the barns, and who prowl about the country roads of a Sunday night. Probably a larger proportiou of the youth of the farms than of the towus are morally corrupt. If Mr. Thwing had ever lived in a farming district, he would speak with much less confidence of the iunocence of country boys.

It must not, theu, be supposed that college boys are sinners above all others. Probably the standards of morality are higher among them than among any other class of young men. Nevertheless it is true that the standards of morality among them are far lower than they ought to be. They are as a class rather better behaved than the youug men of the towns or of the farms, but they ought to behave themselves a great deal better. One does not greatly wonder that a young man who lacks culture, who has no meutal resources, should fall into animalism. When half a dozen such fellows come together, they have very little to talk about, and the grossest themes lie nearest to their thought. But youug men whose minds have been quickened by years of mental exercise—who have been led, by mauy pleasant paths, out from the dominion of the senses iuto the broader and brighter realms of the iutellect—ought to be able to find some better diversions than those which are sought in the gratification of their appetites. When a student in college makes a beast of himself, the sin is inexcusable, and the shame is iusufferable. It is a greater indignity to deface the polished statue than the uncut stone from the quarry.

The fact is, however, that the immorality of the colleges is not largely chargeable upon the *students* of the colleges. There are exceptions, but as a general rule, the young men who come to college to study do not fall into vice. The immoral fellows are generally those who arc going through college "just to say" that they have been through. The bachelor's degree is simply a decoration which foolish parents are purchasing for them with a lavish outlay of time aud money. They must have studied a little in order to get into college; but, once in, their mental anxieties are over. A young man whose father has money is likely to be considerately treated in college, though he flunk every day aud get drunk every night. The young man knows this perfectly well; and having uo scholarly ambition and no intellectual resources, he seeks his pleasure in brutish ways. It is the young men of this class, who are sent to college for ostentation more than for educatiou, and who are kept in college more because of respect for their pareuts than because of their own attainments, that are the leaders in the college immoralities. They are not students; they have no aptitude for intellectual pursuits; and they have no more business in college than a blind man has in au art-school. Their vice is not

the cause of their bad scholarship; their mental stupidity and indolence are rather the occasion of their vice. Students from the country are not often of this class; because there are not many parents in the country rich enough to send blockheads to college merely to purchase for them the the costly bauble of a bachelor's degree.

It is likely that rich and silly parents will continue to send stupid and reckless boys to college "just for the sake of saying" that they have been there; but it is not too much to hope that college faculties will learn, after a little, to deal with fellows of this sort more sharply than with any other class of students. It is an insult to the officers of the college to ask them to assist in an operation of this kind,—an insult, which, for the honor of sound learning, they ought to resent. And if the presence of such a young man in college is an insult to the faculty, it is still more palpably an injury to the students. The young man himself may be no worse off in college than he would be elsewhere; but he can do more harm in college than anywhere else; and his wealth, instead of being his protection, ought to be counted against him, because it increases his bad influence.

One of the most effectual means of improving the morals of our colleges is, therefore, the enforcement of sharp requirements as to scholarship. By close marking at daily recitations and examinations, and by a prompt dismissal of the men who fail to come up to a high standard, whether they be rich or poor, most of these base fellows will soon be disposed of. It is not always easy to prove immoral conduct; but it is perfectly easy to prove irregular attendance and bad recitations; and the college that expels every man whose daily record does not show faithful and thorough work will have comparatively little trouble with the immoralities of its students.

JOHN JASPER'S JUDGMENTS.

The views of the Copernican theory, held and promulgated by the Rev. John Jasper, a divine of color in the city of Richmond, have been widely copied and have made no small stir on the earth, whatever their effect may have been upon the motions of the heavenly bodies. Brother Jasper does not hesitate to repudiate the theory of Copernicus. He insists that the Bible is an infallible revelation from God; that it always means just what it says; and that it says that the earth stands still, and that the sun does rise and set. When he undertakes to reconcile this view with the various astronomical phenomena he falls into difficulty, but so long as he sticks to the Bible he is strong. His theory of inspiration does not greatly differ from that held by many men of greater fame; and he is simply consistent in applying his theory to all the statements of the Bible. Brother Jasper has the courage of his convictions; and we congratulate him on the manly stand that he is making against rationalizing interpreters.

There is, however, one statement of our esteemed brother on which we wish mildly to animadvert. On being asked by an ingenious and sympathizing reporter why the other colored preachers were opposed to him on the astronomical issue, he is said to have made the following reply: "Jealous, sir. I have a certain spiritual gift that they have not. They have not any use for me. I am the oldest preacher here; began to preach forty years ago. I am the oldest colored preacher living, North or South. I have the largest congregation here, and the truth is those other parties, who call themselves preachers like myself, are jealous."

The historical statements which Brother Jasper makes concerning himself we have neither the power nor the wish to gainsay. But we beg to inquire, in the spirit of love, whether a better motive than jealousy might not have been imputed to the other preachers. Is it not barely possible that these younger brethren may be honest in their dissent from their elder brother's views of astronomy? Is the fact of their disagreement with him conclusive proof that they are governed by a bad spirit?

We ask these questions with considerable diffidence because we are aware that Brother Jasper has a certain warrant for his way of judging, in the common practice of divines of all colors. That a man who disagrees with them is a bad man, many good Christians instinctively believe and unhesitatingly assert. Any dissent from the opinions that they hold indicates to them a selfish motive or a corrupt heart. "We have a certain spiritual gift," they say, "that these dissenters have not; "if they were as holy men as we are they would think as we do." That this is a common method of judgment we are forced to admit; and if the usage of the majority determine the standard of practice as well as of belief, Brother Jasper is undoubtedly right, both in his astronomy, and in his pronouncements concerning his brethren.

But the thought has occurred to us that if the Bible is an infallible guide in astronomy, its suggestions concerning conduct may be worthy of some consideration; and we remember to have found in it some such maxim as this: "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Just how this maxim is to be applied we will not undertake to say; but we beg leave affectionately to commend the truth it contains to Brother Jasper, and to all those divines, of whatever color, who resemble him in the complexion of their moral judgments.

THE theories of the social scientists about over-population are getting some new and frightful illustrations in the great famines prevailing in the East. Scarely have the horrors of the Indian famine begun to abate, when a condition of things even worse is reported from China, where seventy millions of people—almost twice as many as the whole population of the United States—are suffering for the lack of food,—ten millions of whom are said to be in utter destitution. The population of China presses so close upon the means of subsistence, that the failure of the crops for a season brings starvation to multitudes. When, therefore, we learn that the rice crop has failed for three seasons, these reports do not seem incredible. Sir Thomas Wade informs us that for the past year the people of Northern China have been subsisting on herbs and grass, and on the bark of trees, and that now, "all vegetation having utterly disappeared, they are eating earth, and a kind of slate stone that can be masticated." Sir Thomas testifies that the English and American missionaries are devoting themselves to the work of relieving these sufferers, and that they are gaining in this way a great hold upon the confidence of the Chinese. "We will never speak ill of them again," they say. "This is a better religion than that of the Mandarins." The task of relieving this distress appears almost hopeless; yet when we are told that five dollars will preserve a human life for one year, it would seem that the Christians in America, by communicating with their missionaries, might save a great many lives.

WILL England and Russia fight? It is difficult to prophecy at this writing; but we incline to the belief that they will not. There is a strong war party in England, but there are no arguments for war that could approve themselves to the moral sense of the people at large. Russia is flushed with victory, but Russia is not in a good condition for fighting. And really there is nothing to fight about. The questions that Russia refuses to submit to the Congress are questions that do not very seriously affect the welfare of England; and Russia would not greatly endanger her own interests by submitting them. The simple fact seems to be that England wants to dictate, and that Russia will not suffer the dictation of England. England has been so badly beaten in diplomacy throughout the whole quarrel that she is now inclined to insist on having her way, if she is obliged to fight for it. Wounded pride and jealousy will be the real reasons of the war, if war should ensue; and we have yet strong hopes that these two great Christian nations will decline to go to war for such reasons.

SO far as heard from the New Pope appears to be a much more sagacious if not a better man than his predecessor. The indications are pretty distinct that he is willing to come to a good understanding not only with the Italian government but with all the other European powers. "Notwithstanding violent opposition," it is said, "the Pope has ordered the Italian bishops to legalize their positions, giving them liberty to demand an exequator from the government." Monseigneur Ledochowski, the Cardinal Archbishop of Posen, with whom the German Government has been at war for several years, and who is now an exile from his province, is to be gently removed to some post at the Vatican, in order that a more practicable man may take his place in Posen. Leo will occupy the summer residence of the Popes at Castle Gondolfo, thirteen miles from Rome, and thus his constructive captivity will come to an end. The line of policy for the advocacy of which Father Curci was deposed would therefore seem to have been adopted by the Pope. What will the loyal Catholics that have been denouncing Father Curci say to this? And how are we to understand the doctrine of infallibility when Pius deposes a man one day for advocating a thing, and the next day Leo goes and does this very thing?

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH, accused of heresy before the Free Presbytery of Aberdeen, Scotland, has been acquitted. Professor Smith's heresy appeared in an article in the *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, in which several statements are made concerning the origin and the contents of the books of the Old Testament which do not agree with the generally received ideas of inspiration. The vindication by a Presbytery of the Free Church of Scotland of a scholar who has ventured to apply to the Old Testament the ordinary rules of historical criticism, will undoubtedly be received with alarm. But it is perhaps safe to conclude that the truth will stand whatever may become of Professor Robertson Smith or the Aberdeen Free Presbytery.

THE printing and binding of a Bible within twelve hours, for the Caxton Memorial Celebration held in London last summer, is a mechanical feat of which due record ought to be made. The type was not set on that day, but the press-work was done at Oxford, sixty-thee miles from London, and the binding at the latter city:

"The printers began to make their preparations soon after midnight, and the printing actually commenced at 2 A. M.; the sheets were artificially dried, forwarded to London by the 9 o'clock express train to the Oxford University Press Binding Establishment, Barbican, where they were folded, rolled, collated, sewn, subjected to hydraulic pressure, gilded, bound, and taken to South Kensington before 2 P. M. The book consists of 1,052 pages, 16mo, minion type, and is bound in Turkey morocco, bevelled boards, flexible back, gilt lettered on back and inside cover, with the arms of the Oxford university in gold on the obverse side; and is free from the

'set off' or blemish which its hasty production might well have excused. One hundred and one persons, I have been told, were engaged in the Oxford University Press Binding Establishment, Barbican, London, that day on this Memorial Bible, all of whom received extra wages, besides a holiday the following Monday."

To the men of Caxton's day this story would have been more incredible than any miracle recorded in the Bible.

THE Irish-American papers are favoring a proposition of Mr. Dillon O'Brien of Minnesota, that a national convention of our Irish citizens be called to discuss the question of emigration from the cities to the unoccupied farming lands of the South and West. The *Pilot* refers to the fact that within the last month four hundred German emigrants moved in a body from Ohio to Texas, taking with them capital and improved agricultural implements with which to begin farming operations upon one hundred thousand acres of land which they have purchased, at a dollar and a half an acre. By such organized movements it is thought the Irish that are now crowding our cities might be delivered from poverty and degradation into thrift and comfort. Such a project ought to have the hearty encouragement of all good citizens. In the removal of the surplus population from the cities to the farming lands lies the only solution of our present financial distress; and our Irish fellow-citizens would not only help themselves but would give great relief to the whole country, if they would push this movement.

THERE is no difficulty in disposing of the high offices, but the minor ones generally go a begging. Yet some of these minor offices are, as Miss Octavia Hill points out in one of her shorter essays, quite as important as many of the more conspicuous places. "If," she suggests, "instead of trying to get high up, you were to try to get down low, what a position of usefulness you would have." A man of leisure, of intelligence and of philanthropic spirit could scarcely find a position in which he could serve the community more efficiently than as an overseer of the poor. Very few official positions in which a man can be placed requires a broader knowledge, a larger experience or a more refined sensibility. If any public official ought to be in the truest and largest sense of the word a gentleman, the overseer of the poor ought to be. The office is, however, most frequently filled by men who are quite the reverse of this, because those who are qualified will not take it. By and by it will be plain that the post of greatest service is the post of greatest honor; and then there will be no difficulty in getting the best men for these humble stations. When society shall organize itself upon the Christian law, bestowing more abundant honor on those functions that men are inclined to think less honorable, the true civil service reform will have been achieved.

DR. WILLARD PARKER of New York has lately read a notable paper on "The Hereditary Influences of Alcohol" before the National Temperance Society. The records of several families, and especially of the famous Juke family were referred to by him as showing that the effects of drunkenness frequently extended through at least seven generations. "Alcohol is an irritant," Dr. Parker said; "as much so as a grain of sand forced into the eye. . . . . Alcohol disarranges the system and weakens the reasoning powers. . . . The temporary loss of reason is not the only effect. The brain loses its tone and the entire system of the man becomes tainted. He transmits the taint to his children. The child of a drunkard will suffer, even if he remain temperate, many of the physical diseases which result from the use of alcohol, and will transmit these diseases to *his* children. Sometimes this taint takes the form of an incurable restlessness. *Fifty per cent. of the idiots are children or grandchildren of drunkards.*" At the close of his address Dr. Parker was asked by a gentleman in the audience if he considered the use of light wines dangerous to health? He replied that he believed *indulgence in any beverage that contained alcohol to be dangerous to health.* This is the verdict, it will be noted, of one of the most eminent medical practitioners in this country; and it certainly affords some reason for saying that total abstainers are not necessarily fanatics nor fools.

IN answer to the question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" Ex-Governor Dingley of Maine gives some rather stubborn figures. In 1832, two thousand taverns, hotels and saloons sold $10,000,000 worth of liquors, or $20 to each inhabitant. In 1877 the highest amount claimed, including clandestine sales, is $1,000,000, or $2 to each inhabitant. In 1855, the deaths from delirium tremens were two hundred; now they do not average above fifty annually. The Governor also asserts that crime and pauperism have greatly diminished in the state. If these statements cannot be overthrown, they establish the fact that the prohibitory law is a good law for Maine.

AFTER we have found out what becomes of the pius, the next question in order will be where all the cheap oil paintings come from. A *Tribune* reporter has partly solved the mystery. Several large establishments in New York are engaged in the manufacture of these wares. The canvas on which they are painted is the cheapest unbleached cotton, and the artists are boys and girls with stencil plates, whose work is touched up by house-painters and now and then a starving artist hired by the day. These works of art are then decorated with the name, slightly mis-

spelled, of some famous English or American artist, and after being framed in tawdry gilt are stacked in the great salesroom and sold by the dozen. One establishment in New York turns out about one hundred of these pictures daily. The picture-auctioneers buy them, frames and all, at prices varying from $30 to $100 per dozen, and when the innocent purchaser gets for twenty dollars an unrivalled work of art, which cost the auctioneer two dollars and a half, he often feels that he has made a great bargain. The moral is that persons who are not entirely confident of their ability to judge of the merits of a painting had better keep away from the picture sales.

"Foxes have holes," said Mr. Joseph Cook the other day, "and the birds of the air have nests; but"—with an impressive pause—"the free-lover has no home." There would seem to be some slight infelicity in the use of this language in this connection.

Colonel Ingersoll disapproves of religion. The element in religion which he particularly dislikes seems to be the sense of obligation or allegiance. He wishes for a liberty that knows no law. Restraint, of any sort, seems to be distasteful to him. He does not believe in restraining children. His theory is that they should be allowed to do what they please. Their food should be prescribed by their own appetites. Let them choose for themselves at which end of the dinner they will begin. If they like to make their meal of comfits or pastry, let them. Parents who attempt to regulate the diet or criticise the table manners of their children are guilty, in Colonel Ingersoll's view, of a species of tyranny. His views of the social order are not very clearly outlined, but they would conform, probably, to this principle. Every man will be a law unto himself in Colonel Ingersoll's New Republic. Thieves will be politely requested to go to jail, but they will not be compelled to go; and the doors of the jail will never be locked. The payment of taxes will be optional. Every man will have full liberty to do all the mischief he can, with none to molest or make him afraid. The regiment of which this brilliant orator is Colonel is governed, we suppose, in the same way. It is distinctly understood that the soldiers obey orders only when it suits their convenience. They are not even obliged to listen to the Colonel's speeches if they do not like them. Of course it is easy to see that religion, which certainly does imply allegiance and obedience, would be entirely out of place in Colonel Ingersoll's system. The liberty of which he is the brilliant advocate is not voluntary obedience to a perfect law; it is the headstrong recklessness that casts off all restraint. Those who think that it would be a good thing to have the family and the State organized on this principle, will undoubtedly agree with Colonel Ingersoll in disapproving of religion.

"An intelligent colored minister," says the *Southern Workman*, "feeling his deficiencies, has asked admission to Hampton, and for instruction to fit him better for his work." Of course none but intelligent colored ministers feel that they need instruction. The ignorant ones have no misgivings on this score. They have got everything settled in their own minds, and have nothing more to learn. The same truth applies to white ministers.

Our proof-reader begs leave to insist that he knows how to spell "Euergetes," and "Philadelphus," and "Serapis;" that the difference between "Seraphim" and "Serapion" is also known to him; and that these words would not have been misspelled in part of the edition if a portion of Page 432 had not escaped him.

LITERATURE.

Between metaphysics and the physical sciences there has been of late a constant conflict. The inutility of metaphysical studies has been the subject of many arguments and many sneers on the part of the physicists; and upon the bad logic and the furtive assumptions of the physicists has been visited the wrath of the metaphysicians. It begins to be apparent that this warfare is needless, and that these two classes of students ought to be allies instead of foes. That the physicists need a better method and a better logic is tolerably clear; that the metaphysicians must modify many of their theories in the light of the facts discovered and set in order by the physicists, is equally clear. Before us is a book[1] in which some recognition of this reciprocal relation of the sciences appears. President Bascom is a stout Intuitionalist, but he admits that the topic of his book, "The Growth and Grades of Intelligence," could hardly have been suggested but for the Empirical Philosophy; and that for the facts with which it deals he is constantly a debtor to this Philosophy. It is only, he declares, by carefully

[1] Comparative Psychology: or the Growth and Grades of Intelligence. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

studying the history of intelligence; by comparing the mental operations of the mature mind and the mind of the infant; by tracing the difference between the mental processes of men and those of brutes, that we can determine how much of intelligence is the result of development and how much is primitive endowment.

Into these questions the author has gone profoundly. The introductory chapter discusses the relation between matter and mind, and affirms that between the two there is "an ever-recognized distinction, lying at the basis of all inquiry and all thought." The tendency to confound matter and mind, to regard them as different sides of the same substance, to define a thought as a thing that has become conscious of itself, is sharply confuted by Dr. Bascom. So is also the theory of unconscious cerebration, which he accuses as a foe to all clear thinking, and the subterfuge of an ignorance that endeavors to pass itself off for knowledge. Far more intelligible, far more easily reconciled with facts is the theory of a radical distinction between mind and matter. The lines of demarcation which separate the physical and the mental forces are, indeed, vanishing lines. Yet the difficulty of marking this distinction does not disprove the distinction.

A careful examination of the relation between the physical and the vital forces, of the phenomena of vegetable life, and of the nervous system prepares the way for a study of animal life as organic, as instinctive and as associative. Dr. Bascom defines instinct as "the automatic tendency which underlies an organic action, having the form of an intelligent and voluntary one." To say with Lewes that it is "lapsed intelligence" appears to him unphilosophical. "Instincts," he says, "are to be regarded as the action of lower forces in unusual vigor, rather than as the sinking of higher forces in relative decay." This discussion of the mental operations of animals is full of interest. Dr. Bascom will use the term "intelligence" of animals only concessively: as instinct is an automatic action produced by certain occult stimuli upon the organism of the animal, so the "associative life" of the animal, which he defines as "mental facts united in experience through memory," is something radically different from the rational life of man. Yet these are *mental* facts. Hungry appetites, lively sensibilities, alert senses and memory unite to form those associative experiences which direct the action of the brute. "Nor need we represent this process as at all a mechanical one. It has a large organic element, and also a decisively intellectual one. While different objects make different constitutional appeals to the brute, there is none the less in the perception a true mental quality."

The line between the mental processes of men and those of animals is one that we should find it difficult to draw. Dr. Bascom thinks that the "associative experiences" of animals will explain all their acts, without granting to them any knowledge of logical relations; and he fortifies his argument by reminding us that there is a school of mental philosophers who derive all intelligence—that of men as well as that of animals—from this source. We acknowledge the force of much that he says, and feel the difficulties attending the theory of a higher intelligence in animals; yet it seems to us that the facts of animal life are on the whole more easily explained by ascribing to them reasoning powers that differ from ours only in degree, than by making their intelligence wholly "associative." This theory when applied to men becomes palpably inadequate, and we should be inclined to banish it from a good portion of the animal kingdom.

The chapter on Rational Life discusses the dependence of the human reason upon instinct and the laws of association, and shows how the higher spiritual principle is brought in as the crown of the natural orders and processes. The origin of "the intuitions which are to us the organizing forces of the spiritual life" is studied, and the theory of the evolutionists which refers them conjointly to experience and inheritance is skillfully controverted. The last chapter is the most suggestive in the book. It treats of "The Supreme Reason," and in its discussion of our knowledge of God and of His relation to the universe, much light is thrown upon a subject that to many minds is very obscure. The philosophical agnosticism of Mansel and Hamilton finds no favor at the hands of Dr. Bascom. "Reason is one in nature, whether finite or infinite. . . . . Infinite time is still time, with the limits which belong to any one finite period removed. Infinite space and infinite power are space and power, with all special restrictions broken off. . . . . Infinite intelligence or perfect intelligence is not something other than intelligence, but intelligence in its fullest, largest form. . . . . So the Supreme Reason remains throughout subject to the intrinsic laws of reason, to its primary categories." Not only is God knowable, since His intelligence is generically like our own; He is also revealing Himself to us continually in the order of the universe. He is not only the starting point of our existence; it is in Him that we live and move and have our being. He is a God nigh at hand and not afar off.

The fear that science would succeed in "banishing God from the universe" has been entertained and expressed by some Christians of infirm faith. It may be that a certain arbitrary, petulant and wholly unreasonable being whom some persons have *called* God and worshiped *is* in danger of banishment; but to the true God, the Creator of the heavens and of the earth, the source of all beauty and goodness and the inspirer of all

righteousness, men will be brought nearer by every step they take in the way of knowledge. And when those who teach us to know ourselves, and those who help us to know the works of God that are round about us, unite to cast up the highway of truth, and to gather out the stones wherewith they have been wont to pelt one another, and over which the unlearned have stumbled, the way of His coming will be speedily prepared.

HERE is a confession of which our friends of the *Woman's Journal* may make as much as they please: The most difficult social problem now awaiting solution is the problem of pauperism; and the ablest treatment that this problem has received among English speaking people is in the words and the work of a woman, Miss Octavia Hill of London. For business sagacity, for wise philanthropy, for genuine statesmanship, Miss Hill takes the palm away from all the professors and practicers of charity. A pamphlet entitled "Homes of the London Poor," containing four or five essays of Miss Hill contributed to English periodicals, and giving some account of her work in London, was printed a year ago by the New York Bureau of Charities. Now we have another collection[1] of her papers in more permanent form, which ought to be in the possession of every overseer of the poor, every clergyman, every district visitor and every person who contributes to the relief of the poor. Much of the volume treats of conditions and of methods that Americans know little about; but the principle upon which Miss Hill's work is done can be easily understood and applied by Americans; and if this could only be secured, the material and moral gains accruing to the nation would be quite beyond computation.

The opening essay which gives title to the volume, and the closing essay, "The Future of our Commons," discuss the question of common lands in England. Large spaces of country have been held as commons from time immemorial,—the people of the vicinage being allowed pasturage, the cutting of turf, and other privileges upon them; and, since they are not inclosed, the right to range over them at will belongs to the people at large. Holiday excursions from the cities carry the people in great numbers out to these commons; and they thus become breathing places for the poor of the large cities. Yet the fee of the land is vested in the lord of the manor; and the right of the public to these commons, being rather poorly defined, has in many cases been extinguished, so that the commons have been enclosed. In Queen Anne's time there were 5,000,000 acres of such lands in England; now there are only 1,000,000 acres. Miss Hill pleads earnestly for the passage of a bill, before Parliament at the time of her writing, by which the right of the people to the use of these commons for the purposes of recreation should be established; and by which the enclosure of a common is forbidden except by act of Parliament. Miss Hill attaches great value to such public lands, not only as promoting the health and happiness of the poor, but also as strengthening their patriotism. "Is the knowledge," she asks, "just brought so prominently before us, that one quarter of the land in England is owned by seven hundred and ten persons so satisfactory that we will stand by and see quietly absorbed those few spots which are our common birthright in the soil? It is not likely that farms or estates will diminish in size; and the yeoman class is, I suppose, passing away rapidly. With the small holdings is there to pass away from the people the sense that they have a share in the soil of their native England? I think the sense of owning some spaces of it in common may be healthier for them than even the possession of small bits by individuals; and certainly it seems more feasible."

Nothing resembling this state of things exists as yet in America; yet even here many of our cities and large towns have neglected to provide breathing places for the poor. As the population becomes denser, and the lands about the cities are all enclosed, this need will become more urgent; and the city that has not made this provision ought to make it as soon as it can be done without running in debt.

Another essay on "Open Spaces," urges a multiplication and a more liberal use of city parks and pleasure grounds. The rest of the papers deal more directly with the practical work of poor relief. One on "District Visiting," read to a meeting of district visitors and clergy at the house of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, is filled with the ripest wisdom. Note this paragraph:

"I have heard persons who give their whole time to the poor speak disparagingly of these fleeting visits; and young girls themselves, fevered with desire to do more, talk rather enviously of those who can give their time wholly to such work; but have they ever thought how much is lost by such entire dedication?—or, rather, how much is gained by her who is not only a visitor of the poor but a member of a family with other duties? It is the families, the homes of the poor that need to be influenced. Is not she most sympathetic, most powerful, who nursed her own mother through her long illness, and knew how to go quietly about the darkened room; who entered so heartily into the sister's love and marriage; who obeyed so perfectly the father's command when it was hardest? Better still if she be wife and mother herself, and can enter into the responsibilities of a head of a household, understands her joys and cares, knows what heroic patience it needs to keep gentle when the nerves are unhinged and the children noisy. Depend upon it, if we thought of the poor primarily as husbands, wives, sons and daughters, members of households, as we are ourselves, instead of contemplating them as a different class, we should recognize better how the house training and high ideal of

[1] Our Common Land, and Other Short Essays. By Octavia Hill. London: Macmillan & Co.

home duty was our best preparation for work among them."

Miss Hill's rule of work among the poor requires the minimum of material aid and the maximum of personal sympathy and service. The visitor is to be a friend rather than an almsgiver. The giving of alms embarrasses the friendship; it takes away the feeling of equality and mutual respect, and puts the receiver of the alms into a menial condition and a servile temper. Help in the way of finding employment, or encouragement in saving, or friendly counsel about the best way of using the earnings are far better than alms. It is much easier to give the dole; but in the great majority of cases the effect is ruinous. We must not "weakly plead that what we do is *benevolent;* we must ascertain that it is *beneficent* too."

We would gladly fill several of these pages with the words of this wise and noble woman; but one more extract must suffice:

"The gift you have to make to the poor, depend upon it, is the greatest of all gifts you can make—that of yourselves, following in your great Master's steps, whose life is the foundation of all charity. The form of it may change with the ages, the great law remains, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away;' but see that thou give him bread, not a stone—bread, the nourishing thing, that which wise thought teaches you will be to him helpful, not that which will ruin him body and soul; else, while obeying the letter of the command, you will be false to its deep, everlasting meaning. My friends, I have lived face to face with the poor for now some years, and I have not learned to think gifts of necessaries, such as a man usually provides for his own family, helpful to them. I have abstained from such, and expect those who love the poor and know them individually will do so more and more in the time to come. I have sometimes been asked by such acquaintances when I have done this whether I do not remember the words, 'Never turn your face from any poor man.' Oh, my friends, what strange perversion of words this seems to me! I may deserve reproach; I may have forgotten many a poor man and done as careless a thing as any one, but I cannot help thinking that to give *oneself* rather than one's *money* to the poor is not exactly turning away from him. If I, caring for him and striving for him, do in my inmost heart believe that my money, spent in providing what he might by effort provide for himself, is harmful to him, surely he and I may be friends all the same. Surely I am bound to give him only what I believe to be best. He may not always understand it at the moment, but he will feel it in God's own time."

High praise has been bestowed upon Mr. Putnam's allegorical poem,[1] higher praise than it will bear. It must, indeed, be admitted that whatever merit the book contains is badly obscured by scandalous printing. Errors of punctuation, of typographical arrangement, and even of spelling occur on almost every page; so that the reader often struggles with a sentence that would be plain enough if properly printed. In the "Argument" we find the following excellent puzzle: "Prometheus symbolizes Moral Insight: Venus, Asia; Apollo, Love, Reverence, Imagination without Moral Insight." Put a comma after Asia, and a dash after Apollo and you will get the author's meaning, which is that Venus, Asia and Apollo signify Love, Reverence and Imagination. In one opening (pp. 32, 33), we find three such spellings as "droping," "mineret," and "immeasureable." Wide spaces upon the page frequently separate lines where there is no break in the progress of thought and where sentences, even, are hopelessly divided. We wonder that any reputable publisher should suffer a book so illiterate to go out with his imprint.

Wading through this typographical tangle one finds a good deal of truth and not a little beauty. Jove represents will seeking self-aggrandizement, while Prometheus represents the moral insight. Jove is the deification of force; Prometheus is the incarnation of right, and right seems to be equivalent to benevolence. Jove reigns only for his own glory, and wishes to keep man in subjection and degradation. Prometheus refuses to support the Jovian policy, and seeks to confer upon man the heavenly light. From this undertaking he is dissuaded by Venus, who seems to represent the Epicurean sentiment, by Asia who stands for unquestioning reverence, and by Apollo, who typifies æsthetic enjoyment. Yet the mighty impulse within him vanquishes all their solicitations, and he plucks down from heaven the inspiring flame. The gift is long abused by man, but at length, in the vision of Prometheus, the good triumphs over the evil, the empire of Jove is overthrown, and man is crowned and glorified "by consecration, Love's beatitude."

The motive of the poem is the exhibition of the conflict between absolute power and absolute right. In Jove the author means to represent a conception of God that has held sway through all the past ages, and that still rules in many theologies—a conception that deifies will. The moral insight of man at length perceives that an omnipotent will cannot be worshiped unless it is a righteous will; and rebels against a God whose justice is something wholly unlike man's justice, and whose right is man's wrong. Doubtless this deity must yet be dethroned, and the increasing moral insight of man, which Prometheus represents in this poem, is the power that will do it.

Mr. Putnam is a philosopher rather than a poet; a thinker and not a singer. Yet there are occasional passages which show considerable lyrical power and some vigor of imagination.

The author of "Kismet" has added another volume to the "No Name" Series. Since novels have become the inseparable companions of

[1] Prometheus: A Poem. By S. R Putnam. New York: G P. Putnam's Sons.

so many travelers it is natural that the romancers should take to the road. If your guide-book can only be a novel, or your novel a guide book the weight of your hand baggage is just so much reduced. "A Chance Acquaintance" suffices for the Canadian tour, "The Marble Faun" will do for Rome, and "Mirage"[1] will hereafter be indispensable to romantic travelers in the Holy Land.

It must be allowed, however, that the effect of connecting a love story with the scenery and the traditions of Palestine and Syria is a little curious. The thing is well managed, and there is nothing very incongruous to complain of; but falling in love on the way to Jericho, and proposing on Mount Gerizim, and urging the suit on the plain of Esdraelon, and talking it over by the Sea of Galilee, and bringing matters to a crisis in Damascus—it all sounds strangely in the telling, and gives to the romance an indescribable flavor. Not that there is anything antique about the personages of the novel, apart from the dragomen and Bedaween Arabs that are brought upon the scene. The people of "Mirage" are quite modern and quite real; they are mainly Americans of good breeding, and one could wish that no worse representatives of the nation were ever seen abroad. Constance Varley, the heroine, is an admirable character; Fanny Thayer and Aunt Van are good specimens of two common types of American women; and among the men, Major Thayer, Jack Stuart and Denis Lawrence are clearly drawn. All the dialogue is extremely fresh and natural; the talk of the men not less so than that of the women; but it is hard to believe that a man could have given us Constance. Though, therefore, the book is published in London with the name of "George Fleming" upon the title page, it is not at all clear that this is not a pseudonym.

The ending of the story is disappointing—almost cruelly so. Whether the chief aim of the novel be to give pleasure or not, it surely ought not to be its aim to give pain; and this one deliberately does that very thing. The motto that follows the title page gives a clue to the moral purpose of the book: "Natural laws we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations." "Natural laws we shall never modify," of course; but we may shape their issues; there is much for us to do besides "watching" their combinations. If Mr. Denis Lawrence had not, by his own confession, been much inclined to let things take their own course he could have saved two lives. It is nobler to bear steadfastly ills that cannot be averted, than to chafe under them or give way before them; but it is not noble to sit down and "watch" the combination of natural laws so long as we have power to change their combinations and greatly alter their products.

[1] Mirage. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

With the best side of artist life in Paris Mrs. Champney is familiar; and her story,[1] which is rather a sketch than a romance, presents an agreeable picture of some phases of that life. It would be better for art and for artists if what is told in this bright little book were the whole story of artist life in Paris; but it is pleasant to believe that very many of the young painters of Paris are honorable and blameless as the two whose adventures are here recited. The narrative is enriched by legendary tales of the locality, and by bits of French verse in spirited translations.

A very noble speech is that one delivered before the London Trades Guild of Learning by William Morris, the poet. Its subject is The Decorative Arts,[2] and the small pamphlet that contains it is better worthy of mention here than many bigger books. Mr. Morris laments the separation of the greater from the lesser arts, as making the former less humane and the latter less inspiring; but the ideas which he holds up before his brother handicraftsmen respecting their work and the spirit in which it should be done are such as would relieve labor of its drudgery and fill life with a better meaning, if they could only be understood and accepted by all who work with their hands.

Of "the gospel of light and air," Claude Lorraine was among artists one of the chief evangelists; and his biography[3] is added to Mr. Sweetser's entertaining series. About three hundred paintings besides numerous drawings and etchings remain of the works of Claude, whose career began about the time of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Though these treasures represent full sixty years of work, yet the preservation of so great a number of them indicates the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, and the justice of their judgment.

[1] Bourbon Lilies: A Story of Artist Life. By Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[2] The Decorative Arts: Their Relation to Modern Life and Progress. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[3] Claude Lorraine: Artist Biographies. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. I.——JUNE, 1878.——No. VI.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.—PARTING.

"It may be for years, and it may be forever."

FOUR girls, all pretty, all young, and at the moment when we see them first, all wretched.

These are Aunt Huldah's scholars, or are those of them with whom we have to do. Aunt Huldah's name before the world is Mrs. Merriam.

Wretched, from as simple an event as this, that this was the last day of school before the summer holidays. And, although these girls were not prigs, and none of them was ever sorry for a vacation, nay, though none of them was sorry for vacation now, as vacation, they were sorry, even to wretchedness, because they were to be parted and perhaps should never, never meet again.

"It is all very well for the rest of you," said Clara, almost sobbing; "you will have to come to New York to do your shopping, and you can all come the same day, and you will have beautiful times. But I can't come. I shall be—I dare say I shall be in Bismarck; may be I shall be in that horrid Seattle; like as not I shall be in the Russian possessions, or on Prince Patrick's eye;" and the girl sobbed and laughed again. Then the rest all laughed because Clara was so funny, even in her grief; and in a minute they brought her back to laughing without sobbing, but this was only that some other one of the four might be as wretched as she.

"Any way, Clara, my pet, you will know where Prince Patrick's eye is." This was the comforting speech of Rachel, who was recognized by all the rest as counselor, leader, comforter and general extricator from scrapes, from the great distinction that she was fully four months older than any of them. Her advanced age was supposed to give her such opportunities for experience, and that wisdom which comes from experience, as made her Nestor and Mentor for all the others.

Poor Clara, at some unknown period, had not known where Prince Patrick's eye was; had confounded it with Cape Walsingham, or had thought it might be one of the Gallipagos; and this sin of omission was a never-failing subject of fun among them.

"If I could write a decent letter," said Thekla, smoothing, for very love, Clara's great piles of brown hair as she spoke; "if I could write a letter half as nice as every scrap you write, why, I would live in Patrick's eye, or I would keep the academy in Boothia Felix, and I would never be cross to the girls. But I can't write to anybody. I shall spell the words wrong to begin with. And I shall blot the whole letter. And then I shall put on the wrong stamp so it will never go. Now you'll write beautiful letters."

"And there must be a good deal to tell at Patrick's eye," said the maturer Rachel, "because nobody knows anything about it."

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"Yes, Clara, darling, you'll write to me first, won't you? Write about the carded wool as the foam is piled in on the rocks."

"Carded fiddlestick! it will be all ice-cream!"

"Salt-sherbet!"

"Write me about the manners and customs of the *Phoca arcticus*, supposed to be the leviathan of Scripture,—the unicorn of the ancients, and the dragon of the middle ages,—probably the *Delphinus maritimus* of Cuvier, and the hog-wallowing porpoise of the Narrows." This was the interruption of Percy, "the irrepressible," as she was called, who in the present case had kept silent longer than the rest.

And they all laughed again. For this nonsense was a pile of memories of jests of long standing in the school.

And here Aunt Huldah came up, who had wisely been leaving her four graduates to themselves.

"Not dressed yet, girls? Why, we shall all be disgraced. See, I am as grand as the queen! I am living in terror now lest some of those horribly early people may ring at any minute."

"Dear Aunty, I shall be dressed in a minute," said the irrepressible. "But wherever is my candle?"

"And wherever is my gown,—and wherever are my slippers?" laughed dear Aunt Huldah, lighting her candle for her,—and presaging, not unwisely, what would be the ejaculations of the next half hour. "Skurry off, all of you." For, on occasions, even Aunt Huldah could descend to slang. "Hurry! Skurry! Be ready at eight, for old Arvedson will ring the bell and pull open the curtains at eight, even if there is never an actor there."

"*Oh! bête que je suis!*" cried Rachel, repeating the opening lines of the play, as she vanished. And the rest followed her.

You see, it was the farewell play of the school. There was no exhibition, but that the girls had got up this little vaudeville of Scribe's and were to act it in the back parlor. And I and the other visitors were to sit in the front parlor and see our pretty friends in their bright and clever acting for the last time.

Aunt Huldah's school was, to my notion, a model school. If a girl must be sent away to school, and sometimes she must, it is to Aunt Huldah's that I should send her. Twelve scholars, and only twelve; there was no capturing a poor girl by Aunt Huldah's reputation, and then turning her off among forty thousand others to assistants, so that Aunt Huldah never saw her face. They saw her face,—and she saw theirs. She saw through and through them, and loved them heart and soul with genuine motherly love. A simple home life they had there, but they could go over to New York when Aunt Huldah said the word,—or, as Rachel said, they could pull the string of the shower-bath and let the whole rush of water come. Best of all, nice girls came together and studied together and walked together and talked together. "They are my assistants," said Aunt Huldah proudly. "There is not one of them but knows she is on the staff and is glad to lend a hand. Little Delia there is, in her way, as necessary to the life of the school as I am, and I should be sorry if she did not know it."

Why, even at this moment, while you and I are hob-nobbing with Madam L'Estrange and with Dr. Farley, and Mrs. Roscommon and the Pulsifers, and while dear Aunt Huldah is talking with that exquisite French accent of hers to the consul general of the new and indivisible French Republic (the nineteenth of that name)—while all of us are waiting for the curtain to go up, dear Aunt Huldah is just as certain that those four girls will be dressed, and will be crowded together in the pantry, ready for the first scene, when Arvedson's bell rings, as I am certain that eight o'clock will come on the clock, so that Arvedson may ring the bell.

You see it is "our school," not merely Aunt Huldah's school. Indeed, this is "our play," not Mrs. Merriam's play. It is "we" who are responsible for the name and fame of this school, not Aunt Huldah alone. Indeed, to say truth, "we girls" have a notion of the name and fame of the school far wider and grander than Mrs. Merriam has. "We girls" think it is the central establishment in the education of the world, and that

such little, one-horse go-carts as the University at Oxford, or Yale or Antioch College, or the Polytechnic, or the College of the Propaganda, may as well hide their inferior heads in the comparison with "our school."

That is what "we girls" think, and Mrs. Merriam, alias Aunt Huldah, does not think so.

But, while I lecture thus about the theory of the school, Clara has been forcing the great mass of brown hair into shape. Rachel has girt herself with that long blue soldier's coat, and with Col. Sleeman's sash, and has drawn with burnt cork the ferocious moustache, which, for an hour, is to make her Le Capitaine Jules Morel of the play. Thekla has created, by mere force of will, the lost lacings for the boddice of the Swiss peasant which she will be in two minutes more; and Percy has for the hundredth time beaten with her wayward brain the refrain of

"Sur notre scéne
Que montre-t-'on."

Eight o'clock strikes the bell of Trinity. "Ting-tang" strikes Gustav Arvedson's bell. Rachel strides upon the stage with a very grand military air:

"Oh! bête que je suis!"

and the little play begins.

CHAPTER II.—Travel.

"East and West and North and South
The Messengers ride fast."

"My dear Mr. Hale, life is not made up of little stage-plays in the back parlor.

"Is this the entertainment to which you invite us?"

Thus Mrs. Grundy addresses me severely.

"Dear Madam," I say in reply, "your words are words of truth and soberness. Of this little stage-play and the applauses which greeted it you shall hear never a word more. Let it be forgotten, dear Mrs. Grundy, as is your own mother's appearance as Marcia in Addison's Cato at the Leicester academy in the spring of 1805, when George Grundy won her maiden heart by his irreproachable Marcus."

For us, we have far graver cares before us. It is the morning after the play. Ten minutes ago an express wagon called for four large trunks and for four hat-boxes. And here, in the doubtful murky morning, here on the doorsteps at Clinton Avenue, are four girls, all crying now and kissing Aunt Huldah good-bye. She is crying too.

Gustav Arvedson stands on the sidewalk and would be glad to lift each of his favorites into the carriage. They are all shut in now, he is on the box with the driver, and off they go.

And Rachel is sent across the Jersey City ferry on her way to Washington and Georgetown. Rachel is to take her instructions there; how she shall teach freedmen somewhere in the valley of Micah's Creek—if you happen to know where that is.

Thekla goes across the ferry with her. But Thekla will leave her at Jersey City. She, of course, is on her way to Bromwich; she will be there to-morrow morning.

Clara and Percy keep together to the old Twenty-sixth Street station of those days. Then Percy takes the New Haven train and Clara is left alone. She perseveres as far as the Hudson River road, and there poor Arvedson looks his last on her and bids her good-bye.

So within two hours from the time Aunt Huldah gave them her last kisses one is speeding south and one north and one east and one west, as fast as George Stephenson can part them!

No, Lily; no, Emma! never fear me. I should like to stop and moralize, but you would not like to. And I have taken you into my keeping these four-and-twenty chapters, and they shall all be story and no moralization. Little enough time and space, too, to bear us through what we have to be, to see, to do and suffer before the end.

Nay, we must even skip the first pretzels and Wilmington and the canvas-back ducks at what was then the ferry, and the smash-up when the train just glanced off another train at Perrymansville. We must even skip that splendid surgeon of the Ninth New Jersey who took up the bleeding artery so deftly to that poor brakeman's leg. All that Rachel did was to hold the poor wretch's head and keep her sharp smelling-salts at his nose. And the surgeon thanked her heartily.

No, Florence, he did not offer her marriage. He never saw her again, and she never saw him, and they never heard of each other. And that is the last I ever heard of him. The accident detained them two hours. And I will not tell another word about it.

But that two hours made it after dark, long after dark, when Rachel came, all alone, in a jumbled-up carriage which was very dirty, to the room she was directed to take, in Fairfax court just off Fairfax street back from Curtis street in Georgetown,—upstairs by the stairs out-doors.

There was a nice old black woman waiting for her, who had been sitting for three hours in the dark and crooning over a little fire she had made on the hearth.

"So you's come at last, Miss. I do so hope you ain't tired, Miss. I clean gin you up, once, Miss, and I got up to go, I did, Miss; but sunthin' in my bones said you was coming, Miss, and I's werry glad you's come. Is you tired, Miss?"

Well, poor Rachel was tired, very tired. And she was by this time lonely, very lonely. And she did want to cry as badly as even poor tearful Clara ever wanted to. And I believe she would have cried but that this dear old Dolly managed to blunder out her welcome in such a good wholesome way.

The coachman brought up the hat-box, asked Aunt Dolly to help him with the trunk—he was as black as she was—took Rachel's money and thanked her, and was gone. Aunt Dolly struck a match and lighted a tallow candle, and Rachel looked round her new home.

Yes, it was pretty forlorn. Rachel had made visits under Aunt Huldah's auspices among poor people in attics and other "tenements" in Brooklyn, but she had never seen any place which anybody called home which had seemed to her quite as forlorn as this. It was clean. That was a comfort. And Rachel's quick eye saw at the first glance that the small windows were well placed for air and for light. The walls were whitewashed, and with that flaky look which intimates that they have been whitewashed very often. The floor was innocent of carpet, and with that stringy look which indicates that it has recently been scoured and well scoured with sand. An iron hospital bedstead, with the bed made, stood in one corner, an iron wash-stand with white basin and pitcher was at the foot of the bed. Two new brown wooden chairs and Rachel's trunk made the remainder of the furniture of the room. It did look forlorn.

The simple truth was, that in those days the social requisitions of Georgetown did not permit any boarding-house keeper of the white persuasion to take into her house any young lady who was engaged in teaching negro children to read. Times have changed since then. The board who had engaged Rachel Fredet had learned of these social requisitions by a good deal of stiff experience. They had also learned that, for as short a stay as she was to make in Georgetown, it was better that she should not be at certain barracks which were to some extent under their control, and they had therefore hired a room for her accessible from the outside, as the reader has observed, above Dolly Washington's shop; and they had retained Dolly to care for the essential wants of their new teacher, until she herself should choose to make other arrangements. Rachel had been forewarned of this plan, and she knew that it had its advantages, even if it had its discomforts. In truth it had more advantages than she then dreamed of. For, in those days, the loyal devotion of the black race to persons who like Rachel Fredet were loyally trying to serve them, went far, very far, as a compensation for the indifference or scorn of that part of the white race which did not yet know that mutual service is the condition of abundant life. To such loyal service of the "colored people" from whom her first pupils came, Rachel was a thousand times indebted before that first year drifted by.

But, none the less, while she looked round on the flaky whitewashed walls of her new home, did the forlornness of the position stand out, and the advantages keep well back in the darkness. Only this morning, in that pretty double-bedded room at Mrs. Merriam's, which went by the name of the

"Mouse and Lion's room," the room most desired by all the girls in that great university. And to-night, sitting tired to death on this hard wooden chair, the fac-simile of one which she bought last week for thirty-seven cents for Mrs. O'Dragon's back-kitchen! The memory of that other chair was the first distinct thought which crossed Rachel's mind. Then rose nobler considerations. "Auntie," she said the next week in pouring out her reminiscences to Mrs. Merriam, "what do you think comforted me but this: All of a sudden I said to myself, 'How glad Robinson Crusoe would have been, if when he stumbled up from the beach a great rock had given way, and he had found himself in a whitewashed apartment with an iron bedstead and two chairs, and then a moment after a great wave had hurled in his trunk fortunately dry behind him.'"

In this case, the black coachman was the "great wave." The trunk was landed dry at the foot of the bed, and Rachel and Aunt Dolly were left alone.

"Made a little fire, Miss; kinder damp thought it was, Miss; made a little fire for the tea-pot, Miss." Dolly spoke in a low tone, curiously monotone, as Rachel thought at the moment, and with that omission of the personal person which is affected in business correspondence; substituting the light breathing of the Greeks for that letter which to more egotistical races is so important.

"Git off ye things, Miss; and let me git you somethin' to eat, Miss. Let me fetch a cup o'tea, Miss; great comfort is a cup o'tea when you's tired, Miss." And so Aunt Dolly disappeared after the other wave, and Rachel was left standing quite alone on this new-found shore.

No! it was not the iron bedstead. Rachel had slept on just such a bedstead at Aunt Huldah's. And the bed-spread and sheet were as white and neat as the sewing-society of the Free-Will Baptist Church in North New Coventry knew how to make them. From a box packed by that society had they been taken this morning, and they still bore the perfume of the North New Coventry lavender which had been laid between the sheets by careful hands. Rachel did not care that the room looked cheap. Not she! No! nor that there was no looking glass! But there was not a bit of rug, nor a bit of a picture, nor a bit of a curtain, nor so much as a motto, nor a feather, nor a scarlet leaf, to show that any human being had been there before.

And to tell the truth, the one memory that crossed Rachel's mind was the recollection of the cells in the Brooklyn penitentiary when she went there one day with Colonel Ingham.

But Rachel swallowed down the loneliness, as Aunt Dolly brought her up a cup of such green tea as Rachel had never tasted in her life; and when Aunt Dolly removed her white napkin and revealed three eggs dropped on three slices of toast, Rachel took courage.

Aunt Dolly looked round wistfully and put her little tray upon the trunk.

"Seems we ought to have a table here."

CHAPTER III.—Three Letters.

"I warrant he has a thousand of these letters."

Clara Ferguson to Rachel Fredet.

Glynn's Falls, June 25, 1864.

Dear, dear, dear little Rachel:—I have so much to tell you, and how I can write here I do not know. They are kind, you know, kind as they can be, but they do not understand that I wish I were alone. I have come out in the orchard on a hill to write, and I really hope the little ones will not find me, though I know you will think me very wicked to say so. But, dear, dear, dear little Rachel, I must talk to you sometimes, and ask some advice. I have written to Aunt Huldah already. You know I must stay here till mamma and papa come home. Now cousin George has a letter, and I have, oh the dearest letter from Rose. They are having a beautiful time, and they certainly will not be home till August and perhaps not till October, and I am to stay here till then! Rachel, dear, tell me—tell me, what ever shall I do, and how can I live till then? You know, dear Rachel, they are very kind here, but then I do not know them much and they do not know me at all, and though the children are little dears, well! some-

times they love me too well, and it seems as if I could not play with them forever. There —they have discovered me now, and are coming pouring up through the orchard. No more writing now!

Tuesday Evening.

It was hateful to write all that, and I tore up one letter something like it which I wrote to Thekla. For the children are little darlings. I have just undressed my baby. That's little Dick; they let me undress him every night and put him to bed. And, Rachel, he is so sweet that I do not know why I am ever cross to them. But then, don't you know, the whole day seems to pass by, and there is nothing but just fooling with these children! And the next day passes so, and really I do not know whether it is Friday or Tuesday. None of them seem to have anything to do or to think about but just getting dinner and getting supper and getting to bed and getting up again. Oh dear! there I am, wicked again. I did not mean to say one word complaining.

Who should be with us, Rachel, in the train coming up, but the great Captain Wildair himself! Just as we started I saw him. Of course I did not speak to him, but, by and by, he saw me. You see I was in the last car, and I stood up and looked out at the track behind through the window in the door, and studied perspective. Really, you do not know how nice it is to see the rails and the telegraph poles and everything come to a point. And then he saw me and came up to me, and asked if I were not Miss Oelrich. And I laughed and said it was almost the same, that I was Thekla's friend, and was Miss Ferguson. And then he asked about Rose, and he told about Meggie so pleasantly, and was so nice, that I quite forgave him for the ice-cream. And then he asked if I had never seen the road in front from the engine,—and laughed and said it was better to look forward than to look back. And it seems he is a sort of a railroad man; one of those people, you know, who do as they choose. So he went and got leave for us to go on the tender at Poughkeepsie, and there poor little I sat for an hour. It is so grand, Rachel! You do not know where you are, or where you are going. And when you meet a train you feel sure you shall be killed. But you are not killed. You devour the road—as it says somewhere, you know. You rush on and on and on,—and you are never tired. Before you are tired, the man opens that great iron door, and piles in coal into that white fire, and then you go storming and screaming on, as if nothing would stand before you. The screaming stunned me, and the wind on my cheeks burned me to a lobster, but I would not have lost it for anything. And Captain Wildair explained everything. He and Margie are not to be married till the war is over. Oh dear! will that ever be?

Now, Rachel, this is a secret. But I am dreadfully lonely here. I believe I am homesick. Could not I come and help you? Try to say yes—darling, dear—and I will come in two minutes.

Always your own pet,

CLARA.

This letter was brought into Rachel Fredet's whitewashed barrack, which served her as a school-room for eighty very black children, after she had been a week in Georgetown. But in the thick of the morning's work there was no time for her to read it then.

With it, as the extraordinary fate rules which directs the mails, were two other letters. Here they are:

Thekla Oelrich to Rachel Fredet.

BROMWICH, June 24, 1864.

My Dear Rachel:—To begin with, all is well. My dear Bertha has grown as tall as I am; taller—and is all ready to take my vacant place at Aunt Huldah's. How soon they will forget that there was ever such a person as I in the world. And Bertha is real nice. They will like her very much. She does not know it, but she has what Rose Ferguson used to call "faculty." She makes things come to pass. Now you know how it is with me, I work to just before the end, and then I stop, not so much because I am discouraged as because I forget there is anything more to do. Bertha puts things through, you know.

I have no sort of adventures to tell. The newspapers said you had a collision, and I was terrified till it said no passengers were hurt. I lost my dinner, because we were behind time, but that is no adventure. Were they not glad to see me? And they said I had grown, and looked well, and did credit to Mrs. Merriam's bread and butter. That was a good deal for father to say. I wish you knew him, Rachel. He is just splendid, if he is my father.

He and mother have furnished the square room in the ell, what used to be the boys' play-room, only you do not know, all for me. It was a secret. It is the dearest room that ever was. What is the poetry about "Sweet and white and exquisite?" I keep singing all day long. I have a piano for myself there, besides the big piano down stairs, you know; and all my pet pictures there, and ever so many new pictures—father's nice Roman photographs, all framed on purpose, and just this lovely window-seat that I am sitting in now to write to you. Why cannot you come now and make me a visit? Or why can you not come in the fall? Father is immensely interested in your school, and in schools for white people too, which he says are just as much needed. And I tell him all I can about Meggie and about Taylor Wildair. You must send papers and things to him, you know, and write to him, Rachel, if you have time, besides writing to me.

I was going to say there was nothing to tell. But Rose or Percy or any of the "description" girls would have filled ten pages with a visit to dear Mr. De Witt and his observatory; you know, it is not a great smashing observatory, but there is a nice large telescope, just such as you would be glad to have, and he showed us everything. He showed us Saturn's rings—which I never quite believed in—and the moons of Jupiter, which I never cared about till now. But what interested me most, and I should never tire of it, was to have him point the telescope where we could see nothing—nothing at all, and bring out one of those beautiful nebulæ. That startled me, Rachel. It startled me so I could not say anything. To make something so clear and certain where poor little I was quite sure there was nothing. That was good for me. I think dear old Mr. De Witt felt what I was thinking of. He talked very pleasantly about such things and begged me to come and see him very often. He said I might sweep the sky as Caroline Herschel did. "It is a good deal better for you, dear, to be looking up there than to be picking up pins," said he.

I thought that was a pretty good motto.

But there is breakfast and I am not half dressed. Good-bye, my dearest, dearest friend. Your own. T. O.

Percy Bradstreet (the Irrepressible) to Rachel Fredet (with the necessary corrections and punctuation).

LYNN, MASS., June 23, 1864.

My dear Governor:—I still live, you see, after a fashion, though you are no longer at the helm. Of course, dear Rachel, things have been smashed up a good deal, and I have come to shame often—that must be,—but still I live. And, my dear, dear governor, I need you more than ever, and love you more than ever. They are as good as gold here, and so nice. Why did you not come with me? It was a perfect shame! They asked at the carriage door, the very first thing, where you were and why you did not come. And it is perfectly beautiful here. I only look off this paper to look at that blue, blue ocean, ever so far!—and, as soon as I send this to the post-office we are all going to have the very first bath. Oh how cold it will be! But it is splendid! The children are all so grown you would not know them. No! Of course you would not know them. You never saw them. And mamma is just lovely. It is so good to be at home again.

Papa does not give the least sort of consent to my famous plan. If he did, you would see me instead of this horrid old letter. But he says that he subscribed two hundred dollars yesterday to the Freedmen's Aid Society, and will subscribe two hundred to the Refugees' Aid to-morrow. But he says that to send me would not be worth ten cents, so he will not subscribe me. So you will have to do without the humble assistance I promised. Oh dear! I thought

it would be so easy to coax him! But he is stern, though he is so nice. And I must find some other mischief for my idle hands to do. Rachel, I shall find nobody like you for my heart to love, first, last and always.

Rachel, who do you think was in the car? Why, those nice English people, the Dalrymples, don't you remember, who went to church with us Easter Sunday, and he told about Garibaldi in the evening? I was all alone in my seat, and I felt pretty blue, when this nice pretty lady—her name is Mabel—came and joined me. I am afraid she saw I was crying, and I guess she thought she could comfort me. Anyway, she did, whether she thought so or not. And, Rachel, she was going with her husband up into Vermont, to a place called Ethan, to see Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Aunt Huldah's friends, who were Mr. Wadsworth's friends, you know. Aunt Huldah had given them letters to introduce them. Well! I can't tell you how nice she was. She got talking about English life, and about the visits she and her husband are making here; not company visits, you know, among grand people, but real every-day visits among all sorts of people. She said they almost never staid in a hotel, the people were so social and pleasant where ever they went. But I guess it was they that were social and pleasant. It was beautiful to hear her talk about Aunt Huldah. After they left us at Springfield I wrote down what she said while the train waited. She said Aunt Huldah not only had a cheerful determination to relieve suffering, but a certainty that it could be relieved. Is not that true? And then she said that Aunt Huldah's sweetness of disposition seemed to her from a habit of looking across the line, as if death were nothing. How often I have talked with auntie when she spoke in just that way. And she said what, of course, we all know, that Aunt Huldah met you more than half way. I was delighted with her, and her great jolly husband too. Somehow I forgot my poor little self and my poor little troubles, and soon after they left me all my wretchedness was over, and all the way home I was planning untold victories, always very picturesque and romantic, over all the powers of evil. The little Englishwoman or her big husband had a wonderful power to make me forget myself. I hope she may like her Mr. Morton as well as I like her.

Well, dear child, all the paper has gone, and papa is at the door ready to lead out the first great bathing party of the year.

Your own irrepressible

PERCY.

These three letters, as has been said, were laid together on Rachel's table, in the great low-roofed, long, whitewashed barrack in which she had just then reduced to a sort of order the eighty dazed and wondering black children, who did not know each other and did not know her. But Rachel could only look at the post-marks. She had no time to read. She could only engage squarely in the battle of the day.

THE CHARITIES OF ST. MATTHEW'S.

SUCH of the readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON as were interested in the biographies of St. Mark's and St. Matthew's Churches, will probably remember that they each had a dominant idea—a hobby. Churches, like men and women, belong to some race; they are Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian; but they each, just like the individual man or woman, soon betake themselves to some especial pursuit, which gives them character, as the ruling passion does to Dick or Tom. In St. Mark's, the real life, the *raison d'être*, inside of all show of belief and devotion, was to build a house and to pay for it. I have known churches where this vital principle seemed to have degenerated into a belief in one kind of pious song rather than another, or into a mere matter of burning candles or kneeling, your face this way or that.

In St. Matthew's Church, the motive was brotherly love, helpfulness. I suppose they had a creed in common, and certain opinions about predestination, immersion and the utility of candles or crosses. But they had no time to attend to these things. Life was short, they thought, and God had sent them into it to lift up their fallen brother. It was a heavy weight, with a perpetual tendency to roll down hill. They put their shoulders to it with a will. As to how many God had elected to save, they thought He knew and were willing to leave it with Him; and as to whether Philip took the eunuch into the water or poured it over him, or whether certain early Christians were called presbyters or bishops—what had that to do with drunken Joe, or rouged Anonyma in the next street? These questions could wait to be set right in the leisure of eternity, but Joe and that poor girl yonder would not wait.

Their pastor, Mr. Paton, drove and urged them as if they were the crew of a life-saving station, and the sea were full of drowning creatures! "To work, to work!" he called to them continually. "Is this a time to chop logic?" He even dragged his coarse work into limits which some of his people considered the very sanctuary, the *ecclesia triumphans* of religion. Witness his dealings with the Reverend Herbert Fassitt. Fassitt was a young man, rich, thin-blooded and dyspeptic, who was converted under Mr. Paton's preaching, and studied for the ministry, but was not able to take a charge on account of a bronchial affection. He remained in the parish, reading prayers occasionally. One day Mr. Paton called on him. Mr. Fassitt took him to his study, and opened out his whole scheme of life.

"I find that the devil besets me continually, Mr. Paton," said the lad in a miserable falsetto, pulling his neat pale side whiskers; "more than he does other men. He lies in wait for my soul at every turn. I must guard each waking moment. You will observe these rules—on the wall—the order of the day. So many hours for study of God's Word in the original; so many for doctrinal and devotional reading; meditation during my walks; private devotion; conversation with the ungodly on religious topics. That last is the most difficult duty which I have to perform, but I take it up just as I give one-half of my income to the Lord, and count the cross but light if so be that I may save my soul alive."

The old man turned on him so sharply that the youth started nervously. "Do you think," he said, "that God sent you and me into the world only that we might save our own petty miserable souls? Why, look yonder, Fassitt!" pulling him to the window and pointing to the city gaol which was in sight. From the barred windows peered wretched, wan faces. "Your brother, man, your brother! Go to him, and do your work, and let God take care of your soul."

Mr. Fassitt, very soon after that, attached himself to another church, and always spoke of Mr. Paton as "a fanatic with but little idea of true heart-religion." He preached to the ungodly, and even to the prisoners; but it was done as a regimen for his own soul's health, precisely as he took bitter tonics for his body.

In St. Matthew's Church there were too, three or four single women, no longer young, who had taken religion to fill up their vacant lives. They took it up in a peculiar way, not using devotion as a means to bring strength and integrity into their daily work, but making it the daily work. There was Miss Parmelee, a gentle, refined woman of forty, who had unfortuately enough money to render work unnecessary for her. She gave herself up to church-going, to fasting, to the study of her own frailties. Her pure pale face as she knelt in her pew in a rapture of devotion was a rebuke to the mothers about her who were apt to drag their groveling anxieties about John's whooping cough or the unpaid rent into the Litany.

She was perpetually coming to the rectory to consult Mr. Paton about her spiritual condition; to-day she was appalled at her hardness of heart; yesterday she thought she had committed the unpardonable sin. She was the most unselfish creature alive in her actions; she rarely cried and never laughed, and passed in her family for a saint

lifted above commonplace affections for sister or brother, and governed only by stern duty.

Imagine what a shock it was to her when at her tenth visit in one week for religious guidance, Mr. Paton said abruptly:

"My dear young woman, it is not God you are worshiping, it is Jane Parmelee. You have set your Self up, to make a perfect creature of it, just as Prometheus did with his clay figure, and all you want of God is fire from heaven to give life to it."

"I selfish? I?" gasped the girl. "What shall I do? What cure is there for me?" secretly elated at finding another besetting sin to combat.

The old man hesitated. "The real cure for the woman," he told his wife afterwards, "would be a husband and half-a-dozen children, to drag her out of herself into work for others, but I could not tell her that."

"I have thought," she suggested, "of going out as a Bible reader or lay preacher."

"Very good discipline for some people, but not for you. I should advise you to put your à Kempis on the topmost shelf, stop your fasting, get your liver and nerves into good working order, and then go to your sister and help her with her ten boys and girls. The woman is going to the grave fast from overwork. You can teach the twins, make the girls' dresses, nurse Bob through the measles. Try that prescription for six months and you will not need to come to me to know what to do next."

But there were not many of this class in St. Matthew's. Mr. Paton was an unpopular preacher with Christians whose religion confined its manifestations to church-going and strict observances of duty. They dropped off into other parishes, where the work was less exhausting than that portioned out by the fervid little man to his people.

Still, even among the leading, most zealous men of St. Matthew's, there was a wide divergence of opinion and practice concerning the best mode of helping their less fortunate brethren.

Notably was this the case with two of the vestrymen, George L. Kensett, and Colonel Rodman. Both were men of great wealth; both, as it happened, without heirs, and both anxious to use their money in the way most helpful to the world. They differed, however, much as to the way.

There never was a more genial soul born into the world than old Father Kensett, as he was called in the parish. There was something in the bald head, the florid, beaming face, the fat little figure cased in the blue coat, brass buttons and nankeen waistcoat of the last generation, when he appeared on the streets, that attracted beggars and tramps as would a glowing fire set on the frozen highway. They beset the old gentleman by night and day with their tales of woe; they attacked him with tears, prayers, circulars, letters; they came as starving paupers, discharged criminals, needy authors, reduced gentlewomen. The old fellow scolded and blustered, made them promise to go to church, and handed out whatever money they wanted. His heart was more tender than that of any woman in St. Matthew's; he found each fresh case one of peculiar hardship. He acknowledged he had been swindled a thousand times, but "this last poor devil has truth written on his face."

Everybody said it was scandalous to leave a man to be so preyed upon, and that he was no more competent to direct his charity than a child. Men like Mr. Kensett are very apt to be influenced by what everybody says. He suddenly set his face against indiscriminate alms-giving, and denounced everything in the shape of a beggar. "Keep them out, Tom," he told his servant; "I'll not see a widow or orphan of the lot. Individual charity is the bane of society. It is the nursing mother of pauperism." He had been reading the views of certain political economists. "The only sure way," he told Colonel Rodman, "to deal with this mass of wretchedness below us, is to deal with it *as* a mass, through organized charities. I propose to give my money in that way, and not to dribble it any longer, here and there, ineffectually, to this cripple or that idiot. But I want them to keep out of my sight, sir,—out of my sight."

He knew his own weakness, and that he would trust any of them on sight. He simply handed over his absolute trust from the

crippled and orphaned beggars, to the managers and superintendents of homes for orphans and cripples, quite forgetting that the one class were human beings, just as well as the other, and that his money was a temptation, and his credulity material out of which a comfortable support could be gained for both. He gave, therefore, every half-year large sums to an Orphan Asylum, and a House of Refuge and Reform School; sums so large that he was very soon appointed a director of both. The germ of every such institution is usually hatched out of the brain of some noble enthusiast, who has found in it, he thinks, the cure for all the world's diseases. It was the case in these. The founders were attracted by Father Kensett; they found in him an eager disciple. Whatever was their plan, he was quite ready to believe that it was the one means by which the world, the flesh, and the devil, were to be put to the rout for all future time, and just as ready to give his money to aid it. The actual management of the institutions, however, was consigned to practical men who made the control of these large bodies of paupers and juveuile criminals as much of a business as other men did the importing of dry goods, or manufacture of hogsheads. Mr. Kensett had a lofty faith in the wisdom and humanity of these superintendents. When with the other directors he partook of the usual dinner, or made a formal round of the monstrous establishments, he regarded them with awe, as men set apart for a great work. He looked with delight at the exquisite cleanliness of the floors, and at the vast apparatus in the kitchens and laundries.

"Can any one doubt that the world moves?" he cried. "Look at what science and humanity are doing for these poor creatures!"

The poor creatures were reviewed in battalions. They did not look particularly happy or grateful for the blessings showered upon them, which was noted by the directors as a proof of the depravity of their class. No attempt was ever made by these directors, or the men and women who contributed to support the institutions, to come in personal contact with these children, or to find what effect the discipline was having upon their hearts or lives. Individual influence was totally unknown to any of these hundreds of little ones. They worked in gangs, they played in gangs, they slept in gangs; at the tap of a bell they ate; at the tap of a bell they stopped eating.

Mr. Kensett's old heart ached as he walked through the rows of wistful little faces; even the dreadful uniformity of the brown coats which they wore irritated him. "Poor little chap!" he said, putting his hand on the head of one puny fellow. "If you only had a mother to hug you and spank you aud take you in her arms and tell you the story of Jesus!"

The superintendent smiled the smile of a philosopher indulgent to human weakness. "You must not think their religious education is neglected," he said, and tapped the bell once.

They declaimed the creed, holding up their hands.

He tapped it twice.

They howled out the Lord's prayer, clasping their hands.

"I do not think you can find any fault with our system *there*," he said loftily.

In short, with each visit Mr. Kensett was more abashed and awed by these superintendents. They were experts in training souls. They trained them in masses, built up the body politic with them precisely as a bricklayer builds a house; gave to each brick precisely the same handling, struck off every uneven part, slapped them down in a row, put in a dab of mortar. If these human souls with their balked affectious and stormy passions would not lie in order like lumps of baked clay, whose fault was it? The system Mr. Kensett was convinced was perfect. The only wonder was how the world had got along at all with the old plan of mothers and homes.

When he died, so absolute was his confidence in these managers that he left all his property in equal shares to the two institutions.

The first, an orphan asylum, came prominently before the public two or three years ago. Some women—mothers, who were not awed by the reputation of the managers for

wisdom or philanthropy—suspected that all was not right; an editor, eager at once to do battle for the right and to get a first-class sensation in his paper, pushed the investigation and brought to light a system of swindling and cruelty which roused the indignation of the whole country. The children had been fed on tainted meat and rotting potatoes; had been barbarously neglected, while the managers embezzled the funds. The superintendent was dismissed, the children scattered and the asylum finally closed.

Of the House of Refuge there have been many complaints whispered about. It is asserted that vicious and innocent children are there herded together and come out criminals alike; that the managers, by dint of dealing with them by mechanical rules in gangs, have hardened out every individual human trait; they know nothing of home, of pleasure, of affection, or of piety. The strongest impression made upon them during their childhood being that of incessant intolerable constraint, they dash it aside when they regain their freedom and rush into the wildest excesses.

The Bureau of Charity and committees from the Legislature have been appointed to visit the House and examine into the truth of these reports. They made stated visits. The floors were immaculately clean; so were the beds. The laundry was run on a new and admirable plan; the children ate, played and prayed in chorus; how could any exception be found to an organization so impeccable? The cap and crown of all was the reputation of the managers. Were they not known all over the country as philanthropists? Were they not members of the Prison Reform Association? Bureaus and Committees dared not attack such reputations for the sake of vicious children who were bound to go to the bad at any rate; they laid their hands over their awed mouths and were silent.

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Mr. Paton and Colonel Rodman held many and anxious conferences over this matter. "I confess myself baffled," said the clergyman. "Here, on one side, is a large body of wealthy Christian people ready and anxious to give their money to help their poorer brethren, and on the other are the poor asking for help. Yet somehow the help never reaches them."

"I will not presume to solve the whole problem," said the Colonel; "but the mistake which the wealthy class makes, as it seems to me, especially such men as Kensett, is that of too much confidence. They put a premium on fraud. They either give their money to sorry beggars without personal investigation and so develop beggary, or they hand it over to gigantic charitable organizations and so put temptation in the way of their managers."

"You do not mean to say these men are all tempted to steal?" cried Mr. Paton, indignantly.

"No, only the lowest class of them are affected by the actual money. The temptation to the majority is that of unlimited power. Men or women, honest, sincere, humane in the beginning of their work, take charge of one of these mammoth organizations, with hordes of inferior human beings to control. Rules and system are necessary; it becomes to them presently a mere matter of rules and system; they handle these human souls *en masse*, until their own hearts become hardened and mechanical. That is the effect upon the finer natures. A coarser man, placed in this position of absolute power, is tempted to cruelty and fraud every hour of his life. For my part I should not trust one of them with the control of these unfortunate creatures, without a close, constant, legal watch upon them. I remember that no Christian church has ever stood the test of arbitrary power without falling into cruelty or corruption."

Very few of the people of St. Matthew's coincided with the Colonel; even Mr. Paton held him to be an extremist in his views. He never gave a dollar to any charitable society. "I want to see with my own eyes where my money goes," he said. He never gave a penny in downright alms to beggars. "You shall have help if you pay for it in work afterwards," was his rule. In fact he had little patience with the helpless unable poor.

"There are plenty of Kensetts to carry that dead weight," he said. "My business

is to make the weight less dead for the next generation; to set the idle to work."

He had made his own money; he had no kinsfolk to be his heirs, and he avowed his intention not to leave a dollar of it to any institution to mismanage when he was dead. "I mean to help the world with it, and help it *now*," he said.

His usual plan was to burrow into haunts of vice and poverty until he found a child born with some capital of talent, fine instincts or honesty of nature, out of which a useful man could be made. This child became then his charge. He educated him for whatever trade, profession or business he was fitted, and placed him in it. How many men helping the world upwards today are his instruments, carrying out his ideas, only he knows, and God. Another favorite whim of the Colonel's was to enable the poor to help each other. He would lend money to an energetic woman to start a laundry or a small shop, provided she gave employment to other women, poorer than herself. When an orphan fell into his charge, he placed it not in the asylum, but in the family of some worthy, needy couple, who would care for it kindly. They were the gainers by the money; the child had a home. The Colonel borrowed, too, from the Quakers, many of their shrewd practical modes of helping men who help themselves. He founded a training-school for nurses; an Industrial school for adult mechanics; an eating-house for working men, where the food was furnished at absolute cost prices. After these establishments were once founded, they soon became self-supporting.

When the present hard times began, Colonel Rodman was one of the first to see that the only chance of escape for the surplusage of unemployed workmen in the cities, was to open up the rich waste lands of the country. He bought up a large tract of forest in one of the older states near to a market at a low price, chose himself about fifty sober, industrious laborers and mechanics, who were out of work and on the verge of starvation, and advanced the money to take them and their families to it, and to feed them for six months.

"Measure off your farms, clear and plant them, and pay me the cost price in eight years," he said.

The men went to work as those who have been called back from the edge of the grave. Last July, when the labor strikes held the country paralyzed, they were quietly reaping their harvest, well fed and well clothed.

"How does your colony succeed?" somebody asked the Colonel the other day.

"They hold their own. They have paid their second installment to me—to a dollar."

"A hard man, Rodman!" said his questioner when he was gone. "Strange that a Christian should have no better idea of true charity!" *Rebecca Harding Davis.*

STORIES TOLD BY THE STONES.

[*From the German of Heinrich Brugsch.*]

I MUST confess to a weakness which draws me with peculiar love towards those story-tellers, the stones,—and what eloquent story-tellers they are! In the popular speech the stone is commonly used as the symbol of some depressing state. To carry a stony heart in one's breast, to be petrified by fright, to be pitiless as stone, to be a stumbling stone,—these and many more are figures far from pleasing. Even in the dear old fairy tales, the stone has a diabolical character—from the Devil's stone on the windy height of the Blocksberg, to the horrible Gallows stone, or Raven's stone, which grins by moonlight. Castles and strongholds, woods and gardens, lakes and streams with all their dwellers, are suddenly turned into hard, ringing stone by the power of an evil spell; and forced to tarry until some good fairy releases them by one right word, and the old life leaps again out of the senseless rock into the light of day. The turning

to stone is a curse and a punishment; as Lot's wife was changed to a pillar of salt, when she yielded to her curiosity and turned to cast a farewell glance at the blazing ruins of Sodom.

We modern Epigoni, dissecting everything with our scientific criticism, take a far less poetic view of the inorganic world than our forefathers, who stood much nearer than we to the dead stone-world, and even honored certain stones with an almost divine worship. Were not the egg-shaped or semi-circular Oracle stones held sacred at Delphi, in the desert temple of Jupiter Ammon, and in many other places? And even in our own times, has not the Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca, so often kissed and grown so black with the sins of mankind, faithfully preserved its ancient name and fame?

A legend went among the Greeks that after the flood people sprang out of the stones which Pyrrha aud Deucalion cast behind them. We may note in passing, that an old German fable declares the German race to have grown out of trees; and an old Indian myth asserts that men were drawn out of the waters by the Great Spirit. Homer makes the elders in his assemblies take their places on simple seats of stone "within the holy circle." At Athens it was the custom in the markets and public squares for the orators, the heralds and plaintiffs to speak "from the stone;" and every Thesmothete took the sacred oath in the market place "by the stone." And indeed, if we may be allowed to put any faith in etymological skill, the Greek word, *basileus* (a king), means literally one who mounts on a stone. This suggests, again, the old German and Keltic custom that the king should show himself before the assembled people on a high stone, when he succeeded to the crown; and also the tradition of the old historic King's stone, supposed to be hidden in the English throne.

I might add many more examples, but this will be enough to prove the deep significance of stones in earlier days contrasted with the modern view.

"If the stones could speak, what stories they would tell us!" is an almost proverbial expression. I, who have had a far closer acquaintance with thousands of stones than those who merely walk over them, have never been quite satisfied with this phrase. It fails to convey the whole truth, and our common language has felt this. It says "dumb as a fish," but seldom "dumb as a stone." Surely the stones do speak, and tell many stories of which the vulgar mind never dreams. They speak not with sounds but with signs, whose interpretation to-day only needs the magic wand of the scholar. Even if the inscription do not always denote the hand of a master in calligraphy, it is nevertheless now and then characteristic in the highest degree. The brief words, "*Route de Paris*," which a grenadier with great difficulty inscribed in an idle hour on a wall of the famous temple of Isis at Philae, when the French army held it at the beginning of the present century, are as descriptive of the invincible *grande nation*, as the countless mementoes scratched on every stone by a French adventurer, who a few years since ran over nearly the whole of Asia with unsheathed sword and military hat: "I, M. Legran, the pride of the human race, have been here also."

Social man seeks his fellows everywhere, and thankfully hails the presence of humanity even in the meagre records of the past. Neither the charm of the landscape nor the most stately cliffs in a foreign land, can exert so mighty a spell over the wanderer as the unlooked for sight of a speaking stone.

Once, after wandering for weeks at the head of a caravan over the rocky and desolate plateau of Southern Persia, I found myself in a lovely spot near Murgâb, undisturbed by the presence of any human being. Only the screaming eagle and the vulture wheeled over my head. I stood in the midst of a dreary and forsaken heap of stones, betraying the traces of the human hand, when suddenly my eye fell on a block of marble, bearing in relief the winged image of an ancient Persian king. But when I read the few simple words above it: "I AM CYRUS THE KING, THE ACHÆMENIAN," then my heart began to glow, for

the lifeless marble had begun to live, and to become living history; aud the short words worked like inspiration in the presence of this record of Persian history. I stood before a memorial of Cyrus the Great on the world-famed plain of Pasagadæ. It was long before I could tear myself away from the venerable stone; and when I did so, it was with a feeling almost of envy for the brown nomads who pass it by every year; although, indeed, to them, the image is that of the incarnate devil, which must not be looked at for fear of the evil eye.

But when I think of all that the old stones have to tell of the development of man in the twilight of antiquity, I am crushed by the overpowering mass of material, with which neither a human life nor a human brain could ever attempt to cope. In view then of my short space, I shall gladly follow my own bent, and turn to the Egyptian stone world, which beside the advantage of the highest antiquity has the mysterious charm of being almost unexplored. And now I will tell what the stones hidden in the darkness of the tomb, and speaking after thousands of years of silence, relate of the worth and wisdom of mankind.

I give the preference to the grave-stones as narrators, for the cogent reason that according to the Egyptian view, this semblance of life was but a preparation for the real life beyond, or, one may say, the threshold of eternity. It was for this cause that the Egyptians built their earthly houses out of the crumbling Nile mud and brick, while their eternal dwellings were made of hard, enduring limestone or granite, unless they preferred to hew the vast ante-chambers, rooms and corridors out of the solid rock.

At the very entrance of the dark tombs, which modern curiosity and scientific zeal have re-opened to the light of a later day, the walls and pillars cry out warningly to us:

"O ye who dwell upon the earth, who still cling to life and hate death, when ye enter into this tomb, and behold this monument, praise and glorify the God of your people, and gladly resigning office and dignity to your children and grandchildren, lie down to rest full of days, like this dead man, for whose memory ye may utter a prayer."

Often as I have entered an old Egyptian mausoleum, and often as I have passed by the grave-stones in the pillared hall of the Egyptian museum at Berlin, I can never without emotion withdraw my gaze from this solemn warning which speaks so directly to our own generation.

In most cases, however, the stones address these earnest words, not to all mankind, but to the cultured classes of the Egyptian people of different ranks, from the high priest of their chief deity to the poorest scribe; or, as we should express it in modern language, to the humblest *littérateur*.

The cultivated Egyptians were peculiarly proud of being worthy worshipers of Thoth, the Egyptian Hermes; and the sages of the land loved to point out the toil and misery, the vexation and thanklessness of any other state. The most attractive sayings of this sort are to be found on the graves. Thus there are long inscriptions representing in a strong light the peacefulness of scientific pursuits in contrast to the sufferings of war and agriculture, as follows:

"What can any one mean by saying that a Lieutenant is better off than a scholar? Only observe the condition of a Lieutenant; how countless are his miseries! If he is young, he is kept imprisoned in the military academy; he is beaten till his head bleeds and stretched out for a lashing. Then he is sent to the war in Syria, and obliged to wander over steep heights with his food and drink hanging on his arm, like the load of a beast of burden. Though his neck is bowed like the neck of an ass, and his back is bent by fatigue, he can get nothing to drink but dirty water. Now he reaches the outposts. The enemy appears and takes him as in a trap. If he is lucky enough to get back to Egypt, he is like worm-eaten wood. If, in addition to this, he is ill, he is laid on a bier, and carried on donkey-back. His baggage is stolen by thieves, and his servant runs away."

It was not the aim of the Egyptian scholar, who in the fourteenth century

B. C. drew this picture of an Egyptian campaigner, to underrate the military caste; he merely wished to represent very strongly the contrast between the quiet of scientific study and the stormy unrest of the soldier's life. The following passage will show how he describes agriculture:

"Why wilt thou forsake the sciences, and occupy thyself with the labor of the fields? Hast thou never looked at the life of a farmer? Before the reaping time, the worm comes, and consumes one half of his crop, while the other is devoured by animals; for countless rats appear in the field, the grasshoppers fall on it from above, the cattle feed on it here and there, and the sparrows steal what they can. If the farmer does not watch what remains of the produce of his fields, it is stolen by rogues. The iron on the plough-share grows blunt, and the farm-horse dies of exhaustion while drawing the plough. The government secretary stops at the village to collect the tribute, and the officers who accompany him threaten the farmer with cudgels, the black slaves with palm-sticks. They cry out to him, 'There, give us corn for a present!' and if he refuse to do it, they stretch him on the ground and beat him. He is fettered, ducked in the water, and rudely struck; his wife is bound before his eyes, and his children's garments are taken away from them; his servants fly and forsake the crop. The work of the scholar stands higher than any other calling. He does not need to fatigue himself, and has no tribute to pay. Think well of that?"

In the naïve style of this narrative — (which, by the way, shows that the so-called Fellahin were not a whit better off three thousand years ago under the native Pharoahs than to-day under the Turco-Egyptian rule,) — the inscriptions depict the pains and toil of every other profession, down to that of the barber, of whom they tell as follows:

"The barber must shave until late in the night. He bends his back and his arms without ceasing. He runs from tavern to tavern to collect gossip. He is a miserable man, for he has only the earnings of his hands to satisfy his hunger, as the honey is the food of those who prepare it."

This praiseworthy bias towards culture, this zeal for scientific inquiry, is a fundamental trait in the character of the old Egyptians, which does them great honor; for the moral feeling of humanity is the natural result of a high degree of mental culture. Thousands and thousands of voices from the stones cry out to the after generations in witness of it.

At the entrance of one of the tombs at El Kab, in Upper Egypt, the stone wall speaks as follows of the Egyptian buried within:

"He loved his father and brother, and honored his mother. He never entered his house with an angry heart. He never favored the nobleman above the simple."

Of another Egyptian, also buried at El Kab more than four thousand years ago, the rock says, speaking in the person of the deceased:

"On earth I was a prudent and wise man, and my soul ever loved God. If I was a brother to the noble, I was a father to the poor, and never scattered hatred among men."

On the rocky wall of another tomb the inmate thus addresses those who enter it:

"I will tell you, O ye that live after me, how it was with me during my life. I was not haughty, neither did I curse, neither did I revile, neither did I love to quarrel with my neighbor. I never withstood the poor and the oppressed, but always sought by word and deed for reconciliation."

The inscription on the statue of one of the priests of the Egyptian Pallas, at Sais, who lived at the unhappy time when Cambyses undertook his military expedition against Egypt, begins in the same way with the words:

"I honored my father, and respected my mother, and loved my brother. I provided burial for those that died and were not laid in the earth, and supported the children who were born. I founded houses for them, and filled them with good deeds, as a father dealeth by his own children. For, behold! it was an evil time in Sais, when the great disaster passed over Egypt."

The following touching confession, inscribed on the side-wall of the famous vault at Beni Hassan, does more honor to the provincial governor whom it commemorates, than the list of his war-like traits, which the same stone records:

"I will relate what I have done. I was full of goodness, and my love was boundless. Never did I oppress the poor man's child, never did I offend the widow. I left the fisherman undisturbed, and the shepherd in quiet. Never did I burthen a man with forced labor. There was no famine in my day, and the bread never failed, for I planted the fields of my domain, from north to south to its utmost boundaries, that I might distribute food to its dwellers, and that none might go unfed. I aided the widow as I did the matron, and when I gave away, I never preferred the man of high standing to the humble."

I could call up many more witnesses from among the stones, to show the strictness with which, thousands of years before our day, the old Egyptians kept their moral laws, and to prove that they held it the noblest of memorials to let the stones testify aloud to their good works.

It was the height of their ambition, nay, the very end of their existence, to establish their good report after death, that, as the stones say, "their names might be preserved to eternity, that their houses might be maintained, and that their descendants might continue on the earth."

Despite all their power, their outward splendor, and the sacredness of their persons, the Pharaohs did not hold it beneath their dignity to confess to later generations their trial before the judgment of the dead, which was held over the deceased with the utmost solemnity. The stone walls of the celebrated royal tombs at Biban el Moluk, in the western ravine of Thebes, still recount in touching and simple words, the avowal of the Pharaoh before God and man:

"I have had my being in truth, saith the king, and in righteousness have I nourished myself. All my deeds to men were full of kindness; and how I loved God, God and my own heart know. I have dealt out bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, and clothing to the naked, and have given shelter to the wanderer. I honored the gods with sacrifices, and the dead with funeral offerings."

After this general avowal, bearing witness to his chief virtues, the king turns to his divine judges, and repeats his denial of the forty-two deadly sins of the old Egyptian law, which stand in tabular order on the rocky wall, and of which a few examples may be given here:

"I have not robbed, nor have I cheated, nor have I lied, nor have I cursed, nor have I tyrannized, nor have I reviled God, my parents or the king, nor have I banished God from my heart."

The best measure of a people's moral greatness is drawn from the degree of honor and influence which they accord to their women; and in this respect the stones testify that the old Egyptians, at the very dawn of history, treated the weaker sex with thoughtful tenderness.

In a vault at Lykopolis, at whose base the modern Arabian town of Ossiut has sprung up, the cold rock commends the goodness of an ancient Nomarch with this graceful praise: "Never did he tear the child from its mother's bosom, nor the poor man from the side of his wife." A mother, the stones say, protects and covers her child with love, as the hen shelters her chickens under her wings; and her dignity is so great, that the stones in their genealogical records, are more apt to overlook the father's than the mother's name. The only wife whose love for her husband is mentioned by the stones as her crowning merit, bears the honorable title, "Mistress of the House." And though the stones seldom care to deal in imagery, yet in their loftier mood they describe women as "fair palms, whose fruit is love;" while the gods promise to their darlings among the sons of men the choicest gift they can offer to mankind, "the respect of men and the love of women."

The fairest among the goddesses, Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, whom the stones call "the heavenly, golden lady," who "fills heaven and earth with her comeliness," and whose golden crown symbolizes the band of

love, binding together all things in Nature and in the spiritual life,—this lovely goddess was honored as the Queen of Women; and the reigning Queen of Egypt, clad as Hathor, was worshiped by the women as the earthly representative of the goddess of love.

We cannot help noticing the bombastic style of official speech on the Egyptian stones, and in the gay hieroglyphics specially meant for the light of day. Yet we must be convinced by the inward warmth of the language, speaking to us from the night of the grave, that truth and justice, brotherly kindness of heart, and all the moral graces were looked upon, even in those earliest ages of history, as the crown of mankind, ranking higher than title, station or wealth,—a crown which the great ones of the nation envied and sought as the goal of their earthly pilgrimage. "If the breath of the soul, pure and clear as the sun daily rising in the East, was breathed by God into the nostrils of men, it should sink into rest at the end of its course as spotless as the sun setting in the West, to lay down its confession before the eternal Judge, and unite itself to the eternal Godhead." So say the stones, word for word.

It is a great comfort to learn from the old stones that the hideous images, half human, half beastly, represented in the painting and carving on the monuments, were not the true Egyptian gods, but only religio-political masks. The stones say that the Godhead was an eternal, creative, and undivided unity which revealed itself without a name to the initiated soul, like the Mosaic "I am that I am." But it was only to the initiated that this pure truth was unveiled; and the stones give a warning against disclosure when they cry out to the disciples of the mysteries: "That is a very hidden book; let no one ever know of it anywhere; speak of it to no man; let no eye see it, no ear hear of it; thou alone shalt know it, with him that taught it thee."

Not only on the stones within the graves, but on those publicly exposed to the light, we find in the deeds of the kings and great men of the land, an eloquent witness to the trust in God which, side by side with an open cheerfulness and love of life, filled the heart of the old Egyptians. In joy and sorrow, in mirth and terror, in victory and overthrow, the hand of an all-ruling God is acknowledged by praise and prayer. On the long wall of the temple of Amon at Medinet-Habu, where those whom Rameses III. subdued are represented as being led into Egypt in triumphant procession, the stone relates: "Thus saith the King to the chiefs and the mighty ones that surround him: Ye have seen the endless mercy shewn unto me, his child, by the king of the gods;" and the same is repeated on the southern wall of the temple of Amon at Thebes.

When Rameses II. (the classic Sesostris) cut off from his army, is shut in near the shore of the Syrian Orontes by the powerful Hittites, and stands alone in his chariot, seemingly a lost man, the cold stone puts these glowing words into his mouth:

"My archers and my chariots have forsaken me; not one has stayed to fight for me. Where art thou, my heavenly Father Amon? Shall a father so forget his child? Have I ever trusted in my own might? Wheresoever I went, wheresoever I stood, was not my face turned to thee? Have I not always dealt according to the words of thy mouth, and have I not followed thy mighty counsels alone? O thou great Lord of Egypt, confound the people that encompass me! What are these herds to whom Amon is nothing, who know nothing of God? Have I not built great and countless monuments to thy glory? Have I not filled thy sanctuary with captives, who have made for thee a long-enduring temple? Have I not slaughtered hecatombs, and burnt sweet-smelling herbs? I have built thee a house of stone, and set eternal columns therein, and brought obelisks from Elephantina. For thee have I sent ships over seas, to bring the works of all nations to thy feet. Has another ever done this? He is put to shame who withstands thy will, but he is uplifted who confesses thee, O Amon! From the fullness of my heart, I cry to thee in need, my Father Amon! I am girt about by countless folk of every nation. I am alone; there is none with me. My archers and my chariots have forsaken me. Seized

by fear, not one has answered to my call. But Amon is hetter than myriads of archers, than ten thousand chosen young men, were they all gathered together in one spot. The help of men goes for nought, for Amon stands higher than they."

With these words, so full of naïve Homeric simplicity, the King seizes his weapons with fresh strength and courage, and Amon comes so visihly to his help, that he not only happily escapes all danger, but strews the bloody earth with the bodies of his slaughtered foes.

My space unhappily does not permit my bringing any more proofs from the stones to show that even in the days when the wanderings of Ahraham brought him to the fruitful shores of the Nile, the power of the moral law had already planted, at the feet of the Pyramids, a state whose highest aim was this education for the real life after death, through the love of God and one's neighbor.

Of the great and inexhaustible mass of old Egyptian records, which have been torn from their places and brought to the museums of modern Europe, I am certain that the majority bear the impression of that truth which I have called the first and highest law of old Egyptian ethics.

Even in the wildest revelry the symbolic memento of the last hour restrained the sensual as much as it enhanced the spiritual pleasure.

When the old Egyptians sat at meat, a man entered the banquet hall at the end of the meal, carrying a little coffin with a wooden image of death in it, which he showed in turn to each of the guests, saying at the same time: "Look at this, and then drink and he merry; for when thou art dead, thou shalt be like this." And even in the old song which was sung to a mournful tune hy the Egyptians at their carousals, the sad and the merry sides of life are strangely mingled. When they mourned over the autumnal decay of Nature, as symbolized hy the death of the god Osiris at the hands of the demon Typhon, and when they rejoiced in his resurrection as the emblem of returning spring, they celebrated in the life and death of their god and in the changes of the seasons, the higher truths of the imperishableness of man, and the immortality of the soul. The old Egyptians have fulfilled their mission in the world as an aspiring and cultured people. Standing on the utmost horizon of historic research, they sowed the seeds of culture in the hoariest antiquity, and in the words of a great thinker, "gave the first impulse to that range of thought and feeling which tends to humanize and uplift a people. What we could before only infer from the vague statements of later eye-witnesses, is told us to-day by the stones past which armies and caravans have journeyed for thousands of years, without a suspicion of their precious records."

But above all, it was this earnest view of the meaning of life, and this deeply-rooted religious feeling, which won so many faithful adherents to the teachings of Christianity among the Egyptians. It is not chance, but the order of the world's history, that places side by side with the old stones, commemorating, in tomb and temple, the deeds of heathen gods and kings, their younger neighbors telling in humhle language the pious thoughts and firm faith of the earliest Christians.

Nor were the old Egyptians the only race in whom dwelt this boundless desire to inscrihe their gravestones with the thoughts, deeds, passions—in short, the lives of the dead; to hand down their manner of life to posterity in words of glowing praise. In the East, to-day, we find an inhorn love for the stones; and these are still constrained to speak aloud of the thoughts and feelings of men. The European who traverses the narrow streets of the Turkish towns, heginning at the brilliant capital on the Bosphorus; who wanders from the inhospitable northwest corner of Africa to the plateaux of central Asia, will find everywhere along the crooked streets and the long route of the caravans, these story-telling stones.

On either side of the roads, trodden by human feet, lie these white monuments, whose voice addresses the wanderer as he passes them by. Silently they cry out to him, in the words of the Italian poet:

"Viver! ch'é un correr alla morte!"

and warn the hastening pilgrim to fix his thoughts upon the common and inevitable goal towards which his journey tends. But if the old Egyptian stones oftener express a longing after the rest to come than a regret for the life that is past, these modern stones on the contrary lament in wistful language the vanished light of day.

"The springtide comes, in sighs I fade away;
Glows my poor heart, mine eye is drowned in weeping;
Its head the floweret lifts each new-born day;
My head alone in endless night is sleeping."

No complaint can be bitterer, no sorrow more deeply felt or more vividly expressed than in these few words on a Persian gravestone; but to complete their beauty they need the Egyptian refrain: "Because the spring comes again, I also shall come again."

Once while I was seeking in an Oriental burying-ground for the voices of the people lying beneath my feet, a tablet sighed out to me in like manner (though in somewhat different form), the same lament over the life that was lost:

"O sorrow, that the spirit
Its mansion must forsake;
The nightingale, love-drunken,
Must quit the flowery brake!
O! friends and happy brothers,
At times remember me;
A pilgrim far, I come not
My home again to see."

The speaking stones are the speaking men themselves. Their words breathe the spirit and feeling of individuals, as they do of the race. And if, in closing, I may be permitted to refer with pride to my own country, let me say that the Prussian hero, Frederick the Great, reached an epigrammatic perfection in the inscriptions of his day, which show the keenness of his mind. Can there be a finer motto for a library than the brief words over the royal library at Berlin, "*Nutrimentum Spiritus*," and could any words, were they a yard long and blazing with pomp, do higher honor to the disabled soldier than those inscribed over the entrance of the *Invalidenhaus* in the same city, which cry out proudly to the wanderer as he enters or passes:

"Laeso et invicto militi!"

E. A. Washburne.

BY AND BY.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight
The gray mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she uses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight, move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love—
God's endless by and by.

Lucrèce.

JENISON'S BET.

When the widow Coe married Jason Carter she brought him no money at all; only a small, stony farm in Noppit, that had been her father's, and two wild boys of ten and twelve years' growth. Jack and Dan were hard subjects for a step-father to rule, and Jason Carter found his hands full. Naturally he was a quiet, gentle, but persistent man; in his youth he had run away to sea, and for fifteen years had been a common sailor, which had pretty well knocked the quiet out of and the persistence into him. In this time he had learned to swear, as a matter of course, though he had been strictly brought up, and went to church and Sunday School always. His mother would have cried her eyes out to hear him talk in this fashion, but she never did; his father would have used the rod, but he also was spared the trouble, for both father and mother died before Jason came back; and when he found they were gone he never went back to Tolland, but after he got tired of sea-going took to peddling notions about the country, and at last married the widow Coe and settled down in Noppit.

He had stopped swearing long ago; for under dear old Father Taylor's preaching he had been converted between his two last voyages, and though profanity had become a habit with him, he had conquered it at last, after years of patient endeavor, and now was so gentle, and pleasant, and pious, that Phœbe Coe thought her last days would be her best days.

He had come to know the widow Coe from being an old shipmate of her brother, John Wires; who had also left sea-faring because he had injured a knee, and become too lame to climb rigging; so he set up a small shop in Boston, where he sold tobacco, twine, and other odds and ends; but he had been married and had one son, called Jenison. This boy was about the age of widow Coe's youngest son, for her brother had married soon after she did, while he was still a sailor; and when Jason Carter began the peddling business, John Wires had told him to stop when he went through Scranton and see his sister. The children were small, and their father living, when Jason first saw them, and they learned to look for "Uncle Jase" every spring and fall with delight, for he always brought them marbles, tops, candy, string, and made them bows and kites, sure passports to a boy's heart. So

when their poor drunken father died and the widow found herself left without a penny, she moved over to Noppit to live with her father; and when he died too, leaving her all he had, the farm from which he had scratched a scanty living, and she found herself alone and helpless, she listened favorably to Jason Carter's proposal, for he was as tired of his wandering life as she of her loneliness, and married him. The boys were glad, for they loved him, and they never had loved their own father; and Jason was as good to them as if they were his own, though a certain thrill of emotion shook him when his baby daughter came, that never had troubled that worn old heart in any emergency of Jack or Dan. But then Celia was a girl; of course that made it different! Jason, when compared with his predecessor, was as mild and pleasant about the house as a spring day after stormy winter. He became a useful and prominent member in the Noppit church, and never was heard to utter a profane or impatient word. Jack and Dan loved him as much as healthy boys ever love anything but mischief and meals, and Phœbe was entirely happy.

True, they were poor; Jason had a few hundred dollars laid by, but the Noppit farm was too sterile to produce crops enough to support the family, so he laid out his little capital, or part of it, in a good breed of sheep, which found abundant living among mullens, hard-hack and huckleberry bushes, and proved in due time a profitable investment. For in those days dogs, the curse of New England, were by no means common in the country; there was no reason for keeping them, and farmers had money and mutton instead of hydrophobia and horrors. The wool sold well always and kept the family in stockings, for Jason's wife could spin and knit with wonderful rapidity; the lambs he had not room to raise were sent to Hartford and sold to the butchers, and now and then a fat old wether went to the meat-man's cart in the shape of juicy quarters. But the glory of the flock was a big black-faced ram, who terrified marauding boys and intruding vagabonds, and asked no better fun than to send somebody heels over head whenever he had a chance. Jack and Dan had brought him up from lambhood, but he was no longer a lamb, and of his painstaking education only one trait stayed by him, a distinct and angry recollection of the rod that had not been spared on his early and somewhat stupid youth. To the day of Billy's death a little stick, shaken before anything, would send him, "head on," at that luckless object; and the boys often amused themselves by climbing the pine rail fence and dangling a small switch full in Billy's sight against a big post: the result was sudden and severe to Billy, and he might have seriously injured himself if Daddy, as the boys called Jason, had not found them at this sport one day and strictly forbidden it. Cruelty to animals was one of the few things that roused his choler and made him imperative.

One summer Mrs. Carter received a letter from her brother asking her to take his boy for a few months; his wife was so feeble that she was going home to her father's with the baby and a young child, and Jenison could not go with her for want of room. Mr. Wires did not want him in the city with him, at a boarding-house, but was willing to pay his board in Noppit; so he came.

Jenison Wires was a sharp city-bred boy, with very little faith in anybody's goodness. His father was a pushing, money-making, profane man, and his mother a meek cipher; he himself, at the mature age of fourteen, could smoke, and swear, and talk sailor slang glibly, for he had run about the wharves ever since he could run anywhere. Mrs. Carter was troubled and disgusted to find such a boy on her hands; Jason considered that Providence had sent the lad there for his good, and resolved to pray for him as for his own boys, to set him as good an example as he tried to set Jack and Dan, and to "deal with him," as he expressed it, "with a view to his eternal salvation." The boys thought Jenison was wonderful; he knew so much; he had seen so many things; he had such a pocket-knife, such marbles, such a swagger! But when his first round oath came out, Jack and Dan were startled.

"Look-a-here!" said Jack; "don't you

let Daddy hear no such talk as that; he'll tune ye, ef he does, and no mistake."

"Whe-e-ew!" responded Jenison; "I ain't a baby; I guess I'll swear if I want to, for all him; he ain't so pious himself, I bet, but what he rips out sometimes!"

"He don't! he don't never!" the boys exclaimed in unison.

"H'm! I guess you don't hear him; the old fellow keeps shady before folks, but he used to swear like a Botany Bay pirate. I've heerd pa say so!"

The boys were shocked into momentary silence; but recovered themselves soon.

"I don't believe it!" said positive Dan.

"And if he ever did, he don't now," added reasonable Jack; "he's awful good; he's a professor; he prays in meetin' and to home too, and he don't never scold, nor swear, nor nothin'. Scurce ever he licks a feller; he did give Dan and me one whalin,' but he'd oughter hev, that's a fact. Dan he told a thunderin' lie and I backed him up. I tell ye! we was sore for one spell, arter he found it out."

"Well, I know he used to swear aboard ship, I've heard pa tell more stories about him! They called him 'Still Jase,' to be sure, but when he got riled, the fur flew! I'll bet my jack-knife I can make him swear inside of next week!"

"I'll bet my head you can't!" retorted Dan.

"I don't know as I want your head for anything, but I'll bet my knife against that cake o' maple sugar you've got in the closet, that I'll set Uncle Jase a swearin' before next week's over."

The boys were so sure that nothing could make Daddy swear, and so pleased with their first bet of any importance, that they accepted the terms at once, and Jenison began to cudgel his brains for means of tripping up Jason Carter's tongue.

One day he slyly let down the bars into a field of clover, getting up before light to do it; the two cows, turned out of the barn-yard to nip at the road-side until Dan or Jack could drive them to pasture, accepted the bait, entered the clover, and rioted in its fragant crimson spheres, half killing themselves with greedy feeding. Jack found them half an hour after chores were done, in the condition that results to cows from eating green clover, and Uncle Jason worked over the poor creatures all day, without a word of impatience, though he said more than once: "I wish I knew who let down them bars; I'd kinder like to say a word in season to him."

The pins were taken out of the ox-yoke, and never found; egg-shells strewed the mow while the family never could have any eggs for their own use, the nests being always emptied; the great gray cat's tail was singed to bareness, and her ears snipped, but Uncle Jase never swore or lost his temper; his scythe-snath disappeared, but he borrowed another; the grindstone was soaped, the hay-cutter broken, hoes and rakes disappeared when wanted, and reappeared when useless; his razor was mislaid and hopelessly dulled when he found it, and a thousand petty annoyances heaped on him in vain; he only said to his wife: "It does beat all, Phœbe, what's got inter things this week; seems as if I never was so pestered. It ain't in human natur for things to happen so; somebody's a doin' on't, I feel to believe; but I declare for't I can't see into 't a mite."

Jack and Dan began to triumph; only one day more of the week was available, and Jenison was put on his mettle, and laid plans accordingly. They had prayers always before breakfast, and the weather was so warm and the kitchen so hot that Jenison set the outer door open wide this morning, and stepping out, just as his uncle laid down the Bible, under pretext of scaring an old hen away, the boy opened a little side gate into the lot where he had previously driven the old ram, and laying a train of salt to a big lump on the doorstep, retreated speedily to the kitchen and knelt down next Mr Carter, where he had left his chair. Billy had seen the tin pan in Jenison's hand, and knew it meant salt; he followed the trail surely to the door, and having begun to nibble the lump heard an earnest and accustomed voice near by and looked up into the kitchen door. Jason was praying earnestly, and the rest had their eyes closed and heads bent; all but Jenison, who

was watching Billy from under his arm. As he saw the ram look in, he picked up a short switch from under his chair, and held it threateningly over his uncle's back. Billy gave one great leap across the floor, charged Uncle Jase in the rear, and sent him sprawling.

"Damn that ram!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

Jack and Dan sprung up at once, drove Billy out, and shut the door, but before they could speak their father was on his knees, at prayer again, pouring out such earnest, humble confession of the sin he had been betrayed into, such tearful petition for pardon, such heartfelt contrition for a lapse that seemed to him dreadful, after long years of prayer and struggle, that hard and bad as Jenison Wires was, he could not bear it; it was the turning point of the boy's life: he got up from his knees and confessed the whole thing to his uncle, and asked his forgiveness; and the other boys cried heartily.

Jason Carter never forgot that day; it was remembered with humility and thankfulness both; for years after Jenison told him, with deep feeling, that he had learned then and there to respect religion, and that is the first step toward desiring and obtaining it.

Jenison never claimed his bet, but when he went home gave Dan his knife for a remembrance; and years after Deacon Jason Carter was dead and gone, his step-sons recalled with affection, reverence and amusement mingled, the only oath they ever heard him speak, and how it was brought about by Jenison's bet.

Rose Terry Cooke.

A FLORENCE APPARTEMENT.

When we arrived in Florence four years ago, our first thought was to fit ourselves with a home for the three months which we were intending to spend there. Hotel life for that length of time was not to be thought of. Still less attractive seemed the crowded Pensions, where "globe-trotters" of all nations congregate, settle, buzz and fly away again, like many-hued insects wafted about on traveling breezes. We wanted a *home*. In that favored land home is not the cumbrous thing and hard to come by which it is with us. People go forth to order one as easily and confidently as to purvey themselves a new coat. There is a revision of samples, a balancing of this against that, a little chaffering perhaps;—then a choice is made, a few directions given and executed, and the article desired—comes home, I was about to say, but that is hardly the proper phrase—you go to it.

Nowadays in America we hear much talk about "Apartment Houses," and people who do not know, associate them vaguely with the foreign *appartement*, and feel a hopeful conviction that we are in process of solving the problem of cheap and compact living for the masses. Unfortunately there is great unlikeness still between the two systems. The American "Flat" is expensive, hard to get, unfurnished as a general thing, and to be had only on the terms of a year's lease. The European flat stands ready furnished, and is at the service of all comers, at a day's notice, and for a long or short term as suits the convenience of the lessee. The infinite comfortableness to a traveler of these homes, kept thus "on tap" as it were, and obtainable all the year round, in season and out, can easily be imagined.

Before getting our home, we had to search for it, a process which involved some trouble, but more fun. We began with the disadvantage of arriving two months late. October is the lodging-letting season in Florence, and early birds from all parts of Europe flock in at that time and pick up the choice rooms. So when in December we strolled along, and stated our modest wishes for the best of everything at the most moderate rates, bankers and friends

looked gloomy and shook their heads. Nothing really desirable was left, they said, absolutely nothing. We had heard that sort of thing before, however, and quite undismayed set forth upon our quest, with maps and lists, and a little file of advertisements clipped from the newspapers.

I dare say we bore our errand in our faces. Still we have never been able to account for the apparition of Guiseppe, waiting at the door to seize upon us. Guiseppe was porter of the hotel where we had stayed awhile the year before. He had somehow scented our arrival, and there he stood, seedy and shabby as befits a porter out of place, but with the old debonair bow and smirk, and ready to consecrate himself, his time and talents to our service. We wished for none of them, but how to get rid of the poor fellow, with his hungry smile and voluble proffers of assistance? Did we want a first-floor? Did we want a second? Did we want sun, servants? He knew a cook. He knew a maid of all work. He already had spoken of us to a washer-woman. He knew exactly what we wanted, whatever it was; nay, he himself was out of service, was free to become our henchman if we so desired. "Do send him away," whispered the strong-minded of the party; but nobody had the heart to do so, and we endured his company up half-a-dozen long staircases, and his introduction to as many "*Padronas*," all of whom consulted his eyes before stating their terms, and telegraphed and winked behind our backs when they thought we were looking the other way. Each *appartement* in turn, was exactly what we wanted, according to Guiseppe and the *Padronas*. Did the windows face north? Was the furniture insufficient? What would we have? with the inevitable shrug; all windows could not look to the south, and besides, had the Signorine noticed the view of Fiesole? That view of Fiesole played a prominent part in all our negotiations, so long as Guiseppe remained in our company. It was expected to take the place of arm-chairs, of forks, of sunshine, to be worth five hundred francs a month, to atone for evil smells. This becoming intolerable at length, our strongest-minded of all came to the rescue, and disregarding a fluent, "And *now* the *signorine* will see the *appartement* in the *Casa Braccia*, and the one in the *Lung Arno*, and the two in the *Della Scala*," gave Guiseppe two francs and dismissed him with a suave "*Grazie*," and a good morning. But half an hour after, as we were groping for the right bell at the dingy door of the *Casa Braccia*, lo! a voice, a cringing deprecating presence! there he was again, popping up from under the pavement, as it seemed, and for all we could do, he rang the bell, sped up stairs in front of us, and again the nods and becks and telegraphs were renewed, the view of *Fiesole* indicated, and all the artlessly artful game of finésse played off for our benefit. Nothing but the decisive step of calling a cab and driving off at full speed, rid us of our attached and embarrassing follower.

Guiseppe left behind, we ordered the coachman to proceed slowly, that we might keep a look-out for those *affiches* of soiled paper, which pinned to the ground-floor windows of houses, indicate rooms to let overhead. The first which we spied bore the words "*Ultimo piano*" or top story, and we groaned, for well we knew what that imported in the way of stairs. Nobody answered the bell, but in a minute the door opened of itself, with an odd, jerking motion, and admitted us to the stone-floored inner court. How little can any one at home imagine the sort of entrance hall over which Americans abroad are content to live. They are a happy mixture of cellar and dust-bin. They look like old, disused country post-offices, and they smell of fungus and the middle ages. As we entered, holding up our skirts and hesitating, a voice fell like a falling star from somewhere above, and craning our necks backward, we were aware of a dim silhouette bending over the third floor banister. "*Chi è?*" (who is it?) ejaculated the voice, and we as in duty bound, responded "*Amìci*" (friends). and prepared to ascend.

Up and up and up, very dirty stairs, and very cold, being entirely of stone, to which a coating of green and white paint simulating a carpet, failed to impart the slightest warmth. Panting and out of breath we

reached the last landing to find a little weazened, anxious woman bowing and courtseying and holding open a door. "Rooms? Ah, yes? *Sicuro! bellissimi!* Enter, ladies, enter." Taught by experience, we tried to save time by preliminary parley. Were there three bed-rooms in the *appartement*, four beds, linen, silver, sun, a free kitchen, a room for a servant? "*Sicuro, certamente*, all, everything; come in ladies, come in!" absolutely magnetizing us with her appealing eyes. So in we went, and groped our way along a dark passage, the *Padrona* leading, till she opened a door and revealed a minute, oblong closet, almost entirely filled up by the narrow brick shelf, which, in Italy, does duty for a kitchen range. There were a few old saucepans, a windlass and bucket for drawing water from the yard below; that was all the furnishing, and I think only a very thin cook could have squeezed herself between the shelf and the wall. The *Padrona*, however, considered it lovely. She waved her hand and cried, "*Ecco! ecco! la cucina!*" "Here! here is the kitchen," in quite a triumphant voice. Then she showed us a closet still smaller, which she said was the servant's bed-room, and opening beyond that, two chambers with dimity curtains, and windows looking into a narrow court. The *Padrona's* voice sounded a little faint as she assured us that at early morning, sun came in at these windows, "so warm, oh, so warm!" and the tiny compass on D.'s watch chain gave her the lie so decidedly, that I think she finally felt with us that the less said on that subject the better.

Beyond the sleeping chambers was the dining-room, beyond that a small salon. The walls of the salon were pink; its chairs and table had spindling legs of gilt-and-white wood, and were covered with pumpkin-colored satin, enlivened by a pattern in cabbage roses. Most of the space was absorbed by a monumental center-table, the like of which none of us had ever seen before. Its base was stucco, representing rock-work and shells; from this rose a conglomeration of whales' tails and cupids supporting a huge, round top of marbleized slate. A tiny, bright blue stove with a pinched grate occupied one corner of the salon. The *Padrona* drew up the blind, and pointing to the broad yellow ray on the sill, ejaculated joyfully, "See, my ladies, the sun!"

Alas, it would not do. The poor *Padrona* saw it in our looks. Her face fell. She looked so disappointed that just for her sake we were tempted to take the *appartement;* only there are such numbers of old women in Italy, and three months' discomfort is a very high price to pay for making only one of them happy. We looked about again. No, it would *not* do. There were but four spoons, three tea-cups and a half; a suspicious smokiness which seems incorporated into the very substance of the dining-room, told tales of the chimney. Finally, some one declared that pink-and-pumpkin in combination made her ill, and that the parlor-table would give us all nightmare. We edged toward the door. The *Padrona's* smile grew weaker, but courtesy, the inalienable heritage of her country-people, did not fail her, and her "Addio, my ladies," was no less musical because we had inflicted upon her a disappointment;—not the first in her life, poor soul, nor, I fear, the last.

Our next stop was at a door in the oldest part of Florence. An aged woman admitted us, and at her call came the *Padrone* a thin, courtly figure clad in a flowered silk dressing-gown of antique pattern. Both he and his servant seemed to date back to the time of the Medici, and the rooms under their charge were as much a part of the past as they. Heavy curtains of old damask hung over the doors. The windows, set high in the wall of the house, to protect its inmates from the musket shots of any adverse Guelph or Ghibeline who might chance to pass by, could be reached only by means of a flight of steps and a wooden inside balcony. Ascending these, one had the privilege of looking out, nay, on a bright day, might even see to read or to thread a needle. A camp-chair stood on one of these platforms. The *Padrone* pointed to it with his forefinger and a congratulatory smile. Here was a modern improvement, the gesture seemed to say—human beings and daylight brought together on terms of equal comfort. What more would we have?

Portraits, which time had merged into

their backgrounds, stared dimly from tarnished frames. In the far-off concavities of the ceiling, appeared blurred figures of cupids and genii, bright and distinct perhaps in those by-gone days, when Machiavelli or Michael Angelo were honored guests beneath that roof. The very wood-box was covered with old tapestry, a fragment of that which draped the walls of the dining-room, and set forth in a faded but appetizing manner, the Massacre of the Innocents. The lighting of this refectory was accomplished by means of a hole, some three feet square, cut near the ceiling. Faint cracks here and there in the frescoed walls, revealed the existence of cupboards, opening in surprising places, in chimney-jambs, at bed-heads, or along the sides of windows. There was a mysterious spiral stair-case, leading—we could not divine whither. A faint odor of ghosts and dead dinners pervaded all: the rustling of the old *Padrone's* silken gown was like the rustle of leaves in the meditative autumn.

"Don't you think it would be rather nice to sit here and think about Michael Angelo and read up Florentine history?" asked the lover of the past.

"And how about rainy days, when we don't want to think about Michael Angelo, and don't care a button for Florence history, or anything else except keeping warm and comfortable?" responded another voice, full of the nineteenth century. Somehow the words swept us briskly toward the door. The old *Padrone* drew his brocaded gown about him, and saw us depart with well-assumed indifference. It was all one to him, he stated. If he let the rooms, *bene;* if not, *bene* again.

I forget if it was next after this that we went to look at a palace to let, a whole palace, with a conservatory, a dozen drawing-rooms, a library hung with ancestors, a chapel with a presiding madonna. Then we had a narrow escape from a charming *appartement*, whose only defect was a smell, a smell which the *Padrona* assured us, was as the gales of Araby in its effects on the human system. We learned just in time, that only the year before, three persons had died of diphtheria in these rooms, which accounted for the fact of their thus standing empty in the very heart of the season.

We visited rooms on the cold side of the street, whose owners implored us almost with tears to accept the thin streak of sunshine on the back windows, as ample for our needs. There were suites with a commissariat attached, which doubled the price of living; unfurnished suites, fabulously cheap, $200 perhaps for twelve and fourteen rooms; suites over noisy piazzas teeming with omnibuses and street bands, where sleep would be an impossible thing and daytimes distracting. At last, and long though it sounds—the search occupied less time than this description—we lighted on the very thing which we desired, the second floor of a house in the bright modern quarter of Florence, within a stone's throw of the Arno. It stood at the junction of three streets, which gave the advantage of sunshine on three sides, and an off-look in three different directions; and happened to be vacant, because, luckily for us, its owner had been unwilling in October to let it for less than six months. Now, with the season one-third gone, she was more reasonable, and we moved in at once.

There were six rooms in the suite, making the side, one end and half the other side of a long parallelogram. The small kitchen opened into a corner dining-room, from whose northern window we had a full view of the famous hill of Fiesole, a mosaic of vineyards, walled gardens, quaint roofs and groves of cypress, with dreamy blue shadows checkering its outline, and the sombre pile of the Duomo and monasteries crowning the top. Beyond this was a large salon, with four delightful windows east and south, from which we saw San Miniato, and lovely *Bellosguardo* with its villas and farm-houses set in masses of freshest verdure. Still beyond were three bed-rooms with full exposure to the south. A long, stone-paved passage gave entrance to these chambers, and somewhere at the north end of the building, were more little rooms, in which our *Padrona*, an Englishwoman, dwelt.

She was an ex-ladies' maid, who, according to a not infrequent practice among ladies' maids, had ended her career by marrying a courier and retiring with him to his native

country. For thirty years she had let lodgings in Florence, but the cleanly traditions of her nation survived within her, and everything was exquisitely neat. The beds and windows had snow-white curtains with frills and fringes. The toilet tables were crisp with fresh muslin and ribbons, there were plenty of clothes presses and drawers, sofas, comfortable chairs, and such other luxuries as the Anglo-Saxon delights in. The *Padrona* dropped her h's with true British consistency still, and had trained her husband to do the same. I shall never forget that first evening, when, entering with the lamps, he fired his broadside of English at the head of the party as follows, delivering himself in a rapid staccato, and never drawing breath till the end of the sentence: "Ow-are-you-mum? I-ope-you-make-my-ouse-comfortable-I-am-very-pleasing-oh-very-pleasing-to-ave-you-in-my-ouse; —" and then vanished, leaving us to disentangle his meaning at our leisure.

In a wonderfully short time the new quarters took on a look of home. Work boxes were unpacked, and portfolios, and sundry photographs and Japanese pictures, much pin-holed about the corners, which had enlivened many a bare wall for us since our journey began. Guide-books and inkstands made their appearance, a vase or two, and presently some one ran out and came back with a handful of wall-flowers and hyacinths which filled the room with garden fragrance. Then some one else found time to drive down to Viesseux's, and came back with a carriage load of books. That delightful Viesseux, how many hundreds of travelers every year are indebted to him for what is truly one of the chief pleasures of a stay in Florence.

His circulating library, which occupies the ground floor of a once famous palace, comprises some seventy thousand volumes, ancient and modern, and is placed at the service of the public with a liberality which makes it doubly valuable. Our double *abounement* which cost 22 francs, covered three months, and gave us the privilege of drawing eight books at a time, and changing as often as we liked. Eight *books;* and as many of these consisted of three, four or six volumes, our piles of literature were sometimes formidable. The library is very complete in works relating to Florentine art and history, and all subscribers have free access to the shelves, and can choose and cull, sip and sample, with no consulting of catalogues or dry routine of red tape to undergo.

Our week's supply of fuel had preceded us—a pile of wood tied into fagots, baskets full of pine cones shining brown and seven inches long, and a heap of the odd-looking circlets which the Italians call *forme*, and which exactly resemble slices of Boston brown bread. They are in reality pressed sawdust, and costing but a franc a hundred, make the cheapest of fires, though their flame, hot while it lasts, is short lived. Not to draw my picture without shadows, I must here confess, that our first evening brought an agony of apprehension lest we should never be able to warm the rooms. During their long disuse, the stone walls and floors had absorbed and now proceeded to give out a frosty cold, which seemed to chill the very marrow of our bones, and makes me shiver now as I think of it. It took a day or two of fires to remove this, but after that we had no trouble about warmth, though our *Padrona* thought us highly extravagant as to fuel. She herself was too thoroughly Italianized to feel the need of fire except for cooking purposes; and on the coldest days we would find her sitting in her north room with a brass saucer full of coals in her lap, a "tidy" over her shoulders, her nose very red and her fingers very blue, but protesting that she was quite comfortable.

A single day sufficed to set our housekeeping wheels in motion, and from that time on they revolved easily and without friction. Every morning at daylight came a brown *contadino*, with the supplies of milk, cream and butter for the day. A tall flask, stopped with a twist of vine-leaf, held the milk, two small quaint boutes the cream, the butter, freshly churned, made without salt, and in effect no more than solidified cream, was formed into tiny shell-shaped pats. Next, the English bakery sent its brown and white loaves, sweet and delicious. Bread, milk, cream and butter

cost, we reckoned, thirty cents a day for our party of four. Once a week, another brown *contadino* left at our door a great flask of chianti wine, with a wisp of tow tied over its slender neck, and a film of golden oil floating on top to keep out air. None of us cared for wine, but what alternative in a country where water, boiled and set aside to cool, shows a deposit of lime an inch thick at the bottom of the *caraje ?*

Each afternoon, a tin box walked up our stair on top of a man's head. It held our dinner. The *trattoria* system is like the little girl, with the little curl right in the middle of her forehead:

> "When it is good it is very, very good,
> When it is bad it is horrid."

We were fortunate in our *trattore.* His boxes held a wonderful deal, and things were always hot. Smoking soup, a joint or chops or beefsteak with a vegetable, a fowl or birds with another vegetable, and a sweet dish of some sort, tart, jam pudding, blanc mange or pancakes, with raspberry—such was the daily ration, for which we paid ten francs a day. Always there was plenty for a fifth person, if a friend happened to dine with us, and always enough to supply luncheon for next day. On special occasions we designated what we would like, but generally the *menu* was left to the discretion of the *trattore,* and rarely did he disappoint us. Salad, fruit, etc., we bought ourselves; sometimes stopping for the purpose in the quaint, delightful markets, where old women, red capped and white capped, sit in rows beside their many-colored wares, and the chattering and jargoning is as constant and musical as the notes of the busy sparrows on the roofs over head; roofs crowned with old lanterns and carved escutcheons, which look quietly down on the busy scene beneath, just as they looked four hundred years ago, when Florence was in its prime. But more frequently we resorted to the shops, among which, according to the practice of housekeepers everywhere, we soon established preferences and favorites. Before long we knew exactly where to turn for all we needed — coffee, chocolate—knew who had the crispest lettuce, the best figs—sun-dried and sweet; a fig unknown to export; the best *mandarini,* tiny seedless oranges, with an aromatic flavor as peculiar in its way as the zest of a lime. We had also learned the secret of *Pane santo,* a delicate cake peculiar to Florence, and made in part of arrowroot; and the other secret of *pan forti di Sienna.* This is a conglomeration of almonds, honey and chocolate, delicious as pernicious, and is warranted to collect grandmothers of all nationalities round the pillows of those sleepers who partake of it at any hour after sundown.

Our maid was a very tall Italian. She was so much too big for our kitchen that I was always reminded of Gulliver in Lilliput. Her name was Maria, but in private life she went by the name of "the giantess." "Pull the latch string, and the giantess will fly out," was the direction which we gave our friends. There must once have been a hint of higher fortunes in Maria's fate, for she had been partially trained for the lyric stage, and astonished us occasionally by bursting into grand tragic arias over her dish-washing. We fancied she had proved too stupid for her *mètier,* for she was almost devoid of intelligence in anything which did not come into the routine of common work, but we were never able to unravel the story.

Every morning at breakfast time, a wiry little old man with twinkling black eyes came creeping up our stair-case, with a huge market-basket full of flowers on his arm. It makes me sigh with pleasure now to think of those flowers. They were mostly wild ones, but they did not seem so to us, for they were of the kinds which we had been used to see growing in gardens—jonquils, lilies-of-the-valley, tulips, narcissus, field lilies, ranunculuses, splendid in every shade of yellow and orange and deep red, clusters of roses, torn from the walls where they bloom all winter long, ivy sprays, lauristinas, irises, myrtle, and that oddly tinted purple-black lily which is the emblem of Florence. Later, he brought lilacs, fruit blossoms, anemones, purple, pink and scarlet, long dropping boughs of wisteria flowers and the delicious little Banksia rose. All these delightful creatures would he pour out on the table, and then would begin the most comical process of bargaining! The

old man would name a price. We would name a price. The old man would shriek, shrug, dance about, and protest that to abate in the least from *his* price, would be equivalent to condemning his wife, children and aged parents to penury. Then Maria would emerge from the kitchen and join the fray, snapping her fingers and crying "*Che! Che!*" declaring that never was there such a wicked old man, the worst in all Florence, a thief, a veritable robber;—never should *her* ladies pay such unheard-of sums for a few miserable flowers—it was picking their pockets; gia! gia! go along with you. Then suddenly in the midst of the storm a lull would ensue. The old man would change his expression, become all smiles, push the flowers we had chosen towards us with his lean fore-finger, seize the sum he had so decried, bow, and vanish, leaving us with the lovely heap of glad, sweet-smelling things, and the comfortable sense that we had made a *buon mercato.* But alas, there would be the giantess down upon us, upbraiding us for always giving iniquitous people their own way; and always there was a glint in the old man's eye, a suppressed frisk and joyfulness as he turned away, which convinced us that however little we might have paid, the "bargain" was on the other side, and as usual we had been "done" in the transaction.

There is a repose and a sense of leisure in studying a city like Florence, from the restful stand-point of a home, the advantage of which can hardly be over-estimated. Our three months grew to five. Each new morning was like a golden gift laid in our happy hands to be made the most of. There was only the embarrassment of choice of pleasures. Outside was always the sun, which shone continually that winter; always some new picture, or gallery, or building to be seen; always a cloud of little carriages coming at the least signal, ready to carry us anywhere for sixteen, twenty, twenty-five cents. Our long stay made us familiar with all the things which travelers in general see, and besides that, gave us time to find the out-of-the-way but no less choice things which most travelers miss,—single pictures, hidden away in obscure buildings; architectural bits; quaint corners accessible only by a long drive. Such delightful things as lie at the end of long drives in Florence: villas, monasteries, ruined amphitheaters thick set with violets—fragments, portions and parcels of the romantic past embedded in the lovely present. And, coming back from these, how pleasant to find a quiet fire-side, familiar nooks, the sense of rest, of leisure; to ask a friend to dine, or half a dozen to tea and "Crambo;" to go out into the kitchen and make milk-toast for the Sunday breakfast, and feel as much and as truly at home, as though within the wonted walls of that old house in America, which seems at the same time so strangely near and so strangely far away.

I have only one thing more to tell, and that is how much it cost us to live in the way I have described. It was between ten and eleven dollars a week for each person. This is not cheap according to the Florence standard. Some of our friends, who happened on rooms of lower price, managed more reasonably. But when you reflect what is obtainable for that sum in one of our own large cities, New York for example, I think none of you who read this will be likely to consider it dear! *Susan Coolidge.*

HE AND SHE.

I'LL be at the window as he goes by,
As he goes by,—
He'll lift his head to look at the sky,
The western sky,
To see if the sun has set for fair,—
And suddenly there

Against the sky in the golden air
He'll see a pair
Of familiar eyes; and I shall see
As he looks at me
A sudden smile and a nod, maybe;
All this in three
Or perhaps in four swift moments—then,
Ah then,
In another moment the world of men
For him, or, when
The street is turned, a different face
To take my place,
While I by my window here retrace
Each line of the face
Which smiled at me, as it passed me by
With a glance of the eye
That swept me in with the western sky,
The sunset sky.
To-morrow I shall be at the window when
He passes again;
He will smile and nod—and then, ah then—
The same old story over again!

Nora Perry.

THE TRAGEDY AT DALE FARM.

"By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,—
Wife and husband,—
And above them God the sole spectator."

Longfellow.

I.

One Sunday afternoon in September, Robert Dale, his wife and little son, came out of the wide, old-fashioned doorway of the farm-house, and strolled down the grass plot to the gate with their departing guest. The day was approaching sunset, and the low beams lit up the somber place, each reddening and golden leaf glowing in the mellow light. The house was old, and in its way handsome and substantially built, but the fortunes of the Dales had fallen of late years, and the story was told in the dull and prosaic aspect of the place, in the decay and disrepair, the overgrown paths, the wide-open gate swinging between the tall posts of unhewn stone. But just at this moment, with the sunset gleams gilding the scarlet and yellow creepers which trailed their flaunting lengths over the gray front, Dale Farm was a picturesque sight enough, and little Ferris was so gladdened by the glowing aspect of his world that he clapped his hands and demanded an armful of this blaze of vermilion and cloth-of-gold; whereupon his uncle shook down a shower of maple leaves from the bough, which paved the grassy lawn with a splendid mosaic of the richest hues.

"Faith!" exclaimed George Ferris to his sister, "you live in a sweet little paradise of your own here. You ought to be contented; no demon has entered in to destroy your good things." The young man sighed and did not notice that for a moment neither Robert nor Margaret responded to his words but colored slightly and averted their eyes.

"You'll be a married man yourself,

George, come Wednesday," replied Mrs. Dale after a slight pause. "I can't see that you have aught to sigh about with the prospect of a sweet wife like Mary. Then, too, you will be better off than we. Poverty is our worst trial."

"Oh, Maggy," put in Robert hastily; "we are not so poor as we might be. George has seen for himself that we have some of the good things of life. Come on, George; the sun will be down in another quarter of an hour."

George Ferris was the only brother of Margaret Dale, and he was now setting off for a five-mile walk to M——, that he might catch the Sunday night express which passed at nine o'clock. There had been much simple joking from his sister concerning this haste, which the young man parried good-naturedly. His wedding was but three days off, and it seemed natural enough that he should feel eager to return to his bride. His sister's state of health forbade her attendance at the marriage, to take place two hundred miles away, and she had been profoundly pleased and flattered by his unexpected visit at such a time. She had always loved her brother passionately, perhaps the more that for years she had been his only friend and apologist. At the age of eighteen he had thrown off the yoke of routine and duty which had heavily galled his fierce young aspirations, and had left home under circumstances which, if pressed, would have borne heavily against him. For some years his family had no tidings of his welfare, except that an occasional black rumor of his desperate career came back to the ears of the father and mother and sister whom he had deserted. Margaret rejected them and clung to her childish memories of him with all the vehemence of a narrow and intense nature.

"I only hope when my need comes you will believe in me as well as you believe in George," her husband had said to her many and many a time.

But a year before the opening of our story all her faith in the inherent goodness of the prodigal seemed justified; when, soon after his father's death, George returned to his mother's house and took his place as head of the family. He had left home a tall, dark-eyed stripling with red on his cheek and down on his lip. He came back a bronzed and bearded man of still slender, but admirably well-knit figure, a fascinating audacity of smile, a brilliant glance which seemed to penetrate all things, a fluent tongue, a nimble wit, and an experience which delighted and confounded his townspeople, whose lives had not, like his, been made various by wanderings over the wide world in which, another Ulysses, he seemed to have been part of all that he had met. Perhaps Ferris felt the force of the proverb, *qui s'excuse s'accuse;* at least he never, even to his mother, volunteered apology or explanation of his long absence. From his frank narrations one could gather an inkling of the life he had led; he had dug gold in California, dealt in horses in Mexico, shot buffaloes on the plains, raised cattle in Texas and sheep in Australia. Whatever he had done, he had not made money; but the way he now took up the duties of his home farm commanded belief in the worth of his energies. Public opinion, after pressing heavily upon his bad example, his prodigality and vagabondage, veered around in his favor; and when he had climaxed his virtuous deeds by falling in love with and engaging himself to the prettiest and richest girl in Swallowfield, his black record was clean swept away, and the world of pleasant places seemed all before him where to choose.

"You'll give my hearty love to Mary, George," Margaret said hanging about her brother's neck. "I'll never get over my disappointment in not going to the wedding Wednesday. Robert ought to go if for nothing except to come back and tell me all about it."

"Oh, George will write, and Mary, too," put in Robert. "You don't think I would leave you at such a time, Maggy?"

Ferris embraced her affectionately. "You shall hear all about it, never fear," he said in his clear, light-hearted way. "Mary loves you already. I dare say you will be the best friends in the world. Next summer I will bring her here."

"Kiss her for me, George," sighed Margaret.

"Kiss her for yourself when she comes next summer," said Robert in his dry, caustic manner. "George will prefer to spend his own kisses in these days."

Ferris pressed his sister vehemently to his breast, murmuring fond, inarticulate words to soothe her evident distress in parting with him; then, turning abruptly from her, patted his nephew's and namesake's head and kissed him. "Good-bye, my man," said he in an agitated voice. "Mind your mother, and grow up a better fellow than your uncle has ever been."

"The sun is almost down," cried Robert impatiently. "The woods will be as dark as night." Ferris embraced his sister once more, then flung his arm over his brother-in-law's shoulder, and the two crossed the road and entered the meadows beyond, which stretched up to the wooded hills, across which lay their path to M——, cutting off half the distance by road.

Margaret stood at the gate watching the two men, as, deep in talk, they strode up the meadow, silvery with the thistles' glittering down, and finally vanished under the somber arches of the great woods which they were to traverse for three miles. She knew not why she tarried there reluctant to go in; afterwards she was to remember this half hour with its dim presentiments, as a foreshadowing of the calamity shortly to overtake her. She saw her brother's form fade into the distance with a strange sinking of the heart. The day had been warm and sunshiny, but the sunset promised storm. The whole sky was furrowed with crimson and gold, which added to the brilliant tints of the autumn-tinged trees, made a world of resplendent color and light. While she stood there the old hound, Ben, who had set out with his master, came slinking towards her with a disappointed air, and when she spoke to him flung back his head and howled twice piteously.

Little Ferris had spent his final gust of pleasure upon the bright-tinted leaves and the tall flaunting dahlias which he had pulled down that they might nod at him humorously in the deepening light, and now felt tired and sleepy; he set up a cry as loud as the deerhound's own. Margaret lifted the boy in her arms and carried him in, followed by Ben, who, the moment he crossed the threshold howled again with a melancholy note of sadness and longing. No one was in the house. The man and woman who worked at the farm were both away on their Sunday's holiday. Margaret put her boy to bed, listening with a dull, subdued sadness, to his half articulate prayer for his father and his uncle. Then coming down she went out with thrifty pains to see if the cattle were in their places and the stable-doors closed. She trod the rounds faithfully; then, returning to the house, lit her lamp and began to clear away the remnants of the meal from which her brother had risen to depart. She stood for many minutes at his place, with her hand upon the back of his chair. Her husband had more than once accused her of loving George better than himself, and at this moment it might have seemed that such a suggestion was not altogether an illusion, or even an exaggeration. She always resisted Robert's half-plaintive murmur as cruel, fantastic and unjust, yet she had a muffled consciousness that she could have loved a man like George better than Robert, if he could have been her husband. George was open, frank, quick, pliable, and understood everything. Robert had a kind heart, perhaps, but he hid it under many a mood of gloomy abstraction; he was easily saddened and depressed, and seemed to live rather in the shadow than the light. Their lives were so isolated, so remote from ordinary interests of society, that they needed to feed each other with ardor and hope, instead of answering each the other with discouragement and faintness of heart. Margaret, in many a mood of dull forlornness, yielded to a stirring of self-pity, inasmuch as whatever glowing dreams took hold of her young sense found no answer in her life. Were Robert a little more like George—so she had of late got into the habit of telling herself—the warm currents of her nature would not thus be lost in a sea of ice. She had loved her husband when she married him; she still loved and cherished the father of little Ferris, but she had never spent upon Robert this fund of passionate energy which now

seemed to make the very chair in which her brother had sat sacred and dear to her.

The sunset splendors slowly faded into dull saffron clouds, which in their turn changed to gray. The wind rose, and swept around the house with long sighing gusts. Margaret went to the door and listened to the steady roar which came down from the forests. She felt lonely and dispirited, and wished the hours would pass in order that Robert might come home. She taxed herself with weakness for yielding to such depression, and attacked it in the spirit which transmutes the severest spiritual suffering into a complete desire for renunciation, and the stern conditions of duty. Her face showed the woman, and was an utter contrast to her brother's; a long, pale, narrow face lighted by intense gray eyes, and warmed occasionally by a smile of peculiar sweetness, but habitually cold, abstracted and dreamy, without the tenderness which comes with complete and satisfied dreams. In action she was upheld by an indomitable spirit of lofty and patient endeavor, and felt it weakness to succumb to any danger which threatened only her flesh and blood. She knew herself to be passionately beloved by her husband, yet after the first timid affection of girlhood had merged into the complete comprehension of wifehood, had always accepted his love with a sort of mental self-reservation. She believed herself to be his superior. His farm was mortgaged, and he was crippled by increasing debts, and in no way had his money affairs prospered. She had never confessed it to herself that she believed him to be thriftless and incapable, but the consciousness of a fastidious scorn of him was in her mind nevertheless, and Robert Dale had grown to feel it in every vibration of her glance.

She stood at the door for a time with dull tremors at her heart, until she remembered that she must set to work and oppose this causeless weight of melancholy. She bethought herself that she was but a weak woman, in a state of health to become the prey of nervous terrors if she allowed herself a chance for morbid thought. She returned to her kitchen, took the lamp and passed into the keeping-room, and partly for a proper religious exercise, and partly to dismiss fantasy, opened her Bible and her hymn-book, and read from the gospel, and sang hymns in a loud silvery voice until the great clock struck nine. The man and woman had returned, and were sitting over the dying fire in the kitchen. Margaret told them to leave the door unbolted for her husband, since he might be very late; that her head ached and she was going at once to bed.

Everything in her life had tended to enhance self-command, and a resolution to master causeless and enigmatical dread. She went to her room, undressed, prayed, then laid her head upon her pillow and sank at once into peaceful slumber.

She could not tell what had awakened her, but once awake became suddenly conscious that hours had passed since she came to bed, and that she was still alone. Where was Robert? She raised her head from the pillow, leaned it on her hand and looked around. There was a faint sickly moonlight in the room, and everything looked ghostly and strange. Some influence changed the foolish sinking of her heart into a curdling terror. Outside, the boughs tossed heavily in the wind which had gone on increasing since she slept until it blew a gale; and as the great trees waved their solemn arms, they made fitful changing shadows upon the white curtains like moving apparitions. Then, too, as the blast tore around the house and soughed up the lane, there was many a creak and crash and wail, like a fierce foreboding cry. She wondered to herself what time it was. Just at that moment the clock in the hall below struck two.

"Something has happened to Robert," she said audibly; and in spite of the cold trembling which possessed her, she rose with an undefined purpose of alarming the household, and sending out to search for her husband. What caused her tremors she not once asked herself, but this ghastly certainty that eight hours had passed since he left her, and that he had not returned, seemed a proper circumstance to strike her dumb with dread. She stood for a moment by the crib of little Ferris, and with a mother's instinct put her cold hand upon

the child's forehead. It was warm and moist; he was sleeping peacefully, and she seemed to gather strength.

As she stood collecting her forces, she suddenly discovered in the twilight of the room a single point or reflection of candle-light. The ray first struck the polished wood of the bed, then was reflected in the looking-glass above the bureau opposite her. For a moment this discovery wrought in her a fresh dismay. Afterwards she remembered that she had observed the same gleam of light before; it came through the keyhole of the west chamber which was half study, half work-room, for the master of the house. Evidently Robert had returned and was sitting there.

Although this clue to her vague terrors afforded her some relief, she was yet too highly wrought upon wholly to admit the reality that she had no cause for alarm. She stealthily advanced and noiselessly opened the door of the inner room. Her husband was there, sitting by the desk; but so deeply engrossed in some occupation that he neither saw nor heard her as she advanced. The lamp stood upon the table, and seemed to light up nothing in the dingy place except Robert himself. His appearance was ghastly, his usually cool, phlegmatic face was pallid with excitement, his eyes were full of restless fire, his lips moved incessantly, and he seemed to be mumbling to himself. To add to his strange appearance, his hand was bleeding profusely from a wound in the palm, and after assuaging the blood on a handkerchief which was suffused with the crimson stains, he had thrown it over his knee; his face here and there was smeared with blood, and there seemed to be a slight wound in his temple. He saw and heard nothing as she entered, so wholly was he absorbed in his feverish employment. He was counting money; several packets of bank-bills were stacked on the desk beside him, and he had just opened another and was telling it carefully, with a look of almost frenzied exultation on his face. It was a curious, indeed a ghastly, circumstance that every dollar as he handled it, took a little crimson stain from the bleeding wound on his hand.

Margaret looked one moment, then with a spring fastened her hand on his shoulder.

"For God's sake, Robert," she said in a terrible voice, "where did you get that money?" He looked up aghast; his jaw fell; the bills floated from his hands. His wife's face was enough to terrify him. Her features were pinched and drawn, her skin seemed changed into the gray pallor of age; there was a doubt, a horror in her eyes which seemed born out of the blackest depths of despair. He stared at her dumbly, shaking as if with an ague fit. "Where is George?" she asked him, almost with a shriek. He recovered himself.

"My God, Maggy!" said he. "You frightened me out of my senses. What on earth did you mean stealing up to me like that?" She gave him a terrible glance; and he as if hitherto unconscious of his condition, looked at his hand with a sort of shuddering surprise.

"I did a foolish thing," said he, stammering and hesitating. "I wanted to get back as quickly as I could, and I believed I could cross the ravine. I had a bad fall. I'm terribly torn and bruised."

She still looked at him with that stony stare without a word, and he trembled before her.

"Listen to me, Maggy," said he in a tone like a wail of infinite saduess. "George paid me this money. He has owed it to me for years. I gave it to him just before we were married. I mortgaged my farm to raise it. He came here to pay it now. God knows why—I did not ask. The want of it has been a yoke which has pressed me down, galling my neck, humbling me to the earth. You don't know what I have suffered from the shame of debt. You can't guess my relief when I hold this money in my hand and feel that I can go over to M—— Bank to-morrow, and pay in not only the interest over-due, but the principal as well. Don't look so, Maggy, don't!"

It seemed as if she were about to unclose her white lips and speak one smiting word; but she withheld it, and with a sharp, decisive gesture she turned and with abrupt decision went back to her bed. When Robert

followed her she was lying on her back, her eyes wide open, gazing at the ceiling. She seemed neither to see nor hear him.

II.

Any one could see next day that a heavy weight had been lifted from the shoulders of Robert Dale. He was habitually a pale, dreamy-eyed man, with an expression of permanent sadness; when he did smile his gladness so lit up his face that none could forget the sweetness once seen upon that close, firm-folded mouth. His manner was always dull and hesitating; words rarely came winged to do his bidding, but crept, instead, heavy-footed. Thus his evident exhilaration on this Monday and Tuesday were marked and noticeable to all eyes. These two days were full of storm and tempest, but Wednesday rose fair and bright, fit for George Ferris's wedding-day. Margaret had scarcely opened her lips since Sunday; but then, she was never gay, and just at this time her health was delicate and when she was not well her fantastic conscientiousness often made her surround the merest trivialities of her own or others' duties with the morbid solicitude of a painful and almost hopeless scrupulousness; hence Robert, while deploring her dark moods, was wont to hedge them about with the sacredness of a most tender respect.

But Wednesday noon when he entered the house after his morning's work, he could see that some change had come. It was not unexpected, except that it seemed to menace himself.

Margaret stood in the center of the room holding a paper in her hand. The table was set for dinner, and little Ferris was already mounted in his high chair, ready to ply the spoon he was brandishing in mid-air. He called to his father as he entered, but Robert did not even glance toward him; he was gazing at his wife. Her look at him seemed more than any words; it contained the very essence of speech, and what it told him, cleaving into his consciousness with a sword of fire, was that she accused him of something monstrous, horrible.

"What is it, Maggy?" he asked her calmly.

"You know what it is," she replied in a voice of despairing woe.

He put out his hand and snatched the sheet from her grasp. It was a telegraphic message from Mrs. Ferris, saying that George had not been seen or heard of since the preceding Saturday. They were fearful lest something had befallen him.

Robert read it without even an affectation of surprise.

His wife watched him, leaning forward, arms and hands outstretched as if in beseeching; a new haggardness came into her face as she was answered by his cold, thoughtful silence.

"You knew he had not gone home," she muttered in an anguished tone.

"No, Maggy," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "I did not know it. I suspected it, perhaps, I—"

Margaret's narrow, intense nature brooding long on her dread in a speechless agony of suspense, burst forth at length into that word which had trembled on her lips three nights before. "Murderer!" she shrieked with a terrible shudder. "You led him through those dim, untrodden woods into a secret place; you wanted his money; you murdered him!"

Robert started as if stung, cowered for a moment as from the stunned surprise following a blow, then stood erect, answering her look, his face white and drawn, and full of misery and amazement. But she was at the end of her strength, and even while she had spoken felt herself giving way, and now, unless her husband had caught her in his arms, would have fallen to the floor. Her agitation and excitement had wrought a dangerous work, and all other thoughts were for the time swallowed up in Robert's dread that this terrible struggle was to end in death. It was not until five days later that she passed the extremity of danger; the babe upon which both Margaret and her husband had built many a fond, although unspoken hope, never breathed the air nor saw the light. Robert looked at the tiny mite with a heart which seemed turned to stone within him. Troubles had thickened around him the last few days. His wife had fallen ill on the Wednesday; the fol-

lowing Monday he was arrested as the murderer of his brother-in-law, George Ferris.

The matter of the young man's disappearance had been worked up with zeal. The brother of the girl he was to have married on the Wednesday, was a lawyer whose trained energies had instantly been concentrated upon the elucidation of the mystery. It was easily ascertained that George Ferris had left home with a large sum of money in his hands, his ostensible purpose being the investment of one thousand dollars in a speculation which interested him, and for the rest the purchase of certain wedding presents for his bride. Fifteen hundred dollars of this money had been paid into M—— Bank by Robert Dale; he could show no receipt, no note, no memorandum, even, of the business transaction which, he affirmed, had passed between himself and brother-in-law. The story he advanced of having impoverished himself four years before to lend George twelve hundred dollars to meet a check which he had forged in his own father's name, was smiled at, scorned, repudiated. He could not adduce an iota of proof that George Ferris had been in New England at that time.

He was believed by public opinion to be a guilty man. The general facts of his life were against him; he was poor, harassed by debt, and the mortgage had been in danger of foreclosure. Then, when the case was worked up skillfully by the lawyer, each suspicious fact answered to some other; every one fitted in its place in the long link of circumstantial evidence. A straggler in the woods had seen Robert come out of the ravine on the mountain side on that fatal Sunday night, looking a strange figure in the wan moonlight, his face and hands bleeding. Robert's knife and stick were found in this ravine, which was a strange place for any man to enter unless he had some deadly purpose. As for crossing it at a short cut, that seemed an unlikely story; a bold boy might swing himself across, but no man could do it. This gorge was a deep cleft in the rocks, at the bottom of which roared in spring-time an angry river; always in shadow, one could discern but a fragment of the sky as he looked up from below.

It was widely known that Robert's own wife and the sister of the supposed murdered man, had taxed him with the atrocious deed. There needed but a basis of fact for the presumption that George Ferris was indeed dead, to make these various circumstances bear upon Robert with a damning weight. The evidence of a murder seemed to the unjudicial mind clear and conclusive. Luckily for Robert, the magistrate who conducted the examination was a man slow to reach a decisive opinion. The facts in George Ferris's early life weighed in the balance. The young man had run away once before and stayed for some years, and unless his dead body could be found this precedent must influence the grand jury and warn them against any hasty conclusion in the matter.

This feeling prevailed, and after a week's imprisonment Robert was set at liberty and returned to his home.

The way he had borne his trial was like the man. He had felt pain only at the accusation; that had touched the intensest life of his soul and spirit, and what came afterwards did not seem to matter. It seemed as nothing to him that he was henceforth to be a shunned and desolate man. Since he could not find faith in his own home, the outward world might as well be cold to him.

His wife was still on her sick-bed and turned shudderingly away when he approached her. There were strange depths of patience in the tenderness with which he bore the ever-reiterated accusation each time she looked into his eyes. It was long before she rallied from her illness and went bustling about the house again in her old ways; but when the old familiar routine was resumed, when she sat at the head of her table morning, noon and night, with Robert opposite, and little Ferris in his high chair between the twain,—when they met each other in their passings to and fro in the entry and on the stairs; when they sat together in the long, dreary evenings, the wind wailing outside, and the sleet rattling against the casement,—then, and not till then, did the wretched man feel the full weight of the misery which had come upon him; between

his wife and himself stood the spectre of an accursed doubt. There was not an hour in the day, not a moment in the hour, when he was not compelled to endure the hideous consciousness of his wife's belief that he was the murderer of her brother.

Robert, like most New England men, had been trained to habits of dogged, persistent self-command; in all his life he had hardly suffered himself to yield to the sweet pain of tears. His father had died before his birth, and his mother had been a stern, cold, broken-hearted woman. It was after he had lost her that he met Margaret; he had never known but one joy, and that was his love for her.

His nervous organization was fine, and in his boyhood his imagination had given him high and ardent dreams; he needed excitement and had starved for sensation. Love and marriage were to him all that they can be to man; poetry and romance, passion, rapture, the consecration of youth and its desires. The ardent outset was followed by a disappointment—to know gradually that there were heights and depths in Margaret's nature which he had never touched; but this discovery gave him none of the bitterness of irremediable loss; instead, it kept his love for her always at its first fervent season; instead of settling down into an attitude of steady liking and good-fellowship, hope and longing still offered him their imperishable dreams.

And now, little as married life had been to him in the past of a complete and ample happiness, all that he had once possessed was swept away.

There was a bitterness about the life Robert and Margaret Dale led this winter which makes one dumb before it. They had no near neighbors, and if they were in the midst of the world of men and women, who could be the friends of a suspected man? Robert had learned how to pass men in the street with a look askance, which saw no man or woman, save as an impediment in his path; he could do so much, but at home before the leaping fire, Margaret sitting opposite, he found no strength to assert himself against her coldness, her silence which smote him with a numbing pain, as he bore it day after day and night after night. At first little Ferris, glad, bold and unknowing of the shadow upon the house, went from one to the other of his parents with his incessant questionings, his caresses, his tale of baby woes. Sometimes this glimpse of the human affection and sympathy which he had lost so wrought upon the father that he was powerfully moved by the careless fondness which the boy spent upon the dog or kitten alike; and once with a supreme recognition of his inexorable doom of loneliness, he drew his child to him straining his little form passionately to his breast, and kissing him over and over, until frightened at such a burst of overwhelming tenderness, the boy cried out peevishly and repulsed him.

"Do not hurt your innocent child," said Margaret turning a deep, strange look upon her husband.

Robert released him, his momentary transport vanishing like the sudden flush upon his face, which had turned sharp and pale of late. A new horror grew upon him now—that his boy would be taught to hate him. It would be hard by any mere words to measure the abyss of pain into which the man had fallen. There came a night in March when he spoke at last. It had snowed all day, not quietly, but with cruel winds sweeping to and fro, hurling the angry storm into piles and drifts about the doors and the fences. Evening closed in early. Margaret prepared the tea before five o'clock, and they sat cheerlessly about it in the gray dusk. Afterwards, when the curtains were drawn, and Ferris and his mother knelt on the rug in the firelight, and roasted apples and popped corn, there was a little cheeriness in spite of the horrible night outside, where the wind played such wild and tumultuous airs upon the bare, bereaved trees, which bent twisting and shuddering before the blast. It seemed impossible to remember that there was ever gladness, light, warmth, or color, upon the earth.

Robert sat watching his wife and child, his misery hardening every moment about him, until he felt the physical weight of his bondage. Neither Margaret nor Ferris

noticed him; the day had been so dreary that the mother's heart had yearned over her boy, and she had promised herself the fulfillment of the task of brightening his world a little, that she might send him to bed with happy dreams. She made shadow-pictures for him upon the wall; she told him stories and repeated old half-forgotten rhymes of her youth. The little fellow was enjoying the fullest measure of joy and content; he laughed, he clapped his hands, he kissed the calm sweet face above his with long, clinging kisses. Verily, it seemed to the wretched man who sat outside the vermilion fire-flush in the gloom, that if he were lying below the sod, his hands crossed on his breast, his pulses stilled forever, he could not be so dead to them as he was now. He felt his life, strength, manhood, crumbling down under the weight of his despair towards final ruin.

When seven o'clock struck, Margaret took little Ferris in her arms and carried him upstairs to bed. There was no good-night kiss, no blessing for him. Robert knew what prayers, what tenderness, would go on about the little crib upstairs. He rose and stretched out his arms. How could he bear this loveless, joyless life? There was such a silence, such loneliness, such leisure for grief and despair, that he sometimes believed he should go mad.

When after an hour Margaret returned, there was a change in the room. Her husband had taken her bunch of keys lying on the table and opened the cupoard, and now sat at the table drinking heavily. She gazed at him startled, and he returned a moody glance. Margaret was no creature of accidental impulses, but was always actuated by a fierce energy through fidelity to truth, through resistance to temptation; and at the unusual sight she was powerfully moved at the thought of Robert's yielding to this low thralldom. She went to him deliberately, took bottle and glass away from him and locked them up.

He made no resistance.

"You never drank before, Robert," she said in a gentler voice than she had used of late. "Don't begin now."

"I want some comfort, Maggy," he answered, gazing at her as if fascinated. "Do you know what I thought of after you had gone upstairs? I had a mind to end it all—to let you come down and find me dead. I often have that madness upon me of late. The only reason against it is that I should find it hard waiting for you in the next world. I want the time to come when you and I stand together before the face of God, and you see at last what devilish cruelty you have practiced upon me all this time."

His tone was quiet, but his face showed a rare activity as if he were ready to speak out at last, as his oppressed spirit bade.

She stood opposite him, her hand resting on the table; he looked up and she looked down. There was something in his glance she had never before seen, as if at last his patience were worn out, and he were roused to resistant indignation and a fiery resolution. She had hitherto held the balance of power between them, but now she felt her strength escaping her.

"You must not say such things, Robert," she said with resolution. "Have I, too, nothing to bear?"

He rose and faced her.

"No, you have nothing, nothing to bear. Don't think it. Don't bolster up your infernal pride and strength with the feeling that this blow has come upon you as it has struck me. Do I drive you from me? Do I refuse to listen to the wild cry of your heart? Do I refuse to comfort you when I see you desolate, hopeless,—accused foully of a crime you never committed?" His voice was deep and calm at first, but grew gradually hoarse and sharp to piercing fierceness.

"Why, Maggy," he went on, more and more swift in his vehemence, "what a hollow mockery those promises were you made to me five years ago come this June! When have you put your hand in mine? When have you looked kindly into my eyes? When have you said a soft word to me? Yet you know I am dying just for one touch of the old love, the old tenderness. Say that you never cared for me; say that you thought me a poor creature, but all the same you did your duty by me as a wife

should, until now I am like a man famishing in sight of meat and bread that his hands must never reach out for."

She seemed to shrink within herself; she pressed her hand nervously to her temple.

"God knows," she cried faintly, "I meant to do my duty by you in spite of everything. I did, indeed."

"Your duty? Come and kiss me then."

She moved slowly towards him and put up her white face to his. He met the lips for which he had pined pressing upon them kisses so long, so tender, so impassioned, she seemed never to have met his caress before; he clasped his arms about her passionately, holding her to his breast as if he would never let her go, until with a sharp cry, as of insufferable anguish, he resigned her, wrenching his arms away as if he were separating his body from his soul.

"Tell me first," he muttered, staring at her with a white, quivering face, "tell me first if you believe I killed George."

She was powerfully moved. She wrung her hands with a choking sob.

"I am your husband, Maggy," said he, still holding her with his impassioned, fiery gaze. "Come what may, happen what can, nothing can change things that have been between us. You know how I have always loved you; — I and not another. You weren't altogether happy with me because of the poverty and the debts, and the dull ways; but all the same it was your life: you had married me. I was the father of your child—you could hope nothing that was not to come to you through me. Yet you believe I could give up what was my heaven; forfeit it all for the hell you believe I flung myself down into that night last September."

There was a moment's silence. Then she spoke, her voice a little colder and harder, simply from the stress of feeling behind it.

"I believe that poor George was murdered," she said deliberately. "I won't say you did it, Robert. It never did seem to me possible that you could have committed such a deed. But I never can forget that night I woke up frozen with terror, with the conviction glaring in upon my mind that some terrible thing had happened. Then I came upon you, wild, reckless, stained with blood, counting out your money with such a feverish exultation anything seemed possible."

He gave her a melancholy glance.

"Listen to me," he said gently. "It has sometimes been in my mind that I have never explained that night's doings to you; but nothing seemed to matter after I was suspected. I guessed that George was running away again; he spoke about an old affair which had troubled him; said he could not get free from it. He had a wife, Maggy,—a woman at least who claimed the privileges of a wife. She was the mother of his children."

Margaret blushed crimson.

"I decline accepting such a story," she cried indignantly. "I repudiate it."

He waved his hand deprecatingly.

"George told me that night," he continued, "that he had been threatened by this woman. I had asked him if he could legally marry Mary. Then he took out his pocket-book and gave me fifteen hundred dollars. 'I don't know what will happen to me,' he said excitedly, 'but wherever I go, whatever becomes of me, I don't want to feel that I am ruining you and Margaret by not paying the money I owe you.' I can't tell you, Maggy, what it was to me coming back that night and pressing my hand to my breast and feeling those bank bills safe and secure. They meant freedom to me—a higher manhood, a worthier purpose, a nobler hope than I had had a chance to know; beset, perplexed, shamed by the petty needs which came upon a man in debt, without credit. I had tried never to begrudge George the help I gave him; God knows I was glad to do it at the time and save your loving heart a pang. But now that the money had come back with interest I was beside myself! I was selfish, blind, besotted. I guessed that he was not going home, but out into the world again to be swallowed up in the old blackness and mystery; but that seemed to me nothing, so long as I could pay my mortgage, look men in the face, and feel that I had something once more to work for. Do you believe me?"

She looked at him steadily.

"I never can believe that George is alive until he either writes or stands in flesh and blood before me."

Robert gave her a weary glance. He had been actuated by a fictitious strength, but it was waning now into his chronic apathy and despair. He went over to his chair and sat down, his face towards the wall.

"God help us then," he said wearily: "I begin to see how it must end."

Poor Margaret, shrouded in darkness except for the one gleam of burning light which had for months seemed to point irresistibly to the fate of her brother—vivid, clear, distinct in the black gloom which surrounded her, was in a tumult of conflicting emotions. She felt vaguely that there was justice in her husband's plea for her tenderness and mercy. Any energy towards an iron resolution in her own convictions was arrested by dread lest she might be preparing the most frightful of sorrows for herself and child. With all her moral force, with all her narrow self-righteousness, she was still a tender-hearted woman, whose life was utterly dependent upon love and belief and trust. She stood for a time dumb, frightened, wretched, knowing not what to do or say; then with a sudden impulse, which had all the power of her better nature in it, she ran over to her husband, knelt beside him and put her head upon his knees.

"Let there be peace between us," she whispered, caressing his hands and looking up pleadingly.

"Do you believe me?" he asked sadly.

"Let us have no past," she cried excitedly. "Let us begin again. Let us leave these old miseries behind us. As you said to me just now, you are my husband; no other man but my husband. Perhaps we can never quite go back, but for Ferris's sake, for your sake and mine I will be softer, kinder, better than I have been."

He shook his head.

"The new leaven has not come yet," said he in his dull, hesitating way. "We must go on digesting the old leaven. I love you, Maggy. Do you guess what I mean when I say I love you? But 'tis not enough for me to have you with all your beauty, your sweetness, your tenderness even. 'Tis not enough, I say. Don't tempt me. What I want is to have you believe in me. I can accept nothing less from you; your hate is the best thing I can have, perhaps, so long as George keeps away."

After this talk Robert remained proudly, bitterly silent. The spring which followed was gloomy and cold; the rigors of winter held into April, and then March assumed a regency which seemed to forbid the blossoming of a tender bloom, or the promise of a bird's song. The unquiet clouds went up and down, now bursting into rain and hail, and again floating cold and majestic like icebergs across the steely blue. Bright as the promise of a fair tomorrow might blaze in the crimson mist at night, the day was sure always to break in gloom.

One day early in May, Robert Dale was ploughing on his farthest field, almost a mile from home. It was a soft, spring air, the first mild day; but by noon thick misty fog and clouds had broken into rain which fell placidly, not heavily enough however to drive Robert from his work. Indeed it would have been hard to drive him. He had always been capable of persistent dogged labor in the face of difficulties, but this spring he seemed never to have measured strength and capacity at all, but wrought from day-break to sundown, as if his own powers of endurance were never to be thought of. Hitherto he had had a man to aid in the regular work upon his farm; since this misfortune of suspicion and accusation had come upon him, he had plodded on, doing all that his hand found to do, alone.

He never returned to the house to dinner nowadays; merely ceased his work to fodder his horses or cattle and bite at a sandwich he carried to the field in his pocket; hence on this day as on all days he stopped his work for fifteen minutes; then resumed, drawing some rubber-gear over his oxen, (for he possessed the keenest sensitiveness to any thought of his animals' suffering.) but himself unmindful of the soft spring rain which within an hour had wetted him through to the skin.

He had many a thought as he followed his plough up and down the hill; he was thinking, we may be sure he was thinking of his home; of his boy making the low rooms vocal with his cries and laughter; his pensive wife with her melancholy face. He thought of the the untimely blight which had come upon his life, not with anger nor yet with patience, but with an acceptance of its burden. Besides these thoughts he had others to ponder. There are men who have a certain mountainous grandeur about them, and can stand alone in their strength. Robert was not one of these; his self-belief, his self-respect even must find its equivalent in the mind of the being whom he loved best. Margaret had said to him the night before:

"I would not have pressed it of my own accord, Robert, but mother thinks I had better go and live with her hereafter."

He had looked at her.

"You want to be separated from me," he said, after a time.

"Mother thinks it the best; and besides, Robert," Margaret went on with a choking sob, "there is no use in our fretting out our hearts this way. We shall be happier apart."

"Speak for yourself, Maggy," Robert answered patiently. "Tell me first what you wish."

She was silent for a little.

"I will go to mother's after the house-cleaning is over," she said, speaking low and averting her eyes.

"And little Ferris?"

"I shall take him with me, of course," cried Margaret, her voice rising almost into a shriek. "I could not live away from my child, Robert."

He continued to gaze at her for a time. Inward voices, inarticulate perhaps, but full of poignant meaning, were teaching him how to keep his crushed hopes, his disregarded heart, from turning to bitterness. After a while he rose. "Be it so, Maggy, be it so."

Accordingly he knew the worst to-day, and needed no longer when he looked forward to tremble at any fiction of his own imagining. He had lost much, but he had not lost all hitherto; now he was to be bereaved of all that made life endurable to him; the sight of his wife's face, the joy of his child's laughter. There was a new dullness over his senses to-day; he told himself he was growing callous. He thought of Maggy sadly but not unkindly; it must have been hard for her to live under the same roof with the man whom she believed to be her brother's murderer. She should be spared all that he could spare her. Let her go; let her take his child.

After his ploughing was done, there were yet three hours before sunset, and he began to sow his seed. It still rained, not heavily but steadily, and the soil was becoming soggy. While he had kept on in one monotonous round of action and effort, he had not been conscious of this numbness, this stiffness, but to lift his arms for fresh exertions gave him a strange feeling of shuddering effort; now and then a pain struck through him like the cut of a knife through his quivering flesh; it would be followed by a helpless moment of surrender to a qualm of faintness which made him stagger, but then he would resume his work. He was conscious now and then of a mist or blur before his eyes which seemed to alter everything, and forced him to calculate with a new precision the swing of his arm as he flung the grain. There was a dull aching in his head, and his feet seemed ready to drag under him. A year before he would have gone home under such symptoms, and resigned himself to his wife's ministrations; he had no such thought to-day, but pushed on half blind and shivering, trying to shake off his strange sensations as a sickly fancy unworthy of a man; but the dull thud of his heart grew louder, and his eyes mocked him so cruelly that he was forced to sit down and rest under a clump of cedars in the corner of the field.

Once surrendered, he could not get his grasp upon his energies again, and continued to sit there, looking vaguely across the meadow, watching the dripping rain, the little pools gathering in the black furrows, the grass beyond on the knoll that seemed to grow green as he looked. He remem-

bered that when he was at work here twelve months before, little Ferris had come out with him and had found a wonderland of beauty about those gray rocks where the scarlet columbine grew, nodding out of every fissure and crevice with their gay yellow honey-bells. The sick, intolerable loneliness of the present came over him.

Late in the afternoon the rain ceased; a gold streak ran around the western and northern horizon, and a blast of cooler air stirred the tree-tops. "I must go home," said Robert rising. He passed his arm about the tree-trunk and held himself up. He knew that he must rouse himself, but knew not where to find the strength. . . . . As he stood he saw something moving at the bars across the field.

"Perhaps Maggy has sent some one to look for me," he said within himself, then smiled. No, he had no one to watch and wait for him any more. But there was a form moving against the red and green of the hedge-briars opposite. Robert looked unceasingly, wondering. His heart beat a little faster. Were not those deceitful mists before his eyes, he would have said it was Maggy; he seemed to see her dark-blue dress and heavy mantle, just rimmed with some color, that hung in the entry at home, except when she went to drive. . . . . It was Maggy; why were her hands outstretched? . . . . . Robert sat down. . . . . Something must have happened. . . . . Perhaps she was going away at once; perhaps to-night, and had come to tell him so.

She advanced very swiftly, but the heavy beatings of her heart as well as his, measured the seconds, and made the suspense and pain intolerable.

When she reached him she looked silently into his face. She hardly knew him, his eyes looked so blindly at her out of their gray hollows; there was a stolid apathy about the set of his jaws. She caught his hands and kissed them; then kneeling before him drew down his head upon her breast.

"Robert," she wailed, "Robert, *George has come home!*"

Robert smiled a little, his head resting on his wife's shoulder, his eyes closed.

"Oh, I knew he would," said he. "I am glad he did not wait the seven years."

She kissed him passionately, over and over; there was a little quiver about his lips, and a few scanty tears gushed forth from his eyes. She began to tell her story: George had walked in that day at three o'clock; he had been in Colorado, and there had come upon the son of one of their neighbors, who, all unknowing who the stranger was, had freely told him all the news at home; of Robert Dale's having been arrested for murder, and let off from some weak, womanish scruple. That news had brought George back across the continent.

"He has told me everything," Margaret went on, hurriedly, yet careful to pour out the full meaning of her story into her husband's ears; her warm face and breath against his cold cheek, her hands now pressing him closer to her, now playing with the little damp curls at his temples. "He has told me everything. I know now who it is that has deserved my love, my worship, my jealous pride of him; not my brother, not George, but you, darling, you."

Robert opened his eyes and smiled once, then grew silent and still again. There was a look of hushed trouble and grief about his face that almost awed Margaret, she knew not why. "He has married the woman," she said humbly. "Married her! the creature who led him to his ruin, who tempted him even into that shameful crime five years ago. I know it all, Robert. How you saw him when he came stealing back to rob father; how you interceded with him to go home, and finally made him confess the vile deed he had just done. And when you had saved us all from that pang and shame, when you had been a better son to my father than his own boy had ever been —how have I repaid you, Robert?"

"Oh, you are my wife, Maggy," said he gently. "Don't think but what all is over between us, if you will only love me."

He lifted his head and looked dreamily about him. "We must go home," said he. "It is time."

It was time. No one knows how despair grows in the human heart when neither sympathy nor love nor belief is there to

lighten the blackness, who has not felt the searching anguish of such loneliness as Robert's. With all his new happiness bursting upon him like sunlight after a long eclipse, with all his restfulness in the warmth and brightness, he could not at once recover from the effects of that hungry solitude. Besides, he was physically ill and broken, and it seemed for a time as if he were but pausing for a moment to enjoy this new atmosphere of warmth and love, to wonder at the dim shadows that lay behind him, the woe, the pang, the loneliness through which he had passed, before he gave up his life altogether as a strange problem he had failed to master.

Margaret's face was sweeter, humbler, more touching in those days than ever before. Her husband's eyes followed her unceasingly; there was something in her glance and tone he could not fathom.

George Ferris hung about the place to nurse Robert, he said; but Margaret was too untiring ever to leave her husband. One night he entered the room and saw Robert, open-eyed and sleepless, looking down into his wife's face as she rested it upon the bedside, leaning towards him from her low chair. It was a pale face he looked at and a sad one, now that her eyes were closed in slumber.

"I wish, George," said Robert softly—"I wish you could see after Margaret when I die. She hasn't many friends, poor Maggy!"

"But why think of dying, Robert," said George in his debonair way. "I confess I see no necessity, and it would be hard upon me for you to go out of life just now, when I have had a hand in your troubles. Then, besides, with a wife like Maggy, who has never fairly begun to know her heart till now, you might have so much better and deeper happiness than you ever used to know."

A flush passed over Robert's face.

"Do you think she really cares about me?" he asked hesitatingly.

George was about to speak, but he saw that Margaret was awake and was looking into her husband's face with passionate entreaty. "Will you forget what I have done?" she asked him with streaming eyes. "I know that you have forgiven me, but that is because you are so good. I know that you are always remembering my sin against you; if you could forget it all, quite shut it away, I do believe I could at last begin to be a good wife."

Robert caught her to his bosom and talked to her caressingly and soothingly as if she were a child. He did not die then, and he is so happy a man now we may hope he will not die for many a long year. And this good, at least, has come out of his trial, that he has measured his strength against difficulties, and has not found himself altogether weak; while Margaret has grown humbler and has learned how to understand her husband and devote herself to him.

Ellen W. Olney.

MIND IN NATURE.

It is my habit to spend many Sunday afternoons in the woods and glades which lie along the Des Plaines River. There is nothing merry or musical in this prairie stream. It is small enough to be young, rash, and happy; but it is slow and solemn as a Sabbath afternoon of my boyhood. It flows without a ripple or a dimple between its banks of black loam, and really does not appear sufficiently spirited to kiss a pebbly margin, even if one ran down fresh and sweet out of the woods to meet it. The scenery has no points. It lies down flat, with a dogged determination to cast no reflections on the character of the river. But it is better for a Sunday afternoon than that wild city down there on the lake, where they squeeze the juice out of men as if they were lemons, and toss the rinds away. And then I find no end of pleasant companions in walks otherwise solitary. There are birds, flowers, trees, minnows, horses, hon-

est-faced cattle, all of them soulful, sympathetic and talkative; and this in no poetic or figurative sense, but really and truly.

Sometimes the pleasure of an opportunity to requite their hospitality offers. Last Sunday I found a sick horse lying upon the cold wet ground. When he saw me he called for help at once; lifted his head, touched his side with his nose and groaned. I told him I was very sorry for him, and that he must not lie there, but get up and go home; and that he should have a warm bed and some medicine. He was too weak and benumbed to rise alone, but he and I combined our forces, and he was soon on his feet, and led the way with feeble steps. I did not know where his home was, but he showed me. I do not say that the man who owned him had no soul. I only say that the fact of the existence of his soul had to be reached by an abstract mental process, as we determine the existence of the ultimate atom.

Now it is the habit of many philosophers and theologians to speak slanderously of these my beloved companions and friends, and of their kindred everywhere. It is denied that they are reasonable beings, that they are intelligent, that they have good moral characters, and even that they have souls. I should like, if I could, to make it appear that these denials are unphilosophic and absurd.

It is evident that the Divine Architect and Inventor, having selected a model, employs it in almost infinite varieties of designs, as in the frame-work of vertebrates; as in the application of the law of gravitation, and as in the solar energy coming as light, and transforming itself, to meet the exigencies of its work, into heat, electricity, chemical aud vital agencies, motion, and we know not what else. All the forces of nature and their laws appear to be but the instruments of a universal law or *motive* which impels all forces to equilibrium; and while it dominates all material forces, it also rules with equal energy all spiritual existences from the lowest up to the Creator himself. It drives the sun's rays out into space, lashes the storms forward in their headlong career, causes the rivers to flow, toils at leveling the mountains. It projected this magazine, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, out upon the literary and religious world. The editor and his contributors having evolved ideas in their minds were irresistibly impelled to supply the vacuity in other minds with those ideas; and to exchange them for other people's ideas, and thus equalize the general intelligence. Knowledge rushes out to fill the empty voids of ignorance as unfailingly as light and heat rush to fill the empty voids of space, and in consequence of the operation of the same law. This it is which inspires the orator, drives the pen, the press, and the telegraph in more senses than one. The village gossip, in her humble way, is charged with the same divine energy. What she knows she must tell, or perish.

In the field of morals the action of this law is scarcely less rigorous. Virtuous men will make great sacrifices, and incur great toil, to extend the domain of morals. In the spiritual realm, it becomes one of the mightiest incentives that stirs the heart of man. The cross, the dungeon, the rack, the stake, can not hinder the Kingdom of Heaven from extending over the globe, and filling the earth level with righteousness, as the waters fill the sea. We may say that the shining and circling universe came into existence, because God would fill empty space with his embodied thoughts.

While we are thus able to trace the identity of a great law, which dominates the physical universe, upward until it is lost in height beyond the range of our intellectual vision, we are also led to suspect that all the great spiritual laws may have a downward reach through all gradations and forms of life even to the sweet flowers which bloom along our way. In attempting to verify this supposition, I would have an easy task, and strike a responsive chord in the minds of those who read this page, in the assertion and proof that our humble friends, the lower animals, are possessed of a moral nature, differing only from man's in degree. And yet, I can scarcely hope to state a fresh idea in a topic so familiar to thoughtful and observant minds. One no sooner enters this field than he finds himself in the midst of in-

tellectual and moral phenomena as varied, profuse and beautiful as the flowers and birds in a tropical land. And yet, as I have intimated, moralists, metaphysicians and theologians, have lived, and yet live, in the midst of all this interest and beauty, blind to its appeals, and deaf to its music. They seem to fear that the facts might in some way impeach the dignity or discredit the immortality of man. This is a repetition of the mistake of the well-meaning churchmen, who feared that Galileo's discoveries would so far extend the domain of God, that, with his largely increased interests, he would no longer give a fair share of attention to their rites and penances. The fact that it has pleased God to endow the animals below us with intellectual and moral natures, and the pleasures derived from them, is only a further illustration of his all-embracing benevolence.

The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites—hatred, revenge, cruelty, malice, and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope and despair. Most of these phenomena are as obvious, to the casual observer, in the lower animals as they are in man; while all are perceived by those who are more interested in the study of the habits and characters of our humble friends. It would extend this paper beyond the brief limits intended, to cite and describe specific illustrations; nor, as I have said, is it necessary. Personal observations have found their way into literature until they have become the most plentiful as well as the most pleasing illustrations of a topic in which every reader takes great interest. Suffice it to refer, in a general way, to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and of shame; of forbearance and magnanimity; of chivalrous defence of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts: to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection and service; their grief over the loss of human friends, so poignant as in some instances to result in death; their wailing and tears on the death of their kindred; their pride, love of admiration, delight at approbation from each other and from man; their clear ideas of a right of property in their homes. No definition of moral faculties can be framed that will not include the faculties in the lower animals which manifest themselves in such phenomena.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit. Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, sorrow, pain, joy, exultation, triumph, derision, are heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds—language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

The most of the passions and emotions named are also expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye, the pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremors of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant or shamed carriage of the head. Indeed, if we indicate one emotion and its expression in man, the same emotion, and its expression in a manner so closely resembling that of man as to be instantly recognizable, will be proved in more than one species of the lower animals. When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in that master's defence, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed the companionship and mutual esteem between man on the one side, and the dog, horse or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other—the endowment of each differing only in degree.

That these facts in no way compromise the doctrine of the immortality of man, or prophesy immortality for the lower animals, is seen from a few considerations. The immortality of the soul is not due to its own persistent vitality, but to the persistence of the author of the soul's existence in sustaining it. And indeed the doctrine of the

creation of all things out of nothing by an intelligent First Cause compels us to say the same of all existence, animate and inanimate. God's sustaining power withdrawn, all things would cease to be. Whether the lower animals will have a life beyond material death depends upon the will of God. We have no evidence in nature or revelation that their lives will be so sustained.

We have thus traced by mere mention the identities of moral entities and their laws down through the ranks of intelligences to the animal kingdom below man, and find them everywhere so nearly identical as to be readily recognizable. Can we find indication of them still lower, in the vegetable kingdom? Not so easily, it is true, and yet possibly. The flowers at our feet look up into our faces with expressions so sweet and benign that our imaginations will persist in investing them with spirits kindred to our own, or at least kindred to the sweetest and purest of those whom we love. From Lucretius to Wordsworth, the poets have ever been the *avant-courriers* of philosophy. They love Nature, and are loved by Nature in return; and there are secrets whispered in this intercourse for which colder and coarser, though stronger minds must toilfully labor in the mines of thought.

Not to be misunderstood, it may be necessary to say that the intelligence and morality of which I think that traces may be found in the vegetable kingdom, while sufficient for the purposes for which they were bestowed, are not only limited in degree but limited in their functions. All that is claimed is that some elements existing in the higher are found in the lower forms of life. It would not do to say that a pyrite, an oxide and a carbonate of iron are identical. The one is a tawny stone, the other a red dust, and the third a polished, lithe, glittering sword-blade. And so I would compare the morality and intelligence of spiritual beings above man to the sunbeams which bear in themselves intelligence of iron incandescent in the sun; the same entities in man to the sword-blade; in animals to the pyrite; and in the vegetable kingdom to the red dust; but down through all runs the same essential idea, the same basis, iron. In like manner I would say that the spirit, the essential basis of the spiritual realm, runs down through all forms of life to the lowest, manifesting everywhere, in some way, its attributes of intelligence and morality.

The contest between materialism and spiritualism has been narrowed down to the question whether the combination and interaction of material forces produce the phenomena of mind, or whether mind coördinates both matter and its forces and laws to its own service in building up and sustaining the soul's material habitation. It is impossible for us to maintain our positions against materialism unless we admit, or rather claim, that something of the same nature as the soul, and which exercises some of the soul's functions, dwells in the plant, and manifests itself in the plant's beauty and activity. On this ground we shall have no difficulty in holding materialism with all its modifications at bay. The phenomena are all on our side of the question. Two wild grape vines, planted at short distances from, and on opposite sides of, a tree, will, each moving in opposite directions, make straight for the tree. The sun-flower will gaze at the sun all day, and turn its face eastward in the night to catch the first beams of sunrise. The vine will throw its tendrils straight out, and when a support is reached it will seize upon it. The elm sends its roots toward the water course. The sensitive plant takes alarm and pretends to be dead. Carnivorous plants show quite as much intelligence as the lower orders of carnivorous animals. The distance, indeed, between vegetables and the lower animals in the degrees of intelligence is not greater than between the lower animals and man, or between man and the probable intelligence of the order of beings next higher above him. I never take the life of a flower without feeling that it is a violation of moral right, unless the act is justified, as in the taking the life of an animal for use, or because the plant destroyed is hurtful to the interests of the lower animals or of man. That plants find pleasure in existence is as obvious as that animals do. That the sensitive plant has a nervous system, and that carnivorous plants

take pleasure in food, goes without question. Thus much briefly in regard to the intelligence of plants. The reader can extend the illustrations indefinitely.

Traces of moral character are not less recognizable. But we must remember that to identify vegetable morality we must not require of it all the qualities of morality in man. Because red-colored clay, tinted with iron oxide, is not a polished sword-blade is no reason why we should deny the presence of iron. Let us analyze, ethically, any beautiful flower. We find first a gentle, candid, innocent aspect, which reaches quite beyond our sense of physical harmony, and stirs the sense of moral beauty. How is that fact to be accounted for? Next we find the plant appealing to our sense of physical beauty. So far as the plant's individual interests are to be conserved there is no necessity for this. Its immaculate coloring, tracery, shading, are all beyond the plant's individual necessities. A rude and flashy splotch of color would attract the eyes of the bees and butterflies quite as well as all this exquisite beauty, unless we suppose an æsthetic faculty in those insects; which supposition, while it might weaken the argument for the existence of morality in the flowers, would by so much strengthen the argument for morality in the bees. But, as the bees have sufficient inducement in the honey, there is no necessity for this array of beauty. The beauty of the flower has, then, for its purpose the giving of pleasure. It is the plant's benevolence. It is an act of love having in it no taint of self-interest.

I must beg the reader not to press his or her objections to this view too rapidly. Let us get at them fairly and candidly, one at a time:

"Flowers bloom in all their beauty where they are unseen by the eye of man."

True; but let us remember that virtue does not exist for dress parade. The pure and good man would be pure and good if not another being beside himself existed in the universe—if such a situation is supposable.

"The plant has no conscience or will."

Not conscience, perhaps; as it has no view of that function of the moral nature; but what it needs it has, namely, a moral tendency which manifests itself in benevolence. Will, however, is shown to exist in plants by the same tests which show its existence in the lower animals or in man.

"The moral qualities which appear in plants are the moral qualities, not of the plant, but of its creator."

True; but true in the same sense that the moral qualities of men have their source in God. There is no reason why the Creator should not make the plant a center of moral forces. However limited, meager or inferior they may be in degree and manifestation, it is an organism, perfect in its kind. It sleeps, wakes, labors, rests, seeks its food and performs all the functions of individual life.

Have I succeeded in indicating the claims of my beloved companions and friends to a hearing? Let the reader learn their language and cultivate their acquaintance. Their thoughts will be found sweet as their perfumes; their teachings as beautiful as their colors; their companionship soothing and cheering as exquisite music.

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

W. C. Gray.

A PLEA FOR DUMB THINGS.

"MAMMA," says the average little girl to her mother, as, suddenly reminded of a great moral question she pauses in the loving squeeze which she is administering to the feline pet in her arms—"mamma, do all good people go to heaven?"

"Certainly, my child," responds the average mother, with cheerful confidence; although all the time conscious of a little dread as to what question may come next.

"But what if they can't read, mamma? and can't study Sunday School lessons, and

read good books? Will they go to heaven just the same, if they are good?"

"Surely," replies mamma, a little reassured; "some poor people never have a chance to learn, as you do—they cannot go to school, or learn to read, perhaps; but if they do as well as they know how to do, and are never unkind or wicked, the Lord loves them just the same. He is no respecter of persons; he does not love the wisest man in the world any better than the poor, ignorant little child, so they both alike try to live an innocent life, and are as good as they know how to be."

The child's face brightens, and she finishes the interrupted squeeze, with—

"Good! then my white kitty can go to heaven, can't she?"

"A kitty go to heaven? No, indeed! Kitties and puppies and chickens do not go to heaven."

"But why?" with sudden disappointment clouding the puzzled face. "I am sure, my kitty does as well as she knows how to do; she never steals nor scratches, and is just as good as she can be. You said it was no matter about reading and being wise; and every other way, my kitty is as good as anybody can be."

"But kittens have no souls, and it is the soul that goes to heaven."

"What *is* the soul?"

This is deep water. But the mother makes another plunge.

"The soul, dear, is the part of you that loves and knows and remembers,—the part that does not die when the body dies—the immortal——"

"But, mamma, my kitty has something to love with, too; and she loves me, and knows me from all the other girls, and remembers where her milk-saucer is, and has learned lots of things; and why isn't that *her* soul just as it is mine? And why must she *all* die when her body does, if I don't?"

Alas, why? and many a little child never gets a satisfactory answer to this question. The mother generally finishes by alluding in a vague way to the Bible; but she cannot, for the life of her, think of a passage therein which would prove her position; and though adroitly changing the subject for the present, she inwardly determines to have a little private consultation with Cruden at her first convenience. She is much disappointed and disquieted, afterwards, at the unsatisfactory result of the conference.

The prevailing belief that animals have no souls, and, consequently no existence after this, is supposed to be founded, like many other one-sided theories, on the Bible; two passages of which are invariably flung at the head of the "irreverent" party who dares hint, not that he himself will have no hereafter, but that his winged and four-footed friends are eligible to share it with him. The first of these passages, in the Psalms—"Man being in honor, abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish,"—although often quoted, does not seem, certainly, to strengthen the human side of the question much, since it openly likens man to the beasts, whatever may be the destination of the latter. The other stock quotation is in Ecclesiastes, and speaks of "the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth." This, too, has a hole in it, when brought forward to prove that animals have no souls, since it expressly credits beasts with a "spirit." But even supposing that either of these arguments would hold water, they are a dozen times overborne by the number of Scripture passages wherein the immortality of man is either disputed or despaired of. What hope is there in the cry of Job: "As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and dryeth up, so man lieth down, *and riseth not*"? And in the very book wherein occurs the passage supposed to disprove the immortality of the beasts, what do we find better for the sons of men? "For *that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts;* even one thing befalleth them; *as the one dieth, so dieth the other;* yea, they have all one breath, so that *a man has no pre-eminence over a beast;* for all is vanity. *All go unto one place;* all are of the dust, and *all turn to dust again.*" Now no language can be plainer than this; and it certainly comes much nearer proving that there is no immortality for any of us, than that human beings have a monopoly thereof, to the exclusion of their four-footed friends. The latter theory seems built on precisely the

same substructure of ineffable self-conceit which also supports the opinion that this little insignificant point which we call our earth is the only spot in the universe of stars and suns which is peopled by conscious and personal intelligences. It surely cannot be said that the Bible denies immortality to beasts. That it does not distinctly *assert* it, may be met with the fact that neither does it distinctly assert the immortality of human beings. "*The dead know not anything.*"

The common remark that animals do not think, is disproved a hundred times a day in the very sight of those who advance the opinion. True, animals do many things from instinct, or without thought; but there can be no *acquirement* without thought, observation, comparison and memory. None of these attributes belong to instinct. The canary-bird at home builds its first nest just as perfectly as it would build its thousandth, should it live to need it. But confine him in a cage, and he does not all at once know how to draw up the little bucket which contains his food; he does that much better after a little practice.

That animals have reason, must be admitted by every one who ever drove a horse, milked a cow, petted a cat, or owned a dog. That they do not possess it in human measure, is admitted; and that all animals are not gifted *alike* with reasoning powers, is evident to all observers. Even children see this difference in their pets, and understand it. A little girl owned a number of kittens, one of which she always specially protected and provided for, although it was quite as large and healthy as the others. When questioned as to why she was so partial, she replied: "Because this kitty is an idiot; the others have common sense." It appeared that "this kitty" really could not take care of itself, and was even unable to secure sufficient food, unless assisted. But the human race, which comprises all the extremes of mentality, from the most enlightened and comprehensive intellectuality, to the dull perceptions of the Esquimaux, the stupidity of the Digger Indian, and the scarcely human degradation of the Bushman, can hardly afford to find fault with the "lower animals" because all of them do not reach the height of mental capacity attained by the comparatively few.

Certainly the disciples of Descartes, who believe, as he did, that animals are mere machines, without thought, or sensibility, or feeling, like a wheelbarrow or a coffee-mill, and are doomed to insensate annihilation when they are worn out or destroyed, must look elsewhere than in the Bible for their authority. The theory of Descartes, revolting and monstrously cruel though it be, is still more consistent with itself than the ordinary "Christian" theory; since, as a wheelbarrow has no conscious life in this world, it is only reasonable to deny it a conscious life in the next. But the assertion that the very qualities and attributes which are supposed to be the immortal part of man, the attributes of thought, reason, memory, love, constancy, faithfulness and unselfishness, are simply earthly and perishable in other animals, and doomed to utter extinction when the body is resolved to dust, seems shockingly inconsistent and unreasonable, as well as insufferably selfish and arrogant.

Nor are these the most mischievous features of the popular belief. Upon this presumption is founded, if the real truth were ferreted out, the almost universal notion that dumb beasts have no rights which human beings are bound to respect. Hence arises much of the abuse and bitter cruelty to which animals are subjected, even in the midst of the highest Christian civilization. The boy who tortures a dog, the man who overloads or abuses his horse, have been taught to believe that these poor tormented things have no souls; that they are mere automata, to be dealt with precisely as their masters choose. "He's *my* horse," said a savage teamster, pausing in the wicked work of beating his poor overworked horse, to answer the remonstrance of a humane woman at an overlooking window; "he's mine; I bought him, and I'll pound him to death by inches, if I choose to; it's no murder to kill a horse. He can't speak nor think, and he hain't no sense and no soul."

There is the argument and its consequences. "He cannot speak." Neither can

the ten thousand deaf mutes now within our borders; but who denies them the possession of souls? "He cannot think." He can, but even if he could not, neither does the day-old infant of the wisest parents in the land; yet who disputes the babe's immortality? "He has no sense." Neither have the fifteen thousand idiots which are included in the population of the country, nor the equal number of insane persons. Yet where is the school of theology which denies immortality to idiots and insane people?

Ah, friends, you who may believe that the idea of a beast's immortality is all a mistake, remember that we are all alike liable to mistakes; let us, at least, be sure to err on the side of kindness and mercy. While no believer in the after life of the lower animals will feel it necessary to establish and endow a church for them, there is very much yet to be done in the way of mitigating their sufferings and bettering their condition, even in the most enlightened districts. Let us no longer teach our children that animals have no souls, and were meant by the Almighty to be simply the unrewarded drudges of men, their duty being to accept meekly whatever treatment the freak of the moment may lead him to give them. Let us rather teach the rising generation that these poor dependents have rights, not only given them by the Creator, but earned faithfully by their various service of waiting, of laboring, of amusing, of protecting, of loving, and helping and saving. There is no danger that the present and coming generation will be too gentle-hearted toward their inferiors; on this side they are scarcely liable to err. The evil wrought by want of feeling for dumb things is on every hand an apparent and crying evil. In contra-distinction thereto, how pleasantly shows even the extreme example of the tender-hearted old saint Francis, who wrought from his literal interpretation of the Bible a far more merciful belief than do many modern theologians, and went out into the fields and forests, preaching earnestly and faithfully to the birds and squirrels, in obedience to the scriptural command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*"

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE ROBIN 'MONG THE CHERRY BLOOMS.

O robin in the cherry tree,
  Quite lost in wealth of blossoming,—
Do you a glimpse of destiny
  Get as you plume yourself, and sing?
Do pregnant airs of April tell
Of June's lush fruits you love so well?
  Or, like Columbus, when he sought
For gold and power beyond the blue
  And unknown sea, with dangers fraught,
And "builded better than he knew,"
  And gave the world a breathing place,
  And promise of a grander race,—
Is mild freebooting but your aim,
And licensed hunt for larger game,
  O'erruled for good? Thus grow God's laws.
  The groundling only sees Because:
The higher-souled see how the low
And groveling to the greater grow.

Earl Marble.

CERTAIN VENOMOUS CREEPING THINGS.

It is officially stated that thirty thousand people annually die in the province of Bengal alone, from the attacks of wild beasts, or the bites of venomous serpents and insects. When one considers the density of the population, the swarming number of such pests, and the facility with which insects can lie concealed, one is surprised that the number of victims is not larger. Some districts of South America are said to be so infested as to be next to uninhabitable by man. It has been a matter of surprise to me, in the regions where I have seen poisonous reptiles, that so few in the aggregate are killed by them. They form in such countries, however, a sort of mild, chronic apprehension, and now and then a good fright serves to keep up a wholesome impression on the subject. It is a curious tendency of such foes to mankind, that the nearer they approach the tropics the larger, and perhaps the more deadly they become, like evil spirits which grow more wicked as they draw nearer the abode of infernal caloric. But both are everywhere sufficiently dangerous to be objects of justly-grounded dread.

There are two kinds of scorpions, the green and the black; the latter is the most venomous. When I lived in Trebizond, they were so numerous that we kept a canopy over the bed to catch those which might fall from the ceiling. It was carefully examined every morning. I have shaken them out of my boots. I repeatedly came within an ace of stepping on one with my bare foot when getting out of bed. They have an uncanny way of hiding in cracks and under large stones, and run with spider-like speed when aroused, holding their spiky tail in the air in an aggressive manner that is not re-assuring. It is claimed by some that no swelling follows the sting, but only pain and sometimes death. But I have seen several cases of scorpion poisoning attended with swelling; Nicola, my donkey-driver, had his leg swelled to twice the size, attended with excruciating pain. In Asia Minor the natives make a decoction of scorpions, and give it to their children as an antidote and preventive. I never heard that it did any good. This, on the theory of *similia similibus*, might be called Homœopathic treatment if it had not been employed before ever Hahnemann was born.

The centipede or scalopendra is another insect about which I know nothing good that can be laid to its credit. Possibly a use may be found for it, as they use spiders' webs for quinine in fever and ague, and powdered cockroaches for Bright's disease. It has not over thirty feet, so that the name is a misnomer; but the feet terminate in a sharp and scratchy point. The centipede is copper-colored and its back is armed with scales that make it quite hard. Its sting is more often fatal than that of the scorpion, and I have never taken to it kindly, since I had an adventure with one in Smyrna. I was sitting at supper, thinly clad in accordance with the custom of the country during the long steady heat which endures from April to October. Suddenly I noticed something creeping over my instep, and in an instant it was crawling up my leg, scratching the skin slightly as it leisurely pursued its way up towards my knee. Apprehending the situation at once, I realized that to startle it would be the height of folly. Keeping my leg perfectly still, therefore, I carefully clasped it above the knee with both hands to prevent the reptile from getting over the knee. When I was ready I struck out my foot with a smart, rapid jerk, and most happily shook off the creature, and immediately put my foot on it, crushing a centipede nearly six inches long.

But I love the tarantula even less than the centipede. It is in truth a redoubtable foe, for aside from its hideous appearance it is quite unnecessarily aggressive, and clears several feet at a jump. I have seen snake-charmers in the East tossing them from hand to hand like a hot potato; of course the poison had been extracted. They vary greatly in size, according to the climate, but always retain the same general characteristics. A gentleman in Nassau told me that his sister went up to bed one evening,

and discovered an enormous tarantula in the middle of her pillow, just like a great ink-spot. Having seen it afterwards bottled, I can testify that its legs had a spread of six inches, and its black hairy body was the size of a pigeon's egg. She screamed, that being the right thing to do under the circumstances, which brought the family to the room: as her brother entered the tarantula made a spring at him, which resulted in the candle falling on the floor and a general rush of everyone, pell-mell, for the door. The candle having been re-lit, it then became important to find out on whom the tarantula might be crawling. After some more fun of this sort, the creature was finally driven into a corner and impaled on a sharp spike and was then preserved in alcohol. Who says alcohol has no uses?

I had an adventure with a small tarantula in Madeira one evening, where fortunately they are not common nor over-large. I was occupying at the time a small building containing two apartments, standing alone in the vineyard back of Holway's Hotel, a very cosy little box, where I spent many a pleasant evening. From the balcony I could look down on the lights of Funchal below, or of the ships at anchor in the bay, and listen to the music of the bells stealing up from the town, or the regular beat of the surf on the shore. Well, I was reading quietly, absorbed in Byron's magnificent tragedy, "Werner," when I became conscious without knowing exactly why, that there was something in the middle of the floor which had not been there a moment before. On looking around I saw a tarantula deliberately marching across the room and coming towards me. He evidently wanted my chair, and I concluded to let him have it. As more light on the subject was desirable I then went into my bedroom and brought out another candle. When I returned he was sitting exactly in the center of the chair I had vacated. The cushion was scarlet and he was black, a sort of velvety black, like a large button of that color. But I could not stop to admire the harmony of colors for he was evidently watching my motions and might jump at me any moment. I went after a heavy walking club in the corner of the room and meantime he hopped on the flap of the table cloth, which was close to the chair. This was a false move on his part. Gently raising the end of the flap below him with the stick, I gradually coaxed him on to the top of the table, which was exactly where I wanted him. Quietly I removed everything from the table in order to have a clear field of operations. He watched me intently with his bright, intensely black bead-like eyes, quickly turning around to face me every time I moved. It was a fair game on each side, but he did not improve his opportunities. When all was ready I took up a volume of Ruskin, a work which has proved itself of great weight and has demolished more than one reputation, and, taking deliberate aim, brought it down with great force on the devoted tarantula. When I took up the book the creature was not there. It was now of the last importance to find out if the tarantula had jumped on me. The dark color of my clothes and the fact that I could not very well see my own back made it difficult to settle this satisfactorily for some moments. Further search showed him under the sofa in the corner of the room. I hurled the club at him end on with a fury which indented the wall, but he briskly avoided the danger, and another search revealed him under a chair, this time thoroughly frightened, it would seem, for he allowed me to lift up the chair and carry it away. Still confident in the destructive powers of Ruskin, I brought the volume down once more on the tarantula, and this time his back was broken. My confidence in Ruskin continues unabated. I left the tarantula on the field where he fell, and then went to bed thoroughly satisfied with my success; for the tarantula cannot be recommended as a bed-fellow. I have known several instances where they have crept between the sheets unbidden. The next morning I got up to look at him; he was still there; I returned to bed, took another nap and a cup of chocolate; but when I again looked for the tarantula I found that the cockroaches had completely devoured him except the two hard, black, glistening eyes, which lay on the floor like bits of polished jet.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

SUMMER.

O HEAVEN'S glorious blue,
So deep, so pure, so fair!
And Summer's sunny air,
Sweet with a fragrance rare
From flowers beyond compare,—
And all for you!

O happy, tender days!
O shades in forests deep,
And sweet, unbroken sleep,
And golden grain to reap,
And birds that always keep
Chanting their lays!

Dora Read Goodale.

TOM'S HEATHEN.

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO SIDES OF ONE MAN.

LATE the next morning my patient awoke, rational, but very weak. For some time he was unable to speak, and for several days needed careful nursing. Through these days I was with him the greater portion of the time. He was a man to feel keenly any kindness, and in his subdued condition thoroughly appreciated the little I could do for him. Some one was officious enough to tell him of my supposed agency in his recovery, and his gratitude knew no bounds. However little he may have valued life, however much he may have wished to overtake death, when death turned upon him and he was pursued instead of pursuing, it was quite another matter.

He was still in a nervous and critical condition, and the hospital sights and sounds annoyed him greatly. As soon as practicable he was removed to a pleasant, private room not far from the apartments occupied by Mr. Dyer and his daughter. He submitted to my will, asking no questions. He knew only that I was an American physician disposed to help a disabled fellow-countryman. He "took to me," as the phrase goes. He had lived such a vagabond, uncared-for life that he had grown to consider himself part of the offscouring of the earth. And now in his low estate to be taken up, cared for, and treated with consideration, was to him a grateful surprise.

Many times a day he declared that the remainder of his life should be devoted to my service. But I knew much of this would pass with returning health and strength, and that after a while old appetites and passions would re-assert themselves with renewed ferocity. Now was the golden opportunity. Now too was the time to tell Joel Dyer.

He brightened up as if new vitality were injected into every fiber of his being. No solitary prisoner confined in an underground cell, reeking with horrors, could have been more rejoiced at the prospect of freedom than was Joel Dyer at the thought of giving this man his money and getting free from the torment of his mental presence. He was so eager and so hurried that he could scarcely be restrained from pouncing in upon him, throwing the money in his hands and bidding him be gone forever.

Robert Lyon,—I still called him Norman Lee,—had no suspicion that I knew anything of his former life or of his half-brother, Thomas Peebles. From time to time he told me fragments of his past, and among the rest the episode of Dyer and his

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experience in stock speculation. He withheld the name, but dwelt with great bitterness upon that one transaction and its effect upon his subsequent life. He was not one who would naturally hold a resentment long, and the fact of his extreme detestation of this man told that Dyer had made upon him the one indelible impression of his life. He was speaking of this one day when I said:

"You may recover that money yet?"

"Never. The stars fight against me."

"But the man may see that he has wronged you, and be disposed to make up the loss."

He laughed—a bitter, incredulous laugh.

"It is not impossible," said I after a little. "The Lord can make him see that he has wronged you."

"The Lord?" and he laughed again. "Why that man is one of the Lord's pets. My mother used to say that nothing happened without the Lord's knowledge and consent. Well, if that is true, and I don't say that it is not true, why then the Lord knew that this man was going to rob me, and He consented. And see how he has been coddled ever since. He began as he once told me without a dollar in the world, and to-day he lays claim to a million or more. Well, how did he get that? By steady, honest work? No man gets rich that way. If he is industrious he earns a living and saves something, but he does not get rich. How then? By breaking into bank-vaults, or by highway robbery? Oh no. He is far too shrewd for that. There is a neater and more respectable way. He over-reaches some one, his best friend perhaps, in some business transaction, and picks his pockets so deftly, and so entirely within the law, all the while appearing so plausible and so friendly, that until his eyes are suddenly pried open he is inclined to believe him a philanthropist or an evangelist, or some other sugar-coated sham. He always makes another man's necessity his opportunity. I have seen him watch a man whose financial footing was getting insecure, and when a helping hand would steady him through the storm, not only refnse that help himself, but by insinuations and wise looks keep others from helping. Then how he would watch and watch, gloating over his drowning struggles, and just as he was going under, step up with a cool smile and buy him out clean.

"I was not the only one, by many, that he robbed—legally, of course, all legally. Oh, the cursed foresight of that man! He knew just when to buy and just when to sell, and when he had clutched a handsome fortune he knew enough to leave the broking business; knew enough to put his hand on the throat of his thirst of gold and say: 'Look here! Steady! Steady! No more risks!' No man ever had himself better in hand. This cursed foresight was equaled only by cursed self-control. Now he could afford to go into banking in a slow but safe and highly respectable way. No other man could have held himself like that. Stockbroking is a mania, and when it has once taken possession of a man he can no more help gambling than a drunkard can help drinking; nor would *he*, except that he was specially favored by his Maker. One of these days he will die, and probably leave a goodly share of his gains as hush money. Perhaps he will endow a hospital, or create a theological seminary, and the ministers will say: 'See this good man!' and the people, with the exception of the poor fools he has swindled, will cry 'Amen!'"

"Well; now all this has happened with the Lord's knowledge and consent. He has made the opportunities, and has helped this man 'to do, to do, and to do'; and now do you suppose He is going to make him undo all that he has aided and abetted him in doing? Not at all. You see I believe in your Lord. It was bred in me when my bones were a soft gristle; I assimilated it with my mother's milk. I grant all you can say of his omnipotence and omniscience, and I *know* that let me go into the heart of the earth, or the depths of the sea, I cannot get away from Him. O yes; I know there is a Lord, and He makes such men as Joel Dyer, and holds them in his hand, and hedges them about lest any harm befall them. And though all the rest of the world may bow to Him, He is none of mine."

Thrills of horror, like an ague, ran over

me as I looked at him and listened to his almost blasphemous words. We sat opposite each other, and he was speaking more vehemently than at any time since his recovery, and to me it was Tom's left hand that was gesticulating, and Tom's impassioned voice that rose and fell with every utterance. Even the swiftly alternating expressions of his face, pallid and thinner since his sickness, reminded me forcibly of Tom, poor Tom, who was ever praying and beseeching the Lord for this wrecked soul. I laid my hand heavily upon his knee, and with a voice that was scarcely steady said:

"Now let me show you the other side of this man. It is true that he has been greatly prospered. It is also true that he has paid for all that he has had. No man gets 'something for nothing. This man has toiled like a galley-slave, through anxious days and sleepless nights, allowing himself no time for rest or recreation. If the actual work he has done had been compulsory, he would have died long ago. And so he has paid for all that he has honestly won. And for what he has accumulated by over-reaching and unfair advantage, for *that* he has also paid, and paid an awful price, and will continue to pay as long as there is a breath of life left in him; and how much longer God only knows. Do you suppose that which the Lord permits he endorses? Has He not seen the end from the beginning—and does He not know the utmost farthing that this man must pay? I tell you that every dollar dishonestly obtained costs a man a thousand times more than it is ever worth, and sooner or later, unless repented of, and as far as possible restored, burns into the accumulator's soul with unquenchable fire."

"That sounds well, and it is easy to say; but wait till you know *this* man," replied he thrusting back his coat and shooting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest with the air of a man who had said something unanswerable.

"I *do* know him."

"Joel Dyer?"

"Yes."

"*You* know Joel Dyer?" and his thumbs came out of the arm-holes of his vest, and he stared at me with wide-open eyes.

"*I* know Joel Dyer."

"Then you know one of the greatest rascals that ever lived."

"I know one of the greatest sufferers that ever lived. You tell me that for the past twenty years you have lived a wretched life, —a series of blunders, struggles, wickedness and misery—"

"All that and more!" interrupted he with sharp earnestness.

"And that to-day you are homeless and friendless, bankrupt every way, and with an appalling future staring you in the face—"

"Yes," said he, tears of self-pity filling his despairing eyes as he looked into mine.

"Well, then, let me tell you that, notwithstanding all this, to-day you would not change places with Joel Dyer, with all his money and much as you think the Lord prefers him to you. You do not begin to know what the word anguish means, compared with the knowledge that has come to that man."

"How happened you to know Joel Dyer?"

"He has been my patient for the past two years."

"And he told you all this?"

"He needed not to tell me. It is written all over him."

"And you believe it?"

"I do.

"And so will I when he offers to give back my money;" and he laughed.

"Will you go with me now, and get your money?" asked I, handing him his hat and getting my own.

He looked astounded and took the hat, not knowing what else to do. Seeing that I stood waiting he asked, "Go whither?"

"To rooms a little farther up the street."

"To whom?"

"Joel Dyer."

"Doctor," said he, looking frightened and distressed, "Doctor, one of us has gone mad. Is it you or I?"

"It is neither. This is all. Mr. Dyer wishes to return the money you lost through him. For ten years he has been trying to find you. He came to Paris for that purpose. He has been waiting several days to

give you this money, and as he cannot come to you I promised to bring you to him."

He stared at me blankly, his lower jaw falling like a man losing consciousness.

"Robert Lyon!" said I, grasping his shoulder. As he heard that name the blood went rushing to his brain, his pallid face crimsoned, and he looked eagerly at me. "Yes, Robert Lyon. The Lord you disown has been watching over you all these years. He has kept track of you, has spared your life, has allowed you to commit mortal offences only against yourself and Himself, and he has put it into the heart of Mr. Dyer to restore your lost inheritance. You have only to take it and, forgetting the past, begin life over again."

But still he hung back, bewildered or unwilling.

"Come!" said I. "You say I have been kind to you—"

"Yes," interrupted he; "and I will say it with my last breath, and forget it never. If there is any way in which I can at all repay you, it shall be done," said he, grasping my hand.

"So I thought; and there is a way in which you can more than repay me."

"Tell me?" he demanded earnestly.

"Go with me to Mr. Dyer and get your money," said I looking straight into his eyes.

"Well, if you put it that way I will go. Though I must protest that I do not understand this at all. Joel Dyer—wants—to give—back—my—money!" said he slowly, and pausing between the words as if the thing was beyond his comprehension. "Well, lead on; I will go. But whether I go on my head or my feet, or whether I am going to the devil or otherwise, is more than I can tell."

I waited for no retraction, but taking his arm hurried him along the street to Dyer's apartments.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBERT LYON'S REFUSAL.

At Agnes's strenuous entreaty, drafts for the full amount of Robert Lyon's inheritance had been made out on a well-known banking-house in the city. It was for a considerable amount and for awhile Mr. Dyer demurred, saying that he paid back a portion of his inheritance when he re-bought the stock, and if Lyon had wasted that portion in subsequent stock operations it was no fault of his. The love of money was still strong in the man. This relinquishment, now that it was at hand, gave him sharp twinges of pain. It was like an amputation. He was willing for the sake of getting rid of the whole matter, to make good the loss actually sustained by the depreciation of the stock while in Lyon's hands, and thought that in so doing he was acting with unexampled honesty and liberality. And so he was, as the world counts honesty and liberality. But when Agnes asked him how much the money Robert Lyon lost had been worth to him, how much it had been the means of making all these years, he was silent. And fearing she would insist that the entire accumulations of that sum which he had so skillfully handled should be paid over, he signed the drafts and wrote a receipt for Robert Lyon to sign.

I knew it would be unwise to keep the two men face to face longer than was really necessary, and cautioned Agnes to have the papers ready at a moment's notice.

Agnes opened the door and I presented Mr. Lyon. She grew suddenly white, but retained her self-possession and received him courteously.

Mr. Dyer was sitting by the table wrapped in his long dressing-gown, grasping with both hands the cane that stood between his knees; for he had been growing feeble of late and needed the cane in his interminable walks up and down the room. His cheeks were stained a deep scarlet as he heard the name and realized that the man he had so long sought stood in his presence. But it passed almost instantly, leaving him paler than ever. He did not rise or change his position as he recognized Robert Lyon's presence by a courteous bow.

Both men were startled by the changes manifest in each. Indeed, Joel Dyer, but for his eyes, looked more dead than alive; and Robert Lyon, aged by his excesses, looked years older than he really was.

From his bald head to his dropsical hands, there was little to certify that this was the fresh, handsome man Dyer had so deftly used some twenty years ago.

Agnes prevented any embarrassment by assuming the position her father was for the moment incapable of taking. She brought out the papers and inkstand and putting them on the table at her father's side said gravely and earnestly:

"Mr. Lyon, my father desires to recompense you for a loss you sustained in some business transaction with him." She was standing quite near, so near that her garments fell against him, and I knew how sad and earnest were the eyes that looked in his as she said gently: "Let me add that you will confer a great favor by receiving this money and as far as possible forgetting the past."

She, not knowing the exceeding bitterness that abode in this man's heart, made a mistake in asking him to forget. He rose to his feet, his face darkening, as he asked in a scarcely audible voice,

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes; his only child."

"It was *you*, then, that I cursed for his sake." And seeing how fair and pure she looked, as if no thought of wrong or sin had ever fallen upon her, said bitterly, "Even my curses are failures."

Every drop of blood fled from her horror-striken face as she heard his words, and she turned appealingly to me. I could have knocked him down, but instead grasped his arm and led him over to the table where Mr. Dyer sat absorbed in the papers he was running over for the last time.

"Are you quite ready, Mr. Dyer?" I asked hurriedly.

"Yes;" and with an unsteady hand he gave the papers to Robert Lyon, adding, "Please sign this;" pushing along the pen and receipt.

Robert Lyon unfolded the papers slowly, as if he was still bewildered, and looking them leisurely over, began to realize that they were genuine,—that some good had befallen him. At last, at last, his luck had turned; that seemed his first thought, and he crushed the papers in a tight grasp as if he expected to fight for them. And then again, as if still doubting, he smoothed them out and read them carefully over, and the growing certainty made even his heavy face glow with glad surprise. How carefully and lovingly he turned them over! It was his lost inheritance, bemoaned and pursued and despaired of, unexpectedly laid in his hands. He lifted his head, breathing deeply, and seemed to grow taller and larger with a sudden influx of self-respect and manliness. It was a curious and touching thing to see, and more than repaid me for all my trouble and anxiety in the matter. I wondered if it spoke to Joel Dyer as it spoke to me.

But as he stood there, lost in pleasant thoughts of his mother, of Tom and his boyish days, of his hopes, of the time longed for and anticipated when he should come into full possession of this his inheritance, a sudden chan gecame over him; and then as a flash of lightning on a black night at sea reveals for an instant the fathomless abyss, so now his quickened eyes saw the hideous gulf that lay between then and now —between the happy and comparatively innocent youth of twenty years ago, and the wretched, ruined man of to-day.

The papers dropped from his nerveless fingers, and turning to Joel Dyer a terrible face, and with a voice that even to us sounded like the voice of the archangel, he cried:

"Old man, keep your money!" and stretching out his empty hands tremulous with beseeching—"Give me back my lost life! Give me back my ruined soul! and until you can do *that*, talk to me no more of recompense!"

It was awful. No one moved or seemed to breathe. A frightful change came over Joel Dyer. A moment before he had believed that he was, at last, getting away from his troubles; the deliverance he had so long sought was at hand. His eyes were eagerly fixed on Robert Lyon, never doubting for an instant his acceptance. It had been a question of existence, never a question of acceptance. Now he had been found and had taken the money in his hand only to fling it back with all its

haunting horrors increased a thousand fold. The sunken grayness that comes upon the face of the dying came upon his face, and its hopeless anguish no human being could see and forget. Before anything could be said Agnes was on her knees before him, her arms clapsed about him crying piteously:

"Father! father! don' tlook so! don't look so!"

He made no answer—and no movement, only that his head was slowly sinking back, back, and that awful upturned face was growing more sunken and ghastly. And reaching up her arms Agnes put her hands each side of his head, and with infinite tenderness drew it down to her, hiding with tears and kisses the face she could not endure to see. Still kneeling she laid his head upon her shoulder and pressed her cheek upon his; yet there was no answer; no sound but Agnes's low sobs. It was too pitiful a thing for any one to see, but I could not leave them, then.

Presently his cane fell to the floor with a startling noise, and I saw his lifeless hands drop like lead. I dared wait no longer. Irregularities of the heart accompany the disease that was mastering him. And so tense had been the strain put upon him of late that I had often feared that his weary heart would suddenly cease its work.

Agnes saw my face as I lifted the lifeless head from her shoulder, and her sobs were instantly hushed. As I laid him on his bed a feeling of relief came over me, that at last the long agony was over. If it must be so hopeless, the sooner ended the better. I could not bring myself to look at Agnes, but I knew she was loosening his neck-cloth and that restoratives were within instant reach. She refused to accept the interpretation I could but put upon this deathful silence, and thrusting me aside threw herself upon him, calling in a voice I should never have recognized as hers:

"Father! come back! come back!"

A faint, shuddering moan came from the cold lips, and his heart began to flutter again. What appeared to be death proved only a protracted swoon. The resistance and endurance of this man was marvelous.

Agnes caught his first distinct words. "Has—he—gone?" and looking around we became aware that Robert Lyon had indeed left the room.

Joel Dyer made a desperate effort to raise his head, and seeing the papers on the floor as they had dropped from Robert Lyon's hands, muttered, "O God! he has gone and the money is still here."

"Father," said Agnes, as she wiped the cold drops from his forehead, "he will come again; he will take the money, I know."

As soon as it was safe to leave Mr. Dyer I hastened to the room occupied by Robert Lyon, only to find that he was not there. Through that day and the next I waited in vain. I was deeply anxious, for I knew that he had no money and no friends who would take him without money, and that he was still unable to work. I believed he would return, for he knew what I had done for him and in his heart was truly grateful. He would not leave me finally, in this fashion. But where was he now and what was he doing?

Meantime Joel Dyer was in torment. His former sufferings had only paved the way for this. I doubt if the hereafter holds for any man a more intolerable punishment.

First, there was a resentment that gave his black eyes a steely glitter. Robert Lyon had succeeded in outwitting him; he had escaped and left him to face consequences which need never have been faced. He was baffled by the creature he despised. Then came a new experience—hours of genuine fear. *What if he must die with this thing unsettled?* It appeared to him that somehow he was going into eternity bankrupt because of this unsettled claim. It availed nothing that he wished a settlement, that he was able and offered to settle, so long as the thing was not actually accomplished. That a man should refuse money—money, too, that he claimed as rightfully his own, was to him incomprehensible. There was in this Joel Dyer, notwithstanding the fact that he was intensely practical, an inherited vein of what some people call superstition. While he was strong and active he kept it under. But it confronted him now with the refusal of Robert Lyon to receive his

money as an intimation that he was forsaken of God and man. He believed in God now. When a thinking man feels all his previous convictions slipping away from him in the presence of the Great Revealer, he *knows* that somewhere there is a God. Then too the demand of Robert Lyon for something that money could not buy, "for his lost life, his ruined soul," troubled him more than he could tell. He struggled fiercely, refusing sympathy of any sort, till the third day, spent in body and mind, he fell into a stony despair from which I thought he never would rise again. His disease would make rapid work with him now.

Agnes was with him constantly. Her courage and cheerfulness in the midst of all this was a continual marvel to me. As the days darkened, she brightened. A new spirit was in her; she was keeping her father alive; she would not let him go.

Distressed beyond measure at the suffering I was forced to see and could not alleviate, and thoroughly disheartened by the turn this wretched business had taken, I got my hat and went out for a long walk.

The sun was getting low and I neither knew nor cared which way I went. After awhile, turning a corner, I suddenly found myself upon the Boulevard. It was now quite night, but the lighted shops and street lamps made a long, broad avenue of light. Wearied, I walked slowly, avoiding the crowded walks. At length some obstruction blocked my way, and while I waited, looking about, I saw a man leaning heavily against a tree. His hat was pulled down and his face was in shadow; but there was something in his attitude that seemed familiar. While I watched him he lifted his hat and sighed heavily, as if wearied or oppressed. Suddenly, with the air of a man who had arrived at a conclusion, he walked rapidly away. I followed, and as he passed under a gas jet I became certain that it was Robert Lyon. He hurried on as if afraid of changing his mind if he gave himself time to think; and presently I became aware from the surroundings that he was steering for the room he had occupied and which had been in readiness since his visit to Joel Dyer.

A few moments after his entrance I let myself in. The room was quite dark and I heard some one breathing heavily. Striking a light I saw Robert Lyon thrown across the bed, sleeping soundly. Having satisfied myself that he was suffering only from exhaustion, I laid a covering over him and went out to tell Agnes and consummate my plans.

Opening the door to Mr. Dyer's apartment, where a light was burning cheerily, I saw him still lying as I left him, with closed eyes and clasped hands, having no longer strength for those endless walks. Agnes was kneeling by his side. I caught a glimpse of an upturned, pleading face like the face of a pictured saint, and heard the low tones of audible prayer. I softly closed the door, shutting myself out, and stood with uncovered head till the prayer was ended and she rose to her feet.

A few words put Agnes in possession of the facts and my wishes.

"Thank God!" she whispered with a radiant face. And while glad tears filled her eyes she said earnestly: "Doctor, the Lord Jesus has stood by me constantly the past few days. I could see Him no more than I could see the wind that blows; but He has been so near it has seemed to me that I could shut my eyes and reach out and touch Him with my hand. To-night I knew He was here listening to me, and I will never doubt Him again; never, God helping me."

There was no excitement, no fever about her; a clear, steady light shone in her eyes. I doubted not the Lord was with her, and a fresh courage came to me.

She told her father in a voice that vibrated with joy, that Robert Lyon had returned and that I wanted the drafts and receipts for him to sign.

He opened his eyes for the first time that day, and as soon as he was convinced of the fact of Lyon's voluntary return, a gleam of hope entered the man once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECONSIDERED AND ACCEPTED.

LATE the next morning Robert Lyon awoke and found a refreshing breakfast awaiting him, which he ate in silence,

while I sat over by the window busily writing.

"Doctor," said he at length, "you brought me back in spite of myself, only to add to my obligation to you. The recollection of your kindness and my seeming ingratitude was all that stood between me and a wretched death last night. I wanted you to think as well as you could of me, and so come to tell you that I am going to get something to do, and for your sake will try to live a better life."

"Let the past go," said I, reaching him my hand. "We will wipe it all out and begin on a clean page. I have been waiting for you to go up street with me and get your money, or what amounts to the same thing, bills of exchange payable in New York. Then I want you to go home and start anew." I talked with him long and earnestly, spoke of his mother and of Tom, and when I told him of his mother's last words, and how poor Tom loved him, and had sought him everywhere, he covered his face with his hands and fairly broke down. His past sickness and present weakness rendered him more accessible. I pressed my advantage to the utmost, requiring no pledges, knowing how useless that would be, and so far won the day as to put him before night in possession of his property, part in ready money, but mostly in bills of exchange. These, mistrusting himself, he wished me to hold for the present.

On the street I found an acquaintance who was going to Liverpool, and from there by the next steamer to New York. Robert Lyon finally consented to go with him. I found that he was, somehow, unwilling to face Tom just yet. Promising to follow in a short time, I gave him letters of introduction to Mary and Hal, and telegraphed Hal to meet him in New York and take him home till I came.

It is curious how far the consciousness of being well dressed and of possessing a certain amount of filthy lucre goes to rehabilitate a man in his own esteem, as also in the esteem of those about him. When I parted with Robert Lyon at the depot, he was a self-respecting, dignified-looking man. A superficial observer could see nothing wrong about him, and if he could have the courage and perseverance to live down his evil appetites he would be once more a man of whom Tom could be proud.

As I placed the receipt signed by Robert Lyon in Joel Dyer's hands, he stared incredulously. As he failed to understand the man's refusal at the first, so he failed to understand his acceptance in the end. But I gave him his glasses and called Agnes to look at an engraving I had found in an old shop, that he might read his receipt and indulge his thoughts secure from observation.

At last I ventured to look at him. He was still holding the receipt, and his face was like a written page. He realized clearly that so much money was gone forever from his control, and it was a large sum to pay away needlessly. With him anything that could not be legally collected was needlessly paid. He had purchased peace of mind at a high price. It was a costly luxury. But then, he reflected, that through a long life he had allowed himself few luxuries, and perhaps could afford to indulge himself in this, since the thing would not occur again, and beside, he was so near through with it all. Thinking of that, he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket-book. Never was bond or mortgage so precious as this. It was, he believed, an assurance of peace in this life, and a sort of mortgage on the Lord—a note on demand to be presented at the entrance of that mysterious life toward which he was journeying fast. Yes, he could pass the remainder of his days in peace. He had escaped; he had circumvented that worthless Robert Lyon; he could afford to exult, even; and with these thoughts he swung himself off the couch, a deep, scarlet spot like a blood stain burning either hollow cheek; and in the old, imperative tone he called:

"Come, Agnes, get my cane. I want to walk. I shall get well now, and we will go home at once."

He began to improve steadily. He possessed an astonishing amount of what is called "recuperative" force. The prospect of going home helped to put new vigor in him, and Agnes began to hope for a permanent improvement, if not a final cure.

In a few days I could see that notwithstanding his apparent courage and cheerfulness, he was not yet at rest. The tormenting thought of this Robert Lyon had so grown into him during the past two years that he could not rid himself of it at once. It still haunted his sleep. And if the relief by day was not as complete as he expected, it was still enough to give strength and invigoration to a frame peculiarly susceptible to mental influences. He must have had a tough physical constitution to have resisted so long the inroads of his aggressive mental force, which now that it had at last obtained the upper-hand, was like a lion rampant. In his restlessness he turned to the thought of his home with the longing of a homesick child. Once there, he felt assured that the absolute repose which he so craved would be his.

I had hoped for a few weeks of sight-seeing both for Agnes and for myself. But he was so importunate, thinking as usual only of his own claims and conveniences, that Agnes, glad to gratify him in anything, wished to comply with his desire. And so before the autumn storms came on we started for home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACK OPENS MY EYES.

I HALF expected Hal to meet us in New York, but instead Jack came pushing his way through the crowd as soon as the steamer reached her dock. Dear old Jack! I scarcely knew him. He had grown a head taller, and a downy darkness on his upper lip betokened a coming mustache. His voice, too, was in that transition period when a youth commences a sentence in one octave and ends it in another. But his heart was unchanged. He hugged me like a bear, pulled off his cap with an awkward bow to Miss Dyer, and shook hands with her father as if they were just of an age. There was a breezy cheeriness and whole-heartedness about the boy that would half cure one less hopelessly diseased. Even *his* face brightened for a moment, but the brightness ended in a sigh, for as he stood with his cold, weak palm in Jack's warm, strong clasp, he could not help thinking, "He is at the beginning and I am at the end of life." There could be no sharper contrast. It was Alpha and Omega, with an immeasurable stretch between.

"How are they all at home, Jack?" asked I, as soon as our party were comfortably seated in the train that would take us to our own city.

"First-rate! only mother has intermittent fidgets about that Mr. Lyon you sent over to us. He is out every night till nearly morning. Mother says there is something wrong about him, and I tell her of course there is; you have no interest in people who are all right. If I had a club-foot or a liver-disease you would think as much again of me; now wouldn't you Uncle Doctor?" and he gave me another spasmodic hug, adding: "Hal says that you are a philanthropist as well as a physician, and that probably this man has a moral obliquity that you are endeavoring to straighten. I have tried ever since to find out what a moral obliquity is,—mother fears it is infectious;" and Jack's mischievous eye looked up inquiringly, as in the old, boyish days when he coaxed for a tin-trumpet or a hobby-horse.

"Never you mind Jack!" said I, settling his cap, which was forever perched on one side of his tousled head. "But tell me, where is Hal; and why did he not come to meet us?"

"Is that a reflection upon your humble servant?" He waited for me to shake my head and pinch his cheek, before he continued: "Hal said I could do just as well and better than he, and so got off the train at New Haven, leaving me to come on alone. I was to give his love to you, and to say that he was going to stick to his studies now, and should spend no more time running back and forth, unless absolutely necessary. He also sent kindly regards to Miss Dyer and her father." As Agnes smiled and bowed her thanks a flush crept over her face, and as Jack went on to say: "When mother is not fidgeting about Mr. Lyon she fidgets about Hal. She says he is not well, and is worrying himself to death about something or other; and in truth the old fellow has grown awful poor and sober.

But I tell her we shall all get well now you have come home,"—her face grew troubled and pitiful, and she looked steadily out of the car-window with wistful eyes, that saw neither town nor landscape as we hurried on.

"But," continued Jack, "Maud makes up for all Hal's soberness. She is as gay as a lark, and sings from morning till night. She and Tall Enough go about whispering to each other, and laughing over the silliest things."

"What is that, Jack?" said I quickly, a gleam of light just breaking in upon my benighted brain.

"Why, Uncle Doctor! you would not believe it," said Jack earnestly, "but that Tall Enough is up to the house every evening, not to see Hal either. He has just taken possession of our parlors and of Maud too. I don't believe she knows there is any one else in the world. A fellow might as well have no sister, if she is to be appropriated in that way."

I looked over to Agnes. Notwithstanding her pre-occupation she heard Jack's speech, and met my questioning eyes with an amused smile.

"Have I been blind?" queried I doubtingly, still looking in her face.

"Perhaps so."

"But you were not?"

"No."

"I have had so little experience in matters of that sort, and am getting so far along in life that perhaps my blindness is a permanent thing. Your sight is clearer, Miss Dyer."

Again her face flushed, and this time with an exquisitely pained and embarrassed look that made me bite my tongue with vexation for having said anything to trouble her. She leaned back in her seat, and her face was for a long time hidden by the newspaper she was attentively perusing. After a little I observed that the paper was wrong side up. Well, perhaps it was just as interesting that way.

Jack was bouncing about as usual.

"Sit still, old fellow. Did Maud tell you she was homesick in Italy?"

"No; was she homesick?"

"Very."

"Guess she would not have been, if you had taken Tall Enough along."

"It is too absurd," said I after a thoughtful pause.

"What is too absurd?" asked Jack, leaning his head heavily on his shoulder.

"Nothing, it seems," said I, feeling more annoyed than I was willing to admit. Here was Maud caring for Northrop Duff—a chicken beside a hawk; and here, too, was Agnes flushing when Hal's name was spoken; and somehow the joy of coming home was marred already. Then there was Lyon. Trouble ahead in that direction.

The first look showed me that he had improved in health and strength and general appearance since I saw him last, and also confirmed my suspicions that with returning health and strength came a resurrection of the old, evil appetites and instincts. There was a restlessness about him that nothing could quiet; an unexpended nerve-force crowding him to action or dissipation. Dissipation was the old channel, and it would find vent there, unless drawn off by steady and exhaustive action. As soon as we were alone he asked for his money, saying that he was "dead broke." I knew that he could not have spent the considerable sum in his possession when he left Liverpool, legitimately; and giving him what money I had with me told him he had best wait a few days before getting his bills of exchange cashed, in order to make a safe investment.

The next day he came for more money—not shame-faced as one would expect, but as coolly as he would ask for a glass of water, being thirsty.

"What have you done with that you had yesterday?" asked I, trying to arrest his uneasy eyes.

"Lost every cent of it at faro last night;" adding hurriedly, "but I will get it back again to-night, and more too."

"Look here, Robert," said I gently: "I thought you had got through with all that, and would begin life anew."

"I never shall get through with it," said he fiercely. "It is like a consuming thirst. I have become so accustomed to the excitement that I have got to have it or drink till

I drown the devilish craving. So far, I have kept from drink; but no one knows how I have fought, and no one knows how much longer I can abstain. I staid in the house day and night, because I could not trust myself out of doors, till I could bear it no longer. Then I went out, and propelled by an impulse I could not master, pushed straight for a gambling saloon. If there was one in the city, I knew I should go straight to it, blindfold. I tell you," said he with an awed look and whispered tones, "I am mastered by something stronger than my own will; and it holds and drags me whether I will or not."

"But if you had work to do, work to keep you wholly occupied through the day and thoroughly tired at night, that 'something' which is only an abnormal habit that has returned with returning strength, could be kept down till your weakened will had grown strong enough to hold it there. You are not a sound man. Your disease is moral debility; and the cure lies almost wholly in your own hands. Recognize the fact that you are unsound, and treat yourself with the same patience and perseverance that you would treat a sick child. Come! I will help you all in my power. Are you willing to try?"

"It is useless!" said he with tears in his eyes. "I am past help. I have tried it over and over again. There will come days when I think I am strongest that I cannot hold myself at all. You have no idea what an utterly worthless thing a rotten will is. Do you know a man can yield and yield, till he can do nothing else? *I* have come to that." He stood staring at me with eyes full of horror that saw himself sliding surely, surely into a bottomless abyss. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands exclaiming passionately: "Would to God I had never beeu born!"

"Have you seen your brother?"

"No, and I cannot," said he with strange inconsistency, "till I am more of a man. Give me my money and I will go off and see if I cannot do better somewhere else."

"Have you slept well of late?" asked I, apprehensive that this uncontrollable restlessness would precipitate another debauch with its consequences.

"No; I cannot sleep till I am half-tired to death. Sometimes I think I never shall sleep again."

"Come with me then, and I will see that you have a good sound sleep. It will do you more good than anything else."

He followed me obediently as a child. Yielding was easier than resisting. There is a constitutional laziness in the mental make-up of some people which is often the tap-root of their misfortunes. I gave him a large dose of hydrate of chloral and made him lie on the lounge in my den. Having staid by him till he was in a sound, safe sleep that would last for some hours, I took my hat and went over to see Tom.

Tom was as glad to see me as I was to see him, and we stood for a long time hand in hand, asking more questions than either could answer. At last there was a pause, and I said:

"Tom, you remember we had a conversation some two years ago upon a subject we agreed not to mention again?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me leave to speak of it now?"

"Yes; for you would not speak of it needlessly," answered Tom under his breath; for his intuition, keen as a woman's, divined that I had news of consequence for him. He brought me a chair and sat down himself. I scarcely knew how to begin, and his anxiety helped me, for he asked unsteadily:

"Is he alive?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In this city—at my house."

Tom's head went down. I could not see his covered face, nor would I if I could.

After a little, glad to say what I must without looking at him, I added: "He was sick in a Paris hospital, and as soon as he was well enough I persuaded him to come home. You remember that he lost his inheritance in an unfortunate transaction with a broker. Well, that man's conscience, or something behind it, or something within it, has forced him to make full restitutiou so far as money goes. Your brother has his own once more, and it was about the dis-

posal of this money that I wanted to see you this afternoon."

"Why does he not come to me?" asked Tom, lifting his head.

It was best to be thoroughly honest with him, and I answered: "I do not quite understand. It seems to be a mixture of fear and shame that keeps him away."

Tom's dark face flushed to the roots of his hair. He was grieved, pained and chagrined. "I thought Bob knew me better," he said to himself; and turning away he put a question infinitely harder than all the rest:

"*What* is he, Doctor?"

"A man to be saved."

"Then he is not wholly lost?"

"I trust no man is wholly lost while the breath of life remains within him. Tom,—' reaching him my hand which he instantly grasped,—"my interest in your poor brother has grown to be second only to yours; and however painful it may be to you or to me, it is better to talk this matter up thoroughly, and see what we can do for him."

A long consultation followed, in which I told Tom all that I knew of Robert's past or present, withholding only the name of the broker in whose interest the successful search had been prosecuted. Some day he would know. Till then let it rest. I dwelt upon Robert's present condition, necessary treatment and future prospects. Our earnest and prayerful conference ended by his going home with me to see Robert and if possible to persuade him to become a member of his own family. If an interest in some one or something besides himself could be stimulated into action, if his affections could be drawn out and fostered, and a self-respect built upon a solid basis, his chances of salvation here and hereafter would be greatly improved. All this could be done in Tom's family if anywhere. He had an excellent wife and three or four young daughters, and the sweetest and most helpful influences abode in that home. The experiment would have been one of doubtful propriety if there had been sons in that family.

I entered first and found Robert still sleeping, and proposed to Tom to look at Robert in his sleep, that he might not betray his painful surprise at the great change that had taken place in him when he should see him awake. Tom went in and I closed the door after him.

What took place in that room was known only to themselves and to Him who knoweth all.

Some hours later Tom and Bob came out, arm in arm, and without speaking to any one went lovingly home together.

THE PEONY.

STILL shines that Sabbath morn for me,
  Its breeze still whispers low;
'Twas yesterday; it cannot be
  'Twas thirty years ago,
A little girl, in broad-brimmed hat,
In the old meeting-house I sat;
The south wind through the doorway blew,
And the old deacon, in the pew
In front, looked back and gave to me,
Full blown, a crimson peony.

What sudden sense of wealth was mine!
  To my delighted eyes,
It seemed a blossom such as might
  Have grown in Paradise;

So wide its silken petals spread,
So rich its robe of royal red,
Pinks, roses, lilies, violets, all
My garden blossoms, great and small,
Seemed poor, pale, common things to me,
By that resplendent peony!

In what serene content I spent
That ofttimes weary hour,
My little head in rapture bent
Above that matchless flower!
The prayer and hymn were both unheard;
I lost the sermon, every word;
But, O, what charms, unseen before,
For me, that gray, old deacon wore!
The best of men I thought must be
The giver of that peony.

Time flies with swallow's wings away;
I count the years, and know
That Sabbath was not yesterday,
But thirty years ago;
The very meeting-house is gone,
We gathered in that summer morn;
The preacher's voice is hushed, and wave
The daisies o'er the deacon's grave;
But, fresh and fragrant, still for me
Unfading, blooms that peony—

Still bright, as when, above its breast
That happy day I smiled;
O, blest, for aye the gift is blest
Bestowed upon a child!
It has a worth beyond its own,
A charm to all things else unknown!
How perfect is the joy it gives!
How long in memory it lives!
And childhood's spell yet makes for me
A flower of flowers, the peony!

Marian Douglas.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

The more thoroughly the surface of our globe is explored, the more the wonders of the past are unveiled to our view. The uncovering of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the excavations at Nineveh, the researches of Stephens in Central America, and more recently the accounts given by Porter of the great cities of Bashan, the researches of Di Cesuola in Cyprus, and the discoveries of Schliemann at Troy, all unfold stories of deep interest and full of instruction to us. As the Pyramids of Egypt speak in their silence of a nation that was magnificent in splendor and knowledge and power even be-

fore the days of Abraham, so these and similar discoveries tell us of the numbers and arts and social life of generations that have long since passed away, and of whom we might have had no knowledge but for these mute and yet eloquent relics of their past existence and history.

The lake dwellings of Switzerland are among the wonders of modern discovery. The existence of such dwellings in the past was, indeed, known to classical students. Herodotus tells us of settlements of this kind on Lake Prasias or Bolbe (the modern Takhyno), where he says, "men lived on platforms, supported on tall piles standing in the middle of the lake, and approached from the land by a narrow bridge. * * * Each," he adds, "has his own hut, with each a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath; and they tie their very small children by the foot with a string, to keep them from falling into the water. They feed their horses and other animals upon fish, which are so abundant in the lake that they have only to open the trap-door and let down a basket by a rope into the water, when in a little while it may be drawn up full of fishes." And skeptical though we may be as to the material for feeding their horses, the other parts of the account are doubtless reliable.*

Dr. B. F. Keller, in his account of the lake dwellings of Switzerland and of other parts of Europe, translated and arranged by I. E. Lee, F. S. A., and published by the Longmans of London, has given us very full accounts of this class of dwellings in Europe, some of them constructed far back in the ages of antiquity (he supposes thousands of years ago), and some of more modern origin. The details, both as to the structures and also their inhabitants, are minute and wonderful, and the abundance of materials for the narrative is astonishing, between three and four thousand relics having been found on the eastern shore of the Uberlinger Sea alone. From the statements in Dr. Keller's work and in one or two reviews of it, it may be interesting to condense some account of these "Lake Dwellings," as the original works are not accessible to the great body of ordinary readers.

These dwellings of past generations in the lakes of Switzerland are of two classes: those resting on piles, and those supported on fascines, or large bundles of rods and poles. With the first kind, which is much the most common, piles, consisting generally of whole trunks of trees, such as oak, birch, fir, willow, etc., but sometimes of split stems sharpened either by fire or by crude instruments of bronze or stone, were driven into the shallow parts of the lakes. On these, platforms were laid on which the huts of the people were built. The platforms were for the most part of the rudest kind, consisting of layers of unbarked stems, though occasionally, as in one of the Italian lake dwellings, they were composed of boards split out of the trunks of trees and joined with some care and accuracy. In some cases the piles were strengthened and braced by large stones thrown down between them. But in the case of the fascine dwellings, which belong to the earliest age and are found chiefly in the smaller lakes, the erections consisted of layers or bundles of sticks or small stems of trees piled upon each other from the bottom of the lake to above high water mark; and on these the platforms for the huts were laid. These are said very much to resemble the *crannoges*, or "wooden-islands," that have been found both in Scotland and Ireland.

When the platform for the dwelling was completed, a bed of mud, loam and gravel was laid upon it and beaten down firmly either by the feet or with wooden mallets; several of the latter have been found in the vicinity. Sometimes layers of large pebbles are found near the top; probably to give strength and compactness to this kind of floor. The frame-work of the huts was made of small piles or stakes, between which rough boards were forced in, forming the "skirting boards" of the dwelling; and the rest of the walls consisted of wattle-work, covered inside and out with loam or clay to the thickness of two or three inches. The huts, so far as discovered, were in all cases

*An inhabitant of Cape Cod tells the writer that he has now and then seen cows eating fish; and if this is so, we may, perhaps, incline to believe Herodotus. His wonderful accuracy, as more and more made evident by the progress of time and discovery, makes us willing to believe all that we can of his statements.

rectangular, though huts of the same early age and of kindred races when built on the land were usually circular in shape. In size they vary from twelve by twenty to twenty-two by twenty-seven feet; and in some cases are very much larger. Sometimes they are in groups of five or six, standing closely together; while sometimes they are separated by spaces of two or three feet. They were thatched with straw, reeds and the bark of trees. In addition to the huts for families, there were also on the platforms stalls for cattle and places for fodder and for winter stores. Each hut had its hearth near the center, consisting of three or four slabs of stone; and from the clay weights for weaving found in the huts, it is supposed that most if not all of them were furnished with looms. Portions of young trees with the branches partly lopped off, are not uncommon in the dwellings, used apparently for suspending mats, tools, nets and earthen vessels, some of which seem to have had handles of rope or bark.

The platforms are generally at some distance from the edge of the lake; and when near the main land were approached by narrow wooden bridges. Some of these were fortified by palisades. The platforms of the later periods are built much further out into the lake than those of the earlier; and the huts themselves are always at the farthest point from the land. As security against enemies was, doubtless, the reason for making and living in such dwellings, those that were thatched were located as far as possible from the reach of burning missiles. And the fact that the bones of the wild swan, which comes to the Swiss lakes only in December and January, have been found among other relics, shows that the huts were occupied all the year round, and that they differed in this respect from the Irish *crannoges* which were used only as places of refuge in times of danger.

The number of the lake dwellings in various localities must have been very great. In Lake Neuchâtel alone, no less than fifty stations have been found. These vary much in size and extent, from the eastern settlement of Moosseedorf, which covers only fifty-five by seventy feet, to that at Sipplegen, which covers twenty-three acres. The quantity of piles used was enormous. At Robenhausen alone, it is estimated that there must have been at least a hundred thousand. The dwellings are of various dates, which, for convenience sake, may be classed as the earlier, middle and later, or as some have named them, those of the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages respectively. Not that there is any definite and sharp line of demarcation between the buildings or their periods; but, like geological strata, though they are plainly different, they gradually and almost imperceptibly melt into each other. The settlements in Eastern Switzerland were the earliest, and for the most part ceased to be used before the second or bronze period, or at its very beginning; while those in the Western part, though beginning in the earliest age, did not reach their full development till the second period. Centuries apparently elapsed between the earliest and the latest of these settlements. In some cases, as at Nidan Steinberg, the erections were evidently going on, and the dwellings were occupied through all the different periods. Some of the settlements seem to have been abandoned; and in some cases it is evident they were destroyed by fire. In Bienne and Neuchâtel they seem to have been in use longer than anywhere else, not being abandoned till after the Romans occupied the country; while the Irish *crannoges* were more or less used as late as the seventeenth century.

The inquiry has very naturally been raised, "What was the degree of civilization possessed by the people of the earlier lake dwellings?" And fortunately for our curiosity, there are ample materials for replying to the question. The men of the earliest ages were agriculturists and also keepers or breeders of cattle. They sowed wheat and millet and the double-rowed barley, which is still cultivated in the East. Nearly one hundred bushels of grain of various kinds, were found in a single place. All the crops seem to have been spring crops, and the tilling of the ground was of the simplest kind, consisting in tearing up the surface with the most crude and inefficient instruments; such,

for example, as the horns of the stag, or the crooked branches of trees. The people also cultivated extensively what is known as the short flax, though no traces of hemp have been found in their dwellings. Corn was sometimes ground for food, the stones used for grinding it being frequently found in the dwellings; while, in other cases, it was crushed and roasted, being made into small cakes that were baked on hot stones covered with glowing embers. Barley was used in the same way, while wheat and millet were both ground and crushed. Corn was also used for porridge; and some remains of this mixture are supposed to have been found in pipkins which must have fallen into the lake at Meilen when the settlement there was burned.

This ancient people, however, were not only agriculturists, but also cattle-keepers. They had cows, sheep, pigs and goats; the dog, too, was then, as now, the companion and servant of the shepherds and herdsmen. "And cats," says Dr. Keller, "purred by the hearth, and killed rats and mice, while their kittens played with balls or strings, just as if they belonged to the nineteenth century." Remains of the horse have been found in most of the settlements, and the people also had cows of a small species; the original stock, probably, of the brown cow which is still found in the mountainous parts of Switzerland. At Auvernier and other places, a horn-shaped vessel of coarse-grained black clay has been found, having five small holes in it, one above another, exactly similar to the vessels now used in the valleys of Jura for making cheese; and this is supposed to have been used by the occupants of the lake dwellings for the same purpose in their day.

Swine seem to have been abundant, especially toward the close of the earlier age. And in addition to the domestic animals which they used for food, they also supplied themselves, by hunting, with the flesh of the elk or moose, the wild boar, the hare, the stag (the horns of which were utilized for tools and for ploughing, or breaking up the ground), and some suppose with that of the bison. Poultry does not seem to have been kept or used. A large part of the food of the settlers consisted of fish, as is evident from the immense quantities of scales that have been discovered, and which seem to have been scraped off with broad and sharp flints or flint knives. The skeletons of large pikes have been found, and in some of the settlements the actual fishing nets that they used and the fishing hooks made from the tusks of the wild boar. There are, also, relics of the darts or javelins on which, it is supposed, they in part relied for taking fish. Fruit, too, was by no means neglected. Large quantities of water-chestnuts have been found in the ruins of their dwellings; also raspberries, from which the juice had been pressed, elder-berries, blackberries, and now and then strawberries; both crab and large apples, pears, plums, sloes and cherries of several kinds. Grape-stones have been found only at Castione near Parma, though sickle-like pruning-knives, apparently for pruning vines, have been met with in two or three places. The only product of the kitchen garden as yet found, are peas, and those only at a single place.

The occupants of these early lake dwellings were not unskilled in the various handicraft arts connected with their everyday life. At Waugen, where the implements and tools of bone, stone and wood, are of the most miserable kind, cloth, both platted and woven, was manufactured in an excellent manner; while in other places the stone celts exhibit great skill in workmanship, some of them being highly ornamental in form and appearance. The carpenters of the second period were, of course, superior to those of the first; but the latter were far from being unskilled or inefficient. The early pottery was rude and coarse, though sometimes finer materials and greater finish are discovered; but there are no traces of vessels with long, narrow necks, like the bottles, flasks and jugs which were so abundant in Roman times. Linen, thicker or thinner, was the principal article of dress and clothing. At Robenhausen a portion of fringe was found, with several specimens of cloth, some of complicated pattern, and all evincing some refinement of taste and even a tendency to luxury. Here, too, was found a last, precisely like those used by the modern

shoe-maker, except that it was not hollowed out underneath, to correspond to the sole of the foot. At another settlement near by were found the remains of actual embroidery, and a kind of cloth resembling a coarse pattern of checked muslin. In the dwellings of the first period but few if any ornaments for ladies are found, but in those of the second, ornamental hair-pins, combs, armlets, bracelets, finger and ear-rings occur; and Dr. Keller thinks he finds traces of crochet work, and of needles adapted to it, even in the earliest of the ages. There are also evidences that the use of metals was not unknown, even in the earliest age; crucibles of clay mixed with other materials having been discovered, containing lumps of melted bronze, and in one case a lump of pure, unmelted copper.

Even in the earliest of the periods of which we are speaking, there is evidence in the lake dwellings that their occupants must have had quite an extensive intercourse, either direct or indirect, with other tribes or nations. Many of the celts which have been found are made of nephrite, which occurs only in Egypt, China, and other parts of Asia. A kind of wheat has been found among their relics, which is said to be of Egyptian origin. And some glass beads, found in one of the early settlements, are of the same form and color with those found in the early Egyptian graves, and in the ancient burial places of the West, thus indicating trade either directly, or through intervening people, with the Phœnicians or the Egyptians—most probably the latter; and, as some think, indicating the Egyptian origin of the people themselves. And though many of the flints used in this period are like those of the Swiss Jura, yet all the finer kinds must have been brought from France or Germany. And a piece of amber found at Meilen apparently points in the same direction, though it may have come from the shores of Lake Constance. One great manufactory of flint instruments seems to have been on the west side of the Neberlinger Sea, where pieces of all sizes are so abundant that it was the main source of the supply of flints to all Switzerland, until lucifer matches and percussion caps abolished their daily use. Another large manufactory was at Wanwyl, where the floor of one of the buildings had sunk a good deal, as Dr. Keller supposes, from the number of people gathered on it for work, and also from the weight of the raw material heaped up there for making stone implements. Another confirmation of the extended trade or acquaintance of these people is found in the weeds of their cornfields; for the Cretan catch-fly (the *Silene cretica* of Linnæus), which is not indigenous to Switzerland or Germany, and also the common blue-bottle (the *Centaurea cyanus* of Linnæus), the original home of which is Sicily, are found in the cornfields of the lake dwellings, thus indicating the source from which the corn must have come into their hands.

What has thus far been said of the inhabitants of the lake dwellings of the earlier day applies, to a great extent, to those of the second and third periods, except that there was a gradual though slow advance in their manufactures, and that a growing skill and dexterity in flint working, and in some kinds of pottery, are manifest in the later periods. If the races through all the periods were the same, then from the few remains of skeletons that have been found they seem to have been of about the same average height and size, the height being about five feet and nine inches. From the hilts of the broad-swords, already alluded to, and which are now in the museum at Copenhagen, it is plain that their hands must have been remarkably small, for few men at the present day could use the weapons at all.

As to the language of these people, the relics found give us no information, except that the three capital letters, C. S. and I., found on an old shield at Marin, show that they were acquainted with and probably made use of the Roman characters. As to their amusements, great numbers of singular disk-shaped stones, like what are called sling-stones, seem to indicate that stone-hurling was a favorite game with them, as it is among the Indian tribes of this country at the present day. Balls, too, from six to eight-tenths of an inch in diameter, having about a fourth part of the stone ground

away on one side, are supposed to have been used in some kind of game. The only objects found supposed to be connected with their religion, are some figures of the crescent moon, with zig-zag and line ornaments on one side. These, however, are not found in the earlier, but only in the later periods. They are supposed to have been used as a kind of charm to propitiate the invisible powers and to cure diseases and avert evil; and seem to have been placed in some open space or over the doors of their dwellings, so that the ornamented side was exposed to the view. From the fact that three of them were found in a single small excavation, and quite a number of them in some of the lake dwellings, it is probable that no house was without what they deemed so important a protection.

As to the nationality of the lake settlers there have been two theories; one that the races of the earlier periods were conquered and driven out by those of the latter; the other, that they were all of the same race, the only changes being those of the gradual advance which might be expected from the progress of time and the improvement it might bring. Though in some things wide differences are found between the productions of the various periods, yet when carefully examined the points of agreement are found to be so many and striking that they can only be accounted for by the existence of kindred feelings and habits and tastes. The similarity of the dwellings through all the periods; the gradual intermixture of bronze and iron; the shape of the celts and other implements of stone and bronze, so alike in their style and form, and the various articles of pottery, all show only such differences as might naturally mark the gradual development of one and the same race, and not the different civilizations of different peoples. Dr. Keller's opinion is that the builders of the lake dwellings were an early branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland, though he thinks the earliest settlements belonged to the pre-historic period, and had already fallen into decay before the Celts took their place in the history of Europe. But it is difficult to settle this question, from the fact that very few remains of the inhabitants themselves have been found, and even these, not under conditions that enable us to assign them to any particular period. Until lately no traces of burial grounds had been found, and none even of those confused mixtures of bones which are supposed to be the relics of cannibal feasts in Yorkshire and in Denmark. Many have inclined to the opinion that the bodies of their dead were burned, as was the custom of the Celts in later times. Others thought they were thrown into the lakes, in which case their disappearance would easily be accounted for; for when the great lake of Harlem was drained, though many a fierce engagement had taken place on its waters, the only traces of battle that remained were a few hulks of ships and some coins and arrows; everything like bones having been dissolved in the water. But quite recently a remarkable burial place has been discovered near Neuchâtel, in which the bodies were buried very much as among ourselves, except that they were in the sitting posture, which was much practiced in pre-historic days. The skulls are very similar to those of the Swiss of the present day, which would seem to show that the lake dwellers were ancestors of the present inhabitants. But even these discoveries, which have been made since the date of Dr. Keller's publication, do not make plain the origin or the nationality of the occupants of these singular dwellings.

As to the date of the dwellings themselves, though various theories have been advanced, nothing seems certainly settled. Some would make the earliest of them two or three thousand, and some as much as six or seven thousand years old. But on such points we have no sure grounds of conclusion. Like the inhabitants of early Egypt, or those of Central America, or the people that constructed the mounds of our own Western States, the occupants of the lake dwellings have lived, and died, and passed away, leaving the ruins and relics of their singular abodes as the only history of their origin, or numbers, or destiny. They formed one of the many links of our race that have served to connect the past with the present, and their work being done, they have disappeared, and the places that once knew them

shall know them no more forever. Who were their friends, or who their enemies; what their social or civil or religious state; what their knowledge of art or science or arms? As to all these things they have left no chronicles to teach us. The ruins of their frail dwellings are the only monuments that remain to speak. And the few traces that we find upon and about them do but suggest a thousand inquiries to which we can expect no satisfying answer till we pass, like the departed occupants, to the unseen world.

Tryon Edwards.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

A CENTENNIAL.

For creating, for doing first things, Andover has a genius. She founded the first temperance society, the first missionary association, the first educational society, and the first tract society formed in America. She aided in establishing the first religious newspaper. She laid on her own "Hill" the corner-stone of the first theological seminary; and she is also the mother of the first academy incorporated in the new world.

Previous to the Revolutionary war but few schools designed to fit students for college had been established in America. The Latin School in Boston, the Dummer Academy in Byfield, the Grammar Schools in Cambridge, New Haven, Hartford, and a few other towns had been of great service in teaching the little Latin and less Greek required for admission to Harvard and Yale, and in training young men for active life. But these schools were to a large extent local schools. A majority of their teachers belonged to the towns in which they were situated, and students from these towns were granted privileges not allowed those dwelling beyond the stone post that marked the township's limits. It was not till the year 1778, at a time apparently most opposed to the establishment of new schemes of education, that a design was conceived of founding a "Public Free School or Academy" whose advantages were intended to be as extensive as they should be lasting. The noble honor of conceiving this design belongs to Judge Samuel Phillips, a graduate and overseer of Harvard University, the President of the Massachusetts Senate for twenty years, and at the time of his death in 1802 the Lieutenant Governor of the State. From his desire of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and of strengthening the moral and religious sentiment of the community, sprang his purpose of founding a school fitted to instruct youth "not only in English and Latin grammar, writing, arithmetic, and those sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to learn them the great end and real business of living." Interesting his father and his uncle, John Phillips of Exeter, in his plan, it was after mature deliberation decided that a school of this character be established.

Trustees were selected, bequests of certain pieces of land in Andover and of about $8,000 in currency by the elder Samuel Phillips and his brother John were made, and on the morning of Thursday, the 30th of April, 1778, Phillips Academy was opened. The act of incorporation followed in 1780, and preceded by a brief interval the granting of the similar instrument to the Phillips Exeter and the Dummer Academies.

In considering the work of an academy which has for a century been the most important school for secondary instruction in the country, and whose pupils number ten thousand, the first point for examination is its course of study. The character of its course of study for the years succeeding its organization is involved in much obscurity; but it is evident that instruction was given in the classical and the English languages, with the chief design of admittance to college. If, however, Mather may be regarded

as authority for the middle of the eighteenth century, the conditions of admission to college were not severe. In his "Magnalia," Mather says: "When scholars had so far profited at the Grammar schools that they could read any classical author into English and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in verse as well as in prose, and perfectly decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, they were judged capable of admission to Harvard College." It is probable, however, that the course of study during the last quarter of the last century was in the Academy somewhat more extended than Mather indicates. For as early as 1810–11 the Latin course included Virgil, the Colloquies of Corderius, Cicero's Select Orations and Sallust; and the Greek course, the New Testament and a sort of first book known as *Collectanea Græca Minora.* The methods, however, and principles of instruction were most lamentably superficial and disastrous to the attainment of the highest scholarship. "I well remember," writes to me one who was a pupil in the Academy in 1811, "that the general object sought was to grind into us and ground us in a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. All other knowledge was of minor consequence, this being attained by a severe course of the most persistent gerund-grinding; an exclusive memorizing, first of all, of the entire Latin or Greek grammar, before entering upon any practical application of its forms or rules. The whole business, and it was about the same all over the land, was a melancholy misunderstanding and sorrowful misconception of the function of education."

But within the last sixty years the methods of teaching in Phillips Academy, as in every preparatory school, have improved as much as the course of study has broadened and widened. The scheme of study for college now covers four years, and embraces the classics, the mathematics, a general knowledge of one or two of the natural sciences, and of at least one modern language. All the critical apparatus of scholarship, too, is so simplified that Master Pearson or Master Adams would have no need of his birch rod for helping his boys to learn Greek.

But throughout the steady extension in the curriculum, the emphasis that has been laid upon mental discipline has been most marked. The acquisition of knowledge has been constantly subordinated to the discipline of the mind. The aim has been rather to fit men to think clearly, deeply, and accurately than to fit them for college. Her graduates, therefore, have not been specially distinguished at Harvard, Yale or Dartmouth for the brilliancy of their entrance examinations. During the Freshman year, also, they have often failed to manifest the best elements of their academic training. But in the last years of their college course, in which the demands upon the thinking powers are most urgent, the thoroughness, the accuracy, the clearness in which they had been trained by Pemberton or by Taylor advanced them far beyond those apparently brighter lads who had surpassed them in the Freshman or Sophomore year. By the emphasis, therefore, that she has laid upon the importance of intellectual discipline, Phillips Academy has not only given able scholars and thinkers to the Yales and the Harvards, but she has also given to the whole country citizens who, whether college men or not, are better fitted to exercise the rights of citizenship by reason of her training.

The large majority, however, of her students she has sent to college; and of the six thousand to whom she has furnished the foundation of a classical education, about three thousand are college graduates. Before the opening of the present century she sent about two hundred of her boys to Harvard; and for seventy-five years she has provided Dartmouth, Yale, Amherst, as well as Harvard, with an annual quota of from five to twenty-five men.

The work of Phillips Academy, also, in the early training of college presidents and professors is signally distinguished. Fifteen presidents of colleges and one hundred professors in colleges and professional schools received the first classical knowledge from her teaching. Presidents Stearns of Amherst, Woods of Bowdoin and Durant of the California University, all members of her class of 1822, and Presidents

Kirkland and Quincy of Harvard, were her students. To Professor Short and Professor Putnam the eminent Grecians; to Professor Young, the astronomer; to Dr. Aiken, the Princeton metaphysician; to Professor J. D. Whitney of Harvard, and to Dr. Wells, the organizer of Chicago's school system, she gave instruction and discipline. For the Quincys of Boston, for Worcester, the lexicographer, and for Clark, the Cambridge telescope-maker (who made his first telescope while a member of the school from a dinner bell), she laid the foundation of their subsequent work and renown.

The history of Phillips Academy in regard to the literary work, both of her students and graduates, is most distinguished. The course of study of the school, designed to fit for college, has afforded only narrow opportunities for instruction in composition; but in their literary societies the students have constantly done literary work that compares very favorably with the work of similar college organizations. The "Social Fraternity," a secret organization, still remembered by the older graduates, flourished in the first quarter of the present century; and the Philomathean Society, founded in 1825 by Dr. Ray Palmer, Professor H. B. Hackett and others, has been for more than fifty years, by its weekly debates and orations, an excellent gymnasium for the training of writers and speakers. But the Academy itself, holding that the best discipline for young men between the ages of ten and sixteen is the thorough study of the Latin and Greek authors, has devoted but a small portion of her work to instruction in either rhetoric or composition. Under this wise arrangement, not a few of her graduates have won distinction in the world of letters. Nathaniel P. Willis was her student in 1821. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of her members for a year in 1824–25; and is described by a school-mate as a "beautiful boy . . bright, cheerful and unsophisticated, and brilliant in every department of his study." The Honorable George P. Marsh also laid in the Academy the foundation of that varied learning which has made him distinguished in the world of letters and science; and here young Fred Loring, a decade since, manifested those talents which make his early death so lamentable.

The financial history of the school is, also, one of the most interesting and suggestive features of her first century. Though she is not as richly endowed as several institutions of a similar character in New England, her work has seldom been impeded by a lack of funds. Four members of the Phillips family are her largest, as they were her earliest, benefactors, and their bequests aggregate $60,000. George Peabody included the school among the objects of his munificent generosity, and endowed a professorship of the national sciences with a foundation of $25,000. The gifts of 'Squire Farrar, the treasurer, and whose benefactions extend through sixty years, amount to somewhat over $15,000; and about $5,000 have been given as a fund for aiding needy students of merit. The Academy, however, has never possessed productive property of a sufficient amount to be free from depending to a certain degree upon her tuition charges for support. Though these charges are remitted to indigent students, only a small proportion of the whole number in the school avail themselves of the privilege. At the present time, the Academy annually derives about $9,000 from the tuition fees, and somewhat over $6,000 from her productive funds. These funds amount to $95,000, and with the real estate, valued at $125,000, constitute her principal assets.

During her first twenty-five years, and in the interval between 1845 and 1860, the school attracted a wealthy class of students, but in the other periods of her history, the few wealthy boys from New York and Boston have usually been outnumbered by the penniless ones from the country towns of Maine and Vermont. The thought of the founders that while wealthy students *would* come to her, poor ones *could*, has in general been realized. The large majority, however, of her members, have belonged to the vast middle class—the third estate of the nation; and have satisfied the wise man's desire in possessing neither poverty nor riches. The school has, therefore, never been supported by a constituency of graduates, as is Har-

vard, who realize that it is a breach of etiquette to live and die without bestowing at least a small gift upon their *alma mater*. But of late, several of her friends, among whom are Joseph Cook, Dr. Ebenezer Alden and Roswell C. Smith, have been generous in their benefactions; and the centennial days, on the 5th and 6th of June, will doubtless witness a rich harvest of funds and endowments.

The most remarkable aspects, however, of the history of Phillips Academy, are the moral and religious. It has ever been, as it now is, a Christian school. At its foundation it was designed rather for the advancement of morality and religion than of learning. "Its first and principal object," its constitution declares, "is the promotion of true piety and virtue." In the spirit of this declaration, it is remarked that "it is expected that the master's attention to the disposition of the minds and morals of the youth under his charge will exceed every other care; well considering that, though goodness without knowledge (as it respects others) is weak and feeble; yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous; and that both united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind." In accordance with these principles, Phillips Academy has been governed by every master from Pearson down to Taylor and Bancroft. Her teachers have taught that wisdom whose price is above rubies. Her pupils have learned that "the great end and real business of living is to fear God and keep his commandments." Her graduates have never forgotten those Christian instructions which they have received from her lips. Gross immoralities have seldom occurred in the school, and whenever appearing they have been crushed out with puritanic vigor and rigor. Revivals of religion have been frequent, and nearly every winter has been marked by at least a few conversions. Many of the religious interests of the school are in the care of the Society of Inquiry, an organization of the students, founded in 1833, and designed to awaken inquiry into the condition of the foreign missionary cause, and to promote the religious welfare of the members. Under its charge two weekly prayer-meetings are held, and in seasons of special interest, daily meetings also.

In the number and greatness of the ministers and missionaries whom she has aided in educating, Phillips Academy has been particularly blessed. Frequently in a single year more than twelve students, who subsequently became ministers, have been among her graduates; and of the class of 1822, numbering forty-two members, no less than sixteen entered this sacred vocation. To the Episcopal Church the Academy has furnished three bishops—Howe of Pennsylvania, Stephens of Philadelphia and Clark of Rhode Island. For the pulpit and the theological choir she has shared in the training of the late Professor Hackett, Dr. William Adams and Dr. Ray Palmer. For the mission field she has aided in fitting the Rev. Dr. Goodell, the prince of missionary scholars and translators, the Rev. Daniel Temple, the Rev. Daniel Poor of Ceylon, and the Rev. William B. Capron. She has, indeed, worked hand in hand with the Andover Theological Seminary, of which she was the precursor and in a certain sense the founder, in educating an efficient ministry.

One of the most important of the works which Phillips Academy has done for American education is in serving as a model for other institutions of secondary instruction. In its constitution the wish is expressed "that its usefulness may be so manifest as to lead the way to other establishments on the same principles." Accordingly three years after Dr. John Phillips had assisted in establishing the Andover school, he founded the Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. It was modeled after the older institution; and the two schools, one in purpose and one in origin, have during nearly a century pursued in noble rivalry a common end by a common road. The Williston Seminary at Easthampton, too, founded in 1841, is fashioned in its organization to a considerable extent after the Andover plan; and its founder, Samuel Williston, and its first principal, Luther Wright, were Phillips graduates. Indeed, the principal Academies of the country have been to a considerable degree modeled after the Phillips

scheme. The Academies recently established at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and at Hallowell, Maine, are in certain respects copies of the Andover school; and no western school claims for itself a higher honor than that of being the "Phillips Academy of the West."

Such is the Phillips Academy of the past. But the scholarship and the discipline, the moral and the Christian influences which have made her first century illustrious are still her possessions. That her second century, therefore, may be even more fruitful than her first in the training of young men during their most susceptible years in clear, accurate thinking and noble living, is the hope of every friend of the higher education.

C. F. Thwing.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

While living in California, I became acquainted with the characters of this sketch. The passages in their lives which are bound together by acts of sympathy and kindheartedness, I lay before my readers; other passages not so wholesome are lost in the great whirlpool of time, which, though it swallows up many good hopes, kindly draws down into oblivion much of wretchedness, profligacy and crime.

Jack, when I knew him, was a sort of fragment of life himself, having had both of his hands shot away at the battle of Thibackanville, Louisiana, in our late war; and having been taken up by circumstances which we will not now particularize, after he left the City Hospital in New Orleans, he had drifted along by one wave and another, until he landed in San Francisco, California, homeless, penniless, hungry and forlorn. He wandered on, up one street and down another, and on, and on, sad and miserable and despondent, getting never a word nor even a kind look, until he became utterly hopeless. The pension to which he was justly entitled by reason of his wounds received in the United States' service, was not awarded him on account of some informality in his enlistment as a soldier (he was only a boy then), so that he was left without any support whatever.

One day, in the midst of his loneliness, the thought came to him, "I'll kill myself." But how? He had neither rope, nor firearms, nor knife; if he had, he could pawn them for bread; if he had money he would buy food rather than poison. There was the water! The thought flashed through his tired brain, making him dizzy for the moment; but he turned and walked wearily toward the wharf, reasoning weakly that God could not blame him greatly; he had tried this life and found it a failure; his parents were dead, and he had long since forfeited all claims to friendship and kinship. Other people had homes, and friends to care for them; everybody else had hands, too, and here he had these make-believe wooden ones, that some charitable persons in New Orleans had purchased for him. He sat down on a pile of lumber, and wondered confusedly why folks were not made like some of the lower orders of animal life, so that when any of their limbs were torn away by violence, others grew in their places.

In the years immediately following the close of the war, he had found no lack of sympathy; now it was an old story; a crippled soldier was no rarity. "How do we know you lost your hands that way?" he had been asked only the day before, when he had timorously begged for something to eat: "Why don't you go to some government institution, where you will be cared for?" He knew there were such places where a grateful country cared for her helpless sons who had sacrificed all but life on her altar; there was one in Maine where he was born, but how was he to get there? and when there, how would he get the influence of some member of Congress from that State, to try to induce the government to recognize his claim?

"This world is 'played out' for me," he still soliloquised; he would try another; and starting to walk along to a place which seemed to be deserted, a sweet voice singing attracted him. He looked listlessly around. It was a little boy with a tambourine, with which he kept time while he sang:

> "God with earthly ills entwineth
> Hope and comfort from above;
> Everywhere His mercy shineth,
> God is wisdom, God is love."

Jack listened and sighed drearily. "Even this child has a way of earning his bread," he said aloud. "God has given him a voice to sing. He has given me nothing!"

"What did you say?" asked the child; "did you speak to me?"

Jack shook his head sadly.

"Give me a bit," said the little fellow, holding out his tambourine.

"I have no bit, child; I have nothing, nothing;" Jack answered piteously.

The little boy sang again, "Hope and comfort, hope and comfort from above," with a voice like a bird; and he trilled an impromptu refrain, "hope, hope, hope," which sounded like a chirp.

"Hope for what?" asked Jack; "there's nothing to do, nothing to live for," and he looked again toward the bay which glowed in the still, noonday sun like molten silver.

"Could you carry Pedro's organ?" said the boy, suddenly, taking in the situation at a glance. "Pedro broke his leg, yesterday; the wheels run over it; he can't walk. I've sung, and sung, all day, and shooken my tambourine; but folks don't mind me much, and I don't get much moneys. Do you think you can carry the organ on your back? I can turn it, but it's too heavy for me to carry."

"Yes," replied Jack, jumping up: "I am strong enough as far as my body goes to carry anything."

"Come, then," cried his little friend, piping the refrain again, and dancing on ahead. Jack followed mechanically, wondering now if he had indeed taken the fatal leap from the wharf, and this small personage trudging on before him was an imp or an angel leading him on to some unknown region, or whether he was still on the earth. The place to which he was led was odd enough. It was a small room in a dilapidated building, at the end of a miserable alley leading from one of the back streets of the town. On a repulsive looking pile of rags and straw, lay the victim of yesterday's accident.

"See! Pedro; here's some one to carry the organ; he's a nice man, I know, and he hasn't got any hands of his own; and he feels very bad; but he's strong. I can turn, and we'll make lots of moneys."

"*Buen dia, amigo mio!*" said the poor man, looking up into Jack's face. It was Spanish for "Good day, my friend!"

"He is an *Americano*," explained the boy, "he doesn't know Spanish."

But Pedro could speak English pretty well; and soon the few preliminaries were settled; Jack in the meantime somewhat appeasing his hunger by sharing the scanty dinner little Chispa brought from an old table drawer. Then calling to mind his hospital experience, Jack directed Chispa how to apply a wet bandage to Pedro's injured ankle, for the limb was not broken after all. Presently he was in the streets seeking for the parish priest, who, an old woman in the adjoining tenement had told him, knew something of surgery.

After Jack had left the dingy alley and was walking along in quest of the priest, the consciousness that he had something to do, made him feel like a new creature. He knew that God had not yet quite forsaken him, and he resolved that he would no longer neglect his prayers he had been taught in the far away New England home, but would thank Him that very night before he slept for saving him from the horrible sin he had so lately been contemplating, and for opening to him a way to gain an honest living. The kind-hearted old priest accompanied him back to Pedro's quarters, and, after examining the inflamed ankle, adjusting the bandage, and leaving some soft linen bandages and washes to be applied as he had directed, took his leave.

On the morrow, leaving Pedro as comfortable as it was possible to make him, Chispa and Jack went forth on their first day's venture. After a little practice Jack

found that playing the organ came within the capability of his poor wrists, and as he ground away, and Chispa sang and danced and shook his tambourine, it would have been hard to tell which of the two was the happier. They had very good success, and when they came back at night tired and hungry, the three regaled themselves with what was to them a royal supper. The dirty room to which Chispa and Jack came at night with their daily earnings, was Paradise to the latter. The dwelling of which it was a part was almost a ruin; degraded and vicious people who were either too besotted or lazy to work in the town or in the mines, occupied other parts of it, and other dwellings adjacent of like character; but it was a *home* to him.

Yet these people, Pedro's neighbors and acquaintances, treated him with great tenderness. They observed Jack at first with much curiosity, and with some distrust; but before many days he had won their confidence by his kindness to Pedro, and the deftness he showed in house-keeping in such narrow and unhandy quarters; for with his memory of the ways of a New England farmhouse, Jack did his best to transform the rickety old room into the semblance of a home, and was not unsuccessful.

Had the early lives of these neighbors of Pedro's been different, had they not been brought up in poverty and unthrifty habits, their condition would have been more favorable. As it was, they appreciated Jack's efforts, and each as he could brought something to contribute towards his domestic economy. Thus a table, chairs, and at last a comfortable lounge for the invalid found their way into the dwelling. The priest continued his calls; and although Pedro's ankle was nearly healed, a rheumatic fever had slowly crept into his system so that the poor old man was quite helpless.

Jack was the only one of the three who could read, and now old books and newspapers were picked up, and at night pulled out of ragged pockets, when he would read aloud to Chispa and Pedro and a few of the neighbors, thus helping them rapidly to learn our language. If the literature was not always of the best, it was better than none; and often there would be a bit of story or poetry that would excite a sympathetic thrill in the hearts of these uncultivated children of nature. Jack thought a great deal about Chispa, and when they were out by themselves he sometimes questioned him about his past life.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked one day, as Chispa sang his favorite—

"God is wisdom, God is love."

"Oh, I don't know," said the child; "I have known it always, I guess. I somehow remember a lady holding me in her lap in a room where there were flowers, and a bird in a cage, and beautiful pictures, and such a big, nice fire, and a splendid great dog painted in the carpet before it; and oh! it is just like a dream, only it is not a dream. I was not asleep, and she used to sing lots of stories to me."

"What else do you remember, Chispa?"

"Oh, I remember the water and a ship; and a great many folks; and a man with an organ who said I was his boy, but I wasn't his boy; and he went away and gave me to Pedro."

After a few days Jack resolved to broach the subject to Pedro himself. The poor old Spaniard was very reticent at first, but Jack was so kind to him that at last he told in his broken English how it was that Chispa came under his care and keeping.

A man, a brother street musician of Pedro's, a rascally sort of fellow, had died two years before; and having no relatives gave Chispa and the organ to him. He said that as he was strolling about the country in one of the Eastern States he heard the little boy sing, and stole him away, leaving some of his clothes on a river bank near which the boy's parents lived, and where he sometimes played, so that they should be made to believe that the boy had been drowned. He brought him to California in a sailing vessel and had but just begun to reap the harvest of "bits" that the sweet singing of this cunning little fellow brought him in, when Bartolome, for that was the stroller's name, was fatally stabbed by an infuriated Chinaman in a street fight. He lived long enough to send for Pedro, to whom he gave his or-

gan and the custody of the little boy, as he had said.

Pedro had too little knowledge of our language at that time to make any inquiries about the child's parentage, had he wished to do so; and I am inclined to think that he did not, for Bartolome's possession in the shape of little Chispa, with his rare beauty and wonderful voice drawing crowds of listeners, had been the envy of the whole brotherhood of organ-grinders. After making Jack promise that no harm should befall him in any event, Pedro took from a small leather bag that was tied around his body a little casket, to which was attached a slender gold chain, and gave it to Jack. On the locket was engraved, "Bertie Terhune, Newark, N. J."

Jack could write after a fashion with his false hand, and he now sat down and wrote out the facts as intelligently and explicitly as was possible in the form of a letter, and directed it, "To the Parents of Bertie Terhune, Newark, New Jersey."

This was before there was a telegraph between California and the Eastern States, or the great Pacific railroad had been built; so Jack knew he would have to wait a long time for an answer to come by the next steamer. He and Pedro had agreed that little Chispa should be told nothing of this locket, or the letter that had been sent, until at least a satisfactory reply had been received. The days passed, while Jack with his organ, and Chispa with his tambourine, continued tramping about the streets playing and singing as usual, until the time when a return steamer was daily expected, which Jack hoped would bring the desired intelligence from the East.

The day came at last when the good steamship "Panama" having arrived, Jack was to go to the post-office for a letter. He and Chispa would play and sing on the way thither; so as Jack was grinding away and Chispa was shaking his tambourine and so wonderfully singing and trilling an old Spanish ballad near the entrance of one of the great hotels, they were suddenly confronted by a gentleman and lady who had just alighted from the hotel coach, which had brought them and other passengers from the newly-arrived steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Terhune almost instantly recognized Bertie; and he very soon recalled the voice and face of his mother in the midst of her tearful caresses. The locket was produced and identified, and the equally overjoyed father rapturously embraced his long lost little boy. So Chispa's career as a street minstrel was ended.

The theory that Bertie had been abducted had never been entertained by the stricken parents, even in the face of the fact that the body could not be found. It seemed that the little fellow being passionately fond of the water, would run away when opportunity offered to the river bank; and it was on one of these occasions, when playing in a boat belonging to his father, a little skiff tied to the bank, that he attracted the notice of Bartolome, the organ-grinder, as he was passing along the street between Mr. Terhune's ground and the river. The finding of the little hat and blue embroidered sack on the grassy bank was evidence enough that little Bertie was drowned. The letter that Jack wrote had been immediately forwarded to Mr. Terhune on its arrival at the Newark post-office, and the glad parents resolved to go to California in person on the next steamer, instead of writing, for they knew a letter could not get to San Francisco any sooner than they.

The little community of Chispa's friends were greatly grieved over the loss of their pet; and Jack, although he had been instrumental in restoring him to his father and mother, was almost inconsolable when it came to the parting. Mr. and Mrs. Terhune both insisted that Jack should return with them, for Mr. T. had determined that he would provide handsomely for his future, and Bertie lent his tears to their entreaties; but Jack could not be induced to go. But on the day before the departure of the steamer, Mr. T. having repeatedly urged Jack to let him know in what manner he could reward him, he ventured to divulge a pet scheme of his that had been revolving in his mind during the week the family had been waiting for the steamer to start. Jack told Mr. Terhune that he would thankfully receive a moderate sum of money with

which might be purchased a small ranch near the city of Oakland, across the bay, on which should be built a comfortable dwelling for a home for Pedro and other poor and feeble people who had befriended Jack in his time of need.

This request of the generous-hearted man was most gladly granted; and in a few hours the land was bought, and money, more than Jack had dreamed of, deposited in bank for buildings and improvements. The work was speedily begun, and energetically and judiciously carried on.

And now, overlooking the beautiful bay of San Francisco, may be seen the residence of Capt John Mansfield,—the "Capt." having been given him by the title-loving people of the Pacific coast.

His history is known to but very few of the many people who partake of his hospitality, and who are greatly interested in him because he lost both his hands in the war of the rebellion. They call him a very benevolent, eccentric person, and tell with admiration how his doors are open to the unfortunate of every class and race.

His Yankee common sense and shrewdness enable him to detect imposture, and the deserving always receive assistance at his hands. Those who are able to work cultivate vegetables, grapes, and other fruits, and flowers, while the sick and cripples are tenderly cared for in the "hospital" department. The grounds and ranch, or farm, as we in New England would call it, form as beautiful a place as can be found within fifty miles of the "Golden Gate."

Pedro still lives, a feeble, lame old man; and as he is wheeled on sunny days about the grounds of the Mansfield residence by an attendant, he almost fancies himself lord of one of those beautiful vine-growing estates near his native Malaga in Spain.

Bertie has grown to be a fine, tall boy. He has been once to California since his first trip with Bartolome by water; and expects to visit his old friends again with a classmate next vacation. He will never forget Jack, but loves him next to his father and mother; while Jack looks back to that fearful time when he was on the brink of despair, and wishes he could impress upon all despondent souls the truth of Bertie's song:

> "God with earthly ills entwineth
> Hope and comfort from above;
> Everywhere His mercy shineth;
> God is wisdom, God is love."

Annie A. Preston.

WHAT CAREER FOR THE NEGRO?

The address of Colonel Preston of Lexington, Va., at the last Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association, must be regarded as a paper of great importance. It is important because it exhibits the views of a large class of intelligent, earnest, progressive, liberal-minded Southern Christians, who, more than any others, have in their hands the destiny of the colored population of the South. It is my privilege to reckon a considerable number of this class among my friends; and from my position, it is impossible not to be greatly interested in the views they take of the work to which the remnant of my life is devoted.

Colonel Preston is encouraged to expect that the negro race will make progress in future in consideration of the amazing progress it made within a hundred years under the influences of Southern slavery. He quotes from Pritchard, Bowen and Sir Samuel Baker, whose testimony, he affirms, cannot be gainsaid, to exhibit the hideous condition of the negroes as found in Africa. They are represented as "either ferocious savages, or sensual, stupid and indolent creatures, scarcely elevated above animal life, strangers to modesty, doing and allowing things, with brutal apathy, which other nations cannot tolerate;" "never feeling disgust;" "incapable of religious feeling;" "with a nature on a level with the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog;" with "neither gratitude,

pity, love or self-denial, no idea of duty, no religion; only covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty." With such characteristics unmitigated, they were introduced into this country two centuries ago. The progress they have made, chiefly within the last century, is illustrated by concrete examples. Colonel Preston attended a session of the Colored Baptist Association of Virginia, "with the express purpose of comparing it with like ecclesiastical bodies of white people." He says, "I found a very large assembly of colored delegates going through the usual routine of business in an orderly manner, under the control of a moderator more efficient than many a presiding officer I have seen in the chair in conventions of whites. The debates were spirited, sensible and practical." Another example is the colored Sabbath School of which Colonel Preston has been the senior superintendent for twenty years, and of which he says that for character of instruction and discipline, and in the progress of the pupils it will compare favorably with any white school with which he is acquainted. Another example is found in Lexington, where the Colonel resides. There are eight church edifices in the town, four of them belonging to white congregations. "Of these eight," he says, "the one that reflects most credit upon the congregation that erected it is the First Colored Baptist church. It accommodates five hundred hearers. It is well proportioned, tastefully painted, neatly finished and aisles carpeted. The whole has cost not less than $3,500. All this has been done by a congregation, every member of which is a day laborer, with only his two hands to depend upon for the support of himself and family." And this they did with no aid from abroad and little from the resident white population, and without credit.

Upon such representations as these we can readily sympathize with Colonel Preston in his conviction that the Association which he addressed, and every other instrumentality which would bring to this people religion and education, has great encouragement to prosecute its work. As we recall with what sacred fidelity the negro servants of Livingstone bore his remains from the center of their savage country to the seacoast, we may feel that the picture of their barbarian condition is too unrelieved in its blackness. But the contrast between the two pictures is essentially just; the progress the negroes have made in this country is amazing. And now in the light of this contrast we wish to place one declaration made by Colonel Preston near the close of his address. He says: "There is no place for them as legislators, and no room for them among the whites as doctors, lawyers, professors, engineers, architects or artists. By other pursuits they must gain their livelihood, and for other pursuits they must be trained."

In the midst of this address, such a declaration seems as incongruous as a boulder dropped by glacial action, in the midst of a fertile plain. We wish that this declaration, in its hard barrenness, stood an isolated case; but similar marks and evidences are more widespread and enduring in Southern society than are the evidences upon our Northern land of that all-powerful geological monument of the past. We have in Kentucky scores of colored young women who are competent to go out alone and find schools for themselves in strange towns, and then manage and instruct them to the admiration of white commissioners; but the wisest and best of them have not yet reached that degree of culture which qualifies them to ride in the same car with Anglo-Saxon women; though colored servants, without education, are always qualified to ride with their mistresses. Our most fashionable barbers are colored men, and the *elite* of society enjoy their manipulations; but the most refined colored man in the United States is not qualified to be shaved in the same room with Anglo-Saxons. Our hotels are crowded with colored servants; but if the most quiet and cleanly colored man should sit at one of the tables it would be an unpardonable insult. Rev. Dr. Blank of Louisville is proud of a colored preacher, a graduate of a college and theological seminary, who belongs to the same Presbytery with himself, and attends steadily its ministerial gatherings; but on being asked what he would do if the

dinner bell should ring while he was in consultation with him in his parlor, as he often was, he replied: "I should not ask him to eat with me." Yet Dr. Blank is an excellent Christian, and a representative of the most liberal and progressive class of Southern men. A fine young colored man, a graduate of Berea College, is a member of a teachers' association in southern Indiana by virtue of his grade of certificate. At a recent meeting of the association, the teachers, including himself, were invited to a free dinner. He was led to a little table by *himself* at a corner of the room; his appetite forsook him at once, and he begged to be excused from dinner.

But further illustration is not needed. All Southern society is saturated with this idea which Colonel Preston puts forward with such positiveness. It was the cornerstone on which the astute Vice-President Stephens proposed to build the Confederacy. It is a settled principle, established by the usages of two hundred years, that negroes can never be the equals of white people in any capacity. In all their reasoning, it takes the place of an axiom, and it often involves them in positions which seem very absurd and even ludicrous to people of a different education. They praise negroes for their eloquence as preachers, and their efficiency in controlling large ecclesiastical assemblies, and in superintending common schools, and in rallying a poor and ignorant people to the building of fine churches, and for their excellent order and rapid progress in Sunday Schools, and for their amazing progress in civilization without schools or teachers or books or permanent family relations; yet they know, as if by intuition, that they can never, with any amount of education and training, become qualified for legislators, lawyers, doctors, professors, engineers, architects or artists. By what *a priori* reasoning can it be proven that the colored man, who presided so admirably over that large assembly of uneducated men, might not, by ten or twenty years of education, have become qualified for a legislator in some assembly, where half the members are incompetent to preside at any meeting,—or even a lawyer in some mountain country, where the average lawyer is barely qualified to teach a common school? How can we know that Colonel Preston's driver, Phil, a former slave, so ignorant that he said "fust" for first, "ole" for old, "mo" for more, "sho" for sure, "nuff" for enough, "fo" for before, but yet could inspire and manage half a regiment of poor, ignorant day-laborers so that they erected a capacious and beautiful church, without a debt, might not have become an architect, or colonel, or financier, if he had enjoyed the advantages of an early general and special education? He certainly showed more capacity than many architects, colonels and financiers we have known of Anglo-Saxon extraction. The fact that the North American Indian, the Hebrew, the Turk, the Anglo-Saxon, have preserved their race peculiarities, as Colonel Preston shows, and that the African will do the same, has no bearing on the assertion that "there is no place for them as legislators," etc. The other races have been legislators where they have made themselves homes, and why may not the African, if he has capacity, notwithstanding he retains his race characteristics? When our reasoning brings us to such inconsistencies and absurdities as these may we not question the truth of our intuition, our principle, our axiom, even though it has been handed down by our fathers? When we consider that an iniquitous social system for two hundred years has been moulding and strengthening such ideas, should we not recall that striking passage of Isaiah: "Neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof, I have roasted flesh and eaten it, and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree? A deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

The great hindrance to the progress of the colored race is the prevalent belief that the negro never can, the prevalent hope that he never will, and the very common fear that he may rise above the condition of a servant or a serf. It is this which checks and modifies

efforts for his education and operates as a terrible incubus upon him. We encourage and stimulate our white students by reminding them of the great responsibilities they are soon to bear in state and church and the business world; and of the honors and emoluments they may hope for if they are faithful. Such considerations are their inspiration and support in the long and weary course of their education. Shall we hang on the neck of the colored youth, who is buffeting the waves of prejudice and depression threatening to overwhelm him, the leaden weight of an assurance that neither he nor any of his race can ever become legislators, lawyers, doctors, professors, jurors, engineers, architects, artists, or anything else involving authority or much responsibility, so long as they remain in their native land? Shall we say to them: "By other pursuits you must gain your livelihood and for other pursuits you must be trained?" Let us rather say to them: "You have before you a glorious opportunity. A race long oppressed, degraded and despised you are to lift from darkness into the glorious light of pure religion, intellectual culture, and honorable responsibility. The continent of your fathers is to be redeemed, and here in your native land you are to rise higher and higher in the scale of humanity, till prejudice dies away and all the positions of responsibility and honor which you shall show yourselves competent to fill, shall be open to you. We will fasten no clogs upon you, but will lend you our utmost aid to roll off the burden that seems to you so great. Cherish your highest hopes and your brightest anticipations; and if some of them fail be not discouraged; a brighter day is surely coming."

The incentives to high endeavor that come to the negroes from their past are necessarily very meagre. "Oh," exclaimed a very successful teacher of her race in Philadelphia, "my people have so long been getting up good dinners for their white masters that they can think of nothing but their stomachs." The great danger of our colored youth is not that they will cherish aspirations that cannot be realized, but rather that they will lack encouragements which are essential to enable their vision to pierce the cloud of ignorance and prejudice which, like a pall, hangs over them and their race.

The closing paragraph of Col. Preston's address is in the true spirit. "For the amelioration of the race, the only means within the province of the society which I have the honor to address, are education and religious instruction. To justify and stimulate the using of these means, we need not determine the ultimate destiny of these people." The true mission of this society and of all its workers, is to endeavor by all appropriate means, and as speedily as possible, to qualify this unfortunate race for the new life upon which they have entered; and to remove all hindrances to their elevation to any positions of honor and trust which they may become qualified to fill. Our people need to learn that a negro is no more offensive as an equal than as a servant. It is a blot on our Christianity and our republic, and a crime against humanity, that we spurn from our presence human beings engaged in the same employment with ourselves, but admit them to the closest proximity if they will consent to serve us. It is an injury and an insult to them, but far more harmful to ourselves. We deprecate every expression and every action of good men which tends to countenance and perpetuate this relic of slavery.

In conclusion I hardly need say that Col. Preston's address has been the occasion and not the inspiration of this review. The object of attack is not a Christian brother, but a feeling, a prejudice, a principle, by whatever name it may be called, prevalent not only at the South but more inexcusably so at the North. With us at Berea this is a vital question. If this feeling in respect to negroes is a divinely established principle and not a cruel, sinful prejudice—a thing to be sanctioned and not censured, to be fostered and not abated—then we are not wisely working for our country, for humanity and for God, but are a set of deluded fanatics; and the sooner our work is ended or fundamentally changed the better for all concerned. To this sequestered spot among the hills in central Kentucky come

annually about three hundred youth, white and colored, in about equal numbers. In perfect harmony they pursue their studies together, and think it a Christian arrangement. On Commencement occasions two thousand people, without distinction of color, flock together from all the region around, and listen in perfect order to speakers and singers of both races, and return to their homes filled with wonder at what they have seen and heard, and asking whether, after all, this is not the Christian way. Is Berea College a bright spot in the darkness or a dark spot in the light? We can afford to wait a few years for the verdict.

E. H. Fairchild.

VERSES.

I.

A SLEEPING giant in his cloak of grass—
  The strong great hill that lifts against the sky;
And nothing wakes him, even when we climb
  Far up with careless footsteps, you and I.
Though God's life is the life that moves the world,
  Our lives are still our own to hold and guide;
And though all nature lives to show us God,
  Yet in it heart and consciousness abide.
I more and more its faithful friendship know.
And so, when restless and adrift, I keep
  Great comfort in a quietness like this;—
An awful strength that lies in fearless sleep;
  On this great shoulder lay my head, nor miss
The things I longed for but an hour ago.

II.

It sometimes happens that two friends will meet
  And with a smile and touch of hands, again
Go on their way along the noisy street:
Each is so sure of all the friendship sweet,
  The loving silence gives no thought of pain.
And so, I think, those friends whom we call dead
  Are with us. It may be some quiet hour
Or time of busy work for hand or head—
Their love fills all the heart that missed them so;
  They bring a sweet assurance of the life
Serene, above the worry that we know;
  And we grow braver for the comfort brought.
Why should we mourn because they do not speak
  Our words that lie so far below their thought?

Sarah O. Jewett.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE END OF TWEED.

His most vindictive foe could hardly have wished for William Marcy Tweed a severer retribution than he has suffered. To be driven suddenly down from the seat of almost absolute power that he had held so long in the chief city of the land; to be arraigned and imprisoned as a criminal; to be stripped of the vast wealth he had stolen; to escape from jail and live in hiding for an anxious year in a foreign land; to be recaptured and returned to prison, there to lie for many months in the city of which he was so long the proud imperator and there at length to die, —is not this fate hard enough to satisfy the most strenuous sense of justice? To have made his exit from the top of a lamp-post—the victim of a vigilance committee—was a doom that at one moment threatened him; but that would have been less terrible and less impressive than the penalty that he has suffered. Slowly, but surely, for almost seven years, the iron walls of destiny have been closing in upon this malefactor. In full view of all the world the well-earned wages of his sin have been paid over to him, one installment after another, till the account is settled, so far as human law can settle it. And as no one could wish this reckoning to be more sharp or summary, so no one who values righteousness can regret that it was not more merciful. The man deserved all that he has got, and it is well for the country and the world that he got so nearly what he deserved.

It was hard for one living in New York in the spring of 1871 to hope that the rule of that famous Ring, which had so long dominated the city and the state, would soon be broken. So thoroughly intrenched was this iniquity; so many politicians of both parties were there who had reasons of their own for not wishing it to be disturbed; so helpless had the people become from the long disuse of their power, that one was thought sanguine who looked for the overthrow of the conspirators. But the "cohesive power of public plunder" is an inconstant force at best; and every such corrupt fabric is sure to crumble sooner or later. The downfall of this one has been more complete and overwhelming than any one could have predicted. Tweed's confederates are all suffering condign punishment; Sweeney and Connolly are fugitives and vagabonds in the earth, and poor Oakey Hall has sunk into the depths of infamy. Yet upon Tweed, as was just, the heaviest of the penalty has descended. He enjoyed the bad eminence of leadership in this villainy, and his ruin has been more conspicuous and signal than that of any of his associates.

On the whole, honest people will be forced to own that the ways of Providence are very clear in all this matter. Complaints of Providence are often hasty; a little patience would make it plain that the universe is, after all, founded on justice, —and that the "Power not ourselves" does "make for righteousness," though sometimes His movements seem slow. Doubtless some rogues do go unhung, and some honest folk never come by their own, but it is a mistake to say that this is the rule; it is the exception; in the long run, and for the most part, justice is done. Within seven years how many vulgar rascals have been brought to grief! It is only a little while since the eyes of young men were dazzled by the exploits of one Fisk in the financial world; but that career ended suddenly. Tweed dictated for a few years the politics of New York, and by his shameless robberies amassed a large fortune; but it was not, after all, worth while to stand where Tweed stood if one must fall as Tweed has fallen.

The "last words" of Tweed ought to be treasured. They are characteristic and instructive. The newspapers report him as saying just before his end: "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angels will protect me." A few moments later he roused and said: "I hope they [not, presumably, the guardian angels] will be satisfied now they have got me."

He had tried to do a little good in the world. A little of the money he had stolen he had given to the poor. The most of it he had spent on his own lusts and ambitions; but he had, doubtless, sometimes helped a poor man. Such gifts were in part, sacrifices to Luck; for Tweed, like most coarse villains, had a vein of superstition in him. But it was not only the Fates that he thus thought to propitiate; the gods of the caucus were by such offerings most successfully entreated. There is not much evidence that Tweed's largesses were prompted by an unselfish desire to relieve suffering or to confer happiness. A man who had been his counsel said of him: "Tweed has never been popular on his own merits. When he was poor, before he entered public life, he never had any warm personal adherents. All the 'magnetism' they talk so much about was given him by the

newspapers after he had acquired the habit of spending the public money."

Yet he doubtless imagined that these small charities had covered the multitude of his sins. What was lacking in this respect he tried to make up by reading the Bible in the prison, three times every day, for a quarter of an hour. The Bible was a fetich; the reading was an incantation; that he ever made any application of its truth to his own moral condition is not likely. He would sometimes look up from the book and swear at his attendant, and then go on with his reading. Evidently he had got the idea that "good works" were not quite enough to save him; he must add a little devotion, and this he took in the form of Bible reading.

Yet all this had nothing whatever to do with character. There is no record of any compunction on account of the enormous crimes of which he had been guilty. He had been the patron and the ally of the gamblers and the rumsellers and the brothel-keepers of New York, whose aid he had wanted in his political schemes; and thus he had done more than any other man to debauch the morals of the city. He had filled the courts and the municipal and the state legislatures with corruption and bribery. He had stolen millions of the people's money, and had taught others to steal,—thus by his robberies loading the city with a debt that cripples its prosperity and adds not a little weight to the burden that every poor man must carry. He had done more than any other man who ever lived in this country to defile the very sources of political power, and to undermine the foundations of our government. For all this he shows no contrition. His glib recital, during the last few months, of the part he has played in all this knavery indicates an utter lack of any sense of guilt or shame on account of it.

And now when he stands in the presence of death he remembers that he has given to the poor a little of all this enormous booty, and that he has read the Bible in his cell of late for three-quarters of an hour every day; and he thinks that though he has had hard luck he is a pretty good Christian, and believes that the guardian angels will take care of him! Is it not pitiful?

There are many people besides Tweed who think that the "good-hearted" man who gives money to the poor, no matter how he got it, will have an abundant entrance into heaven when he dies. There are others who think the same thing about the rascally devotee who punctually goes through some kind of religious motions. All such people may be able to see, when their favorite notions are brought out into the bold relief which Tweed's example gives them, that a charity which is based upon fraud or greed, and a piety which is a substitute for integrity are not, after all, the best outfit for a traveler who is going away into the unknown future.

THE HERESY OF PAGANISM.

There is much nervousness in some quarters over the inroads of heresy. It is thought to be highly dangerous for men to suggest new explanations of the facts of the gospel history, even though they may give to these facts the heartiest credence. It is deemed almost a sin to discard the theories that good men of former times held concerning God and his government. And when attempts are made to show that the gospel of Christ is consistent with the ethical laws as we in these latter days understand them,—that it does not contradict, but confirms the first principles of morality,—great anxiety is felt by many excellent people. It seems to them that the very foundations of the great deep of theology are broken up, and that the bottom of things is dropping out.

We will not, in this place, undertake to allay these apprehensions. But we beg to call the attention of our anxious friends to a type of unbelief which sometimes escapes their notice, and which seems to us far more prevalent, and far more dangerous. The worst heresy with which the Christian churches of our time are affected is unadulterated Paganism. We worry a good deal about the Pagans that China is sending over to our western coast; but the most and the worst of our Pagans are native-born. Many of them have been baptized, and are constant worshipers in our Christian churches; but though nominal Christians they are as really Pagan as were the people to whom Paul preached on Mars Hill.

The highest type of Paganism was that which Paul saw illustrated in Athens; and what was the basis of that Athenian culture? Æsthetics, rather than ethics, was at the foundation of the Greek civilization. Taste and not morality was the supreme standard. That is the essence of the best Paganism.

The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a Pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own tastes, rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity, is not a Christian but a Pagan.

The church that in all its appointments and provisions for worship, and in the development of its social life, practically seeks æsthetic gratification more than the helpful service of the poor and the ignorant who dwell within the sight of its spire or the sound of its bell is not a true church of Christ. No matter how orthodox may be the doctrines taught from its pulpit; no matter how liberal may be the gifts of its members to missions in Africa; no matter how numerous may be the converts that flock to its altar; if the practical relation of the church to the people in its neighborhood who most need the gospel is one of isolation rather than of sympathy; if the prevalent sentiment of the church leads its members to

ignore their poor neighbors, and to associate only with persons of culture—pleasing themselves in their social life instead of bearing the iufirmities of the weak,—then the religion of this church is Paganism, and it has no right to the Christian uame.

We do not say that most of the churches of Christ in this country are essentially Pagan. The contrary is true. Most of them, we believe, remember who Christ was, and what the law of His kingdom is. But a great many of them are wholly given over to this false religion; and there are strong elements in many others that tend the same way. And the dangers that threaten our churches from this quarter are much more serious than those which grew out of new interpretations of doctrine. Really it must be that Paganism is a little worse than Sabellianism or Bushnellism or even than Universalism. For a man who sets aside and contemns the fundamental law of Christ's religion; for a church that professes to own him and yet ignores, practically, the very people with whom he has so solemnly identified himself in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, some solicitude may well be felt. There has been a good deal of discussion, of late, about what kind of punishment it is that those are threatened with, who, in the parable just referred to, are found on the left hand. Would it not be worth while to give a little attention to the question what kind of people those are against whom this punishment is threatened?

By the inroads of this Paganism our churches have been greatly unfitted for the work that now awaits them—the most urgent work of the honr. The insurrection of the International and the Commune against the existing order of things can only be quelled by putting Christianity in practice. It is because the existing order of things is very far from being ruled by the Christian law that this revolt has arisen. In a thoroughly Christianized society no such thing could occur. And the feeble and uncertain way in which the Christian church has wrought to secure a complete identification of feeling and interest among all the classes of the community, is the fault with which it has chiefly to reproach itself.

Some one has said that there is no warrant for affirming that Christianity is a failure, because it has never been tried. That is a good *mot* but an incorrect statement. Christianity has been tried, more than once, and it has not failed. Where society has been founded upon the Christian law of love, and has approximated in its development to that standard its order has been firm and its life has been fruitful. There are churches that try to fulfill the law of Christ in the administration of their worship and in their social life, and they are prosperous and powerful churches. If there were more of them just now the country would be safer and better off.

But Paganism *is* a failure. To that all history bears witness. It always will be a failure. To baptize it with the Christian name will not save it. And the people and the churches that are "pleasing themselves" with their religion would do well to be inquiring what their religion is.

THE FLORIDA FRAUDS.

It is getting to be a serious question how far people are to be believed who accuse themselves of crime. The chairman of the Florida Returning Board has confessed that he was party to a fraud iu counting the votes at the last presidential election; and he now makes affidavit that the electoral vote of Florida, which rightfully belonged to Mr. Tilden, was wickedly given to Hayes. This gentleman seems to have consented to this crime because he felt that the good of the country demanded it; the good of the country in his view depending on his securing a government office. If Mr. Hayes were elected the office would be secured and the country would be safe. But as he did not obtain the desired office he has concluded that the country is in peril; and he has therefore thought fit to confess the share that he had in giving Mr. Hayes the presidency.

Of conrse scoffers will say that a man who would perjure himself about the returns would lie now for a consideration; but that argument need not be urged. It is entirely possible that this gentleman may be telling the truth when he now says that he forswore himself a year and a half ago. Indeed this intelligence, though late, is not at all startling to some of us. That there was fraud—a great deal of it—in the operations of the Returning Boards of Florida and Louisiana, was evident enough long since to all candid persons. But these were not the only frauds perpetrated in that election. Perhaps the Republicans rather out-counted the Democrats; the Honorable Mr. McLin seems to think that they did; but the Democrats were by no means distanced in the contest. And what they lacked in fraudulent counting they probably made up in violence.

When the gentleman from Florida gives it as his honest opinion that Mr. Hayes was not entitled to the electoral vote of his state at the last election, he will, perhaps, expect those who credit his statements to allow that Mr. Tilden was entitled to that vote. But that by no means follows. The probable truth is that Mr. Tilden was no better entitled to the vote of that state than Mr. Hayes was; and that there were other states whose electoral vote was given to Mr. Tilden, of which the same thing is true. The election was vitiated in several states by fraud and intimidation. In a considerable portion of the country the will of the voters was not fairly expressed. And it would be difficult for a perfectly unprejudiced judge to determine which of the two candidates had the better moral right to the office.

When, therefore, it is demanded that Mr. Hayes shall resign because his title to the presidency is tainted with fraud, the question arises whether anybody else has a better title. Doubtless the irregularity of the process by which he was put in power has greatly distressed him as it has distressed all patriotic citizens. But the last election was, in fact, no election. Who was rightfully the President it was impossible to determine. Somebody must be invested with the office. And the Congress at length agreed upon a plan by which the matter should be settled. By that plan Mr. Hayes was designated. His legal right to the office is as good as the National Legislature and the Supreme Court can make it. His moral right is as good as that of Mr. Tilden, and better than that of anybody else.

Not only is it legally impossible to go back of the settlement of the matter made by Congress, it would be impossible, if that were done, to prove that any one else has a better moral right to the office than the man who now holds it.

But all this shows how serious a crisis we have reached in our national life. The last presidential election was, in fact, a revolution. Several elections in the South and not a few in the large cities of the North have been of the same character. When the sovereign is deposed and his power is usurped by another we call it a revolution. In our government the people are sovereign; and, more than once, by intimidation and fraud, demagogues have taken the power from them. When, by force, voters are prevented from voting, the sovereign is deposed; there is a revolution. When, by fraud, the votes of the people are miscounted, and that which is not their will is proclaimed to be their will, the sovereign is robbed of his power; it is a revolution.

Happily the revolution of 1876 was brought to a peaceful end. The two parties in the Congress of the nation, after much angry controversy, concluded not to fight and made a treaty. It is devoutly to be hoped that future troubles may be composed in the same way. But it is not the ordinary course of revolutions. The sword is the usual arbiter of such disputes.

There could not be a better time than Sunday afternoon to think this matter over. It is a serious matter. Things are going on smoothly, just now; but it is not pleasant to think that the ship of state has just been through a storm that came so near wrecking her, and that she must sail for four years with a jury-rudder. It is a great mercy, to be sure, that we were able in the storm to get even a jury-rudder rigged; but we cannot help having some apprehensions, hereafter, as to the sea-worthiness of the vessel.

The fact is that casualties of this kind are likely to occur in our government so long as the mental and moral condition of voters is what it now is in a large part of the Republic. So long as there are several whole states in which more than two-thirds of the voters are wholly illiterate; so long as it is true that forty per cent. of the voters of the Southern states are unable to read; so long as vast masses of the population of our northern cities are in the same condition, we may expect frequent revolutionary proceedings like those of the last presidential election. There is only one radical cure for such disorders and that is Christian education. The spelling-book and the New Testament are the sovereign remedy. And the confession of the Florida frauds is another loud call upon all who love the nation to gird themselves for the work of carrying the light into the dark places of the land.

Our "symposium" on the dumb animals will be a surprise party to those who participate in it. Mr. Gray in Chicago and Mrs. Allen in Boston are not a thousand miles apart in their thinking. Mr. Gray, whose theories of total depravity are sound, will find in Mr. Benjamin's experiences full confirmation of his belief that animals have moral natures. A certain "John" whose "menagerie" has been on exhibition, of late, in the newspapers, has hazarded the conjecture that "draggons is the angels of the crockydile religion." Similarly Mr. Gray will have no difficulty in proving that the centipedes and tarantulæ are the fallen angels of the beasts. But it will be necessary for Mrs. Allen to be very orthodox indeed, in order to make room for such creatures in the future life. As for Mr. Marble's "Robin 'mong the Cherry Blooms," he may be quoted, it would seem, on either side of the debate, though leaning to the negative.

Our readers have seen some of the verses of the two little Berkshire girls, Elaine and Dora Goodale. Only the strongest assurance from those who know them best, that these children are living a perfectly free and healthy life, could enable us to read their productions without pain. This assurance we do not lack. "Their lives," writes one who has the best means of knowing, "are as simple, natural and healthful as it is possible for children's lives to be—the peculiar isolation of their mountain home greatly favoring it. Nothing approaching a forcing system is pursued in regard to their studies, which are carried on at home, though they are fairly well advanced. . . Their essays and verses are all written for their little monthly home paper. All is done in a purely voluntary way, at odd intervals between study and housework and outdoor play, nothing being ever suggested by their parents; and when copies have been taken from these papers for publication they have never been altered in the slightest." It is possible that some of their early poems may be brought together within the year for publication in a volume enti-

tled, "Apple Blossoms: Two Children's Verses." The spirited lyric, "All Round the Year," by Elaine Goodale in the February number, will be recalled, and the dainty bit of verse which we print in this number, was written by Dora in June, 1876, when she was nine years old.

MRS. LOVITT'S story of "One Summer's Work," told in the May number, has called forth grateful and enthusiastic responses. It is not, happily, the only work of this kind that has been done in the land. The Young Men's Christian Union of Boston offers a "Country Week," to needy and worthy adults and children selected with great care from the missions and schools of Boston. This "week in the country" has been extended of late to ten days, and the beneficiaries have been sent to various country places in the vicinity of Boston. In 1875 one hundred and sixty persons were sent away; in 1876, just twice that number; and in 1877 no less than eight hundred and sixty-one different persons, of whom fifty-five only were adults, enjoyed a country vacation through the agency of this society. Of these, two hundred and seventy-one were entertained without expense; the board of the remainder was paid in full or in part by the society, costing, for six thousand and eighteen days' board, $2,228.70 The work in Boston is done, as Mrs. Lovitt urges that it should not be done, by organization; but it seems to be pretty well done, and the reports, both from those who sent out the children and those who received them are full of enthusiasm. But if organization does not necessarily "take the heart out" of such a work there is, as Mrs. Lovitt truly says, some danger that it will; and at any rate, it must not be forgotten that the Brooklyn experiment has proved organization to be unnecessary. Here is the recipe: "Find so many children, and so many places in the country. Mark them off against one another. Take the children out, be good to them, and bring them back safely. Repeat as many times as you can."

THE Young Men's Christian Association of New York really seems to be a *Young Men's* Christian Association. Its management remains in the hands of young men, and the grizzled veterans who frequently usurp the offices of these associations are kept in the back seats. What is more important, its work is concentrated upon young men. It is just what it pretends to be. It is not a Prison Association, nor a City Missionary Society, nor a General Agency for the Conduct of the Churches and the Evangelization of the Universe. It sticks to its own work and does it. It helps young men to find boarding places; it forms classes of them for the study of Book-keeping, Phonography, Music and so forth; it furnishes them a fine gymnasium, and opens to them a delightful reading-room; it arranges for them good courses of lectures; it aids them in getting employment, and it works in various intelligent ways for their spiritual welfare. The result of this policy of looking after the young men and omitting to undertake the general supervision of the kingdom of heaven, is that this Association lives and thrives, while many others that have spread themselves all over the field of the world have come to naught.

THE *Watchman* tells the story of a poor woman near Boston who was sick unto death with an internal tumor, whose husband was out of work, and for whom it seemed to be necessary to provide some comfortable place where she might have constant care and medical treatment. Her husband has never paid taxes in the town in which she was living, so the Overseers of the Poor could do nothing for her; the State Almshouse in Tewksbury would receive her, but she was too ill to be carried so far. The attempt was therefore made to find a hospital in Boston at which she could be cared for. And this is the result:

"1. At the Massachusetts General Hospital the case could not be received because it was not one which the surgeon could benefit.

"2. At the Carney Hospital there was no room and no money.

"3. At the New England Hospital for women and children, the case was rejected for the same reason that had been assigned at the Massachusetts General Hospital. The surgeon visited the woman, however, but could do nothing for her, deciding that an operation must be fatal.

"4. At the Boston City Hospital the woman could not be received because she had no claim on the city of Boston.

"5. At Dr. Cullis's Home there was no provision for any except consumptives.

"6. At the Little Sisters of the Poor no patients under sixty years of age are received, and the woman was not sufficiently old.

"7. The East Brookline Street Home was found to be for young children and consumptives only.

"8. The Channing Home is for consumptives only.

"9. At the House of the Good Samaritan no incurable chronic cases are admitted.

"10. After visiting all these places in vain, the lady was in despair. But learning from a Romish clergyman living near her of a hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, known as St. Elizabeth's Hospital, she decided to make one more effort. She was met at once with the cheerful words, 'She can come.' Thus ended the weary search of days."

Of course, as the *Watchman* says, there were good reasons for not receiving this poor woman in all these cases. But it is rather humiliating that the only hospital in Boston where no one is refused who is sick and in want, is under the charge of Roman Catholics. If some of the money which has been spent in building gorgeous churches had been devoted to the building of such a hospital, perhaps pure and undefiled religion would have prospered quite as well. By the way, it would seem that the *Watchman*, in telling this story, might have omitted that contemptuous epithet "Romish." Its reference in

this article to the Roman Catholics was meant, no doubt, to be respectful; but the term "Romish" has been so long used as a term of reproach, that it always has something of the force of a sneer or a hiss. It is the simple dictate of Christian courtesy to apply to the members of any religious body the name by which they wish to be known.

THE doctors have been experimentiug with music upon the maniacs of Blackwell's Islaud. Mr. J. N. Pattisou, the piauist, furnished the music; and the effect of it was to excite some of the patients, and to soothe others. The *Tribune* tells of one woman who had been in a raving condition for months, and who was brought into the room in great excitement:

"For several minutes she sat rigid aud motionless, gazing at the instrumeut. Gradually the wild look melted out of her eyes, and an expression of intelligence stole over her features. The Irish jig, which affected her companion unfavorably, moved her to smiles, and a few negro melodies caused the moisture to gather in her eyes. Dr. Strew spoke to her, and much to his surprise she answered him sweetly. She asked for 'Home, Sweet Home,' which was played for her. She answered several questions with apparent sanity, although for months before she had not given an iutelligeut answer to any question. The music, which had so powerful an effect in rousing her mental faculties, seemed, however, to weaken her body. She was seized with nervous tremors and went out weak and trembliug from excitement."

WHEN ten thousand Socialists in Berlin follow one of their leaders to his grave; when news comes that in several of the cities of our land the Communists, by thousands, are organizing and drilling in the manual of arms; when we learn that the head-quarters of the International is iu New York, and that a deliberate attempt is making to overthrow our political system, it may well be asked whither we are tending. The programme of the Socialists is not a very definite one, but it is sufficiently extensive. "We are going to organize a social and political revolution," says their leader in San Francisco. "We have the power in our hands. . . . . We are going to break up all corporations. We will insist on equal taxation, and if we get our governor we will arm all the citizens. We will assess the State of California a couple million dollars." About five thousand persons, all enthusiastic in their approval, listened to this speech. In Chicago and in St Louis the Communistic element is equally strong. It is about time that the people of the United States had begun to look into this business of Communism.

THE Fall River defalcations have shocked a community that had grown stolid under the repetition of such horrors. The failure of three large corporations, the closing of five mills, the enforced idleness of two thousand operatives, and the financial ruin of many business men connected with the wrecked corporations are the immediate results of these crimes. For five years Chace had been freely using the money of his company in his own private speculations; and Hathaway had been practicing, with very indifferent success, the methods of the Credit Mobilier. More than a million dollars has been embezzled by these two men. Yet these men were ouly the Treasurers of their compauies. Over them were Boards of Directors whose business it was to know all the financial affairs of the corporations. If they had done their duty this crime could not have been committed. Of course the directors being stockholders are punished for their neglect, but there are stockholders who were not directors, and these have a right to feel that the directors are, to an important degree, *participes criminis*. The undertaking of the Communists "to break up all corporations" is likely to be superfluous. The corporations will destroy themselves and that speedily, unless there is more vigilance and fidelity in their boards of trust.

THE attempt of some good people in Pennsylvania to make cremation an indictable offence is not judicious. Without doubt it is inspired by a religious sentiment. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, as it is understood by many, is set at uaught by the process of cremation. They cannot uuderstand how a body that has been burned can be "raised" again. But it should be remembered that Providence has permitted the burning of many good Christians in one kind of conflagration or auother, and if there is a resurrection for these, there surely may be for those whose bodies are burned after death. A very little knowledge of chemical laws would also make it plain that the physical difficulties in the way of the resurrection are no greater in the case of the bodies that are burned than in the case of those that are buried. There is, however, a seutimental objection to burning the dead that will not easily be overcome. For most people there is a sad pleasure in connecting the memory of their dead with some definite locality. In keeping the grave they keep the remembrance green. Their affection finds expression in beautifying the places where they have placed the bodies of those whom they have lost. Love as well as reverence seeks a shrine. And because of this rooted feeling of the human heart cremation will not at present make much headway, unless, indeed, some unwise people like these Pennsylvania Christians, should undertake to suppress it by force. That kind of treatment might cause it to spread with considerable rapidity.

THE Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women is making an attempt to secure the endowment of a professorship iu the Boston University whose chair shall be always filled by a woman. Women have equal privileges

with men as students in this university; they are represented on the Board of Trustees, and in the faculties of three of the Schools. But the School of Liberal Arts does not enjoy the services of any woman as instructor, and the Trustees are ready to engage that if the requisite fund for a professorship in this department shall be raised, they will apply the income of it from year to year to the support of a suitable woman, who shall have the same official rights and privileges as other members of the faculty. What this professor is to teach we do not learn—womanhood, possibly; as that is a branch of education somewhat neglected. But there are plenty of women who are abundantly competent to teach the highest branches that are taught in the Boston University; and while the proposition of Mrs. Claflin, Miss Phelps, and their associates on the committee is creditable to their philanthropy, the acceptance of it on the part of the Trustees indicates at once their liberality and their shrewdness.

THE Pope's first allocution is a temperate and sensible document. True, he laments the condition of civil society, and especially of the Apostolic See, "which," he says, "despoiled by violence of its temporal power, has been reduced to such a state that it cannot enjoy the full, free and independent use of its power." But all this, of course, he must say. The significant thing is that he only gives three or four lines to a topic on which Pius would have expended a solid column. It is evident that he means to keep out of politics, and devote himself to the spiritual concerns of his Church.

DISRAELI seems bound to fight. He cannot hold his office if he does not, and he is too ambitious to retire humiliated from the Government. So he has managed to stir up an intense war feeling in England; the preparations for fighting are going on with great vigor, and it is doubtful, now, whether a conflict can be averted. But it will be a wicked and needless war, and ought to bring everlasting disgrace upon those who, for selfish reasons, have pushed England into it.

THE authorship of "Philochristus," mentioned in another place, was a secret that would not keep. Another book of the same author, "Through Nature to Christ,"—is so much like this in its point of view that the critics were quickly put on the right scent. The author is the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, head master of the City of London School,—a clergyman of the English Church and a late Hulsean lecturer. The other book to which we have referred was written to prove that Christ is a proper object of worship.

LITERATURE.

THERE is yet no sign of an end to the making of books about Jesus of Nazareth. After all that has been written on this theme, a new biography, or even a fresh critical essay, if fairly done, has about as clear a guaranty of sale as a new novel. With much less of heralding than has been vouchsafed it, "Philochristus"[1] would, therefore, have had a fair promise of a wide reading: the popularity that is pretty sure to overtake it will be due, however, not wholly to its theme nor to the way in which it has been brought before the public, but to its own merits. Of all the lives of Christ that have been written it is really one of the most notable.

The book is dedicated "To the Author of 'Ecce Homo,' not more in admiration of his writings than in gratitude for the suggestive influence of a long and intimate friendship." This dedication serves to indicate at once the intellectual and the theological status of the writer. We are pretty sure at the start that one who stands in such a relation to Professor Seeley is likely to be a thinker and a scholar; and that his treatment of Christianity and of its Founder will exhibit an open mind and a devout feeling.

Philochristus is the name assumed by one of the seventy disciples of Christ; and the book purports to be a memorial of the life of this disciple, committed to writing by himself about fifty years after the death of Christ. In the prefatory epistle Philochristus tells "the saints of the Church in Londinium," for whom his memoirs were prepared, that he had long been minded to make some record of the life of Christ; but that when he undertook to write—"behold it was an hard matter to set forth such an image of the Lord Jesus as should be according to the truth, and yet not altogether too bright for mortal eye to look upon and love. Therefore at the last," he continues, "when I perceived that it was not given unto me to portray any character of the Lord as he was in himself, I determined to set forth an history of my own life; wherein, as in a a mirror, may perchance be discovered some lineaments of the countenance of Christ, seen as by reflection in the life of one that loved him."

[1] Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Such is the simple machinery of this book; and its adaptation to the writer's purpose soon becomes manifest. The story of the life of Philochristus first sets before us in a series of vivid pictures something of the social and religious condition of the Jewish people at the time of Christ's coming. Just as Mrs. Charles has shown us in the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" what the people of Germany were thinking of and hoping for before the Reformation, so the author of "Philochristus" has set before us the inner life of devout Jews at the time of the advent. The false Christs that were constantly arising to the hope of the enslaved people; the strenuous faith with which, in spite of one failure after another, they still clung to the expectation of a Redeemer; the burdensomeness of the Law with the refinements and traditions of the Scribes, and the growing feeling that a righteousness better than this tedious observance must be revealed,—all this in the simple narrative of this little book is made distinct and real. The manner in which the law was made of none effect by the traditions of the elders is clearly shown. The law limiting a Sabbath day's journey to two thousand paces was evaded by the Scribes after this manner: "On the evening before the Sabbath they would place small pieces of meat distant two thousand paces from each other, on the road whereon they desired to journey. Where a man's meat is, said they, there is his home. So when they were come in their journeying to the first piece of meat they would say, 'Now I am at my home, and may walk yet another two thousand paces.' And so walking from this home to other homes if need were, they walked as far as they listed. This mixing of distances they called *erubh* or 'mixture,' and the device remaineth unto this day." Not only the insincerity but the inhumanity of the Scribes had begun to be felt as a grievous burden by many of the people. Philochristus was sitting one Sabbath day upon a house-roof at Capernaum when a Greek merchant begged to be allowed to cross the water to Bethsaida where his boy was dying. But the devout inhabitants threatened to stone the sailors if they launched a boat before the sun went down, and the poor man, distracted by his grief, was not allowed to go to the death-bed of his son. Such a subordination of humanity to a cumbersome ritual, when coupled with the hypocrisy which ritualism always engenders, had caused many of the more ingenuous and upright Jews to question the authority of the Scribes and the obligation of the commandments laid down by them. Such questionings were denounced, of course, by the more bigoted of the teachers as little short of blasphemy, and were discouraged by the holiest among them with that argument of conservatism which is so familiar in these days. To some urgent inquiries of Philochristus, Jonathan, the son of Ezra answered in a gentle voice: "My son, thou knowest the sayings of the Elders, the first of the sayings of the Wise: Be deliberate in judgment, and raise up many disciples, and make a fence to the Law. But thou, O my son, wouldst fain pull down fences. But if we begin to destroy a part of the Law who shall stay the hand of the destroyer? And in the end we shall be as the Gentiles which have no law. Is it not better to be too careful rather than to be too careless? Is it not better to have too many fences rather than to have too few?" This is not an imaginary argument, for all the sayings of the Scribes quoted in this book are taken from their own writings. And there is a melancholy interest in finding that a plea so familiar was urged so long ago in behalf of such a cause, and in knowing that in all the ages of the world ideas and institutions that have become a burden and a curse have been protected behind just this line of defense by sincere and devout men.

The coming of John the Baptist, and the connection of his work both with the patriotic and with the religious expectations of his countrymen are set before us in a strong light by the narrative of Philochristus, who soon becomes one of John's disciples. The teaching of John makes the way of life plainer to him, but while he is pondering the words of the Forerunner he is summoned to Alexandria, where he hears a great debate between the Epicurean and the Stoic philosophers that greatly unsettles his faith, and where, for the resolving of his doubts, he seeks the instruction of Philo. All this part of the narrative is only dramatized history; for the discourses of the Epicureans and the Stoics as well as the conversations of Philo are carefully gathered from the ancient writings. But it serves to show us what preparation was made in the minds of many devout and scholarly Jews for the doctrine of Christ—to indicate the way in which the soil was made ready for the planting of the good seed of the kingdom.

In the perplexity and despair that have sprung from baffled hopes and contradictory teachings and unsatisfied yearnings, Philochristus at length betakes himself to Jesus of Nazareth whose fame as a teacher and prophet is rapidly growing, and whose power in the healing of a demoniac he has already witnessed. His first meeting with the Savior, the instant surrender of his thought and life to Him who in this narrative everywhere appears as "the Wonderful, the Counselor," are described with great delicacy and power. Jesus goes home with his new disciple and heals his mother of a grievous illness that very night. From this hour the bond of fellowship is never broken.

The narrative of the Savior's life is of course largely a paraphrase of the synoptic Gospels; though light is thrown from many sources upon the New Testament story. The supernatural ele-

ment in the Gospels is by no means eliminated; in the healing of demoniacs, especially, is the obvious meaning of the sacred record most clearly endorsed. There are, however, portions of this record in which a natural or a spiritual turn is given to a miraculous story. For example; the feeding of the five thousand is described as the ministering of the "Bread of Life" to the multitude. The people were separated into fifties and hundreds and taught rather than fed by the disciples. So, also, the drowning of the swine after the healing of the Gadarene demoniac is represented as part of the hallucination of the demoniac himself. He thought himself possessed of the devil in the form of a legion of swine; and when the Savior spoke to him he said that "he saw the three thousand swine go forth and run, first upward, and then violently down from the cliff, even to the abyss." Such a treatment of the Gospel narratives indicates no lack of faith in the supernatural, but presupposes a view of inspiration quite unlike that usually entertained by Orthodox Christians.

The fond and eager expectations of his disciples that Jesus would redeem the Jewish people from the Roman bondage, and their impatience at his long delay, as well as the enmity of the Jewish hierarchs and its causes are vividly brought before us. The scenes at the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the events of his trial, his death, and his resurrection, all gain new distinctness of meaning from the setting here given to them. The picture of Jesus is one of great dignity and beauty; those "lineaments of his countenance" that Philochristus shows us can only bring him nearer to our love.

The question will be asked by all "Evangelical" readers whether the Jesus of this book is divine, in their understanding of that word. Their first impression will be that He is not. For we find him coming gradually, as it would appear, to a consciousness of his own character and mission; "learning obedience," as the motto on the title page has it, "from the things which he suffered." Omniscience does not always seem to be ascribed to him in this story; though supernatural power clearly does belong to him. The theory of the *Kenosis*, held by many orthodox scholars, by which Christ is represented as having laid aside His omniscience when he came to earth, would, however, agree with the representation of Him here given. And in the last chapter which describes "How Jesus now ruleth the world, sitting on the right hand of the Father in Heaven," language is applied to Christ which one who did not believe in His deity could scarcely have used.

Only the Synoptic Gospels are used in this narrative. The events mentioned only in the fourth Gospel do not appear in it. John the son of Zebedee is frequently referred to, but it is Nathaniel rather than John, who in the conversation of the disciples, shows the deepest spiritual insight. Quartus, the Alexandrian, presumably the one to whom Paul makes reference in his letter to the Romans, is also a prominent character; and it is in his mouth that most of the rationalizing arguments are put.

The book will be regarded by many conservative theological teachers as a dangerous one, and this not so much because it withholds from Jesus Christ the honor which they think belongs to him, as because it *implies* a theory of inspiration that does not consist with theirs. The person of our Lord it invests with the highest sacredness, but the materials of the New Testament Scriptures it treats with great freedom. It is, however, plain that it is the work of a reverent and scholarly writer, whose thorough familiarity with Jewish literature and with the history of the time when our Lord was on the earth, have enabled him to throw much light upon the story of the Savior's life and death. There is no trace of affectation in the archaism of the narrative, and no note of pedantry in the scholarship that illuminates its pages; but the artless story will be read with delight even by those who do not assent to all its implications.

Dr. Whiton takes the opportunity afforded him by the publication of a second edition of his treatise on Eternal Punishment[1] to add a preface in which some of the objections to his argument are replied to. Chief among these is the statement that if the endless duration of punishment is not definitely announced in the Bible, then the endless duration of blessedness is not assured, since the same word describes both heaven and hell. To this criticism he makes the following answer: "It is quite one thing to admit (as this Essay most distinctly admits in Chapter III.), the tendency toward permanence that character, whether sinful or righteous, always exhibits; and another thing to assert, dogmatically, that a perfect parallel exists between the processes of spiritual *life* and those of spiritual *death;* or that the unnatural development of sin *must* be endless, because the development of righteousness will be endless. *If it be antecedently as probable* that God will evermore uphold in being a soul irrecoverably involved in the processes of 'æonian destruction' (2 Thess. i. 9.) as it is that He will perpetuate, according to specific promise (John xiv. 19), the immortality of a soul healthfully developing the 'æonian life' through Christ; then and not otherwise the inference of an endless misery from an endless happiness may have some ra-

1 Is "Eternal" Punishment Endless? Answered by a Re-statement of the Original Scriptural Doctrine. By an Orthodox Minister of the Gospel. Second Edition. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Springfield: Whitney and Adams.

tional foundation." In other words: Let it be granted that the endlessness of heaven is not affirmed in the Bible. That is a truth that does not need affirmation. In the nature of things virtue is immortal. "The glory of going on" is part of her dower. Sin, on the other hand, is naturally self-destructive. The tendency of the soul that sins is toward extinction. Knowing what we do about virtue and its natural tendencies and about God's relation to it, we could not believe that a perfectly virtuous society would ever cease to exist. On the other hand, knowing what we do about sin and its natural results, and about the relation of God to sin, we could not believe, unless it was expressly revealed to us, that a society of which sin was the organizing principle would *not* come to an end. In the absence of any definite statement in the Bible, therefore, there would be an overwhelming probability of the endlessness of heaven, and no probability whatever of the endlessness of hell. If the Bible does reveal the fact that hell is endless that of course, settles the matter with those who accept the Bible as authority; but the *inference* to which Dr. Whiton replies is not valid, as he clearly shows. The question which Dr. Whiton considers in this little book is, "What does the Bible teach concerning the duration of punishment?" The ethical argument is fundamental, as Dr. Porter has shown; but the Scriptural argument is also important; and while many of our readers will not agree with Dr. Whiton in his interpretation of the Bible, none of them can fail to admire the candor and moderation with which his argument is conducted.

"A FANTASY revealed to the writer while listening to the performance of an extraordinary musical composition"—such, according to the author's own account, is "Seola."[1] We are ready to believe that the performance which could have inspired such a production was extraordinary. The prelude to the "Creation," one of Strauss's waltzes, a scrap of a symphony of Saint Saens, and Wagner's Centennial March, all played simultaneously in a small room, might have given birth to this "fantasy." The book is not destitute of imagination, and the notes exhibit some curious learning; but the imagination runs wild, and the materials are thrown together in grotesque disorder. The theory on which the book is based is derived from a familiar exegesis of Gen. vi., in which the marriage of the "sons of God" with the "daughters of men" is narrated. These "sons of God," according to the theory of this book, were "Devas" or wicked angels; and the progeny of this alliance, called "Davands," were a race of creatures with magnificent bodies but corrupt spirits. Seola, the heroine of the story, was one of the daughters of men. Her father was Aleemon, the brother of Noah. Seola was woed by Hesperus, who stood next in rank to Lucifer, the prince of the Devas. Lucifer had slain her father, and won her mother; but Seola withstood the blandishments of Hesperus, and kept her allegiance to the Almighty. There are great and marvelous doings in Sippara, the capital of Lucifer, while he is preparing for the coronation of his new queen. Just outside the city, Noah is building his ark, and Seola, who has accompanied her mother to Sippara, makes the acquaintance of her cousin Japhet, yet unwedded. The cup of the iniquity of Lucifer and his realm now being full, steeds of fire and various other terrible and eccentric forces are brought in and the Devas are exterminated. After them comes the deluge to swallow up their progeny; not, however, before Seola has been rescued and carried off to the ark by her cousin Japhet, where she becomes his bride and makes one of the memorable company that outride the flood.

The author mentions in his notes the names of many modern interpreters who accept his exegesis of the passage in Genesis about the sons of God and the daughters of men; among them, Tholuck, Twesten, Nitzsch, Delitsch, Chancellor Crosby of New York and Professor Mead of Andover. Though the conceptions of the writer are somewhat crude, and his colors are laid on as with a whitewash brush, yet the enthusiasm with which the work is done will make an impression upon many minds.

[1] Seola. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

THE series of choice autobiographies which Mr. Howells is editing is among the most valuable of the current publications. The record made by a man of note of his own life and times is apt to be instructive reading; and the republication of a judicious selection from the autobiographies that have become classic was a happy thought. It would be hard to find any one whose judgment in such a selection it would be safer to trust than that of Mr. Howells. Each of these neat volumes contains also a critical and biographical essay by the editor, in which the sequel of the writer's history is given, together with much additional material illustrating his life, and many pertinent and suggestive comments. None of the personages who tell their own stories could have desired to fall into the hands of a more just or a more genial commentator.

The first of these biographies,[1] filling two volumes, is that of the unhappy sister of Frederick the Great, who suffered so many things at the hands of her savage father, and her frivolous mother, and her weak husband; and who though somewhat soured and sharpened in temper by her

[1] Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, Margravine of Baireuth. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

sufferings remained a woman of vigorous and noble mind. The beginning of troubles came to poor Wilhelmina when her mother wanted to marry her to the Prince of Wales, and her brother to one of the Prince's sisters. The King her father, as she naively calls him, was stirred up by some of his courtiers to forbid this double match on which the queen had set her heart; and between them they led the poor young lady and Prince Frederick too, a terrible life. The condition of the Prussian court at this date, as it is revealed in this artless story, was something fearful to contemplate. "One has no idea," says Sainte-Beuve, "till one has read her, of the gothic and ostrogothic grossness that she unmasks in her surroundings." And it is quite impossible to believe that there is a single court in Europe at this time in which anything of this nature now prevails.

The third volume contains a well-balanced brace of autobiographies,[1] that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and that of Thomas Ellwood the Quaker. The story of Lord Herbert, diplomatist, traveler, skeptical theologian and gentleman-at-large in the early part of the seventeenth century, is a most vivid picture of society and politics in that time. There is a quaintness in the style that reminds one of the hymns of Lord Herbert's brother, the good rector of Bemerton; but Edward must have been lamented by George as a sad heretic. His theological works will rank, indeed, among the curiosities of controversy. He wrote a book entitled "*De Veritate*," to disprove revelation, and claimed that he was authorized to print it by a clear voice from heaven. The ethics, too, of the noble lord are sometimes curious; as when he says: "Where with my honor I could forgive, I never used revenge, as leaving it always to God, who, the less I punish mine enemies will inflict so much the more punishment on them."

The life of Thomas Ellwood, the good Quaker, who was a contemporary of Herbert, shows us a man of a far different temper, but of equal manliness. The pupil of Milton, the associate of George Fox, and the friend of William Penn, his homely narrative gives us many vivid glimpses of the people and the politics and the manners of his time, discloses to us Quakerism in the purity of its origin, and makes known to us a sincere and noble character.

The Italian poet Alfieri[2] and the Italian comic dramatist, Goldoni,[3] take us into very different company from that in which we gravely walk with honest John Ellwood; but they show us many things that are curious and instructive. They take up the story at about the date where it is laid down by the Englishmen, and although they stay upon the continent for the most part, they give us a good notion of the general condition of European society. One can learn almost as much from Goldoni as from Taine about the old regime.

With the autobiography of the historian Gibbon[1] history comes back to England, and finishes the eighteenth century. Gibbon is far from being a hero; with all his marvelous mental grasp he was a moral coward and a snob. The frankness with which he expresses his own lack of moral stamina makes us sometimes hesitate between pity and disgust. The historical judgments of such a man cannot demand our entire confidence. The one thing that the reader finds to be thankful for is that Gibbon's father forbade his marriage with Susan Curchod. If that had happened there never would have been a Madame de Stael. Nevertheless Gibbon's story is worth reading. One is not obliged to fall in love with the hero, and one is rather relieved to find that this amateur pagan was a consistent foe of American liberty.

THE History of Art,[2] of which Dr. Luebke is the author, has been a standard in Europe since its first publication, now some eighteen years; or, speaking according to the generation of books, some seven editions since. As it is the only one of its kind so far as we know, which professes to deal with Art-history in the broad sense, it is of particular value to such of us as desire to acquaint ourselves with this most important field of human activity. The appearance of an American edition is therefore a notable event.

Justly to appreciate its merits, the reader must realize in the outset that, as its title sets forth, this is a book of "outlines." To do more than outline so vast a subject, even within the ample space which Doctor Luebke has allowed himself, would be impossible. Frameworks and substructures must underlie all detail; what he furnishes is a framework only, which the student can complete and enrich at leisure with any quantity of detail, filling in the inevitable and well-considered blanks with the mosaic of fact and the arabesque of fancy, till knowledge and joy shake hands over the completed structure.

After a brief chapter on the archaic periods, Dr. Luebke goes on to treat of the art of Egypt, Hindostan, Persia and the Phœnicians; of Grecian art in its various stages, of Roman, Roman-

1 Lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Thomas Ellwood. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

2 Life of Vittorio Alfieri. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co

3 Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

1 Memoirs of Edward Gibbon, Esq. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

2 Outlines of the History of Art by Dr. Wilhelm Lüebke: A New Translation from the Seventh German Edition. Edited by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

esque, early Christian, Gothic and the art of the Renaissance. Each division is sub-divided into three heads; Architecture naturally finding its best illustration in the Greek, Gothic and Renaissance periods, Sculpture in the Grecian, and Painting in the department of Christian art, which occupies the last part of the first volume and the whole of the second. Great fair-mindedness as well as knowledge and clear judgment distinguishes the book as a whole. A marked example of this occurs in Dr. Luebke's chapter on the Gothic period. It is not easy, and it is highly honorable for a German to admit—(p. 27, vol. ii.)—"At first Germany appeared to set her face against the Gothic style more strenuously than any other country;" and (p. 17), "The very natal hour of Gothic architecture, and the spot whence it arose, may be accurately determined as in no other case among the earlier styles. Paris, with its immediate vicinity, was its cradle; and the first processes of its development took place in the north-eastern district of France."

Still we are all human, and Dr. Luebke is not only a man but a German, as is amusingly evident in one or two places. His paragraph on Japanese art for example—it is scarcely more than a paragraph—is eminently Teutonic:

"Here, too (*i.e.* in drawing and painting) the driest realism prevails; producing, it is true, excellent things in the imitation of given forms of nature, but never evidencing an attempt at the expression of an idea, *nor a breath of true artistic feeling.* This is felt also in their independent paintings; as, for example, in the skillfully executed bright pictures with which the red and black trays and similar utensils are decorated. *Here, also, we see an aversion to a proportionate division of space, from the fact that to display as great a surface as possible of unsurpassingly fine varnish, the representations are placed in one corner without any architectural counterbalance.* . . . Beauty, indeed, is utterly alien to this mode of art, and if the imagination be excited, it manifests itself only in fantastic distortions, crazy productions of a mind reveling in the hideous and the grotesque. Thus this art, like the Chinese, revolves incessantly in a circle between unimaginative realism and monstrous, fantastic delineation."

America fares hardly better than Japan, being dismissed with a "Finally" and a dozen curt lines, on which, as the editor of the book justly observes, the North Americans will look with dismay. Hardly more satisfactory are the brief mentions of modern French and English art; while on the other hand, the German masters of to-day receive a share of attention and commendation which other nationalities will be apt to consider disproportionate. It must be kept in mind, however, that Dr. Luebke's book was originally written in German for the use of Germans, and if he is disposed to over-value the present position of his countrymen in art, he makes up for it by the breadth and generosity of his attitude toward other epochs of history.

One brief word in closing must be added in praise of the ample and very satisfactory illustrations of the book, and the able and scholarly notes of Mr. Clarence Cook, its editor; notes which add so greatly to the value of the book that we could wish them even more generously provided than they are.

HERE is another miracle. Twenty-five hundred miles in a paper canoe[1] would have been regarded not long ago as a daring Munchausenism. Mr. Bishop's narrative has however the air of sober fact, and the story which he tells us is too real not to be true. In point of fact the *paper* canoe only went from Troy, N. Y., to the Gulf of Mexico; the voyage from Quebec to that place having been made in a wooden craft. The fact that all this journey can be made upon "strictly interior waters," near the Atlantic coast and with but few portages, is a fact to be set down as one of the recent geographical discoveries. Mr. Bishop's story of his voyage is simply and entertainingly told; it includes considerable incident and adventure, and it conveys in an unassuming way a good deal of information. The volume is handsomely printed, and the maps and engravings greatly add to its value.

To Mr. Sweetser's dainty series of "Artist Biographies,"[2] the lives of Durer, the German, Rembrandt the Dutchman, Murillo the Spaniard, and Reynolds the Englishman, have been added. Mr. Sweetser has given considerable study to these characters, and each of these dainty volumes possesses an interest of its own. The life of Albert Durer, passed at Nuremburg during the Reformation, as the associate of such men as Erasmus and Melancthon; the life of Rembrandt who went to Leyden to study with Jacob Swanenburg, in the very year that the Pilgrims sailed from that city for the New World; the life of Murillo, in the splendid city of Seville during the day of Spain's decline, and the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the associate of Johnson and Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith, and the friend of the American colonies during the war of the Revolution, each connects itself with historical events and personages, and will give pleasure in the reading to others besides the students of art.

[1] Voyage of the Paper Canoe: A Geographical Journey of 2500 Miles from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico during the Years 1874-5. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

[2] Artist Biographies. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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